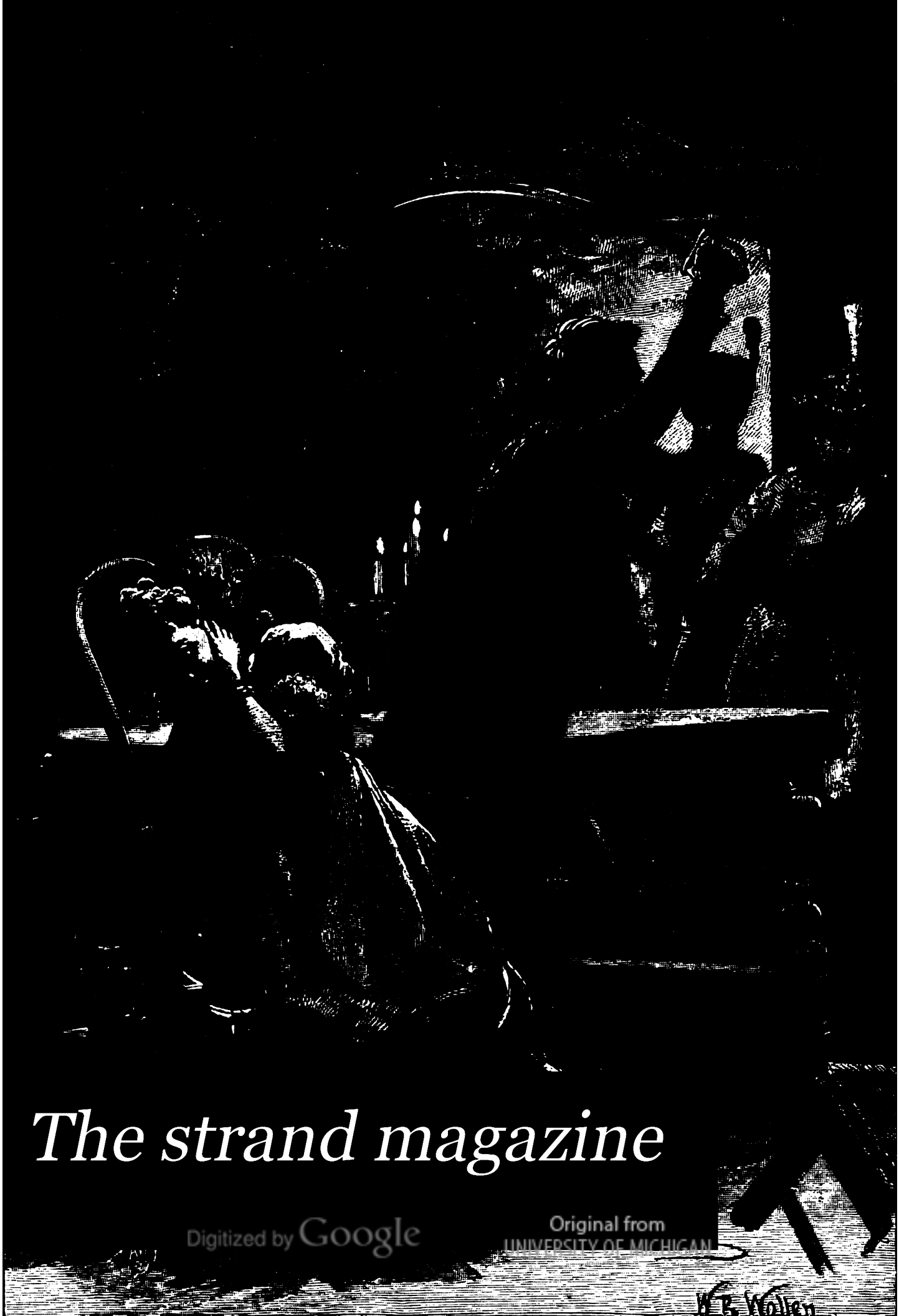
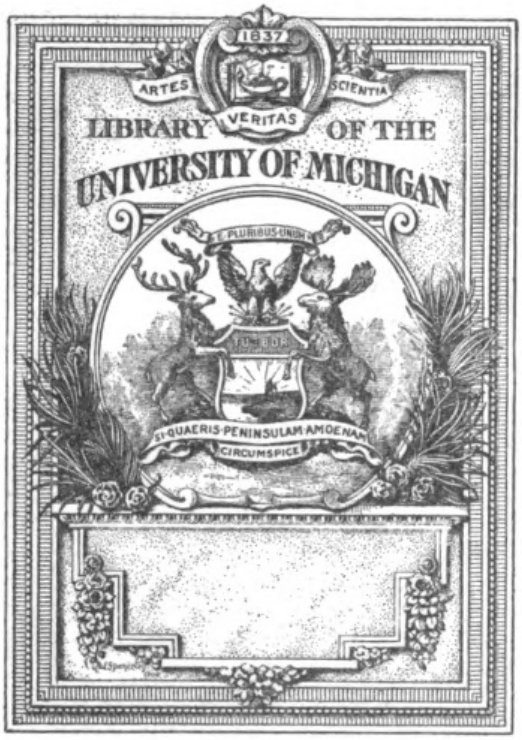


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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1895.

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THE

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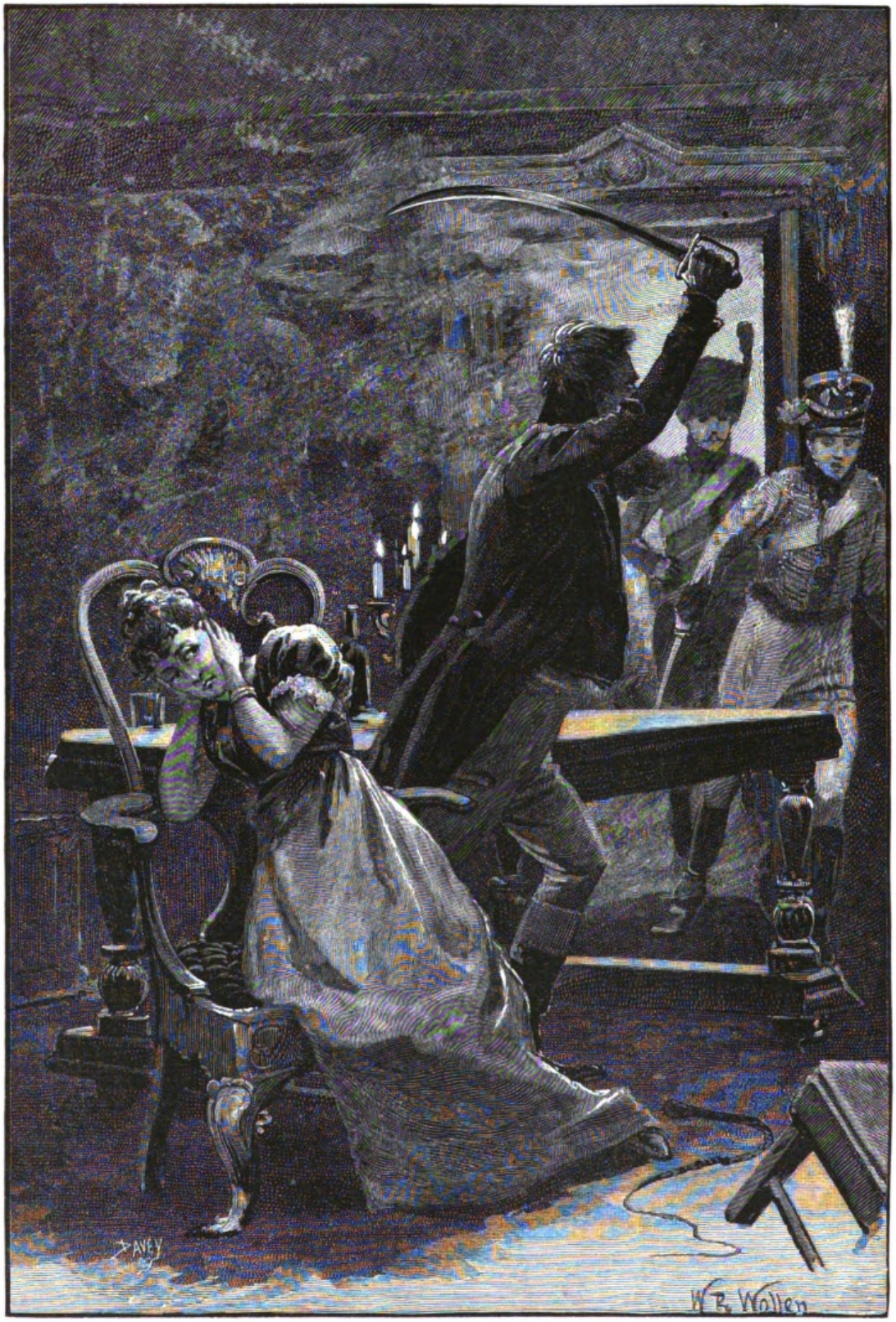
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"HE GAVE A HOWL LIKE A WOLF."

(*See page* 14.)

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The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IV.—HOW THE BRIGADIER CAME TO THE CASTLE OF GLOOM.

YOU do very well, my friends, to treat me with some little reverence, for in honouring me you are honouring both France and yourselves. It is not merely an old, grey-moustached officer whom you see eating his omelette or draining his glass, but it is a piece of history, and of the most glorious history which our own or any country has ever had. In me you see one of the last of those wonderful men, the men who were veterans when they were yet boys, who learned to use a sword earlier than a razor, and who during a hundred battles had never once let the enemy see the colour of their knapsacks. For twenty years we were teaching Europe how to fight, and even when they had learned their lesson it was only the thermometer, and never the bayonet, which could break the Grand Army down. Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—we stabled our horses in them all. Yes, my friends, I say again that you do well to send your children to me with flowers, for these ears have heard the trumpet calls of France, and these eyes have seen her standards in lands where they may never be seen again.



"WHEN I DOZE IN MY ARM-CHAIR, I SEE THOSE GREAT WARRIORS."

Even now, when I doze in my arm-chair, I can see those great warriors stream before me—the green-jacketed chasseurs, the giant cuirassiers, Poniatowsky's lancers, the white-mantled dragoons, the nodding bearskins of the horse grenadiers. And then there comes the thick, low rattle of the drums, and through wreaths of dust and smoke I see the line of high bonnets, the row of brown faces, the swing and toss of the long, red plumes amid the sloping lines of steel. And there rides Ney with his red head, and Lefebvre with his bulldog jaw, and Lannes with his Gascon swagger; and then amidst the gleam of brass and the flaunting feathers I catch a glimpse of *him*, the man with the pale smile, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off eyes. There is an end of my sleep, my friends, for up I spring from my chair, with a cracked voice calling and a silly hand outstretched, so that Madame Titaux has one more laugh at the old fellow who lives among the shadows.

Although I was a full Chief of Brigade when the wars came to an end, and had every hope of soon being made a General of Division, it is still rather to my earlier days that I turn when I wish to talk of the glories and the trials of a soldier's life. For you will understand that when an officer has so many men and horses under him, he has his mind full of recruits and remounts, fodder and farriers, and quarters, so that even when he is not in the face of the enemy, life is a very serious matter for him. But when he is only

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a lieutenant or a captain, he has nothing heavier than his epaulettes upon his shoulders, so that he can clink his spurs and swing his dolman, drain his glass and kiss his girl, thinking of nothing save of enjoying a gallant life. That is the time when he is likely to have adventures, and it is most often to that time that I shall turn in the stories which I may have for you. So it will be to-night when I tell you of my visit to the Castle of Gloom; of the strange mission of Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, and of the horrible affair of the man who was once known as Jean Carabin, and afterwards as the Baron Straubenthal.

You must know, then, that in the February of 1807, immediately after the taking of Danzig, Major Legendre and I were commissioned to bring four hundred remounts from Prussia into Eastern Poland.

The hard weather, and especially the great battle at Eylau, had killed so many of the horses that there was some danger of our beautiful Tenth of Hussars becoming a battalion of light infantry. We knew, therefore, both the Major and I, that we should be very welcome at the front. We did not advance very rapidly, however, for the snow was deep, the roads detestable, and we had but twenty returning invalids to assist us. Besides, it is impossible, when you have a daily change of forage, and sometimes none at all, to move horses faster than a walk. I am aware that in the story-books the cavalry whirls past at the maddest of gallops; but for my own part, after twelve campaigns, I should be very satisfied to know that my brigade could always walk upon the march and trot in the presence of the enemy. This I say of the hussars and chasseurs, mark you, so that it is far more the case with cuirassiers or dragoons.

For myself I am fond of horses, and to have four hundred of them, of every age and shade and character, all under my own hands, was a very great pleasure to me. They were from Pomerania for the most part, though some were from Normandy and some from Alsace, and it amused us to notice that they differed in character as much as the people of those provinces. We observed also, what I have often proved since, that the nature of a horse can be told by his colour, from the coquettish light bay full of fancies and nerves, to the hardy chestnut, and from the docile roan to the pig-headed rusty-black. All this has nothing in the world to do with my story, but how is an officer of cavalry to get on with his tale when he finds four hundred horses waiting for him at the outset? It is my habit, you see, to talk of that which interests myself, and so I hope that I may interest you.

We crossed the Vistula opposite Marienwerder, and had got as far as Riesenberg, when Major Legendre came into my room in the post-house with an open paper in his hand.

"You are to leave me," said he, with despair upon his face.

It was no very great grief to me to do that, for he was, if I may say so, hardly worthy to have such a subaltern. I saluted, however, in silence.

"It is an order from General Lasalle," he continued; "you are to proceed to Rossel instantly, and to report yourself at the headquarters of the regiment."

No message could have pleased me better. I was already very well thought of by my superior officers, although I may say that none of them had quite done me justice. It was evident to me, therefore, that this sudden order meant that the regiment was about to see service once more, and that Lasalle understood how incomplete my squadron would be without me. It is true that it came at an inconvenient moment, for the keeper of the post-house had a daughter—one of those ivory-skinned, black-haired Polish girls—whom I had hoped to have some further talk with. Still, it is not for the pawn to argue when the fingers of the player move him from the square; so down I went, saddled my big black charger, Rataplan, and set off instantly upon my lonely journey.

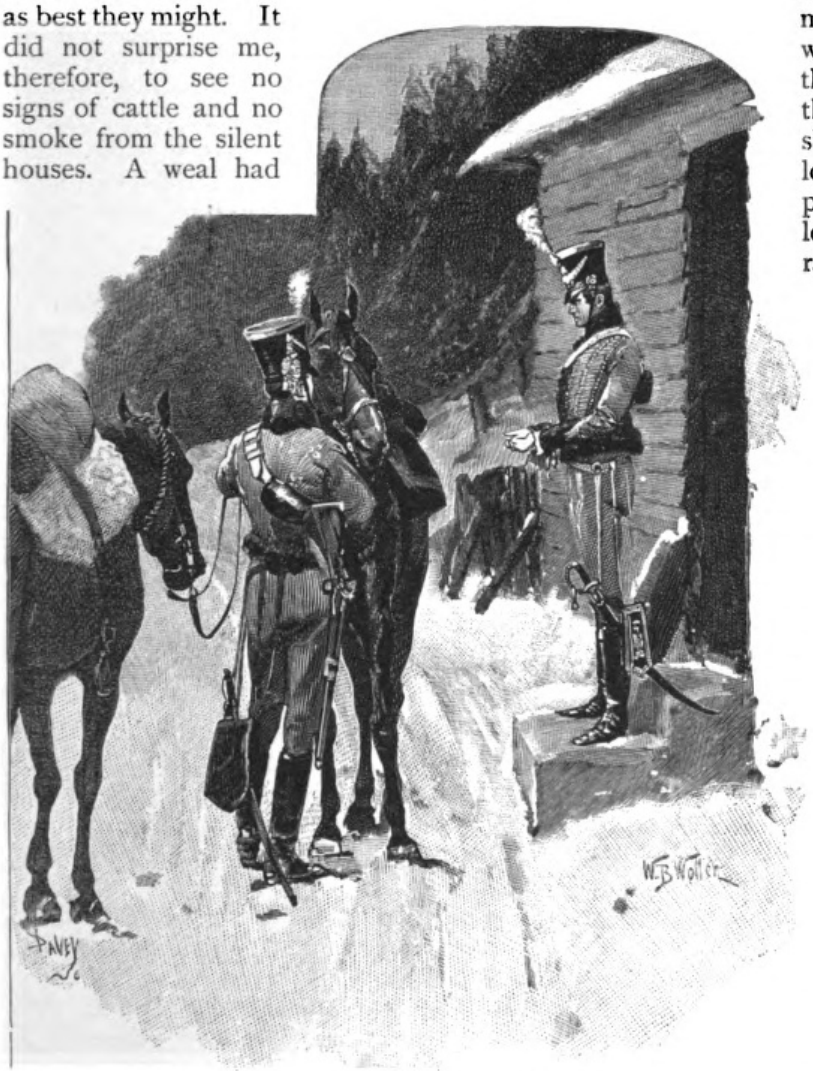
My word, it was a treat for those poor Poles and Jews, who have so little to brighten their dull lives, to see such a picture as that before their doors. The frosty morning air made Rataplan's great black limbs and the beautiful curves of his back and sides gleam and shimmer with every gambade. As for me, the rattle of hoofs upon a road, and the jingle of bridle chains which comes with every toss of a saucy head, would even now set my blood dancing through my veins. You may think, then, how I carried myself in my five-and-twentieth year—I, Etienne Gerard, the picked horseman and surest blade in the ten regiments of hussars. Blue was our colour in the Tenth—a sky-blue dolman and pelisse with a scarlet front—and it was said of us in the army that we could set a whole population running, the women towards us, and the men away. There were bright eyes in the Riesenberg windows that morning, which seemed to beg

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me to tarry; but what can a soldier do, save to kiss his hand and shake his bridle as he rides upon his way?

It was a bleak season to ride through the poorest and ugliest country in Europe, but there was a cloudless sky above, and a bright, cold sun, which shimmered on the huge snow-fields. My breath reeked into the frosty air, and Rataplan sent up two feathers of steam from his nostrils, while the icicles drooped from the side-irons of his bit. I let him trot to warm his limbs, while for my own part I had too much to think of to give much heed to the cold. To north and south stretched the great plains, mottled over with dark clumps of fir and lighter patches of larch. A few cottages peeped out here and there, but it was only three months since the Grand Army had passed that way, and you know what that meant to a country. The Poles were our friends, it was true, but out of a hundred thousand men, only the Guard had waggons, and the rest had to live as best they might. It did not surprise me, therefore, to see no signs of cattle and no smoke from the silent houses. A weal had been left across the country where the great host had passed, and it was said that even the rats were starved wherever the Emperor had led his men.

By midday I had got as far as the village of Saalfeldt, but as I was on the direct road for Osterode, where the Emperor was wintering, and also for the main camp of the seven divisions of infantry, the highway was choked with carriages and carts. What with artillery caissons and waggons and couriers, and the ever-thickening stream of recruits and stragglers, it seemed to me that it would be a very long time before I should join my comrades. The plains, however, were five feet deep in snow, so there was nothing for it but to plod upon our way. It was with joy, therefore, that I found a second road which branched away from the other, trending through a fir-wood towards the north. There was a small auberge at the cross-roads, and a patrol of the Third Hussars of Conflans — the very regiment of which I was afterwards colonel—were mounting their horses at the door. On the steps stood their officer, a slight, pale young man, who looked more like a young priest from a seminary than a leader of the devil-may-care rascals before him.



"ON THE STEPS STOOD THEIR OFFICER."

"Good day, sir," said he, seeing that I pulled up my horse.

"Good-day," I answered. "I am Lieutenant Etienne Gerard, of the Tenth."

I could see by his face that he had heard of me. Everybody had heard of me since my duel with the six fencing-masters. My manner, however, served to put him at his ease with me.

"I am Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, of the Third," said he.

"Newly joined?" I asked.

"Last week."

I had thought as much, from his white face and from the way in which he let his men lounge upon their horses. It was not so long, however, since I

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had learned myself what it was like when a schoolboy has to give orders to veteran troopers. It made me blush, I remember, to shout abrupt commands to men who had seen more battles than I had years, and it would have come more natural for me to say, "With your permission, we shall now wheel into line," or, "If you think it best, we shall trot." I did not think the less of the lad, therefore, when I observed that his men were somewhat out of hand, but I gave them a glance which stiffened them in their saddles.

"May I ask, monsieur, whether you are going by this northern road?" I asked.

"My orders are to patrol it as far as Arensdorf," said he.

"Then I will, with your permission, ride so far with you," said I. "It is very clear that the longer way will be the faster."

So it proved, for this road led away from the army into a country which was given over to Cossacks and marauders, and it was as bare as the other was crowded. Duroc and I rode in front, with our six troopers clattering in the rear. He was a good boy, this Duroc, with his head full of the nonsense that they teach at St. Cyr, knowing more about Alexander and Pompey than how to mix a horse's fodder or care for a horse's feet. Still, he was, as I have said, a good boy, unspoiled as yet by the camp. It pleased me to hear him prattle away about his sister Marie and about his mother in Amiens. Presently we found ourselves at the village of Hayenau. Duroc rode up to the post-house and asked to see the master.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether the man who calls himself the Baron Straubenthal lives in these parts?"

The postmaster shook his head, and we rode upon our way.

I took no notice of this, but when, at the next village, my comrade repeated the same question, with the same result, I could not help asking him who this Baron Straubenthal might be.

"He is a man," said Duroc, with a sudden flush upon his boyish face, "to whom I have a very important message to convey."

Well, this was not satisfactory, but there was something in my companion's manner which told me that any further questioning would be distasteful to him. I said nothing more, therefore, but Duroc would still ask every peasant whom we met whether he could give him any news of the Baron Straubenthal.

For my own part I was endeavouring, as an officer of light cavalry should, to form an idea of the lay of the country, to note the course of the streams, and to mark the places where there should be fords. Every step was taking us farther from the camp round the flanks of which we were travelling. Far to the south a few plumes of grey smoke in the frosty air marked the position of some of our outposts. To the north, however, there was nothing between ourselves and the Russian winter quarters. Twice on the extreme horizon I caught a glimpse of the glitter of steel, and pointed it out to my companion. It was too distant for us to tell whence it came, but we had little doubt that it was from the lance-heads of marauding Cossacks.

The sun was just setting when we rode over a low hill and saw a small village upon our right, and on our left a high black castle, which jutted out from amongst the pine-woods. A farmer with his cart was approaching us—a matted-haired, downcast fellow, in a sheepskin jacket.

"What village is this?" asked Duroc.

"It is Arensdorf," he answered, in his barbarous German dialect.

"Then here I am to stay the night," said my young companion. Then, turning to the farmer, he asked his eternal question, "Can you tell me where the Baron Straubenthal lives?"

"Why, it is he who owns the Castle of Gloom," said the farmer, pointing to the dark turrets over the distant fir forest.

Duroc gave a shout like the sportsman who sees his game rising in front of him. The lad seemed to have gone off his head—his eyes shining, his face deathly white, and such a grim set about his mouth as made the farmer shrink away from him. I can see him now, leaning forward on his brown horse, with his eager gaze fixed upon the great black tower.

"Why do you call it the Castle of Gloom?" I asked.

"Well, it's the name it bears upon the country side," said the farmer. "By all accounts there have been some black doings up yonder. It's not for nothing that the wickedest man in Poland has been living there these fourteen years past."

"A Polish nobleman?" I asked.

"Nay, we breed no such men in Poland," he answered.

"A Frenchman, then?" cried Duroc.

"They say that he came from France."

"And with red hair?"

"As red as a fox."

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"Yes, yes, it is my man," cried my companion, quivering all over in his excitement. "It is the hand of Providence which has led me here. Who can say that there is not justice in this world? Come, Monsieur Gerard, for I must see the men safely quartered before I can attend to this private matter."

He spurred on his horse, and ten minutes later we were at the door of the inn of Arensdorf, where his men were to find their quarters for the night.

Well, all this was no affair of mine, and I could not imagine what the meaning of it might be. Rossel was still far off, but I determined to ride on for a few hours and take my chance of some wayside barn in which I could find shelter for Rataplan and myself. I had mounted my horse, therefore, after tossing off a cup of wine, when young Duroc came running out of the door and laid his hand upon my knee.



"YOUNG DUROC CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE DOOR."

"Monsieur Gerard," he panted, "I beg of you not to abandon me like this!"

"My good sir," said I, "if you would tell me what is the matter and what you would wish me to do, I should be better able to tell you if I could be of any assistance to you."

"You can be of the very greatest," he cried. "Indeed, from all that I have heard of you, Monsieur Gerard, you are the one man whom I should wish to have by my side to-night."

"You forget that I am riding to join my regiment."

"You cannot, in any case, reach it to-night. To-morrow will bring you to Rossel. By staying with me you will confer the very greatest kindness upon me, and you will aid me in a matter which concerns my own honour and the honour of my family. I am compelled, however, to confess to you that some personal danger may possibly be involved."

It was a crafty thing for him to say. Of course, I sprang from Rataplan's back and ordered the groom to lead him back into the stables.

"Come into the inn," said I, "and let me know exactly what it is that you wish me to do."

He led the way into a sitting-room, and fastened the door lest we should be interrupted. He was a well-grown lad, and as he stood in the glare of the lamp, with the light beating upon his earnest face and upon his uniform of silver grey, which suited him to a marvel, I felt my heart warm towards him. Without going so far as to say that he carried himself as I had done at his age, there was at least similarity enough to make me feel in sympathy with him.

"I can explain it all in a few words," said he. "If I have not already satisfied your very natural curiosity, it is because the subject is so painful a one to me that I can hardly bring myself to allude to it. I cannot, however, ask for your assistance without explaining to you exactly how the matter lies.

"You must know, then, that my father was the well-known banker, Christophe Duroc, who was murdered by the people during the September massacres. As you are aware, the mob took possession of the prisons, chose three so-called judges to pass sentence upon the unhappy aristocrats, and then tore them to pieces when they were passed out into the street. My father

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had been a benefactor of the poor all his life. There were many to plead for him. He had the fever, too, and was carried in, half-dead, upon a blanket. Two of the judges were in favour of acquitting him; the third, a young Jacobin, whose huge body and brutal mind had made him a leader among these wretches, dragged him, with his own hands, from the litter, kicked him again and again with his heavy boots, and hurled him out of the door, where in an instant he was torn limb from limb under circumstances which are too horrible for me to describe. This, as you perceive, was murder, even under their own unlawful laws, for two of their own judges had pronounced in my father's favour.

"Well, when the days of order came back again, my elder brother began to make inquiries about this man. I was only a child then, but it was a family matter, and it was discussed in my presence. The fellow's name was Carabin. He was one of Sansterre's Guard, and a noted duellist. A foreign lady named the Baroness Straubenthal having been dragged before the Jacobins, he had gained her liberty for her on the promise that she with her money and estates should be his. He had married her, taken her name and title, and escaped out of France at the time of the fall of Robespierre. What had become of him we had no means of learning.

"You will think, doubtless, that it would be easy for us to find him, since we had both his name and his title. You must remember, however, that the Revolution left us without money, and that without money such a search is very difficult. Then came the Empire, and it became more difficult still, for, as you are aware, the Emperor considered that the 18th Brumaire brought all accounts to a settlement, and that on that day a veil had been drawn across the past. None the less, we kept our own family story and our own family plans.

"My brother joined the army, and passed with it through all Southern Europe, asking everywhere for the Baron Straubenthal. Last October he was killed at Jena, with his mission still unfulfilled. Then it became my turn, and I have the good fortune to hear of the very man of whom I am in search at one of the first Polish villages which I have to visit, and within a fortnight of joining my regiment. And then, to make the matter even better, I find myself in the company of one whose name is never mentioned throughout the army save in connection with some daring and generous deed."

This was all very well, and I listened to it with the greatest interest, but I was none the clearer as to what young Duroc wished me to do.

"How can I be of service to you?" I asked.

"By coming up with me."

"To the Castle?"

"Precisely."

"When?"

"At once."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I shall know what to do. But I wish you to be with me, all the same."

Well, it was never in my nature to refuse an adventure, and, besides, I had every sympathy with the lad's feelings. It is very well to forgive one's enemies, but one wishes to give them something to forgive also. I held out my hand to him, therefore.

"I must be on my way for Rossel to-morrow morning, but to-night I am yours," said I.

We left our troopers in snug quarters, and, as it was but a mile to the Castle, we did not disturb our horses. To tell the truth, I hate to see a cavalry man walk, and I hold that just as he is the most gallant thing upon earth when he has his saddle-flaps between his knees, so he is the most clumsy when he has to loop up his sabre and his sabre-tasche in one hand and turn in his toes for fear of catching the rowels of his spurs. Still, Duroc and I were of the age when one can carry things off, and I dare swear that no woman at least would have quarrelled with the appearance of the two young hussars, one in blue and one in grey, who set out that night from the Arensdorf post-house. We both carried our swords, and for my own part I slipped a pistol from my holster into the inside of my pelisse, for it seemed to me that there might be some wild work before us.

The track which led to the Castle wound through a pitch-black fir-wood, where we could see nothing save the ragged patch of stars above our head. Presently, however, it opened up, and there was the Castle right in front of us, about as far as a carbine would carry. It was a huge, uncouth place, and bore every mark of being exceedingly old, with turrets at every corner, and a square keep on the side which was nearest to us. In all its great shadow there was no sign of light save for a single window, and no sound came from it. To me there was something awful in its size and its silence, which corresponded so well with its sinister name. My companion

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pressed on eagerly, and I followed him along the ill-kept path which led to the gate.

There was no bell or knocker upon the great, iron-studded door, and it was only by pounding with the hilts of our sabres that we could attract attention. A thin, hawk-faced man, with a beard up to his temples, opened it at last. He carried a lantern in one hand, and in the other a chain which held an enormous black hound. His manner at the first moment was threatening, but the sight of our uniforms and of our faces turned it into one of sulky reserve.

"The Baron Straubenthal does not receive visitors at so late an hour," said he, speaking in very excellent French.

"You can inform Baron Straubenthal that I have come eight hundred leagues to see him, and that I will not leave until I have done so," said my companion. I could not myself have said it with a better voice and manner.

The fellow took a sidelong look at us, and tugged at his black beard in his perplexity.

"To tell the truth, gentlemen," said he, "the Baron has a cup or two of wine in him at this hour, and you would certainly find him a more entertaining companion if you were to come again in the morning."

He had opened the door a little wider as he spoke, and I saw by the light of the lamp in the hall behind him that three other rough fellows were standing there, one of whom held another of these monstrous hounds. Duroc must have seen it also, but it made no difference to his resolution.

"Enough talk," said he, pushing the man to one side. "It is with your master that I have to deal."

The fellows in the hall made way for him as he strode in among them, so great is the power of one man who knows what he wants over several who are not sure of themselves. My companion tapped one of them upon the shoulder with as much assurance as though he owned him.

"Show me to the Baron," said he.

The man shrugged his shoulders, and answered something in Polish. The fellow with the beard, who had shut and barred the front door, appeared to be the only one among them who could speak French.

"Well, you shall have your way," said he, with a sinister smile. "You shall see the Baron. And perhaps, before you have finished, you will wish that you had taken my advice."

We followed him down the hall, which was stone-flagged and very spacious, with skins scattered upon the floor, and the heads of wild beasts upon the walls. At the farther end he threw open a door, and we entered.

It was a small room, scantily furnished, with the same marks of neglect and decay which met us at every turn. The walls were hung with discoloured tapestry, which had come loose at one corner, so as to expose the rough stonework behind. A second door, hung with a curtain, faced us upon the other side. Between lay a square table, strewn with dirty dishes and the sordid remains of a meal. Several bottles were scattered over it. At the head of it, and facing us, there sat a huge man, with a lion-like head and a great shock of orange-coloured hair. His beard was of the same



"FACING US THERE SAT A HUGE MAN."

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glaring hue; matted and tangled and coarse as a horse's mane. I have seen some strange faces in my time, but never one more brutal than that, with its small, vicious, blue eyes, its white, crumpled cheeks, and the thick, hanging lip which protruded over his monstrous beard. His head swayed about on his shoulders, and he looked at us with the vague, dim gaze of a drunken man. Yet he was not so drunk but that our uniforms carried their message to him.

"Well, my brave boys," he hiccoughed. "What is the latest news from Paris, eh? You're going to free Poland, I hear, and have meantime all become slaves yourselves—slaves to a little aristocrat with his grey coat and his three-cornered hat. No more citizens either, I am told, and nothing but monsieur and madame. My faith, some more heads will have to roll into the sawdust basket some of these mornings."

Duroc advanced in silence, and stood by the ruffian's side.

"Jean Carabin," said he.

The Baron started, and the film of drunkenness seemed to be clearing from his eyes.

"Jean Carabin," said Duroc, once more.

He sat up and grasped the arms of his chair.

"What do you mean by repeating that name, young man?" he asked.

"Jean Carabin, you are a man whom I have long wished to meet."

"Supposing that I once had such a name, how can it concern you, since you must have been a child when I bore it?"

"My name is Duroc."

"Not the son of——?"

"The son of the man you murdered."

The Baron tried to laugh, but there was terror in his eyes.

"We must let bygones be bygones, young man," he cried. "It was our life or theirs in those days: the aristocrats or the people. Your father was of the Gironde. He fell. I was of the mountain. Most of my comrades fell. It was all the fortune of war. We must forget all this and learn to know each other better, you and I." He held out a red, twitching hand as he spoke.

"Enough," said young Duroc. "If I were to pass my sabre through you as you sit in that chair, I should do what is just and right. I dishonour my blade by crossing it with yours. And yet you are a Frenchman, and have even held a commission under the same flag as myself. Rise, then, and defend yourself!"

"Tut, tut!" cried the Baron. "It is all very well for you young bloods——"

Duroc's patience could stand no more. He swung his open hand into the centre of the great orange beard. I saw a lip fringed with blood, and two glaring blue eyes above it.

"You shall die for that blow."

"That is better," said Duroc.

"My sabre!" cried the other; "I will not keep you waiting, I promise you!" and he hurried from the room.



"DUROC'S PATIENCE COULD STAND NO MORE."

I have said that there was a second door covered with a curtain. Hardly had the Baron vanished when there ran from behind it a woman, young and beautiful. So swiftly and noiselessly did she move that she was between us in an instant, and it was only the shaking curtains which told us whence she had come.

"I have seen it all," she cried. "Oh, sir, you have carried yourself splendidly." She stooped to my companion's hand, and

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kissed it again and again ere he could disengage it from her grasp.

"Nay, madame, why should you kiss my hand?" he cried.

"Because it is the hand which struck him on his vile, lying mouth. Because it may be the hand which will avenge my mother. I am his step-daughter. The woman whose heart he broke was my mother. I loathe him, I fear him. Ah, there is his step!" In an instant she had vanished as suddenly as she had come. A moment later, the Baron entered with a drawn sword in his hand, and the fellow who had admitted us at his heels.

"This is my secretary," said he. "He will be my friend in this affair. But we shall need more elbow-room than we can find here. Perhaps you will kindly come with me to a more spacious apartment."

It was evidently impossible to fight in a chamber which was blocked by a great table. We followed him out, therefore, into the dimly-lit hall. At the farther end a light was shining through an open door.

"We shall find what we want in here," said the man with the dark beard. It was a large, empty room, with rows of barrels and cases round the walls. A strong lamp stood upon a shelf in the corner. The floor was level and true, so that no swordsman could ask for more. Duroc drew his sabre and sprang into it. The Baron stood back with a bow and motioned me to follow my companion. Hardly were my heels over the threshold when the heavy door crashed behind us and the key screamed in the lock. We were taken in a trap.

For a moment we could not realize it. Such incredible baseness was outside all our experiences. Then, as we understood how foolish we had been to trust for an instant a man with such a history, a flush of rage came over us, rage against his villainy and against our own stupidity. We rushed at the door together, beating it with our fists and kicking with our heavy boots. The sound of our blows and of our execrations must have resounded through the Castle. We called to this villain, hurling at him every name which might pierce even into his hardened soul. But the door was enormous —such a door as one finds in mediæval castles—made of huge beams clamped together with iron. It was as easy to break as a square of the Old Guard. And our cries appeared to be of as little avail as our blows, for they only brought for answer the clattering echoes from the high roof above us. When you have done some soldiering, you soon learn to put up with what cannot be altered. It was I, then, who first recovered my calmness, and prevailed upon Duroc to join with me in examining the apartment which had become our dungeon.

There was only one window, which had no glass in it and was so narrow that one could not so much as get one's head through. It was high up, and Duroc had to stand upon a barrel in order to see from it.

"What can you see?" I asked.

"Fir-woods, and an avenue of snow between them," said he. "Ah!" he gave a cry of surprise.

I sprang upon the barrel beside him. There was, as he said, a long, clear strip of snow in front. A man was riding down it, flogging his horse and galloping like a madman. As we watched, he grew smaller and smaller, until he was swallowed up by the black shadows of the forest.

"What does that mean?" asked Duroc.

"No good for us," said I. "He may have gone for some brigands to cut our throats. Let us see if we cannot find a way out of this mouse-trap before the cat can arrive."

The one piece of good fortune in our favour was that beautiful lamp. It was nearly full of oil, and would last us until morning. In the dark our situation would have been far more difficult. By its light we proceeded to examine the packages and cases which lined the walls. In some places there was only a single line of them, while in one corner they were piled nearly to the ceiling. It seemed that we were in the storehouse of the Castle, for there were a great number of cheeses, vegetables of various kinds, bins full of dried fruits, and a line of wine barrels. One of these had a spigot in it, and as I had eaten little during the day, I was glad of a cup of claret and some food. As to Duroc, he would take nothing, but paced up and down the room in a fever of anger and impatience. "I'll have him yet!" he cried, every now and then. "The rascal shall not escape me!"

This was all very well, but it seemed to me, as I sat on a great round cheese eating my supper, that this youngster was thinking rather too much of his own family affairs and too little of the fine scrape into which he had got me. After all, his father had been dead fourteen years, and nothing could set that right; but here was Etienne Gerard, the most dashing lieutenant in the whole Grand Army, in imminent danger of being cut off at the

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very outset of his brilliant career. Who was ever to know the heights to which I might have risen if I were knocked on the head in this hole-and-corner business, which had nothing whatever to do with France or the Emperor? I could not help thinking what a fool I had been, when I had a fine war before me and everything which a man could desire, to go off upon a hare-brained expedition of this sort, as if it were not enough to have a quarter of a million Russians to fight against, without plunging into all sorts of private quarrels as well.

"That is all very well," I said at last, as I heard Duroc muttering his threats. "You may do what you like to him when you get the upper hand. At present the question rather is, what is *he* going to do to us?"

"Let him do his worst!" cried the boy. "I owe a duty to my father."

"That is mere foolishness," said I. "If you owe a duty to your father, I owe one to my mother, which is to get out of this business safe and sound."

My remark brought him to his senses.

"I have thought too much of myself!" he cried. "Forgive me, Monsieur Gerard. Give me your advice as to what I should do."

"Well," said I, "it is not for our health that they have shut us up here among the cheeses. They mean to make an end of us if they can. That is certain. They hope that no one knows that we have come here, and that none will trace us if we remain. Do your hussars know where you have gone to?"

"I said nothing."

"Hum! It is clear that we cannot be starved here. They must come to us if they are to kill us. Behind a barricade of barrels we could hold our own against the five rascals whom we have seen. That is, probably, why they have sent that messenger for assistance."

"We must get out before he returns."

"Precisely, if we are to get out at all."

"Could we not burn down this door?" he cried.

"Nothing could be easier," said I. "There are several casks of oil in the corner. My only objection is that we should ourselves be nicely toasted, like two little oyster pâtés."

"Can you not suggest something?" he cried, in despair. "Ah, what is that?"

There had been a low sound at our little window, and a shadow came between the stars and ourselves. A small, white hand was stretched into the lamplight. Something glittered between the fingers.

"Quick! quick!" cried a woman's voice.

We were on the barrel in an instant.

"They have sent for the Cossacks. Your lives are at stake. Ah, I am lost! I am lost!"

There was the sound of rushing steps, a hoarse oath, a blow, and the stars were once more twinkling through the window. We stood helpless upon our barrel with our blood cold with horror. Half a minute afterwards we heard a smothered scream, ending in a choke. A great door slammed somewhere in the silent night.

"Those ruffians have seized her. They will kill her," I cried.

Duroc sprang down with the inarticulate shouts of one whose reason had left him. He struck the door so frantically with his naked hands that he left a blotch of blood with every blow.

"Here is the key!" I shouted, picking one from the floor. "She must have thrown it in at the instant that she was torn away."

My companion snatched it from me with a shriek of joy. A moment later he dashed it down upon the boards. It was so small that it was lost in the enormous lock. Duroc sank upon one of the boxes with his head between his hands. He sobbed in his despair. I could have sobbed, too, when I thought of the woman and how helpless we were to save her.

But I am not easily baffled. After all, this key must have been sent to us for a purpose. The lady could not bring us that of the door, because this murderous step-father of hers would most certainly have it in his pocket. Yet this other must have a meaning, or why should she risk her life to place it in our hands? It would say little for our wits if we could not find out what that meaning might be.

I set to work moving all the cases out from the wall, and Duroc, gaining new hope from my courage, helped me with all his strength. It was no light task, for many of them were large and heavy. On we went, working like maniacs, slinging barrels, cheeses, and boxes pell-mell into the middle of the room. At last there only remained one huge barrel of vodki, which stood in the corner. With our united strength we rolled it out, and there was a little low wooden door in the wainscot behind it. The key fitted, and with a cry of delight we saw it swing open before us. With the lamp in my hand, I squeezed my way in, followed by my companion.

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We were in the powder-magazine of the castle—a rough, walled cellar, with barrels all round it, and one with the top staved in in the centre. The powder from it lay in a black heap upon the floor. Beyond there was another door, but it was locked.



"WE WERE IN THE POWDER-MAGAZINE OF THE CASTLE."

"We are no better off than before," cried Duroc. "We have no key."

"We have a dozen," I cried.

"Where?"

I pointed to the line of powder barrels.

"You would blow this door open?"

"Precisely."

"But you would explode the magazine."

It was true, but I was not at the end of my resources.

"We will blow open the store-room door," I cried.

I ran back and seized a tin box which had been filled with candles. It was about the size of my shako—large enough to hold several pounds of powder. Duroc filled it while I cut off the end of a candle. When we had finished, it would have puzzled a colonel of engineers to make a better petard. I put three cheeses on the top of each other and placed it above them, so as to lean against the lock. Then we lit our candle-end and ran for shelter, shutting the door of the magazine behind us.

It is no joke, my friends, to lie among all those tons of powder, with the knowledge that if the flame of the explosion should penetrate through one thin door our blackened limbs would be shot higher than the Castle keep. Who could have believed that a half-inch of candle could take so long to burn? My ears were straining all the time for the thudding of the hoofs of the Cossacks who were coming to destroy us. I had almost made up my mind that the candle must have gone out when there was a smack like a bursting bomb, our door flew to bits, and pieces of cheese, with a shower of turnips, apples, and splinters of cases, were shot in among us. As we rushed out we had to stagger through an impenetrable smoke, with all sorts of débris beneath our feet, but there was a glimmering square where the dark door had been. The petard had done its work.

In fact, it had done more for us than we had even ventured to hope. It had shattered gaolers as well as gaol. The first thing that I saw as I came out into the hall was a man with a butcher's axe in his hand, lying flat upon his back, with a gaping wound across his forehead. The second was a huge dog, with two of its legs broken, twisting in agony upon the floor. As it raised itself up I saw the two broken ends flapping like flails. At the same instant I heard a cry, and there was Duroc, thrown against the wall, with the other hound's teeth in his throat. He pushed it off with his left hand, while again and again he passed his sabre through its body, but it was not until I blew out its brains with my pistol that the iron jaws relaxed, and the fierce, bloodshot eyes were glazed in death.

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There was no time for us to pause. A woman's scream from in front—a scream of mortal terror—told us that even now we might be too late. There were two other men in the hall, but they cowered away from our drawn swords and furious faces. The blood was streaming from Duroc's neck and dyeing the grey fur of his pelisse. Such was the lad's fire, however, that he shot in front of me, and it was only over his shoulder that I caught a glimpse of the scene as we rushed into the chamber in which we had first seen the master of the Castle of Gloom.

The Baron was standing in the middle of the room, with his tangled mane bristling like an angry lion. He was, as I have said, a huge man, with enormous shoulders; and as he stood there, with his face flushed with rage and his sword advanced, I could not but think that, in spite of all his villainies, he had a proper figure for a grenadier. The lady lay cowering in a chair behind him. A weal across one of her white arms and a dog-whip upon the floor were enough to show that our escape had hardly been in time to save her from his brutality. He gave a howl like a wolf as we broke in, and was upon us in an instant, hacking and driving, with a curse at every blow.

I have already said that the room gave no space for swordsmanship. My young companion was in front of me in the narrow passage between the table and the wall, so that I could only look on without being able to aid him. The lad knew something of his weapon, and was as fierce and active as a wild cat, but in so narrow a space the weight and strength of the giant gave him the advantage. Besides, he was an admirable swordsman. His parade and riposte were as quick as lightning. Twice he touched Duroc upon the shoulder, and then, as the lad slipped up on a lunge, he whirled up his sword to finish him before he could recover his feet. I was quicker than he, however, and took the cut upon the pommel of my sabre.

"Excuse me," said I, "but you have still to deal with Etienne Gerard."

He drew back and leaned against the tapestry-covered wall, breathing in little, hoarse gasps, for his foul living was against him.

"Take your breath," said I. "I will await your convenience."

"You have no cause of quarrel against me," he panted.

"I owe you some little attention," said I, "for having shut me up in your store-room. Besides, if all other were wanting, I see cause enough upon that lady's arm."

"Have your way, then!" he snarled, and leaped at me like a madman. For a minute I saw only the blazing blue eyes, and the red glazed point which stabbed and stabbed, rasping off to right or to left, and yet ever back at my throat and my breast. I had never thought that such good sword-play was to be found at Paris in the days of the Revolution. I do not suppose that in all my little affairs I have met six men who had a better knowledge of their weapon. But he knew that I was his master. He read death in my eyes, and I could see that he read it. The flush died from his face. His breath came in shorter and in thicker gasps. Yet he fought on, even after the final thrust had come, and died still hacking and cursing, with foul cries upon his lips, and his blood clotting upon his orange beard. I who speak to you have seen so many battles, that my old memory can scarce contain their names, and yet of all the terrible sights which these eyes have rested upon, there is none which I care to think of less than of that orange beard with the crimson stain in the centre, from which I had drawn my sword point.

It was only afterwards that I had time to think of all this. His monstrous body had hardly crashed down upon the floor before the woman in the corner sprang to her feet, clapping her hands together and screaming out in her delight. For my part I was disgusted to see a woman take such delight in a deed of blood, and I gave no thought as to the terrible wrongs which must have befallen her before she could so far forget the gentleness of her sex. It was on my tongue to tell her sharply to be silent, when a strange, choking smell took the breath from my nostrils, and a sudden, yellow glare brought out the figures upon the faded hangings.

"Duroc, Duroc!" I shouted, tugging at his shoulder. "The Castle is on fire!"

The boy lay senseless upon the ground, exhausted by his wounds. I rushed out into the hall to see whence the danger came. It was our explosion which had set alight to the dry framework of the door. Inside the store-room some of the boxes were already blazing. I glanced in, and as I did so my blood was turned to water by the sight of the powder barrels beyond, and of the loose heap upon the floor. It might be seconds, it could not be more than minutes, before the flames would be at the edge of it. These eyes will be closed in death, my friends, before they cease to see those crawling lines of fire and the black heap beyond.

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How little I can remember what followed. Vaguely I can recall how I rushed into the chamber of death, how I seized Duroc by one limp hand and dragged him down the hall, the woman keeping pace with me and pulling at the other arm. Out of the gateway we rushed, and on down the snow-covered path until we were on the fringe of the fir forest. It was at that moment that I heard a crash behind me, and, glancing round, saw a great spout of fire shoot up into the wintry sky. An instant later there seemed to come a second crash far louder than the first. I saw the fir trees and the stars whirling round me, and I fell unconscious across the body of my comrade.



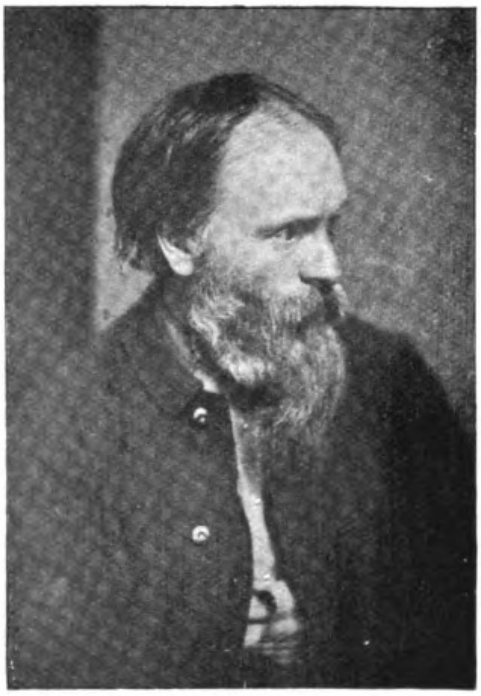
"I SAW A GREAT SPOUT OF FIRE SHOOT UP."

It was some weeks before I came to myself in the post-house of Arensdorf, and longer still before I could be told all that had befallen me. It was Duroc, already able to go soldiering, who came to my bedside and gave me an account of it. He it was who told me how a piece of timber had struck me on the head and had laid me almost dead upon the ground. From him, too, I learned how the Polish girl had run to Arensdorf, how she had roused our hussars, and how she had only just brought them back in time to save us from the spears of the Cossacks who had been summoned from their bivouac by that same black-bearded secretary whom we had seen galloping so swiftly over the snow. As to the brave lady who had twice saved our lives, I could not learn very much about her at that moment from Duroc, but when I chanced to meet him in Paris two years later, after the campaign of Wagram, I was not very much surprised to find that I needed no introduction to his bride, and that by the queer turns of fortune he had himself, had he chosen to use it, that very name and title of the Baron Straubenthal, which showed him to be the owner of the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gloom.

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Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

By L. T. Meade.



SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

IT is the fashion to speak of the present day as realistic and prosaic. The spirit of mysticism and idealism is completely out of date. We are a hard-headed, money-loving race now, and have little time for the gentle graces. We do not believe in legend or myth; the days of chivalry and romance are over. Knights are nowhere to be found, and the poets have almost sunk into oblivion. We pride ourselves on this state of things, and believe that we see better and more clearly because the glamour is removed, and the morning of the world is at an end. We are now in our adolescence, and think scorn of the days of childhood. Notwithstanding this general prosaicness, however, there come moments in the lives of most of us when we regret the absence of that divine gift which men call imagination; we want to see things again from the glamour of childhood, and would be glad to accept the faith which has nearly died away. We get sick of being humdrum; at such moments, romance and legend appeal to us again; in short, we come to the inevitable moment of reaction; we reach the extreme edge of the pendulum and begin to swing back.

All Literature repeats this fact. The romance of Scott and Coleridge followed the classic formality of Gray and Thomson. It is a good sign of our own day that we are beginning to turn with relief from the ugly realism of the modern novel to the light fancy and stirring romance of Stevenson and other writers of his school.

In Art, too, the same thing occurs. We have our realistic painters and our painters of romance. Sir Edward Burne-Jones unquestionably takes the lead in the latter school. Above all other things, he is most remarkable for his vivid power of imagination, his strong sense of poetry, his idealism. In an age which is essentially without reverence or mystery, he stands aloof from the busy crowd, and paints canvas after canvas full of vague mysticism, of almost childlike longing to reach the secret which has never yet been revealed on sea or shore. The fact that Sir Edward Burne-Jones is such a popular painter shows that, after all, the imaginative quality in our hearts is more dormant than dead. He belongs to the age in which he lives, but he has never really mixed with it. He spends his days in the romance of the past. While not unmindful of that sad minor

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key which underlies our present hurrying life, he lives himself more or less in a charmed atmosphere of eternal youth. This seems to me to be the dominant note in the greater part of his work.

A brief glance at some of his pictures may illustrate this statement.

In "The Golden Stair," one of the most popular and best known of Burne-Jones's works, we see at a glance a procession which seems to represent the essence of Spring, the very impersonation of glad and happy youth. Wonder may be perceptible on some of the faces, but care on none. The white doves on the window are not more innocent than these innocent and lovely maidens. They have decked themselves with wreaths, and as they trip down the golden stairs, and enter the portals of some life hitherto unknown, they make glad music.

This is perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures which the painter has ever placed on canvas. It seems to represent, though such a term is scarcely allowable, "Youth's Jubilee."

In "The Mirror of Venus" the note of youth is again struck, but the maidens have evidently advanced in the knowledge of good and evil since they first went down the golden stairs. Venus, in all her beauty, stands in their midst—their hearts quicken as they look into the magical pool. Among its water-lilies and forget-me-nots they are anxiously searching for some vision of their own future. Their faces express longing, and even a faint touch of the unrest and perplexity which are so characteristic of the present day.

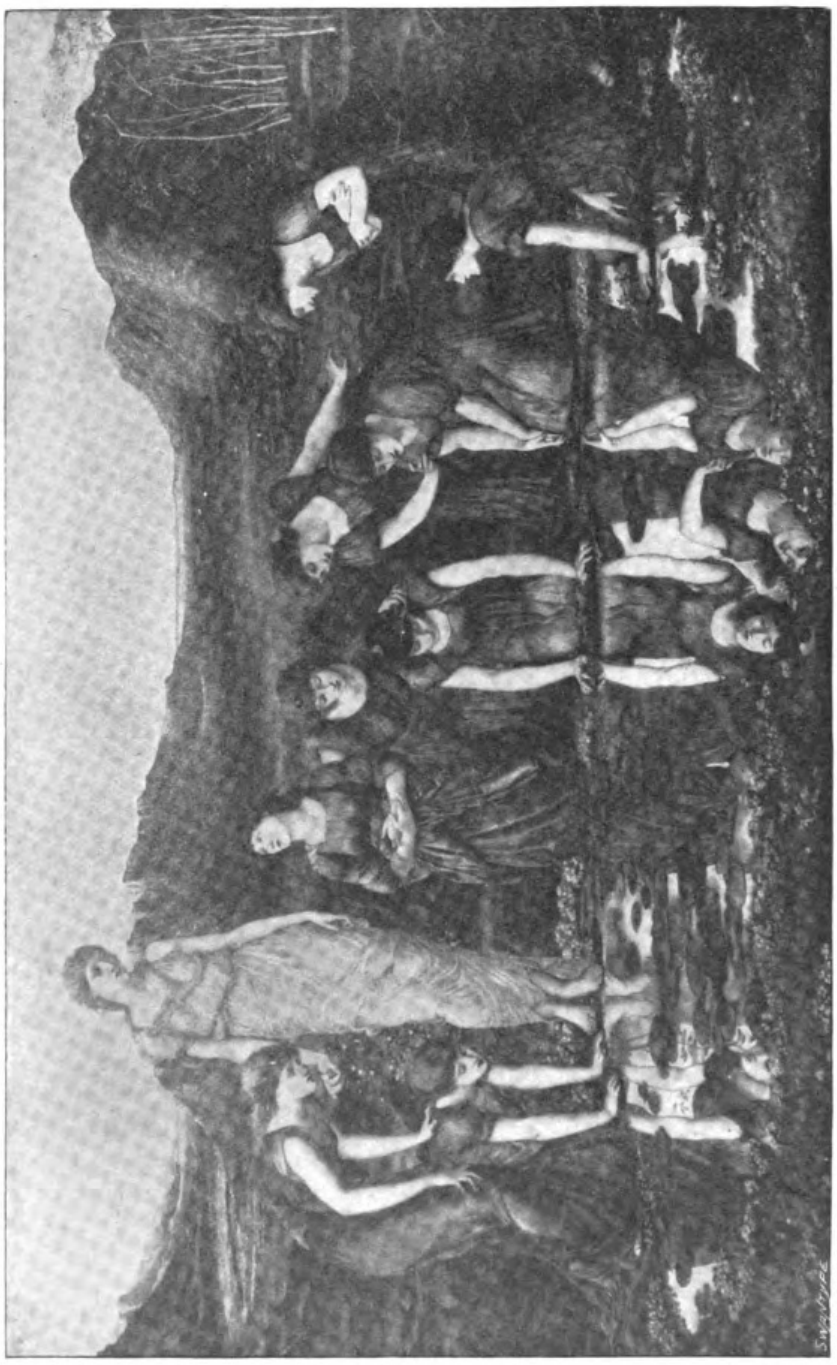
In his two celebrated pictures, "Chant d'Amour" and "Love Among the Ruins," Sir Edward endeavours to show the power of Love. In the "Chant d'Amour," love is represented as the consecrating Spirit of Life; in his "Love Among the Ruins," it is the Great Consolation. In both these pictures the subject is treated from a mythical and spiritual point of view. In the "Chant d'Amour," the time is early morning; the sunrise streams through the church in the



Photographed by] "THE GOLDEN STAIR." *[F. Hollyer.*

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background, and falls full upon the maiden playing on the organ. The knight in armour sits spell-bound, almost at her feet; Love, with closed eyes and wings, blows the organ. is in ruins; the briar rose grows over the lovely garden; the harp is silent. All would be blackness and desolation but for the fact that Love itself still lives. The reflection of



"THE MIRROR OF VENUS." [F. Hollyer.

Photographed by]

Here is love idealized—almost passionless. None of

That unrest which men mis-call delight

is perceptible here.

In "Love Among the Ruins" a much sadder note is struck. Love is indeed here the Consolation. All else is gone, the house its sunshine is seen on the faces of the two lovers. The worst has not therefore come, for Love survives.

This beautiful picture is one of the painter's most popular works. Its exquisite and tender greys and blues can scarcely be surpassed. All is in tone with the subject.

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"The Star of Bethlehem" is a new rendering of the old story which is interwoven into the life of each English child. Here are the mother and babe, the angel Gabriel stands near to watch the scene; his wings are folded, his hands clasped together, he looks as if he were just arrested in flight, as if he had just flown from the highest Heaven to witness this first triumph of the King of Kings. The kings from the East are presenting their gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. The sunlight glitters alike on the jewels and on the white lily blossoms and red roses as studies in a single colour. "The Wood Nymph" looks out on the world from her throne in the heart of a laurel wood, the thick foliage which surrounds her is of every shade of green. "The Sea Nymph," on the other hand, is a study in blue.

The "Flamma Vestalis" is another type of the inexhaustible imaginative gift of this great painter. The look of serenity is very manifest on the fair face. This expression is not, perhaps, unmixed with resignation. The maiden has given up the world, but under protest. The picture is very well



Photographed by] "CHANT D'AMOUR." *[F. Hollyer.*

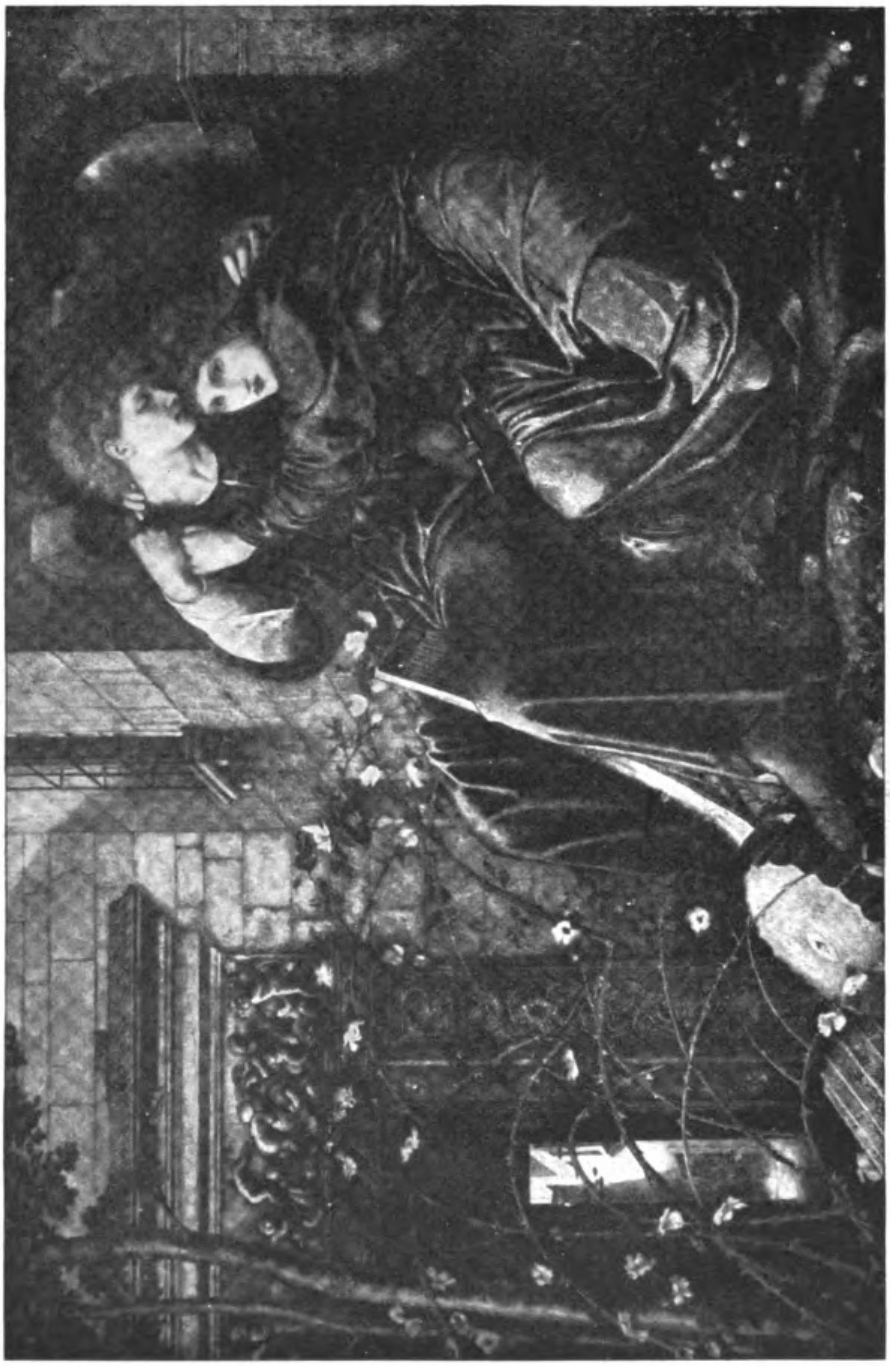
which grow in the foreground of the picture. This is one of the largest water-colours ever painted, measuring 12ft. by 8ft.; as a work of art it is magnificent, but notwithstanding its subject, it does not seem to me so subtle and full of spiritual meaning as others which are less obviously religious.

"The Wood Nymph," which is reproduced here, has a companion picture called "The Sea Nymph." Both these pictures were painted in 1880, and are considered more conventional than most of Burne-Jones's work. They are very interesting, however, known, and is deservedly popular. The very beautiful picture, "Sponsa di Libano," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Winds Picture from the Song of Solomon," is a marvellous conception. The figures, which represent the North and South winds, the Bride who waits for her Beloved in the garden of lilies, have never been more exquisitely portrayed. Here, again, are the old, familiar themes, Youth and Love.

One of the painter's most remarkable pictures, which, alas! is little known, because no photograph has ever been taken

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of it, is one which was painted in his early days, but which he has never surpassed in beauty of conception and idea. It is called "Christ Kissing the Merciful Knight." Those visitors who saw the collection of his pictures in the New Gallery two years ago cannot fail to have remarked this work. The legend from which the picture is painted is as follows: A certain knight, St. Giovanni Gualberto, rode out on Good Friday to avenge his brother's death. He met the murderer, who prayed earnestly for mercy in the name of Christ who had died on the cross that day. Hearing him plead in this name, the knight forgave him. In the evening, the Merciful Knight knelt at the chapel on the Hill of San Miniato. At that moment a miracle occurred—the Christ on the crucifix bowed to kiss his cheek. Henceforth the warrior devoted himself to a religious life. Julia Cartwright thus describes the picture: "The forest back-



"LOVE AMONG THE RUINS." [*F. Hollyer.*

Photographed by]

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ground, with its clear pool of water and glancing sunlight, was the same which Rossetti had admired many years before, but the hedge of flowering roses recalls the Florentine hillside where the miraculous event is said to take place. Here the good knight kneels, clad in steel armour, at the wayside shrine, and his pale face, worn and wearied with the struggle through which he has passed, gleams with a look of unearthly beauty as the image of Christ bends towards him. The picture made a profound impression at the time ; some were startled, and others repelled, by the strangeness of the conception, but it was impossible not to recognise the power and the originality of the artist. All things, it was felt, were possible to the painter of this picture."



"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

(Reproduced by permission of the Committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.)

Photographed by] [*F. Hollyer.*

To a nature like Sir Edward's the myths of the past prove an unfailing source of inspiration. Over and over again he turns back to them, rejecting more modern and less classical

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themes. He takes the old nursery legends, the old, old romances, and clothes them with fresh life. His celebrated pictures, "The Briar Rose," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "The Story of Perseus," "The Romaunt of the Rose," and many others too numerous to mention, show abundantly where his fancy most loves to wander.

I do not feel qualified to speak of the technical excellence of his work, but the wealth of colour and grace of form which characterize such pictures as "The Briar Rose" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" must be seen to be appreciated.

Those visitors who were privileged to see his splendid collection at the New Gallery can form little idea, even from this, of the immensity and variety of his work. He has done much in every form of decorative art, especially in designs for stained glass and mosaic. With his friend, Mr. William Morris, he has revived decorative art in England; and now, not only in our cathedrals, but in quiet village churches, the beautiful windows, designed and executed by this pair, meet the eye. One lovely example is to be found at the east end of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, the birthplace of the painter. It represents, on the right, the Nativity; on the left, the Crucifixion; the centre window is a picture of the Ascension.



Photographed by] "THE WOOD NYMPH." *[F. Hollyer.*

Julia Cartwright gives a delightful account of another window, which must be truly splendid in its colouring and design. This

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"FLAMMA VESTALIS."
Photographed by F. Hollyer.

window is to be found in the fine old church of Middleton Cheney, a village in South Northamptonshire. I quote from her own words :—

"Thirty years ago, the rector of this parish, Mr. W. E. Buckley, determined to make the windows of his church a complete record of Bible History. Mr. Morris filled the large East window with a picture of the Celestial Country, for which Mr. Burne-Jones designed the Adoration of the Lamb. Mr. Ford Maddox-Brown and other artists supplied cartoons for the remaining saints. In 1867, Mr. Burne-Jones designed the West window in the tower. Here the Three Children are seen walking in the flames, which seem to curl and leap about them as the evening sunlight streams through the glowing panes. Above, in the upper lights of the window, are the Six Angels, bearing in their hands the crystal spheres, which tell of the leafy bowers and clear waters of Paradise—the vision which came to these martyrs in the flames. The famous pictures of the Days of the Creation were originally designed for this window, and repeated at Tamworth a year later."

There is scarcely any branch of art in which this painter has not laboured some time during his life—his decorations have even extended to articles of furniture, cabinets, pianos, organs. He has designed tapestry and needlework—decorations for tiles and bass-reliefs. In all these varied works he has, to quote from Mrs. Ady, "taken care to observe the principles of design, and the limits imposed by the capabilities of his material." She goes on to tell us that the great tapestry of the Adoration of the Magi, executed from his design by Mr. William Morris, now hangs in the chapel of Exeter College, a fitting memorial of that memorable friendship between the poet and painter, which had its origin in Oxford days. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has also turned his prolific fancy towards the illustration of books —his pencil studies of Virgil's Epic are masterpieces of exquisite finish and beauty.

When a boy or girl shows any special talent, it is a favourite question to ask whether he or she inherits the gift from parent or ancestor. In the case of Sir Edward, there was no hereditary tendency towards Art. He was born in the unromantic town of Birmingham, and grew up in its ugliness and dulness, far from all galleries and Art schools. He had not even story-books to gladden his eyes, and speaks now of the hungry



Photographed by] A STUDY. *[F. Hollyer.*

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gaze with which he used to look in at the booksellers' windows. At eleven years old he was sent to King Edward's School, and there he threw himself into the classic part of his education with much delight. Homer and Virgil were indeed congenial food to such a nature, and here he began first to make acquaintance with those wonderful myths and legends which he was to interpret with such splendour by-and-by.

The artist's father was anxious that the boy should take orders in the Church of England. In accordance with this wish he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1852, but he had little love for the routine of college life, and found lectures a weariness to the flesh. It was at Oxford, however, that he first met William Morris; he had also gone there with the intention of taking orders. A great friendship sprang up between these two,



Photographed by] "SPONSA DI LIBANO." *[F. Hollyer.*

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From a] ENTRANCE HALL—THE GRANGE. [Photograph.

and after earnest talk and consultation, the young men determined to throw aside all other considerations and devote themselves heart and soul to the service of Art.

They came to London, where they met Rossetti, and other men of what was to be eventually the great pre-Raphaelite school.

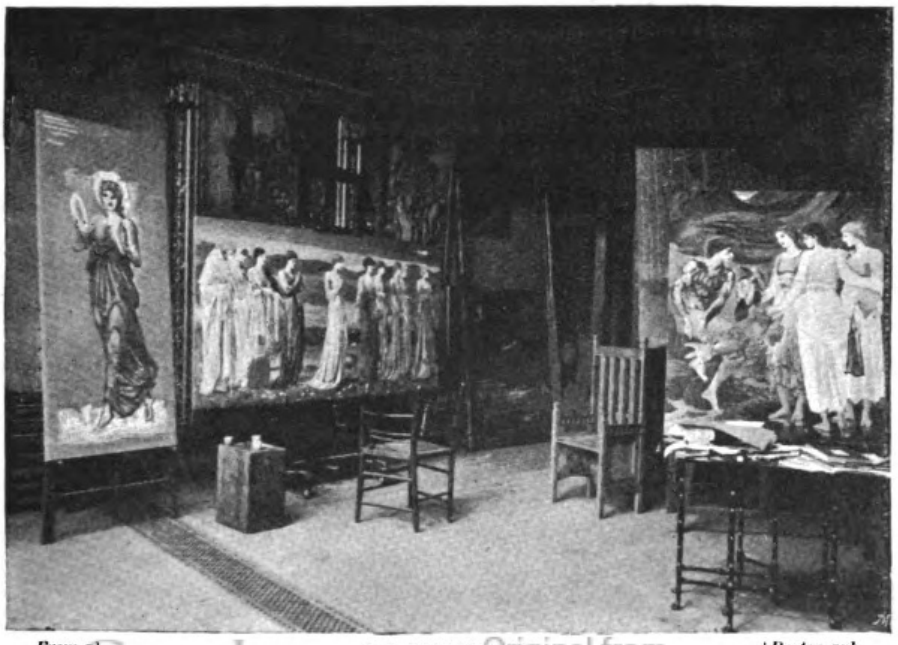
From that moment Burne-Jones never turned aside from the real bent of his genius. He was twenty-three years of age when he really adopted Art as his profession. He had, therefore, much to learn, finding himself, to quote his own words, at five-and-twenty where he ought to have been at fifteen.

Perseverance and genius, however, overcame all obstacles, and, step by step, the great master ascended the steep Hill of Difficulty, until he finally reached his present lofty eminence.

In a paper like this, it would take too long to go minutely into the story of his life. To acquire any real success in Art is the work of a lifetime; to many patient workers success never comes; but where, to that subtle thing called genius, is added the indomitable spirit of persevering toil, the result is assured.

There are few painters more popular than Sir Edward Burne-Jones is at the present day. Not only in England, but in most continental towns we see reproductions from his beautiful pictures. He has worked for far more than fame; he has endeavoured to add fresh beauty to the world, and to raise the art which he loves to a high place in every home in the land. But fame has also in a large measure come to him; he meets it with quiet dignity, and in his country home in the heart of London, allows it to trouble him very little.

For the purpose of writing this article, I went to visit him there last winter. When he first took possession of "The Grange," twenty-seven years ago, the house was truly in the country. It stood in the midst of fields, on the borders of London. This old,



From a] THE HOME STUDIO. [Photog. aph.

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red-brick house was celebrated even before its present occupant took possession of it, for Richardson wrote his famous novels there, and Dr. Johnson and Hogarth were often to be seen under the old roof. "The Grange" now stands somewhat lonely in the midst of poor streets and small houses, but it still has its leafy trees and sheltered garden, and flowers are yet to be found there uninjured by London smoke. The painter finds his happiness in the old place, and has no apparent wish to change his quarters. In the summer he does much of his work in his beautiful garden studio; but when I last saw him he was in the home studio, where his winter work is principally carried on.

"I shall be glad to give you any information in my power," he said, in his genial way, "but I can't consent to a regular interview. My public life belongs to the nation, and I will gladly answer any questions you like to ask about it. My private life, on the other hand, I regard as my own. I do not care to have the curtain drawn aside from it. It puzzles me much," he continued, with a sigh, "to know what special interest the public can take in the ordinary domestic life of a man, whether he is well known in his public capacity or not. My pictures are for the people—my inner life for myself and my friends."

In this brief account, therefore, of our great painter, I have been obliged to speak more of his works than of his special and delightful individuality. It is possible, however, that those who study his canvases may by so doing catch something of his spirit.

He has been a hard fighter on the side of Truth against Shams. Looking on Art as almost a religion, he has lived up to his high ideal. Believing in the power of beauty as the most important lever in the true education of the Race, he has done his utmost to add to the Beauty of the World.



From a] THE GARDEN STUDIO. *[Photograph.*

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A True Ghost Story.

By the Countess of Munster.



NOT many years ago, people used to sneer at ghosts and ghost stories much more than they do now, and one would constantly hear people whisper to one another (while some individual was relating his or her experience): "Ah! it is very odd that these ghost stories should *always* be related at second or third hand. Now, *I* want to *see* a person who *personally has seen* the ghost, and then I will believe!"

Yes! People *are* more accustomed to hearing about ghosts now; and yet, even now, should it be a wife, daughter, or sister who ventures to narrate some supernatural experience, she is pooh-poohed, or laughed at, or told to "take a pill."

Now, *I have seen a ghost*—and am prepared to attest most solemnly to the fact, as well as to the truth of every word here set down. I have, of course, avoided names, but nothing else; so, without further preamble, I will state my case.

Some years ago I became the object of the infatuated adoration of a person of my own age and sex; and I use the word "infatuated" advisedly, because I feel now, as I did at the time, that neither I nor any mortal that ever lived could possibly be worthy of the overwhelming affection which my poor friend lavished upon me. I, on my side, was not ungrateful towards her, for I loved her in return very dearly; but when I explain that I was a wife and the mother of young children, and that she was unmarried, it will easily be understood that our devotion to each other must of necessity be rather one-sided; and this fact caused some dispeace between us at times.

For many years my friend held a post at Court, which she resigned soon after she

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began to know me; and although her Royal Mistress, in her gracious kindness, assigned two houses to her, she gave them both up, to be free to live near me in B——; indeed, she gave up relatives, old servants and comforts in order that she might come and live (and die, alas!) in lodgings, over a shop, near me. But she was not happy. She "gloomed" over the inevitable fact that, in consequence of the difference in her home-circumstances and mine, I could not be with her every day, and all day long. I think she was naturally of an unhappy disposition, being deeply, passionately, and unjustifiably jealous, and also painfully incapable of taking things and people as they were. All this gave me often much annoyance; but we were, all the same, sometimes very cheerful and happy together, and sometimes—the reverse.

Later on, she, poor soul, was taken ill, and during months of fluctuating health I nursed her—sometimes in hope, sometimes without—and at moments during her illness she found strange comfort in foretelling to me, after the most "uncanny" fashion, things which she declared would happen to me after her death. They were mostly trivialities—little episodes concerning people and things over whom and which we had talked and laughed together, for she was gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

Amongst other things, she said to me one afternoon:—

"This bazaar for which we are working" (she had been helping me for weeks for a charity bazaar, and I can now see her dainty little hands, as she manipulated the delicate muslin and lace. Poor, poor L——!) "I shall be dead before it takes place; and I shall see you at your stall, and on one of the days of the bazaar, an old lady will come up to you and say: 'Have you any of poor Miss L——'s work?' (mentioning me). And you will answer 'Yes! here is some!' and you will show her this which I am working; and she'll say 'Have you any more?' and you'll say 'Yes' again; and she'll carry it all off, and say she buys it for 'poor Miss L——'s sake.' And I shall know and see it all!"

I remember repeating, wonderingly, "What lady?"

She answered, dreamily, "Oh! I don't know—but—some old lady! You'll see!"

And I am bound to say, *this is exactly what occurred* at the bazaar, months after her death: an old lady, with whom I was not acquainted, *did* buy all her work, having asked for it, and carrying it away "for *her* sake!" An old lady, too, whom I had never seen.

One other curious circumstance which attended her death was that, after looking forward with more than usual pleasure to my coming birthday (which she said would be "a more than commonly happy anniversary"), *that* was the very day on which she died!

I think that one of the sharpest regrets which I ever experienced in my life consisted in the fact that I was not with my dearest friend at the moment that she passed away. She had made me promise that I would be with her at that time, and, God knows, I had the fullest intention of fulfilling her wish, but on that very evening, of all others, I was called away, and she died in my absence. I had been sitting by her bed-side all the afternoon, and all that evening I had held her dear hand, and had kept whispering comforting words in her ear; but latterly she had made no response, and was, seemingly, unconscious.

Suddenly a messenger came from my house (not a hundred yards, it was, away), saying my husband wanted me at once, as one of my children was ill. I looked at the nurse, who assured me there was "nothing immediate" impending; so, stooping over my poor friend, I whispered—at the same time pressing a kiss on her forehead—that "half an hour should see me at her side again." But she took no notice, and much against my will I hastily, and noiselessly, left the room.

Throwing a shawl over my head I hurried across the square, and as I passed the church the clock struck twelve, and I suddenly remembered that—to-day was my birthday!

I got back in less than half an hour, and on my return heard, to my everlasting sorrow, that I had not been gone ten minutes before my dear L—— became restless and uneasy, then suddenly starting up in her bed, she looked hastily round the room, gave a cry, then there came a rush of blood to her mouth, and after a few painful struggles, she sank back, gasped once or twice, and never moved again.

Of course, I thought then, and do to this day, that she was looking round the room for *me*, and that she had died feeling I had broken my faith with her. A bitter, never-failing regret!

I have given this slight sketch of the feelings which existed between me and my poor friend (before narrating the circumstances of

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her supernatural visit to me), just to emphasize the facts of the alluring fascination, the intense affection, which existed between us during her life-time, and which, I firmly believe, have lasted beyond her grave.

Quite a year and a half after her death, my poor L——, with what motive I know not (unless it may have been, as I sometimes fondly hope, to assure me that she understood and sympathized with my sorrow at my having failed her at the moment of her extremity), appeared to me. She came once—but never again. It occurred thus:—



"AS I PASSED THE CHURCH THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE."

I had been suffering all day from brow ague, and had gone early to bed—but not to sleep. All the evening I had been kept painfully awake by that same church clock which I have mentioned above. It seemed to me to strike oftener, louder, and more slowly than any clock I had ever had the misfortune to come across. Of course, my ailment of the moment caused the clock's vagaries to appear peculiarly painful, and I bore the annoyance very restlessly, with my face turned pettishly to the wall; but when the midnight hour began to chime, I felt as though I could bear it no longer. Muttering an impatient exclamation, I turned in my bed, so as to face the room, and looking across it, I saw my poor L——, standing close to a screen between me and the door, looking at me.

She was in her usual dress, wearing (what was then called) a "cross-over," which was tied behind; while her bonnet (which she was always in the habit of taking off as she came upstairs) was, as usual, hanging by the ribbon, on her arm. She had a smile on her face, and I distinctly noticed her lovely little white ears, which were always my admiration, and which were only half covered by her soft brown hair.

She stood—a minute it seemed—looking at me, then she glided towards me, and I, half-apprehensive that she was about to throw herself on my bed, exclaimed, jumping up in a sitting posture:—

"Dearest! what brings you here so late?"

With deep reverence be it spoken; but as soon as these words were out of my mouth I was irresistibly reminded of those spoken (Holy Writ tells us) by Saint Peter at the awful moment of the Transfiguration! Awed and dazed at the sight of the spiritual visitants, we are told he uttered words "not knowing what he said." These words of mine also seemed to leap to my lips, with but little meaning in them—if any.

As soon, however, as my voice had ceased, the apparition disappeared, and I remained some moments motionless.

One of the most curious features of the case is that, although I was very especially restless and awake at the moment of the appearance, I recognised my friend so completely, that I forgot, also, to recognise the fact *that she had died;* or, rather, it happened too quickly for me to bring that fact to mind. Indeed, it all took place in such a flash—in such a moment of time—so much quicker than I can tell it—and she looked so exactly like her well-known self, that till she had disappeared, I really believed *I was seeing her in the flesh!* Of course, as soon as I had

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"SHE GLIDED TOWARDS ME."

time to reflect, I remembered, and realized WHAT it was I *had* seen!

I was not frightened, but *I felt colder than I had ever felt in my life*, and *I have never felt so cold since*, but the moisture seemed to pour off my body. I called no one to my assistance; all I realized was that God had permitted me to see *her* once more, and that perhaps He might send her to me again. But He has not done so, and, probably, now, He never will.

I lay awake all night afterwards, hoping for —and, I think, almost expecting—her again, and after the day had dawned I fell asleep.

Before telling my story to anyone, and dreading unspeakably all the doubting and sarcastic speeches which such a narration would inevitably call forth, I sent for my doctor, an old and trusted friend, and after making him talk rationally to me for some time, I asked him whether he considered me in an *exaltée* state, or whether I had ever betrayed any hysterical tendencies. He reassured me heartily on these points, and then asked my reasons for such questionings. I thereupon opened my heart to him, and he neither ridiculed nor disbelieved, but, on the contrary, told me another case of the same kind which had lately happened to a friend of his; but he strongly advised me to keep my own counsel at present (which I did for some time), and kindly added that he not only did not look upon me as a lunatic, but simply as a woman for whom one corner of the curtain which guarded the unseen had been lifted.

In conclusion, I repeat I am ready to vouch for the truth of every word here set down, and also, should it be required, to give names —in private—to satisfy those who doubt.

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Centenarians.

By Netta Esplin Cargill.

"A HUNDRED years of life is what Providence intended for man." So wrote Buffon, a profound student of human physiology and the laws by which its complexities are governed and controlled. And that great naturalist's assertion has not only been indorsed by many other well-known observers, but is being every day verified in actual experience. But if this declaration by a modern scientist does not quite agree with that dictum of the Psalmist of old which assigned four-score years as a limit of human endurance, it must be remembered that in the history of the race, even from the earliest times, there have been famous instances of the prolongation of life to a span far beyond even a century.

Omitting those of Scriptural renown, perhaps the most remarkable instances of the kind on record were those—first—of Thomas Carn, or Caron, an Englishman who, it has been averred, lived to the unparalleled age of 207; and, secondly, of a Russian subject who was believed to have attained to an age of between 200 and 205! The former *bi-centenarian*—shall we call him?—died on the 25th January, 1588, and it is stated that his age has been confirmed by the register of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; while the death of the latter occurred as recently as 1812, at a village in the diocese or province of Ekaterinov, in the south of Russia, the fact having been noted at the time in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. The probability is that these abnormal ages were both exaggerated, though they have often been cited as examples of bi-centenarian ages attained by human beings. Be that as it may, Buffon's measurement of the life-limit has been and is, indeed, being every year more or less overstepped by scores of persons in many parts of the world.

Some years ago a most interesting book was written by a well-known London actuary on the subject of *Life Assurance*, and, in the course of many pages of useful statistics, he submitted a list of individuals who were known or supposed to have reached the age of 120 *and upwards!* Including the two phenomenal cases referred to, the list numbered no fewer than 225 centenarians of almost every social rank and condition, and belonging to many nationalities, though, strange to say, the majority were either Britons or Russians.

"We had originally intended," wrote the author of the work, "to include in the list all recorded cases of deaths in this country at ages over 100, but we found the cases from 120 down so numerous that we had to pull up at 120 for want of space."

The question, therefore, may well be asked: Is centenarianism on the increase in the human family? Under the ever-improving conditions of life by which the human family is now, generally speaking, environed, the number of persons attaining to centenarian ages ought certainly to be on the increase. Yet it is to be feared that the greatly prolonged spans of life which were known to former generations are rarely, if ever, experienced in these days.

A man or woman, say, 130 or even 120 years old, would to-day be considered a very great curiosity, a veritable relic of the past, well worthy of the interest and sympathy of all, more especially since, in all likelihood, such a centenarian would be found, like so many other centenarians, to belong to the humbler and poorer classes of the people. In this country, at all events, no such worthy is alive to-day.

According to the last census, the oldest person living in 1891 was then aged 113. She has since died, and a number of years must again pass before it can be possible for the oldest person now living in the United Kingdom to reach the age of 120. On the other hand, it is probable that there are more persons every year approximating to centenarian ages (taking the maximum age at 100 years) than ever there were before in the history of the race; and, after all, this is surely the greater desideratum. Better a goodly number of a hundred-year-old folk than only a few 120 years old!

How many centenarians there are in this country at the present time is a matter that need not concern us now, my purpose being to pass in review a few of those "worthies" who have reached centenarian ages, and by drawing attention to the subject, if possible to encourage all who may to go and "do

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likewise." The late Dr. Farr, for many years the Registrar-General, in which capacity he had the best opportunity for forming an opinion on the whole matter, once affirmed that "a century may be considered the circuit of time in which human life goes through all the phases of its evolution." Is it not the duty of all to try at least, as far as possible, to conform to those laws and conditions of "living" by which that circuit may be accomplished? The following interesting instances are cited as having done so:—

MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR MACKENZIE,

who lives at 14, Sandwickhill, North Street, Stornoway, is 105 years of age and is still, to use the stereotyped phrase, in possession of all her faculties. Quite recently she



MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR MACKENZIE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

walked into Stornoway and back to her home, which is about a mile and a quarter distant from that town, smartly and without much fatigue. Indeed, the old lady has an amazing amount of vigour, considering her great age, daily taking pleasure in doing household duties. She has recently dispensed with the use of spectacles and is again able, without their aid, to read small print. Her hearing is wonderfully sharp, a very uncommon gift in one so aged.

Locally, and in the Gaelic tongue, Mrs. Mackenzie is known as "Bantrach Dhomhnuill," or the widow of Donald, though, as a matter of fact, she has been widowed twice. Her father was a crofter or small farmer in the district where she has resided almost all her long life, and of her early days and experiences she still retains many interesting memories. When a little girl, she witnessed not a few of the ever-deplorable scenes of eviction which scattered so many crofter families to the ends of the earth in the last years of the eighteenth century; and when grown to womanhood, and already entered on the cares of a wife and mother, she was one of many of the West Highland folks who were "brought under" the influence of what is still remembered as the great Evangelical movement of 1825—a movement which left its mark indelibly upon her own life and character. Nothing thrills the old lady more than the remembrance, as strong within her to-day as three-quarters of a century ago, of the scenes and incidents of those days; and of the good men and women, long ago passed away, who took a prominent part in the movement, and whose names, which are, even yet, to her as household words, she holds very dear.

All through her life Mrs. Mackenzie has been a woman of intense religious convictions, though her religion—in theory as well as in daily experience—is, and has always been, of the sunniest and happiest kind, with nothing sour or gloomy about it, as if it were a sort of penance for the past and a dismal preparation for the future. Indeed, according to those who know her best and have lived many years beside her, she is one of the most cheerful and hopeful Christian women—cheerful *with* everybody and hopeful *for* everybody—that ever lived in the Highlands of Scotland. And



MRS. MACKENZIE'S COTTAGE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

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for this characteristic she is famous for many miles around the little village of Sandwick, where she resides. Is it not possible that it is to this very excellent trait that Mrs. Mackenzie owes something for the wonderful age to which she has attained? Be that as it may, she is a splendidly preserved old lady, as her photograph—the first and probably the last ever taken—will testify to all who look at it. With her likeness is also shown a picture of her humble cottage-home, with the old lady standing at the door, with her *vade-mecum*, the Bible, in her hand.

MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY,

of Coldbackie, Tongue, Sutherlandshire, N.B. This worthy old lady died at the above address as recently as 18th April, 1894, having completed her 105th year. She lived there with three of her children, whose ages vary in the seventies and eighties! Her eldest "boy," past eighty, lives with his wife next door to her dwelling. A lady who resides in North Staffordshire, and who took a great interest in old Mrs. Mackay and often visited her, has very kindly supplied the following particulars about her:—



MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY.
From a Photograph.

"The dear old woman was bright and cheerful, and in full possession of all her faculties, though feeble and sometimes obliged to take a day or two in bed. She had a pretty pink colour in her cheeks, which were quite rounded till the last. She loved to chat about old times and 'the Queen'—who, I found out, was good Queen Charlotte, whom she had seen in London in early youth—and then, when talking of 'Her Majesty,' was the only time her mind seemed to wander. She would think it was the same Queen now, and evidently lived over again in the interesting glimpse of Royalty she had enjoyed so long ago. She had been in the North during the exciting times of the famous Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire evictions, and up to the last retained an intelligent and vivid remembrance of the painful scenes then enacted. To within a short time before her death, her pleasant, cheery chatting continued. One day her daughter—ill in bed—said to her: 'Mother, don't talk now; my head is sore,' to which the old lady replied: 'You should not stop me, I shall soon be quiet for ever!' facing, with full consciousness and calmness, her impending change. She recalled absent friends, and before dying was able to say 'Farewell!' to her surrounding family. Her habits of life seemed to have been severely simple and, I fear, not devoid of privation. I only knew her by her cottage fireside, or sitting in the sunshine on the doorstep. I never heard a murmur from her lips, and I look upon her as a beautiful example of a centenarian who lived a life of hardship and care!"

MRS. PEVERILL.

Of all the centenarians alive at the present time there is not, perhaps, a more interesting and pathetic case than that supplied by the life-history of Mrs. Peverill, of Winchmore Hill, London, N., who has been quite blind for the past twenty years. Born in Whitechapel on July 17th, 1792, her lot has been, first and last, one full of hardship and care, and notwithstanding her eye affliction, otherwise she is to-day in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind.

She was married to a shipwright at St. George's-in-the-East n her twenty-second year; the precise date of her marriage is April 17th, 1814—five years before Queen Victoria was born! No fewer than thirteen children were born to her, and the youngest

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MRS. PEVERILL.
From a Photo. by W. Hambly.

of these is now fifty-eight years of age. Her husband died about fifty-six years ago, and until old age and blindness overtook her, Mrs. Peverill had perforce to maintain herself by hard work, first as a laundress and subsequently as a monthly nurse.

A very sad experience was hers in her 101st year. A daughter who lived with her in her humble home near the Green, Winchmore Hill, went out one evening to buy the weekly groceries. Somehow she stumbled in the darkness, and, falling into the New River that runs close by, was drowned. The poor old mother sat up all the night through—without any fire to warm her—wearily waiting for the daughter who never returned.

As a child Mrs. Peverill was very fond of old songs and ballads, and many of these she still remembers and can repeat with fine feeling. In her "latter days" she, it is to be feared, is not over-comfortably circumstanced, and certainly deserves better of the world.

JOHN BOTHWELL,

Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, is an excellently typical example of a centenarian. As his name indicates, Mr. Bothwell was a Scotsman. He was born in February, 1791, five years before the death of Robert Burns, and died in October, 1891. He thus completed the full cycle of life with half a year to the good. He was twice married, first in 1817 to Jean Bonner, who died without issue; and secondly, in 1827, to Jean Caie, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. His father was a farmer, and Mr. Bothwell himself was practically engaged in farm work all his life. He held the lease of the farm of Wombwell Hill, Kintore, Aberdeenshire, for over forty years, afterwards tenanting the farms of Boat of Kintore and Toll of Kintore. From the last-named place he removed to Old Meldrum, and for some years before his death he lived with his son-in-law, Mr. David Christie, there. He was confined to his bed eight weeks only previous to his death.

Mr. Bothwell was an exceptionally well-built man, and above the average, when in the prime of life, in strength and vigour. His habits were very regular, being practically the same from year to year. He rarely went beyond the boundaries of his own farm. He lived chiefly on oatmeal and milk, a fact which no doubt had much to do with his splendid health and great age. Butcher meat and luxuries of the table were practically unknown to the Aberdeenshire far-



JOHN BOTHWELL.
From a Photo. by Penny, Old Meldrum.

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mers of his time. Although he smoked a good deal (he used a very black pipe and exceptionally strong tobacco !) from the time he was, comparatively speaking, quite young until he was ninety years of age, it did not seem to have any appreciable effect on his health. When he gave up the habit, he did so simply because he had grown so that he did not really care whether he had a smoke or not. He was most temperate in all things, and did not indulge in alcoholic liquors of any kind. Up to within a year or so of his death his memory was perfect, and the stories of far-past times which he used to tell his friends were most interesting and entertaining.

JANE BAKER,

Wrexham. At the date of the last census Wrexham was, in one particular regard, the most distinguished town in all Great Britain. It contained no fewer than three living centenarians, not to speak of many other very old folks fast graduating to that honour. Mrs. Baker was one of the three worthies, for she has since passed away, her death having occurred on the 1st June, 1891, when just a few months over her 101st year. Born on 2nd February, 1790 (her father's name was Braznel), Jane was always blessed with an abundance of good health. When in her twenty-eighth year, she married a paper-maker named James Baker, by whom she had eight children. On his death many years ago, she obtained her livelihood by acting as *accoucheuse* for the village of Barham, near Wrexham, an occupation she followed for over forty years, till old age necessitated her "taking her ease." To the very last day of her long life, Mrs. Baker retained in a remarkable degree her faculties of hearing, sight, memory, and speech, and was highly regarded by many people in the district where she lived.



MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.
From a Photo. by D. Gordon, Cupar.

MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.

A very interesting centenarian was Mrs. Catherine Dorward, who died on the 19th May of last year, in the parish of Gauldry of Balmerino, Fifeshire, aged 102½. She was born at Coultra, on the estate of Birkhill, in the same parish, on the 17th October, 1791. Her father was a hand-loom weaver and crofter, and at an early age Catherine was sent to work at the loom, at which she continued till her marriage in 1817. Her husband was David Neil, a weaver, though in his later years he became a road surfaceman. Their family consisted of ten children—seven sons and three daughters—of whom four sons and the daughters still survive. During the whole of their married life—over fifty-one years—they lived at a hamlet named Corbie Hill, near Coultra. After her husband's death, however, Mrs. Neil removed to Bottom Craig near by, where she resided with one of her daughters, Mrs. Blyth, till her death. The whole of her long lifetime was thus spent in the same parish, and out of it she travelled but seldom. She was once known to have made a journey all the way to Edinburgh, *viâ* Perth, on foot ! Her habits of life were at all times very regular and simple. In her young days, tea was an almost unknown beverage, so that her "nerves" were to the end of her life uncommonly well-preserved. For years she had a certain hour for rising and another for retiring, and to these she adhered very closely.

WIDOW BEATON.

It is "a far cry to Loch Awe !" It is a much farther cry to South Uist, where, in the remote parish of Sleat, and in one of the most inaccessible and picturesque parts of that wide and scattered parish, there lives to-day, hale and hearty, and, according to local opinion, in her 109th year, old Widow Beaton, the name this interesting centenarian is popularly known by. Her husband, Malcolm Beaton — dead many years ago — was by occupation first a shepherd and latterly a labourer. I am indebted to the Rev. Alex.

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Cameron, minister of the parish of Sleat, for some interesting particulars about this old worthy, and cannot, I think, do better than quote him.

"Mrs. Beaton is one of my communicants, and has been present once or twice during the past twelve or thirteen years at our communion services. . . . . For the last nine or ten years she has been quite blind, and for two years has been almost always in bed. Her voice and hearing are almost as good as ever, but her face undoubtedly looks very old. Indeed, from her face, one could easily believe her to be 100 years of age. I saw her and read and prayed with her quite recently. Her eyes are not only blind, but quite closed. Her habits of life have been always of the very simplest, and, indeed, as she has often told me, she has come through not a few hardships and troubles in her day—in bringing up her family, and so on. She has lived ever since I have known her in the cottage of her second son, Sandy Beaton, and she has, I believe, lived very nearly all her life close to the same spot. The place is the most difficult of access in all this district—in a little glen on the west side of the peninsula of Sleat. If you will look at a good map of Skye you will see a place on the west of Sleat marked *Dalville;* Sandy Beaton's cottage is just at the head of the little inlet of the sea at that place, from where the manse here (Kilmore)—on the east side—is fully a two hours' walk, and no road or path."

Unfortunately, no portrait of Widow Beaton has ever been taken. What a very eloquent and pathetic figure the old lady would make! Mr. Cameron says of this: "Her portrait would, I am sure, make a very remarkable one—could it be taken; as also would be a picture of the primitive little cottage in which she lives." The worthy clergyman's own pen-portrait of her, however, as quoted above, to a large extent supplies that want.*

Mr. William Liddell.

This centenarian died at Dunbar in November, 1892, aged 102 years. His father was a farm-servant, and died at a comparatively early age, so that it may be said that, in his case, heredity did not count for much, if anything at all. Another very remarkable fact is that our centenarian was, during most of his life, engaged in the business of a distiller, an occupation which, in the opinion of some people, is most inimical to longevity.

Mr. Liddell was, however, always regarded as a very steady and faithful servant, and never known to indulge in intemperance of any description. He was for many years a Freemason, and a regular attender at the meetings of his "Lodge." He enjoyed the distinction of being, in his day, the oldest Freemason in Scotland, if not in the United Kingdom. A married man, he had a family of ten children, seven of whom are still living. He was never known to have had any really serious illness.

A gentleman who knew him well, and to whom I am indebted for the foregoing particulars, met the old worthy on the street a few weeks before his death, and asked him how he "did" in such cold weather, and he replied: "Oh, I'm weel aneuch, but my hearin's *no gettin' ony better yet!*" In the photo. of Mr. Liddell, here reproduced, the



MR. WILLIAM LIDDELL.
From a Photo. by J. T. Gordon, Dunbar.

* Since this article was written, old Mrs. Beaton has passed to her rest.—N. E. C.

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old gentleman is seen holding in his hand a valuable snuff-box, presented to him on his hundredth birthday by the brethren of his Lodge in token of that interesting occasion.

Mrs. Mary North.

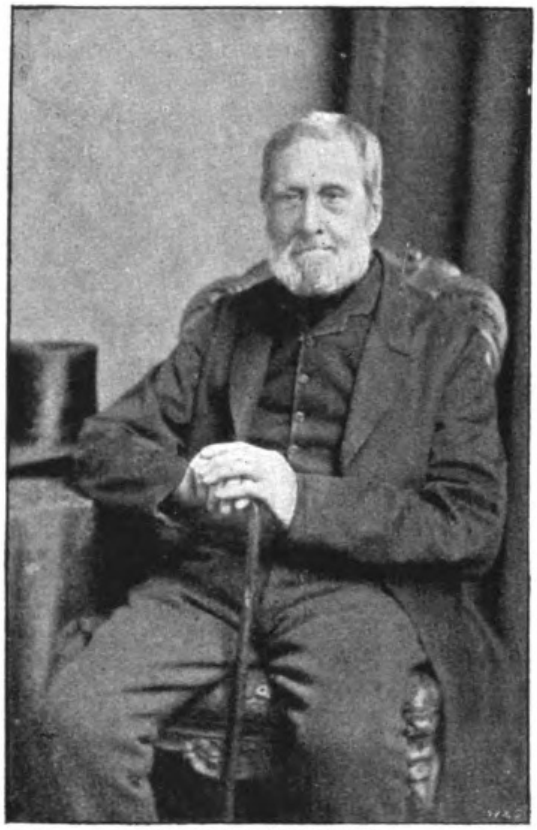
This worthy centenarian is still living at Afoneitha, near Ruabon, and if spared till the 11th of July next, will then be 105 years of age—one of the oldest persons in this country. She was born at Melville, near Oswestry, Shropshire, in 1790. We are able in her case to show a photo. of her taken quite recently. To all appearance, the worthy old lady has not aged very much in the last ten years.



MRS. MARY NORTH.
From a Photograph.

Archibald Guillan.

Kilconquhar, or "Kinnacher" as it is pronounced locally, in the Kingdom of Fife, enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of Archibald Guillan, who died on the 30th May, 1891, in his 101st year, the date of birth being 18th October, 1790. As a mark of personal regard for Mr. Guillan, and especially to celebrate a most interesting event, viz., his 100th birthday, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Anstruther, when he was presented with a



MR. ARCHIBALD GUILLAN.
From a Photo. by J. S. Ireland, Anstruther.

purse of sovereigns. A full account of the meeting, together with many interesting personal particulars of the old worthy in whose honour it was held, was published in the *East of Fife Record* at the time. The portrait of Mr. Guillan, which is here reproduced, is that of a shrewd, pawky, "well-dune" Scot. One would hardly take him as having arrived at the 100th milestone of life; but that Mr. Guillan nevertheless actually accomplished, and with something to spare!

Mrs. Janet Sinclair,

of Wick. There are not many particulars of the life of this centenarian, who died at Huddart Street, Wick, on the 14th February, 1892, in her 101st year. Mrs. Sinclair was born at Westerdale, in the parish of Halkirk, Caithness-shire, her father having been a small farmer or crofter there. He died while Janet was quite young, and his widow removed into Pultneytown, near Wick. Here Mrs. Sinclair spent most of her long life—always, until near the last, in the enjoyment of excellent health. She was able to perform her usual household duties, also to sew and knit, up to within about a week of her death, and was in the possession of all her faculties to the end. Her food was always of the simplest description, and she

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MRS. JANET SINCLAIR.
From a Photo. by A. Johnston, Wick.

could never be induced to touch any alcoholic liquors, not even when prescribed for her by a doctor. The portrait here shown is that of herself and her husband, who pre-deceased her by a few years. An uncle of Janet was locally known as a remarkable man in his day. He was married thrice, and each wife bore him no fewer than ten sons.

Quartermaster Coull.

When collecting information for this article, I was one day shown the portrait of a worthy old veteran, whose age was stated to be up to the centenarian limit, and about whom I at once made inquiry. This I was all the more anxious to do, as the portrait told a story which I felt sure was of more than ordinary interest. The fine, thoughtful face, the noble physique—and the empty arm-sleeve—all promised a capital subject. On further inquiry, however, I found that Quartermaster Coull had been dead for some years, and, moreover, that his age was several years short of the century. But as his career was a most remarkable one—full of thrilling sea adventure (few men have undergone so much and lived so long), I make mention of him in this article.

Born in 1786, at the fishing village of Ferryden, N.B., James Coull was, from his earliest years, destined to be a sea rover. Beginning at the age of eight as a cabin-boy, Jamie soon experienced—*young salt* though he was!—the hardships and perils of the sea in all their fulness, not even escaping the press-gang. Probably the latter experience was the making of him, for one day he found himself eating the King's rations on board the battle-ship *Centaur*, then lying at Copenhagen, whither his ship, oddly named the *Concord*, had called shortly before. These were the brave fighting times that ended with the victory of Trafalgar, and about which so many stories were wont to be told by those—James Coull among them—who, now all "called up aloft," like poor Tom Bowling, took part in their clash and clangour.

The one great incident, however, in the life of Coull was the famous battle between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* in American waters in the year 1813. The man at the helm of the former ship when that encounter took place was no less an individual than Jamie Coull, of Ferryden, then in his 27th year, and the very *beau-ideal* of a sea-dog. All the world knows what was the upshot of that naval fight; but not the least important incident of it—that is to say, to the subject of this sketch—was the loss of his left hand, which of course disabled him for further employment in His Majesty's service, though it by no means put an end to his seafaring. Indeed,



QUARTERMASTER COULL.
From a Photo. by the London Photographic Co., Bayswater.

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according to a notice of him which appeared in the *Montrose Review* at the time of his death, Coull's "one arm had more than the strength of two common ones, and with it and his cleek, as he called it, he could be a master cook at sea, which he was for many years" after he "quat" the King's service. As a matter of fact, "he crossed the Atlantic fourteen times as sea-cook, besides having been for twenty years cook in Montrose whalers."

MRS. MARY NEWTON,

aged 105 next birthday, has had a life of unusual hardship and toil, and lived most of her days (she was married to a miner when in her twentieth year) in the mining village of Bishopbriggs, near Glasgow. She, too, has reared a large family of children, with one of whom she now stays. She is very frail, and is fast nearing the borderland. Her portrait, as here shown (with her daughter by her side), is certainly one of the most interesting in the present collection, and is by far the most suggestive of great age we have ever seen.



MRS. MARY NEWTON.
From a Photograph.

ROBERT HORSLEY.

In these days most people think—and very properly, too—that they are well entitled to the "sweets of retirement" when they have spent half a century in the hurly-burly of active life. Many persons, indeed, consider that limit of service much too prolonged, and their opinion is indorsed by not a few of the more popular public departments of the present day.

Certain individuals, however, are able to toil away for sixty and even for sixty-five years, but very, very few have been known to work for so long a period of time as three-quarters of a century ere they felt compelled to take their ease. And if ever a man truly merited the "years of rumination and repose," it was the above-named centenarian, who, in his lifetime, "laboured on one farm alone for seventy-four years, and did more hard work than any man." Examples of such physical strength as was his are, of course, exceedingly rare, and so they become all the more interesting to us when the facts are known to be well authenticated.

Mr. Horsley, who died in January last in his 103rd year, was well known as the Centenarian of Soham, Cambridgeshire, where he was born on the 31st July, 1792. In a brief but interesting account of Mr. Horsley, which appeared in the *Daily Graphic* at the time of his death, it was stated that on the day following his hundredth birthday "he attended the wedding of a grandson, and ably performed the duties of best man!" A centenarian "best man" is far and away the most interesting wedding novelty we ever heard of!

In considering the foregoing examples of genuine centenarian ages (for I have been assured of the *bona-fides* of each case) attained by persons of British nationality, there are one or two points of peculiar interest which cannot fail to claim attention.

In the first place, the majority of the centenarians are, or were, persons who belong to the humbler ranks of the people, and who have lived for the most part lives of toil, care, and even privation.

In the second place all had, strange to say, been married, and, in several cases, reared large families. I endeavoured, while preparing this article, to secure, for the sake of variety, a few instances of *celibate centenarians*, but failed to obtain even a single case! I wonder if there are any such centenarians living at the present time?

Thirdly, most of my examples have lived quiet and temperate lives. None of them was ever known to drink alcoholic liquors to excess, while most of them eschewed those liquors altogether. Even the strong tobacco-smoker never partook of anything more *ardent* than

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milk wherewith to quench his thirst, while the distiller centenarian was distinguished all through his life for his abstemiousness.

In the fourth place, the centenarians are, on the whole, pretty fairly distributed throughout the country. Certain districts seem to be more favoured than others in point of the numbers of these worthies. For one thing they are, or at least were, more numerous in northern than in southern counties, especially in Scotland, though in Ireland the reverse is the case. In the parish of Gareloch, in Ross-shire, for example, the centenarian record is a very remarkable one, as the following list, kindly prepared by the local registrar, will show :—



MR. HORSLEY.
From a Photo. by Scott & Wilkinson, Cambridge.

1. Donald Maclean	aged	101	years at death	
2. Murdo Maclean	,,	101	,,	,,
3. Mary Mackenzie	,,	104	,,	,,
4. Ann Chisholm	,,	100	,,	,,
5. Mary McPherson	,,	100	,,	,,
6. Alexander McKenzie	,,	102	,,	,,
7. Catherine Bain	,,	100	,,	,,
8. Alexander McKenzie	,,	111	,,	,,
9. Elizabeth McKenzie	,,	100	,,	,,
10. Margaret Campbell	,,	101	,,	,,
11. Ann Macrae	,,	102	,,	,,

And they were mostly *Macs*, too !

While a quiet, easy-going life in the country naturally conduces to longevity, centenarians are by no means unknown in large cities. At the last census, even London (and suburbs) contained no fewer than twenty-one persons—five males and sixteen females—who returned their respective ages at 100 years or over. Dublin City had five centenarians ; Glasgow, two ; Greenock, one ; Salford, two — and so on, thus indicating that city life is not altogether inimical to long life, though the probability is that in most of the cases just referred to the centenarians had for many years lived "far from the madding crowd" in rural peace and quiet.

What, then, is the moral of the whole matter ? We cannot all change our social condition, or rank, or environment in order the easier to become centenarians some day ; nor can we all, to that same end, achieve the state of wedlock, although no doubt there have been, and even may be, many unmarried folk who have attained 100 years of life. But everyone, whatever be the sphere or circumstances, may certainly "have a care" with regard to those simple yet all-important daily habits which, if neglected, must certainly shorten the span of life, but which, if practised with patient diligence, may bring as a reward a glorious, green old age—even to the hundredth year !

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STARVED INTO SUBMISSION

FROM THE ITALIAN.

EVERY maiden in the ancient city of the Doges knew that Carlo Metello, the lively, industrious, fifteen-year-old apprentice of the respectable master-tailor, Luigi Nadelli, was a handsome, brown-eyed fellow. What they did *not* know was that he possessed the treasure of a rarely sweet and strong soprano voice. His companions in Master Nadelli's workshop were well aware of the fact. Their needles flew more swiftly to and fro when Metello was singing one of his songs.

Very frequently, also, the customers heard him when they came to be measured for a new suit of clothes. Upon such occasions, Metello was the recipient of many compliments, and many shining coins found their way into his pocket. His fellow-workmen did not grudge him these favours, for he had won the hearts of all of them by his taking ways. He was a favourite with everybody. When he carried home the finished garments, *he* was not kept waiting in halls and anterooms, but was shown into the family apartment, received with friendliness, and seldom dismissed unenriched.

Metello had already managed to save a nice little sum, and began to dream of a comfortable, spacious work-room of his own, wherein he would diligently ply needle and thread, while his dear Guiseppa looked after the house.

For this boy had already a sweetheart, who was as slim, as black-haired, and as bright-eyed as himself. These young folk had been thrown together in the most natural way. Guiseppa was a little sewing maiden in the same house that held Master Nadelli's work-room. Her master was a rich merchant. It was through their frequent meetings in the house that these two learned to know and love one another.

One day there came into the work-room a tall, dignified-looking man, who was no other than the famous singer, Vario. Metello had been out upon an errand, and, as he re-entered the room, he overheard the stranger's inquiry: "Is that the singer, Master Nadelli?"

Nadelli, folding up his measure, made a low bow, rubbed his hands together, and said, with a simper:—

"Yes, your Excellency, that is he! That is our little Metello with the golden voice."

Vario nodded, and left the work-room. A few days later, Metello was commissioned to carry home his new cloak.

The renowned vocalist lodged in an aristocratic quarter. The apprentice had the good fortune to find him at home. Having handed to the purchaser goods and bill, he waited to know if any alteration were needed.

Vario tried on the mantle, which fitted admirably. He then took some money from a writing-table, and counted out the amount due to Nadelli. As Metello took the money, and was about to take also his departure, Vario remarked, in a careless-seeming tone:—

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"Everyone praises your voice. Would you mind giving me some proof of your skill in singing?"

"Why not, signore?" said the pleased Metello. "I will sing you a little mountain song."

"No! I hear too many songs every day. Sing only the scale, beginning as low and ending as high as you can."

Metello obeyed. His chest-notes rang out full and strong; then came throat and head notes, until he had reached the high C. With that he paused.

"Can you go no farther?" asked Vario, whose keen eyes had been fixed upon the lad.

"I will try," was the answer, and the next moment a clear, true D rang through the chamber. The listener stopped the boy with an approving nod.

"You have a capital voice!" said Vario; "that I know now for myself. Have you never thought of being trained for a singer?"

"No; I would rather remain a tailor," returned Metello, naïvely.

"But with such a voice as yours you could gain more in a single night than you could earn by your needle in a whole year!"

"Is that really possible?"

"I assure you that with a little cultivation your voice, in less than five years' time, will have brought you in as much as a million of money."

"A million?" queried the apprentice. "And how much may that be?"

He listened in astonishment to Vario's attempt at explanation.

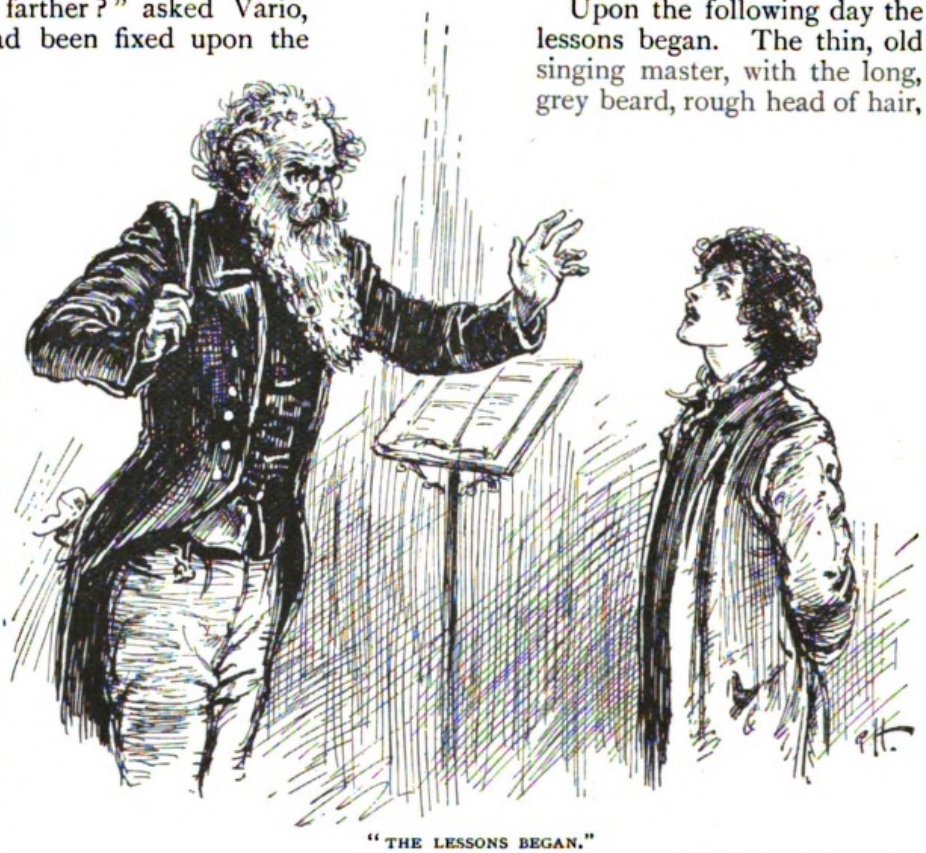
"If you had a million, you could live in a magnificent mansion containing many rooms, you could drive out in a carriage and four, with coachman and grooms."

"Ah!" ejaculated Metello, drawing a long breath; "that would indeed be rather different to sitting all one's life in a stupid work-room, handling a paltry needle and thread!"

"And what is there to hinder you from beginning at once? I will speak to the *maestro* of the Opera-house this very day. You must devote some hours daily to singing, and it will be an odd thing if in a few weeks' time you are not competent to take an important part. Do not lose your chance! It is every man's duty to try his luck."

"There I agree with you!" responded Metello, as he grasped the other's outstretched hand. "You are perfectly right; it *is* every man's duty to try his luck."

Upon the following day the lessons began. The thin, old singing master, with the long, grey beard, rough head of hair, and deep-set black eyes, worked the lad so hard, that at first he often cast back longing, regretful thoughts to the quiet, peaceful work-room.



"THE LESSONS BEGAN."

Again and again, until he was sick of them, he was made to sing the scales; then followed the intervals—thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, and sevenths. To Metello, accustomed to warble, like a wild bird, at his own sweet will, this discipline was a positive purgatory.

But the old teacher, Giacomo, said that he was making progress, and, thus encouraged, he plodded steadily on.

In the course of a few weeks, Metello was taking a small rôle in the Opera, and drawing a regular salary. He had surmounted the initial difficulties, and now that the way lay plain and straight before him, he redoubled

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his endeavours, bent upon doing his utmost to reach the highest possible pitch of perfection in his art.

Hence it is not surprising that Metello grew popular, and became at length the darling of the public. His wonderful voice, with its power to stir men's souls to their very depths—the plastic grace of his movements—the charm of his personality—all these were so original, so fresh, so fascinating, that men spoke with reverence of the handsome youth as the gift of Heaven, the singer by the grace of God.

At the age of twenty, the quondam tailor's apprentice was a famous artiste, who visited his former master's shop only when in need of a new suit of clothes. Upon such occasions, both master and men, much impressed by his grand appearance, carefully avoided any allusion to the past. Many a youthful maiden's heart throbbed faster at sound of his name, but he thought no other equal to his Guiseppa, either in beauty or goodness. And Guiseppa, on her part, preferred Metello to all others. For his sake she had refused the hand of many a well-to-do tradesman's son, and she was as proud of him as a queen-consort of a Royal conqueror.



"YES, DEAR CARLO, I UNDERSTAND. GO TO YOUR DUTY!"

They were to be married shortly, and Guiseppa was a poor sewing-maiden no longer, but inhabited luxurious rooms in a grand house, the windows of which commanded a magnificent view of the Grand Canal with its cupolas and palaces. She kept a lady's-maid and a cook, and had nothing to do but drive out, read novels, sing, and play on the mandoline. And yet she was never *quite* happy unless her lover was at her side.

"I only wish that I could do as you desire, and remain with you, dear Guiseppa! But that is impossible! I must appear in the Opera, must sing and act, because I am paid for doing so."

So spoke Metello one day, and Guiseppa replied:—

"Yes, dear Carlo, I understand. Go to your duty! You are the popular favourite, and your worshippers naturally want to see you every day."

And she bade him a laughing, loving adieu.

As Metello betook himself to the theatre, an evil spirit entered into him; rebellious thoughts for the first time found lodgment in his mind. "This is now the third evening upon which I have been made to perform for the delectation of the Republic's guest, the Duke of Arvenni. It is too bad! I will not submit to much more of it; I am determined that I *will not* sing to-morrow at any price!"

Upon the following evening he was again with his Guiseppa. They sat together upon the velvet-covered couch in loving talk, heedless of the flight of time, until at length Guiseppa, with a glance at the clock, said:—

"Have you not to sing to-night, Metello?"

"Yes, my child," replied Metello, carelessly; "I am expected to take the principal part in to-night's opera."

"Then go, dearest Carlo! Do not neglect your duty."

"Pooh!" He laughed scornfully. "For once I mean to brave the proud Senate, and if to sing this evening does not happen to suit my convenience, I shall leave it alone!"

"Metello!" exclaimed Guiseppa, in dismay. "What unhappy spirit is this which has taken possession of you? You will defy the Senate, the awful Council of Ten, whose authority none ever resisted with impunity?"

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"Yes!" cried the young man, bombastically. "I *will* defy the awful Council of Ten! What can they do to me, the pet of the public? Were they to murder me in secret, they would kindle a firebrand in Venice which they would find it not easy to extinguish! Ha! ha! Venice would not tamely submit to be robbed of her joy, her idol, her Metello!"

"Metello! my beloved! be cautious, I beseech you!" implored poor Guiseppa, in an agony of terror. "I saw at dusk the black gondola gliding by on the gloomy water. It passed close below me—a grim picture of death. That was no good omen!"

"Nonsense! What is there to alarm you, my darling? No one will rob you of your Carlo. His fame is too great and well established, he is too much respected by young and old, high and low. Calm yourself, dearest girl! None will dare to harm the renowned tenor, Metello! Even the ruthless bandits of the mountains would not lift a hostile hand against *him!*"

He drew his love gently to him, kissed the cloud from her brow, and resumed his wonted gaiety and good-humour, until he had succeeded in allaying her fears.

When, late that night, he returned to his own dwelling, he inquired of his servant what had transpired in his absence. The theatre had been full to suffocation. The stranger-duke, the ambassadors, all the most wealthy and influential citizens of the Republic, were assembled in the boxes for the purpose of hearing the famous Metello, but he did not appear.

The audience had waited patiently enough for a full hour, when the old, much-respected *maestro*, who for so many years had acted as manager, and always to the complete satisfaction of the public and of the critics, came forward and announced, almost with tears in his eyes, that the opera could not be proceeded with, as Signore Metello was absent from the theatre, and could not be found at home.

Metello laughed to himself, and rubbed his hands together complacently as, with long strides, he paced to and fro in his chamber. What a triumph! It was *he*, Metello, who had dared thus to treat the haughty Senate and the diplomatic corps! How delightful it was to think that all would soon hear of and marvel at this act of temerity!

"I have conquered!" he exclaimed, aloud and joyously. Ah! sanguine, thoughtless, fool-hardiness of youth! Silly Metello! Have you not reflected that in your grand endeavour to show yourself original, interesting, capricious, and independent, you have insulted not the aristocracy only, but also the people—the people! from whose stock you yourself sprang—the people, to whom you owe your wealth and fame, and whom you justly consider your true friends?

"No!" said he to himself, "I will not sing to-morrow night either. It does not do to make oneself too common! Therefore, I will not sing again just yet. Let them see how they can get on without me!"

The next evening he sat again with Guiseppa. She was ignorant of the new risk incurred by her lover, who had told her that he was not needed to sing on that night. Nevertheless, she felt strangely uneasy, and when Metello rose to go, she clung to him in the anxiety of her farewell.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I am so terrified, so unspeakably afraid for you!"

He tried to reassure her. "Be calm, sweetheart; the beloved of Metello the renowned can have nothing to fear!"

When they had parted at last, Metello descended the wide staircase, and went out. The moon was glorifying the heavens. For a moment he stood, drawing in deep breaths of air; then he ran down the steps, and hailed the gondola rocking on the glistening water.

"Ho! Alessandro! are you asleep? Let us hasten home!" The gondolier gave an odd little grunt. He was protected from the chill of the night air by the folds of a huge cloak, which effectually screened his face from observation. But Metello was too much occupied with his own thoughts to bestow any scrutiny upon his companion, as the latter, with rapid strokes, propelled his small craft along the Grand Canal.

Houses, churches, palaces glided by like the views of a magic lantern. The lighted windows here and there, the roofs and cupolas bathed in the pure, ethereal moonlight, with the blue, star-spangled heavens over all, composed a glorious night-scene.

"Stop, Alessandro! this is not the Villa Metello; that is the palace of the Doges! Foolish fellow! Whither have you brought me?"

"To the palace of the Doges, signore, sure enough. Assembled above is a numerous company, who await your arrival."

Something in the tone of the strange voice sent a cold shiver through the singer's frame.

"Who are you?" he demanded, with quivering lips, of the gondolier.

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There was no answer. The unknown was busying himself with his gondola, which he brought up close to the stone steps. Then, with an imperative wave of his hand, he motioned Metello to ascend. Above stood two men, wrapped in long cloaks. Metello recognised the livery of the servants of the Senate.

"Follow us, signore," said one of these, "without delay. Your presence is impatiently desired."

All kinds of possible explanations flitted through the tenor's brain. His heart beat loudly; his conscience told him that he had acted unwisely. In silence he followed his guides. There was nothing else to be done; resistance, or any attempt to escape, would have been worse than useless. Up stairs, down stairs, they went, passing through large and desolate apartments, in which their footsteps evoked eerie echoes. At length they came to a chamber of more inviting aspect, where the light of innumerable candles was reflected in the mirror-lined walls. The profuse ornamentation in gold, the rich colours of the numerous pictures and frescoes, heightened the general impression of luxury. The middle of the room was occupied by a long marble table, upon which, between epergnes filled with magnificent flowers, stood flagons of wine and punch, and dishes heaped with choice viands. Evidently this accumulation of delicacies had been prepared for a party of the most refined epicures.

About twenty handsomely-dressed gentlemen of various ages were seated around the table, apparently doing full justice to the tempting repast. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. Laughter, toasts, and merry jests rang out bravely, but in all these the singer's practised ear detected a discordant note of incongruity, a latent vulgarity which smacked of the stable, and seemed strangely at variance with the presumably high rank of the feasters.

It may well be imagined that the sight of such a banquet as this did not tend to diminish Metello's already somewhat keen appetite. As soon, therefore, as he perceived an empty chair next to that of the gentleman who appeared to be acting as president, he unhesitatingly strode towards it, and was about to seat himself therein, when the old man exclaimed, sharply:—

"Not so fast, young sir! Not before you sing!"

Metello stepped back at once, with a stiff: "I thank you, but decline the honour!"

"Not a morsel without a song!" reiterated the president, wheeling round in his chair.

In gloomy silence stood the singer, gnawing his under-lip in impotent rage. What!



"NOT SO FAST, YOUNG SIR!"

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did they treat him thus?—*him*, the greatest singer in Venice? Would they force him by means of hunger to exhibit to them his divine gift? Should he sing for a piece of bread, like a street-beggar? No! a thousand times no! "Sooner would I die," he exclaimed, "than so lower myself." And he drew further back.

Nobody seemed to heed him. The eating, drinking, and joking went on without interruption. Merrily clinked the glasses; louder and more frequent were the peals of foolish laughter.

At length, however, it grew gradually quiet. One by one the guests slipped out of the room, to sleep off elsewhere the effects of the wine they had taken. The hungry man's last hope of snatching a morsel from the remains vanished as the servants instantly swooped upon them, devouring with marvellous celerity until nothing at all was left.

Soon Metello was alone. All the candles had been extinguished, and the big, empty banqueting-hall was illuminated only by the pale moon-rays which streamed in at the window. The weary man had thrown himself into an arm-chair, and now the night's scenes passed in succession before his inward eye. He pictured to himself the sensation which his non-appearance at the theatre must have occasioned. Then he thought sadly and longingly of his own cosy little smoking-room, in which he was wont to enjoy every evening a substantial meal. He really was dreadfully hungry! During the hours spent in the company of Guiseppa, he had eaten little or nothing. He had been fasting since midday. Sorrowfully he realized that one cannot subsist solely upon love.

After this he fell asleep, and slept for some hours, at the end of which he awoke with stiff limbs, to see that the sun was already shining into the room. Again he beheld the long table, laid anew for breakfast. The delicious aroma of the fragrant coffee caressed his nostrils. How pretty the porcelain looked! how tempting the viands!

Then the same men who had been there on the previous night entered the room, seated themselves at the table, and ate and drank with an appetite that betokened an excellent digestion.

"Perhaps you will sing *now?*" inquired the old gentleman, of Metello.

"No!" answered the singer, stoutly, although tormented by hunger and thirst.

When the meal was finished, the servants again disposed of every drop and crumb.



"THE WEARY MAN HAD THROWN HIMSELF INTO AN ARM-CHAIR."

"Shameful!" said Metello, when he was left alone, gnashing his teeth. "They are deliberately laying siege to me, and think to starve me out. But I *will not* sing! Come what may, I will not sing! I will show the world that even a stage-hero may be capable of courageous endurance. I will *not* surrender! What would Venice—what would the world—say, did the famous Metello barter his lordly talent, his noble art, for a supper or a dinner? I will never sing upon such terms! Let us see whether they will dare to let the best singer the Republic pos-

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sesses die of hunger! Ah! my high and mighty lords of the Senate, it would not be easy to replace me; to find another artiste of *my* rank!"

When the midday hour came round, another sumptuous meal was served, Metello still playing the rôle of Tantalus. He felt horribly sick and faint. Remarks such as the following were circulated around the table: "How are you getting on, duke? May I offer you a slice of this tasty venison?" "No, marquis! I shall remain faithful to this tender, excellent veal-chop." "Some of this pastry, count? I have never tasted any to equal it!" "Ah! this *is* caviare; thanks! thanks! dear Doria!" "What a delicately-flavoured lobster!" "A magnificent fellow, this pheasant!" "I assure you, count, this beef-steak is marvellously well-cooked!"

And so on, *ad nauseam.* Such a clatter of glass and crockery, such a babel of tongues, Metello had never heard before. All talked at once, each with his note of exclamation: "Superb!" "Magnificent!" "Delicious!" It was for the starving singer not difficult to discern that these rapturous ejaculations, in cruel mockery, were *spoken at* him.

It was over at last, and the "stage-hero" (as he had styled himself) was alone once more. He began now to admit to himself that he was paying an exorbitant price for the preservation of his precious dignity. He had had no idea that hunger was such a painful thing!

Nevertheless, he did not as yet waver in his determination to hold out, and win in the end the victor's laurel-crown. When that evening's banquet began, he averted his face and stopped his ears, in order to exclude both sight and sound.

That night he got no real sleep, but was haunted by phantoms. On all sides exquisite dainties danced before his fevered eyes. Roasted capons, geese and pheasants, harts and roes dressed for dinner, performed a quadrille before him. But, alas! when he put forth his hand to take them, he grasped only empty air!

With grotesque springs and leaps, they eluded him and escaped, while peals of derisive laughter rang through the salon.

Morning dawned, and the routine of the preceding day was repeated. The hour of noon found the company re-assembled around the table, before the food and wine.

When they had all taken their places, the president, glass in hand, rose to propose a toast.

"My dear friends! Let us drink to the health of every one of us—to the healthy and prolonged existence of our eating apparatus! And may we long be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of this well-appointed table!"

Thus far the president. He got no farther. For at this moment a solemn, long-drawn-out sound, like that of an extremely clear-toned bell, vibrated through the chamber, causing the gentlemen to exchange knowing looks. Yes, it was a fact! Metello, the obstinate one, was singing at last! He sang a *bravura aria*, and, goaded by the pangs of hunger, was better even than usual.

A nightingale could not have executed more beautiful trills and runs, and the men listened delightedly. When he had ended his song the president advanced toward him, bearing a full wine-glass in his hand.

"Bravo, signore! well sung! Your health, my esteemed Signore Metello! In the name



"BRAVO, SIGNORE! WELL SUNG!"

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of the company you see here assembled, I invite you to a place at our board."

Metello drank off the wine hastily, then took the chair next that of the president. He felt new life coursing through his veins. He heaped his plate with food, and dined with inexpressible satisfaction, paying no attention whatever to the conversation of his companions.

The long and painful struggle was over. It seemed to him, however, that there was a spice of malice in the amused looks turned upon him. The president's own eyes twinkled as he asked Metello (who, having finished his long-deferred meal, was now drumming with his knife upon the empty plate): "With whom, think you, my respected Signore Metello, have you been dining?"

"With whom?" repeated the tenor, in bewilderment.

"Yes, with whom?" chuckled the other.

"I can scarcely be mistaken upon that point."

"With whom, then?"

"I think I may safely affirm this much: that I have the pleasure of beholding here his most Illustrious Highness the Duke of Arvenni, with the representatives of our glorious Republic and of the foreign powers, who have been good enough to organize a private *soirée* in recognition of my humble talent——"

Here he was unceremoniously interrupted by a roar of laughter from the president, in which all the others joined with almost terrifying vehemence.

"Do not alarm yourself, signore," said one of them, laughing still, as he motioned to the old gentleman that he should keep silence, "not with the Lord Duke, not with representatives of the Republic, not——"

"With whom, then, in the name of wonder?" demanded the impatient Metello.

"Guess once more."

"Why this torture? Oh! tell me quickly!"

"Well, then—you have had the gratification of dining with the public executioner and his servants."

"With *them?*" stammered the tenor, with a dazed look. The thing appeared to him scarcely credible; he suspected a hoax.

"With the executioner of Venice and his assistants. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!" tittered, roared, and shouted they around him, while Metello, beside himself with terror and indignation, sprang up, and with hair standing on end, darted back into his old corner.

"Let this be a warning to you, young man!" continued the executioner, in a graver tone. "The people, whose favourite you are, demand satisfaction, and the Senate could not entirely shirk the duty of punishing you. It has been decided to pass over, for once, your refusal to sing as a piece of youthful folly; hence you come out of the affair with a whole skin. You have just now eaten with the executioner of Venice. A second meeting with him might prove less pleasant, and have a more tragical termination. Beware, therefore, of repeating your experiment. You refused point-blank to sing, imagining yourself capable of heroic endurance, yet you have been conquered by your own need. Mark well the lesson; he who would withstand the will of the Republic must have other nerves than yours—and also another spirit. Now go—in peace!"

A servant stepped forward, and conducted the singer, whose cheeks burned with shame, out of the house. Without a word, Metello departed, and made his way to his own home, which for some days he did not quit, pleading indisposition as a reason for receiving no one.

In a very short time, however, he was back again at the Opera, playing his old parts, and as much of a favourite as ever.

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

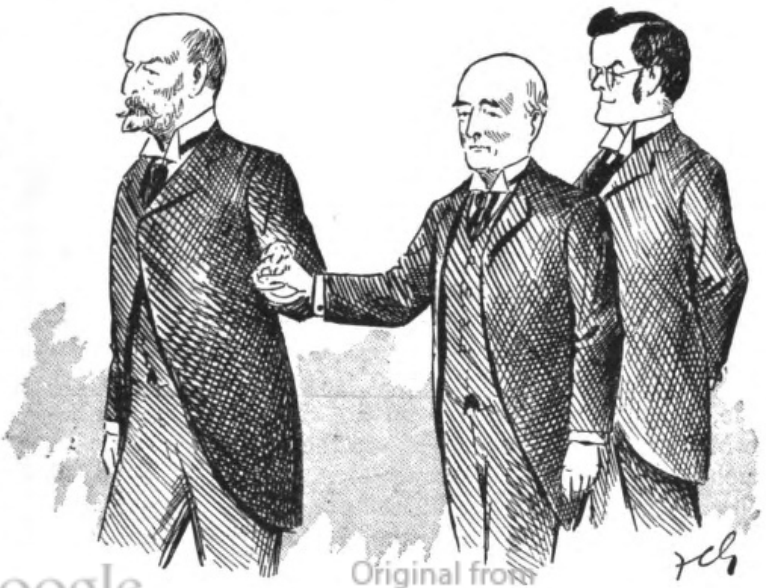
THE VACANT CHAIR.

SOME weeks before Easter the occasional illness of Mr. Speaker Peel, alternating with an attack of influenza suffered by the Deputy Speaker, brought into sharp prominence the danger that ever hovers above the House of Commons consequent upon existing arrangements with respect to the Chair. As far as Committee of the whole House is concerned, there is nothing to fear in the way of interruption of business consequent on the illness of the Chairman of Ways and Means. He has a corps of Deputies formally appointed at the beginning of each Session. When Mr. Mellor has been temporarily absent from the Chair owing to sickness, or in search of an hour's much-needed rest, one or other of these gentlemen takes his place, and business goes forward without a hitch. The arrangement is desirable in many ways other than that for which it was originally designed. It is an admirable training school for budding Chairmen and possible Speakers. It is comforting to the House to discover what wealth of resource it has in this matter, since of the members accidentally selected for the post of Deputy Chairman, each has during this Session displayed peculiar aptitude.

With the Speakership matters are essentially different. When, shortly after the opening of the Session, Mr. Peel was confined to his house by indisposition, only Mr. Mellor might take the Chair. Supposing his health had failed at this time, the House of Commons would have been obliged to close its doors, public business awaiting the convalescence of either the Speaker or his Deputy. Possibly even in such circumstances, supposing the term were not too far prolonged, the world would have gone round as heretofore, and the firmament would have looked on unwinking. Still, the crisis would have been a little ludicrous, the more deeply regretted because it would be so easy to reduce the possibility of its occurrence by nominating at least two Deputy Speakers.

INTERREGNUM.

The advances of the Speaker-elect to the full dignity and authority of the Chair are ordered with painful anxiety. His first approach is made when his election is declared, and his proposer and seconder are required to "take him by the hand and lead him to the Chair." In the House of Commons there are structural difficulties in the way of carrying out this injunction. In the case of Mr. Gully, he, awaiting the result of the contest for the Speakership, took up his quarters in his customary modest retreat on a back bench behind Ministers. It was physically impossible for mover and seconder there to approach him, and, each taking a hand, trip up to the Chair as if they were going a-Maying. What happened was that Mr. Whitbread with difficulty threaded his way among members seated on the gangway steps and, "making a long arm," as they say in Cork, clasped Mr. Gully's outstretched hand, and so conveyed him to the table.



MR. GULLY AND HIS ESCORT.

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Not to speak profanely, this preliminary process of installing the Speaker was awkwardly akin to what is known in the parlance of certain style of clothing establishments as "a reach-me-down." When Mr. Whitbread had conveyed his precious charge as far as the table, fresh difficulty presented itself. There was Mr. Birrell, the seconder, waiting to play his part in conducting the Speaker-elect to the Chair. But not two, much less three, members might walk abreast between the Treasury Bench and the table of the House of Commons. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, the proposer went first, the Speaker-elect followed, and the seconder brought up the rear.



THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.

Not yet was Mr. Gully to take the Chair. Standing on the steps, with one foot on the topmost flight, he halted to thank the House for the honour done him. This attitude is a curious illustration of the ingrained conservatism of the House of Commons in all that relates to its ritual or procedure. There was no reason in the world why the more natural course should not have been taken of the Speaker-elect standing squarely on the daïs upon which the Speaker's Chair is set. Somewhere in the dim and distant ages came a new Speaker, with fine dramatic instinct, who, elected to the high position and led to the Chair, faltered on the topmost step overwhelmed by sense of his own unworthiness. In this attitude he stood humbly to return thanks, and there and thus, for all time since, the Speaker-elect has stood in attitude of approach, unable to take another step till he has unburdened his soul of the gratitude with which it overflows.

As soon as the Speaker-elect has made this little speech, always in the same words, passed on from lips long silent, he takes the last step and seats himself in the Chair. Meanwhile, pending the election of the Speaker, the Mace has been suspended on the hooks attached to the front, upon which it reposes whilst the House is in Committee. The Speaker-elect being seated, the Serjeant-at-Arms advances, lifts the Mace, and places it on the table in token that the House is now in full Session. The consequent proceedings are commendably brief, consisting of the proposal "That this House do now adjourn."

THE BOB WIG.

Next time the Speaker-elect appears in the House of Commons he comes in semi-State. He is met in his room by the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Mace on his shoulder, accompanied by the Chaplain in full canonicals. He is attired in Court dress, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and a bob wig of the kind barristers wear when pleading in court. A procession is formed, the Speaker coming first, the Serjeant-at-Arms and Mace following after. When the Speaker makes this daily journey his progress is announced by stentorian cry of "Mr. Speaker!" passed on from policeman to messenger. On his reappearance on the scene after his election, Mr. Gully was heralded with cry of "Mr. Speaker-elect!" a formula observed till he had been in the House of Lords and there, by the action of the Lords Commissioners, received "Her Majesty's Royal allowance and confirmation of the choice made by her faithful Commons." Thereafter he was "Mr. Speaker," and, exchanging the bob wig for a full-bottomed one, put on the flowing robe, which adds inexpressible but irresistible dignity to the office of Speaker.

MR. COURTNEY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

It is a confession sad to make, but it is indubitably true, that business in the House of Commons would proceed much less smoothly if its deliberations were presided



THE NEW SPEAKER.

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over by a gentleman attired in ordinary morning dress. This great truth is recognised in the case of the Chairman of Committees. He may not compete with the majesty of the Speaker in wig and gown. But he is required, when presiding in Committee, to appear in evening dress, even though it be a morning sitting. This monotonous regulation proved so irritating to the sensitive mind of Mr. Courtney that, midway in his career of Chairman of Ways and Means, he invented the famous blue coat with two brass buttons at the back, which still lends an air of culture to dinner tables and sometimes graces evening parties. To take part in the amenities of social life in the attire officially connected with his Parliamentary office was to invest life with a strain of unendurable monotony. With the famous buff waistcoat worn by day, and the blue coat with two brass buttons at the back by night, Mr. Courtney threaded his way through life with the quiet assurance that lapped the wandering Israelites in rest what time they beheld the sentinel cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night.



MR. COURTNEY.

PAT O'BRIEN.

The late Sir Patrick O'Brien was not known to the present House of Commons, which is its distinct loss. Of all the varied types with which the genius of Ireland diversified the Parliaments of 1874 and 1880, Pat O'Brien, as he was universally and affectionately known, was unique. I have heard Mr. Joseph Cowen speak of him as an effective Parliamentary debater, even an orator. That goes back to a date earlier than my personal acquaintance with the man who for nearly forty years uninterruptedly sat for King's County. Even in his late manner there were not lacking flashes of genuine eloquence. The pity of it was that their effect was obscured by lack of continuity, sometimes of coherency.

Imbued with reverence for Parliamentary forms and traditions, Sir Pat was one of the few Irish members who in the Parliament of 1880 dissevered themselves from Mr Parnell's lead. Whilst that gentleman and the militant force of Irish Nationalists remained on the Opposition Benches, where the Dissolution had left them, Pat O'Brien, with Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. William Shaw, and two or three others, following ancient custom with Irish Liberals, crossed over in Mr. Gladstone's train. Sir Pat sat in the middle of the second bench behind Ministers, a position from which he was able to keep a scornful, though not always pellucid, eye on his countrymen below the gangway opposite. He was even more delightful to them than to the rest of the House, since he afforded opportunity of keeping up a chorus of interruption whilst he spoke. With hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, his face sternly set in the direction of the Irish camp, sometimes his eye blazing with anger, often his lip curling with scorn at great thoughts not yet intelligibly expressed, Sir Pat was much to the fore in the Parliament of 1880–5. It was thus and from this place he one day enigmatically alluded to Mr. Mat Kenny as the "young sea-serpent from County Clare."

"Order! order!" said the Speaker. "The honourable baronet's remarks are entirely out of place."

"Then, sir," rejoined Sir Pat, with courtly bow to the Chair, "I withdraw the young sea-serpent."

The younger Redmond, at that epoch much more grotesque than he remains after a considerable course of Parliamentary training, was ever an object of Sir Pat's most furious indignation.

"Humble animal as I am," he observed one night, with gesture of contempt towards the Parnellites, "I am not about to assume the character of a lion. If I were to do so, I should select as my jackal the hon. member for Wexford (Mr. W. Redmond)."

"Why? Why?" shouted the delighted Radicals below the gangway.

"Why?" answered Sir Patrick, in a voice of thunder, "because I scarcely ever speak without his calling out 'Order!'"

This, so precisely describing the functions and habits of the jackal, settled the matter.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, not beyond suspicion of writing for a Dublin paper certain London correspondence in which the member for King's County was freely discussed, was

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another object of Sir Pat's fiery aversion. What lent a special charm to his assaults on the enemy was their unexpectedness. One night, contributing a luminous speech in



"WHO CALLED ME A JACKAL?"

Committee on the vote for the salary of National School teachers in Ireland, Sir Pat, looking across the floor, happened to observe Mr. O'Connor laughing. Like a flash of lightning he was upon him.

"As the modern Plutarch who writes in the *Freeman's Journal* says that I am generally unintelligible, of course a Plutarch at ten guineas a week must be a much greater man than a Greek Plutarch."

It was in this same debate that Sir Patrick, always effective in his gibes at the pecuniary relations of the Parnellite members with their constituents, and with what he described as "the great army of servant girls in the United States," ascended to what was, even for him, an incomparable flight of eloquence.

"All persons in Ireland," he said, oracularly nodding his head, "whether Orangemen or Nationalists, or Whigs or Protestants, or members of the faith — if any faith were left in the country—or whether they belong to that still larger number which is waiting upon Providence, waiting to see whether the wind will always blow from the west across the Atlantic—all these ought to unite in promoting education."

Whilst the puzzled House was trying to follow this line of thought, Sir Pat, raising his voice and solemnly shaking his forefinger at his compatriots opposite, continued: "The wind may possibly blow across the Atlantic in a way very unpleasant for some people, notwithstanding the grand vertebræ and the big faces that I have so often heard thrown in the teeth of the Irish race."

CHALLENGES W. O'BRIEN TO A DUEL.

In these prosaic times it is forgotten how Sir Pat nearly forestalled Mr. Arthur Balfour in making an end of Mr. Wm. O'Brien. It was during the stormy Session of 1884. The House was still sitting, though the dawn of a midsummer day was struggling with the gaslight. The Bill under discussion dealt with the revision of jurors' and voters' list in the County of Dublin. Sir Pat had been dining out, and had, apparently, also been supping. It was three o'clock in the morning when he interposed, though on which side he spoke I forget, if indeed I ever was able to find out. His remarks being interrupted by Mr. T. Harrington, Sir Patrick turned aside to confide in the ear of Sir Arthur Otway (then in the Chair) the information that "Tim Harrington was carrying parcels at three-and-sixpence a week, whilst he (Sir Patrick) represented King's County in Parliament."

Subsiding for a short time, Sir Patrick waked up, and, looking across the House, his eye chanced to rest upon Mr. W. O'Brien, sitting half asleep. The more closely he regarded him the more certain he became that it was he, not Mr. Harrington, who, half an hour ago, had said something disrespectful about him. Sir Arthur Otway, rising to put the question that the clause under discussion stand part of the Bill, Sir Patrick jumped up, and thrusting his hands deeper than ever in his pockets, said, in blood-curdling voice:—

"Mr. Otway!" (It was too late at night for Sir Pat to remember that the Chairman of Committees had been knighted.) "The hon. member for Mallow just now interrupted me, and I desire now to give him an opportunity of explaining what he meant."

Then, leaning forward as if he would clutch at Mr. O'Brien's throat across the House, he shouted, "What do you want?"

Mr. O'Brien rubbed his eyes and began to wake up.

"What do you want?" Sir Pat shouted, again. "What do you want?" he roared, for the third time of asking.

"If the hon. baronet," said Mr. O'Brien, in blandest manner and softest tones, "is at all curious as to what I mean, I will be glad to let him know some day in King's County."

"Sir Arthur Otway," said Sir Patrick, punctiliously including the Chairman of

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Committees in the conversation, and now remembering his title, "there is a much less distance than King's County at which the hon. member can ascertain what I think of him, and how I will deal with him."

Things beginning to look serious, the Chairman sternly interposed, and Sir Pat was reduced to silence. But it was only temporary. The debate continuing, the Committee was from time to time conscious of a voice breaking in on the ordered speech of the member on his feet. "Afraid?" it inquired, in a loud stage whisper. Whenever, for the next quarter of an hour, there was a lull in the conversation, this whispered inquiry, "Afraid?" resounded through the House.

It came from Sir Pat, who, again leaning forward, was intently, with mocking smile, watching Mr. O'Brien, who severely ignored his existence. The Chairman interposing with increasing sternness, Sir Pat rose and slowly strolled down the House, pausing before the bench where Mr. O'Brien sat and beckoning him to follow. He spent some time in the outer lobby, walking up and down like an angry tiger awaiting its evening meal. The O'Gorman Mahon chancing to pass, Sir Patrick engaged his services as a second; an arrangement of which he punctiliously informed Mr. O'Brien, taking it as a matter of course that he would make similar provisions on his own behalf. Judicious friends, interposing, got the irate baronet safely home, and Mr. O'Brien lived to suffer much in prison and, on his release, to carry on the Boulogne negotiations.



AT THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

MODERN PORTRAITURE.

At the Royal Academy banquet Lord Rosebery gave utterance to a sentiment which found an echo in the breast of the distinguished gathering of painters who sat at table. "I venture to say," the Prime Minister declared, "that you will never have a satisfactory portrait gallery unless you are able to give commissions to living painters to paint living men."

The bearings of this observation lie in the application thereof. There are few living men whom painters would more gladly see sitting or standing before their easel than Lord Rosebery. And yet, in reply to incessant urgent entreaty, he will not supply the subject. I have the pleased and proud reflection that Lord Rosebery gave me the fullest proof of friendship when he went through the agony of sitting—or, to be more precise, of walking about—for his portrait to add to a little collection I have made upon the principle to which he gave pointed expression in his Academy speech. Doubtless he was, in this instance, beguiled by the promise that there should be no tiresome posing, no prolonged sitting. The artist would camp out with easel in his study in Berkeley Square, and paint him whilst he worked. This scheme has a double recommendation. Whilst it is the only one practicable for the collaboration of busy men, the portrait, when complete, is free from the aspect and pose inseparable from the ordinary circumstances of portraiture. Here is the living, breathing man, with just the expression into which his face fell when engrossed in his daily work.

In Lord Rosebery's case, as in some others dealt with in similar circumstances, the success of the experiment was complete. Only, as the painter confided to me, the task was one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy.

"If," said Mr. E. A. Ward, "Lord Rosebery when he walked out of the room (and he was always walking out of the room) hadn't shut the door after him, I could have got on much better. But you can't do anything with your subject at the other side of a closed door."

PORTRAITS OF MR. G.

In this respect of distaste for being portrayed, either with brush or camera, Lord Rosebery much more closely resembles Lord Salisbury than he does his old chief and friend, Mr. Gladstone. There are many oil paintings and countless photographs of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery is the possessor of perhaps the most effective and picturesque—one in which Mr. Gladstone is painted in the

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scarlet robes of his University office. Another portrait, now hanging at Hawarden, was painted by Sir John Millais some six or seven years ago. It was a commission forthcoming from a subscription of the women of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is represented having at his knee his grandson, the eldest boy of the late W. H. Gladstone. Still another portrait, by Holl, was given to Mr. Gladstone on the jubilee of his married life. With it was presented a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, by Herkomer, the gifts being the offering of six-score old colleagues or close personal friends. The late Lord Granville, who at the private gathering at Spencer House was spokesman for the subscribers, remarked that whilst he had known Mrs. Gladstone during the whole of the golden time that day celebrated, his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone had extended to a longer period, of which the last thirty-five years had given him the distinction of being intimate as a personal and political friend, a colleague, and a loyal follower.



THE PORTRAIT TRAP.

A portrait less well known, but of peculiar interest, is enshrined at Hawarden. It is by William Bradley, a name now forgotten, but in high repute sixty years ago. Painted ten years after Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons, at the time when he was still "the rising hope of stern, unbending Toryism," it presents a full-length figure, the arms folded, the fine, strong face, with its curate-like whiskers and abundant hair, set in deep thought.

THE DESIRE OF MR. HERKOMER'S HEART.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., has conceived a picture of Lord Rosebery which requires only the Premier's consent for realization on deathless canvas. The scene is the Prime Minister's room in Downing Street. The particular effect, alluring to the painter of the wonderful Burgomaster picture in the Royal Academy of this year, is the view from the window. In his mind's eye, Mr. Herkomer sees the living picture. At the table, at work among a pile of letters and documents, sits the Prime Minister, the head being relieved by the dark wall at the back. From the left side-window the light falls on the face, Mr. Herkomer's quick eye, surveying the room, noting the possibility of a bit of charming cross light from the right-hand window. It is from this window he would get the street scene, upon which he counts to make the picture unique among modern portraits.

"I feel inclined," he said, with a tear in his voice, "to paint the chamber and the scene even without a Prime Minister. But, of course, it would be nothing without the living figure."

Mr. Herkomer's idea, I should add, was conceived and communicated to me before Lord Rosebery's speech at the Academy banquet. The sentence quoted from that address seems to give peculiar point to the dream of the painter, and may even hold out promise of seeing it realized.

EXCITING MOMENTS IN THE SMOKE-ROOM.

Amongst the luxuries by addition of which Mr. Herbert Gladstone, most diligent of First Commissioners, is endeavouring to vindicate the ancient claim of the House of Commons to be the best club in the world, is a contrivance whereby the names of successive speakers in current debate are signalled to the members' smoking-room. Being somewhat remote from the Chamber, members retiring thither run the risk of missing the utterance of a man whom they particularly desire to hear. The chance is not so constantly recurrent as to induce them to remain in attendance awaiting it. So they go off for a cigar, a game of chess, or a chat. Still, they would like to be assured that they are not missing anything, and this new device places them at their ease.

It is on the principle of the tape lines at the clubs, which tick out strips of paper on which are printed the names of winning horses at the Derby, the latest prices on the Stock Exchange, fresh changes of the Ministry in France, and other items of current news.

The scene in the smoking-room when the sudden ticking of the instrument signals that a name is about to be spelled forth is of

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never-failing interest. The latest orator has resumed his seat in the distant Chamber. The Speaker has called upon another member. Who is it? All eyes are turned upon the instrument, laboriously, with much clicking, spelling out the name.

"B." Arthur Balfour, perhaps; he was expected a little later, but may now have got up.

"A." Yes, it's Balfour.

"R," clicks the instrument. No, its Bartley; or Barran, someone suggests; or Dunbar Barton, says another.

"T." Ah; George Christopher Trout Bartley, for a shilling.

"L" "E." Yes, it's him.

"T" "T."—goes the instrument, choking with emotion.

Bartlett! No need to wait for the Ellis Ashmead. The smoking-room knows the man from Sheffield. Pipes and cigars are once more puffed with pleased assurance, and the game of chess goes forward with the certainty that it will not be interrupted for a good hour.*

PAIRING.

It is probable that before opportunity for carrying out his well-considered improvements closes for the present First Commissioner of Works, he will turn his attention to an inconvenience that bears heavily upon members nightly through a Session. It is the difficulty of obtaining pairs, either for the dinner-hour or for the current sitting. Probably, on the average of a night, there are a hundred men on either side who either have dinner arrangements, or, not being interested in the proceedings of the sitting, would like to clear out after questions are over. No division may be pending. But in order to avoid accidents it is necessary that members from either side temporarily withdrawing from the scene should be paired. The Whips do what they can to assist their friends, but there is no ordered system adequate to meet the necessity of the hour. Members, agonized by the near approach of their dinner engagement, wander about the lobby, pace the corridors, search through smoking-room, library, and newspaper-room for a pair.

It is quite possible, indeed, it frequently happens, that a member may meet a friend from the other side forlornly bent on exactly the same errand. But there is no outward and visible sign about a man who wants a pair. Thus the two go by like ships that pass in the night. I once, somewhere, suggested that members in search of a pair should wear a rosette or bit of ribbon in their button-hole—say blue for Tory and yellow for Liberal. Coming together in such circumstances, two men would forthwith be made happy. The proposal, made half in jest, was, I believe, seriously considered. But nothing came of it.

A not less simple and perhaps more practical way out of the difficulty would be that a book should be placed in the library or reading-room, wherein a member desiring a dinner pair, or a pair for the night, might enter his name on one side of a double column; a member of the opposite party, consumed by identical desire, writing his name against it. Thus pairs would be settled with a minimum of inconvenience, the saving of much valuable time, and needless worry.



"WE CAN PAIR YOU, MR. ALLAN, BUT WE CAN'T MATCH YOU."

* An illustration of this instrument will be found on page 79.

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THE QUEEN'S SECRET

OR THE ROMANCE OF AN OPAL RING



By Mrs. Skey.

THE morning sun was shining on the fair Alsatian landscape, on chestnut wood and budding orchard, and the distant blue hills that formed a background to the picturesque village of Mittelbroun, nestling at the foot of the hill on which arose one of those quaint old châteaux, so often to be seen in France: whitewashed, covering a considerable extent of ground, with brilliant red-tiled turrets at each angle, the whole surmounted by a tall old keep in the centre. The edifice looked imposing in the distance; but, at nearer sight, proved to be dilapidated and ruinous. At one of the small, iron-barred windows overlooking the neglected courtyard sat a young girl, bending over a lace-pillow and bobbins. Her plain and shabby clothes suited the dingy appearance of the surroundings and the bare discomfort of the room. She was dark and sallow, with irregular features, which were full of force and character, and her face was only redeemed from plainness by her magnificent dark eyes. But there was a queenly grace and dignity in her lithe, shapely figure, and in the poise of her small head and shoulders; while the hands which guided the bobbins were of exquisite shape and colouring. Near her, enveloped in a fur cloak and smoking a long pipe, sat a tall, elderly man with high-bred features and soldierly bearing. He shivered as the cold spring wind penetrated through the badly fitting woodwork of the window, and looked around with discontent. Certainly his present abode presented a strange contrast to the luxurious Court from which Stanislas Leczinska, formerly King of Poland, had been driven by the Russian Czar.

"Marie!" he said, speaking in the French tongue, but with a marked foreign accent, "life here is becoming unbearable. No answer comes to my letters, no notice is taken of our fate. We must go to Paris."

"But you forget that we are very poor, my father," said the girl, in a singularly liquid and musical voice. "How could we live in Paris in accordance with your rank? Here we are in your own castle, among friends who are faithful to their *seigneur;* and now that I have found a market for my lace-work and embroidery, we can manage to live. We have no means of reaching Paris or of living there when we have reached it."

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"Yet I must see King Louis," said the exile, rising and walking impatiently up and down the room. "I must remind him of the promises which he was so ready to make, and which I was deluded enough to believe. The treaty between us was to be cemented by the marriage which was to make you Queen of France"; then, as a look of evident shrinking passed over his daughter's face, he added, hastily: "Even in exile we must remember who and what we are. Your brother's death has made you my heiress, and has annulled your betrothal in childhood to Armand de Richelieu. I had even counted on the gratitude of the Duke of Richelieu, who owes me so much, who is my earliest friend, and who, being high in Court favour, has the King's ear. But, out of sight out of mind! It is settled, Marie. We go to Paris to-morrow."

"But we have no means of reaching Paris. Consider, our stock of ready money is almost exhausted. Our jewels are all gone."

"There is still the opal ring."

The exile glanced as he spoke at the finger on which he wore a large and very beautiful fire-opal set in the form of a signet ring.

"The opal! The talisman of our house! Oh, no, my father! Do not part with the last of our heirlooms. You have King Louis' promise, which must sooner or later be redeemed."

As she spoke a shuffling step was heard on the staircase, and an elderly woman dressed in peasant garb entered, panting with haste and excitement. "Jesus Maria! Has mademoiselle seen the soldiers? A whole troop comes—to be quartered on us, without doubt."

"Soldiers, Goton? Are there soldiers in the neighbourhood?"

"Does not mademoiselle know that soldiers have been quartered in all the surrounding villages? It is said that the King is at Phalsbourg. And see! there they come riding up the hill and making straight for the castle gate!"

The troop was now plainly visible. Even at that distance it was evident that they wore the golden fleur-de-lis, and as they came nearer, both Stanislas Leczinska and his daughter exclaimed, in surprise.

"Armand de Richelieu!" murmured Marie Leczinska, drawing back from the casement; while her father, exclaiming, "It is the King! King Louis himself!" hastened to meet his Royal guest in the gateway.

This was Marie Leczinska's first reception. In her coarse black serge garments, having just laid her lace-pillow aside on the dark walnut table, amidst rough and bare surroundings, she received Louis XV., the most courtly and splendid of all the Bourbon Sovereigns, when he came to visit her father in the dilapidated Alsatian château which had been a part of her French mother's dowry, and where Stanislas had been compelled to take refuge, this being the only spot which he could still call his own. Princesses may not choose their fate; and Marie Leczinska was too devoted a daughter to hesitate at any self-sacrifice by which her father was to be benefited, though she may have had her own reasons for shrinking from her prospects—brilliant and dazzling as they might appear to other eyes. But she had too much strength of character to betray herself, even though taken so entirely at unawares. Nothing could have been more dignified or more graceful than her manner of receiving the King, or of performing all the courtesies suitable to the hostess of the place. With the King had entered the young Duke of Richelieu, his equerry and constant attendant, who was the only son of Stanislas Leczinska's earliest friend.

"It was M. de Richelieu who proposed this visit when first we entered Alsace, and who reminded me this morning that we were in the neighbourhood of Mittelbroun," said the King, turning to present his young attendant to the exiled Princess. "Ah, you are already acquainted," he added, as Marie Leczinska extended her hand, with one of her unconsciously regal gestures.

"M. de Richelieu and I have met before," said the young Princess, with one of the rare and beautiful smiles which had power to transfigure her otherwise plain and insignificant features. "It was long ago—in Poland. I have a good memory for old friends," she added, and her words unintentionally conveyed a tacit reproach to the King, though glance and meaning were intended for the Duke only.

But sweet as were the tones in which this friendly reception was given, it awakened no response. The young Duke merely bowed formally to the Princess, of whom he seemed to have no recollection as a playmate, and who was, he knew, destined to be Queen of France. Her words and her appearance seemed to recall no memories to him; and yet, but for his recollection of the exiled King and of the debt of gratitude owed by his father to Stanislas, King Louis' promises might have been forgotten, and her father

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"WITH THE KING HAD ENTERED THE YOUNG DUKE OF RICHELIEU."

might have been left to linger in poverty and exile.

It was the winter of 1744. Louis XV. had just returned from the successful expedition which had replaced Stanislas Leczinska on the throne of Poland, and this success was being celebrated by a series of brilliant festivities. The Parisians, ready as ever to be intoxicated by "la gloire," had recovered their most ardent feelings of loyalty, and the whole population of Paris, from the highest to the lowest, seemed only to live in order that they might dance and rejoice. The heroes of the late war had been the Duke of Richelieu and his son. The former had just been appointed Field-Marshal of France, while he had long held the post of first Chamberlain to the King. The Duke went in Paris by the name of "le grand bel homme." His splendid personality, his talents as a statesman, his genius for intrigue were fully equal to those displayed a century earlier by his kinsman, the great cardinal, but the Duke had no ambition beyond the pursuit of pleasure, and his finances were so heavily impaired by losses at the gambling table, that he knew himself to be on the brink of ruin. Under these circumstances, he hoped that the important services which he had rendered the King might be rewarded by the hand of a rich heiress for his son.

There was little sympathy between the Duke and his heir. Armand had inherited from some remote ancestor an honourable and fastidious character, and was, in his father's opinion, a degenerate Richelieu. He silently condemned the folly which had brought them to the verge of ruin; and the Duke resented the unspoken censure. It was remarked of them that winter that they never met except at Court; and it was, therefore, a surprise to Armand to see his father enter his apartments one evening just as he had finished dressing for a Court ball. This was almost an unprecedented event, and he looked his surprise; the more so when the Duke, assuming a dignified and fatherly expression, addressed him in the following words:—

"My son! I am no longer young: indeed, I feel that for me old age is rapidly approaching. You are my only representative: it is natural that I should wish to see the fortunes and the succession of our house established in my life-time. In consideration of my past services, it has graciously pleased His Majesty to arrange a marriage for you."

"The King? The King has arranged a marriage for me?" cried Armand, too utterly taken by surprise at first to make the opposition which his father expected.

"Precisely! It is His Majesty's pleasure that this marriage shall take place, and we have only to obey. The settlements are already drawn up and must be signed to-night. The wedding will take place at Versailles to-morrow."

"This is preposterous—absurd."

"My son, I need not remind you that Kings must be obeyed."

"And who is the lady who is to be forced

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on me in this extraordinary manner?" demanded the young Duke, indignantly.

"It is Mademoiselle Louise de Hauteville, one of the Queen's ladies. She is a very wealthy heiress. You are acquainted with our circumstances. Her fortune will relieve us from all financial embarrassment. In short, nothing can be more advantageous for us. The King is anxious to assist us——"

"By choosing a rich wife for me!" interrupted Armand, who now saw through the whole plan. "There will be no wedding to-morrow," he said, decidedly, rising as he spoke.

"Am I to understand that you refuse to obey the King?"

"You are to understand that I refuse this marriage."

"This is madness! Royal mandates are not to be so lightly disregarded. Either put in an appearance at Versailles this evening, or you may chance to find yourself in the Bastille to-morrow."



"THIS IS MADNESS."

Armand laughed ironically. "You will excuse my reminding you that, as the Queen's equerry, I am bound to appear at the masked ball given at the Louvre to-night," he said. He left the room with a mocking bow, while the echo of his scornful and indignant laughter was borne back by the echoes still further to infuriate the Duke, who had never for a moment doubted his son's obedience—even though it might be a most unwilling obedience—to the King's orders. There had been no exaggeration in his threat. *Lettres de cachet* were still in full force; and against a King's decision there was no appeal.

"There is a woman at the bottom of this!" ejaculated the angry Duke. "To be thwarted in this manner is unbearable. Mademoiselle de Hauteville is the richest heiress in France; she shall not slip through my fingers so easily. A week or so in the Bastille would soon bring Armand to his senses; but that depends upon the King; and he is high in Court favour both with the King and with the Queen. The Queen! Could it be possible? Have I the clue to his extraordinary conduct? The masked ball to-night may solve that point, and give me the knowledge by which I shall be enabled to enforce his obedience."

The Queen's masked balls that winter had been a dream of beauty and splendour. Music — such as seems to remind the hearer of a lost paradise—brilliant lights, gorgeous dresses (for according to etiquette the men were all expected to appear in full uniform or in Court dress), combined to produce a scene of enchantment. The ladies alone were masked; their cavaliers were not allowed to appear *incognito;* thus many a mystification was planned, many a plot was laid and carried out without fear of discovery or chance of failure. The Court ladies revelled in an etiquette which gave them more than their usual advantages; it was said that the fashion had been introduced by Marie Leczinska, who had seen it practised at the Courts of Austria and Poland. It was remarked that evening that several of the

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ladies present—no doubt in order to avoid identification—had chosen to dress alike in white velvet, unrelieved by colour of any kind. On one of these white-robed apparitions, Armand de Richelieu was to be seen in constant attendance during the evening, he himself making a conspicuous figure in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, wearing full regimentals, with the crosses of Stanislas and Vladimir, which had been given to him by King Stanislas during the late campaign.



"NOTHING SHOULD HAVE INDUCED ME TO KEEP THAT APPOINTMENT, MADAME!"

"We hardly hoped to see you at the Louvre this evening, M. de Richelieu," said his masked companion. "Are you not expected at Versailles to-night?"

"Nothing should have induced me to keep that appointment, madame!"

"That is an unwise decision. The consequences may be more serious than you think."

Her voice was singularly sweet and melodious, and the movements of her tall, lithe figure were full of a supple and yet of a queenly grace. It was not the first time that Armand had spent the evening in attendance on this white-robed figure, whose name he had hitherto failed to discover. The Duke had not been wrong in supposing that his son had reasons for wishing to attend this especial masked ball.

"No dread of any possible consequences could have kept me away from here to-night! Will you not put an end to this mystery? Will you not give me some sign by which I can recognise you to-morrow?"

"If I were to do so, the charm of our friendship would be destroyed. Mystery is the halo which lends it an enchantment."

"Love needs no halo! Love which is based on sympathy and on reverence is the crowning joy of life. What is life without love?"

"Love is a beautiful dream. Once in life it comes to us all, and its momentary ecstasy turns all that is noblest in our natures into a song of delight. The world is bathed in sunshine; we have found happiness at last. For a little space we grasp our dream, believing it to be a reality. But it is never that. And when it ceases to be a dream our joy in it is gone. Let us avoid that dreary but inevitable climax—you and I. Let us keep just this one illusion."

"This is cruel, madame! Am I never to know you? Are you to pass out of my life to-night? Am I to be always haunted by a memory, which is never to be anything but a longing and a dream?"

"You must put dreams aside. You have interests, occupations, ambition, and a future. In time you will forget. All men forget. We women can only sit and brood. To us Nature is cruel. Defenceless we are born, and defenceless we must meet our destiny. Yet there is a purpose in life. This we know; and for the sake of that knowledge

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we meet our fate with firmness, self-strung to patience and endurance. Else, indeed, who would have courage to live through life, to face what the coming day may bring?"

Her voice was exquisitely modulated, and its low, sweet cadences seemed to linger on the ear, and to haunt it—as she had decreed that her memory should do. There was a strange power of fascination about her which her mysterious utterances and masked face only seemed to enhance. Armand was young enough to be influenced by the very mystery which surrounded her, even while seeking to devise some plan by which her determination to remain unknown might be frustrated.

"At least you will grant me a souvenir by which to remember you: a flower, a *gage*—and in return wear this ring, which is said to bring good fortune to the wearer?"

As he spoke, he drew from his finger a fire-opal set in the form of a signet ring. As he raised it towards the light, a soft ethereal radiance seemed at one moment to play upon its delicate surface; the next, strange sparks of fire appeared to dart from its centre as though proceeding from imprisoned drops of blood. Armand's companion started and exclaimed: "That is King Stanislas's signet ring! The heirloom of his house!"

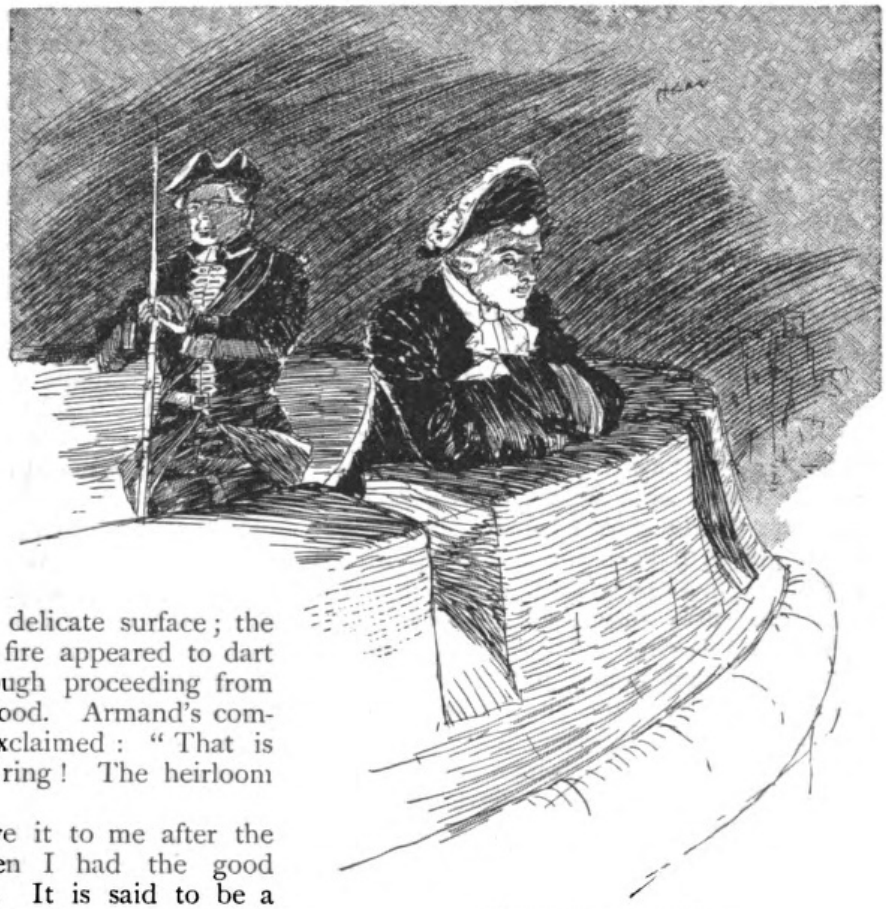
"King Stanislas gave it to me after the battle of Potova, when I had the good fortune to save his life. It is said to be a luck-stone, and to insure the success of its owner. Wear it in remembrance of this evening."

Armand's companion hesitated. At one moment she was about to refuse the ring; then, animated by a sudden thought, she held out her hand to receive it.

"I will take your gift. Some day, who knows? I may return it to you; and when I do so you shall know my name."

In a gloomy but comfortably furnished apartment of the Bastille, Armand de Richelieu, having been arrested as he was about to leave the Louvre, had spent the three following weeks. It was evening; the attendant had entered to light the lamps, and to remind the Duke that the hour had arrived when he was permitted daily to walk on the terrace. The captive needed no urging to hasten out in the fresh, exhilarating evening air; and to look down from the terrace on gay, splendid, illuminated Paris, which was even then revelling in its countless pleasures and festivities, and whose lights and music seemed to call and beckon to him through the night.

Meanwhile the door leading to his rooms opened, and a lady shrouded in a long, dark mantle appeared on the threshold accompanied by a warder. Recollecting that he had been strictly forbidden to allow anyone to enter the prisoner's rooms, the attendant advanced hastily towards the stranger, who simply remarked: "You can allow me to enter; I have the King's order to that effect, which has already been submitted to the Governor. You can let your prisoner know that a lady is waiting to see him."



"ON THE TERRACE."

The written order, and a sign made by the warder in corroboration of her statement, had

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their effect; the attendant ushered the lady in, with every sign of respect; and then hastened out on the terrace to take the message with which he had been intrusted to the Duke.

Left alone, the lady loosened the long, dark cloak which enveloped her figure, and appeared in a dress of white velvet, unrelieved by colour of any kind. She was tall and slender, with graceful, floating movements, and beautifully chiselled features. Pride and courage were the distinguishing characteristics of her whole being, from the small, haughty head with its dark, lustrous eyes, to the slender foot with its arched instep. But, accustomed as this beautiful and imperious girl had been to supremacy, she was hardly at her ease just then. As she watched the door by which the attendant had departed, her colour came and went, and she moved restlessly up and down the room.

"Now that I am here my courage is fast deserting me! What strange witchery does the Queen possess that she can bend us all to her will? Twenty-four hours ago I should have said that nothing would have induced me to intrude on Armand de Richelieu here—to force myself on a man who has fled to the Bastille to avoid me; and yet here I am, in passive obedience to Her Majesty's will. If I were even superstitious enough to believe in the Queen's talisman, there might be something to keep my spirits up in the thought of possessing such a spell; but I am not so easily impressed. According to the Queen, this ring which she has given me to wear is a luck-stone; but she attaches a strange condition to the gift. I must be on my guard never to mention the name of the giver; otherwise the talisman will lose its magic virtue. I do not believe in occult power. Were I a man I would sooner trust to a sword; being a woman, I place my faith in that marvellous influence which some of us can exercise on our surroundings. Yet I wish the next hour were over, and the Duke safely beyond the city gates."

She started as a door opened and closed, and a hasty step was heard in the ante-room. But composing herself almost immediately, she turned to meet the young Duke with outward self-possession. Armand saw a lady in a white velvet dress of queenly height and bearing. He came hastily towards her, but she had unconsciously concealed the hand which wore the opal in the folds of her dress, and her first words enlightened him as to her identity.

"You have never seen me before, M. de Richelieu, and I am, therefore, obliged to introduce myself. I am Louise de Hauteville." Then, as his face expressed disappointment, and he unconsciously took a step backwards, she added, with a half-smile, in which there was a mixture of pathos and archness, "You will pardon this intrusion when I tell you that I am here as the Queen's messenger."

Armand bowed stiffly. Mademoiselle de Hauteville was to him a most unwelcome visitor; yet he could not refuse to behave with outward politeness to the Queen's messenger. "I am at your service, mademoiselle," he said, coldly.

"The Queen fears, M. de Richelieu, that your imprisonment here may be indefinitely prolonged. For some most unaccountable reason, the King is bent on carrying out the plans he has formed. He will hear neither argument nor entreaty. You, on your side, are equally determined that you will not give way."

"Most assuredly, mademoiselle. I shall remain in the Bastille until the King chooses to set me at liberty without the conditions upon which he at present insists."

"It is certain, monsieur, that none can blame you. I feel that I even owe you my thanks, for I do not see why my hand should have been disposed of in so unceremonious a manner. Nevertheless, this determination may detain you within these walls for a year—for years! And meanwhile you will execrate the innocent and equally-to-be-pitied cause of your misfortunes. I thank Heaven that an idea has been suggested to me by which you may, if you choose, recover your freedom, and that without conditions of any kind."

Armand looked at her incredulously. What was she about to suggest? And how could it be in her power to assist him? Yet, as he answered her, the studied coldness which he had at first assumed was already giving way to that involuntary respect and deference which is so charming to a woman. To her mere beauty and grace he might have remained impervious, but there was a magic in her *tout-ensemble*, which was producing its effect. It consisted in a wonderful smile and sparkle, in a mixture of pathos and archness, joined to a winning sweetness, of which even Armand de Richelieu—prejudiced as he had been against the bride who was being forced upon him—was compelled to acknowledge the fascination.

"I do not understand you, mademoiselle. What power can free a prisoner of the Bastille?"

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"A woman's wits can sometimes work miracles, M. de Richelieu. I am here to change places with you."

"To change places with me?"

"Yes; I, Louise de Hauteville, propose to be the means of enabling you to defeat the plans of the King and the Marshal your father. If you agree to my proposal, we shall both be revenged and you will be free."

"We shall both be revenged?"

"Do you suppose, M. de Richelieu, that I wished to be disposed of in this summary manner? May I not too have had some wish to choose for myself? You may, perhaps, consider yourself the only injured person; but I am not of that opinion, and therefore I am very anxious to carry out my plan, which I consider a most delightful idea. You are not much taller than I. By the help of a skilful disguise—the means for which I have brought with me—you will find no great difficulty in deceiving an old gaoler and a few sleepy attendants. You will take my cloak and my hood; you will enter my carriage, and you will make your escape. The darkness is in your favour; by sunrise you will be beyond pursuit; you will join the army at the frontier, where your brothers-in-arms will gladly welcome you; and you will owe your liberty to me, who am enchanted to atone in this manner for the injury which I—most unwillingly—have done you."

"Have I heard you aright? You suggest to me that I——"

"That you should stoop to a harmless deception which will enable us to turn the tables on the King and the Marshal."

"But if I escape in your place and under your name, how are you to leave the Bastille?"

"I shall remain here."

"Here? Impossible! How could I permit you to run such a risk?"

"*Allons donc!* They are not likely to turn me into a State prisoner. M. de Richelieu, if you decline to accept my offer I shall be forced to believe that you really hate me—that you, in point of fact, detest me; and this I really do not deserve at your hands!"

"I? You think that I hate—that I detest you?" cried Armand, completely thrown off his guard. "On the contrary, the more I see you, the more I am convinced of your charm; to say nothing of the nobility of character which leads you to risk freedom and Court favour in order to assist me, a mere stranger, of whom you know nothing. Ah! if I had not already pledged my word——"



"YOU WILL TAKE MY CLOAK AND MY HOOD."

Louise had turned aside to conceal the amused and mischievous smile which she could not altogether restrain on hearing Armand's impetuous declaration; but his final words enabled her to recover her gravity.

"I thank you for your good opinion, M. de Richelieu," she said, giving him her hand, with a frank gesture. "I am happy to have overcome your prejudices; I trust that we shall part good friends."

She stopped short as the hand which she had offered him was

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seized with an eager gesture of surprise and delight.

"The opal! At last! Ah, why did you propose flight to me? Why not sooner have shown me the ring?"

"This ring? I have, indeed, been told that it possesses occult powers. Permit me to remind you that it will soon be ten o'clock, and that the Bastille closes at that hour."

"Let it close! I no longer object to the terms imposed by the King!"

"What next, M. de Richelieu? Have you taken leave of your senses?" cried Louise, in great astonishment.

"On the contrary, I have recovered them. What a fatal mistake I have been on the point of making! If I had known three weeks earlier——"

"Impossible! Have you not yourself just told me that you are pledged to another?"

"Whom until this night I had never seen and whose name I did not know! We have met before—at the Queen's masked balls."

"It is true," murmured Louise, "that we have met and conversed at the Queen's balls, but you went to the Bastille to avoid me."

"Ah! *de grace*, do not keep up this pretence any longer! Am I to blame for a mystification in which you persisted in spite of my entreaties? If you had consented to tell me your name when last we met——"

"When last we met?" repeated Louise. A suspicion of the truth was arising in her mind.

"You do—you must—understand me! Otherwise—how comes this ring to be in your possession?"

"My promise!" murmured Louise, unconsciously uttering her thoughts aloud. The truth had come to her in a flash of inspiration. It was the Queen whom he loved without knowing her.

"Yes, you have redeemed your promise. When you restored to me my gift, I was to know your name. If I had known it earlier I need not have spent three weeks in the Bastille. Louise, when last we met you admitted that you loved me."

Louise hesitated: could she keep the Queen's secret? Could she deceive him? No words on her part were required, merely silence—and the Queen's plan would be successful; and the Duke's happiness would be secured—and hers—for she loved him.

But Louise de Hauteville's was no common nature. If she had loved Armand de Richelieu unbidden, it was because she had recognised in him a kindred nature to her own: a character that was at once loyal and straightforward, conscientious, and honourable.

"It has been a misunderstanding," she whispered, shrinking away from him. "When I wore the ring, I did not know the significance which you would attach to the act. I cannot tell you the truth: the secret is not mine, and I must keep it."

They were both silent, while Armand endeavoured to read the riddle. If he had not given her the ring, from whom had she received it? He remembered the words with which she had greeted him, when she introduced herself as the Queen's messenger.

Just then a clock in the distance was heard to strike the hour. "M. de Richelieu," cried Louise, trying to release the hand which he was still holding, "it is ten o'clock. It will soon be too late for flight."

"Why should I go, when I am ready to obey the King? It is not the Bastille which has vanquished me, but the invincible power of love. Louise, I ask no questions; your secret shall be sacred. It was a dream; and it is over. This is the reality. Love, which is love, needs no halo, no mystery to lend it enchantment. The opal ring has worked its spell."

Armand de Richelieu has left no name in history. He is the only man of his race who avoided the Court and Court favour. The Queen's secret was loyally kept; so loyally that Marie Leczinska never knew that it had not always been in her own keeping.

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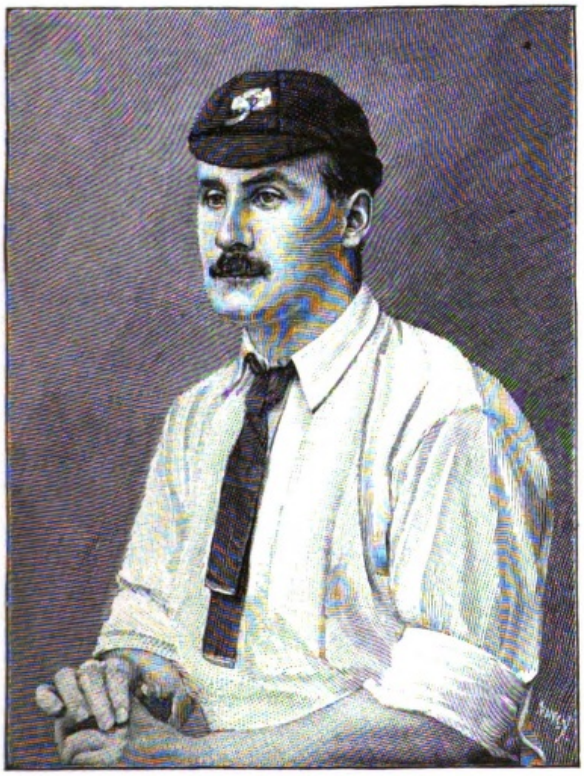
LORD HAWKE.

BORN 1860.

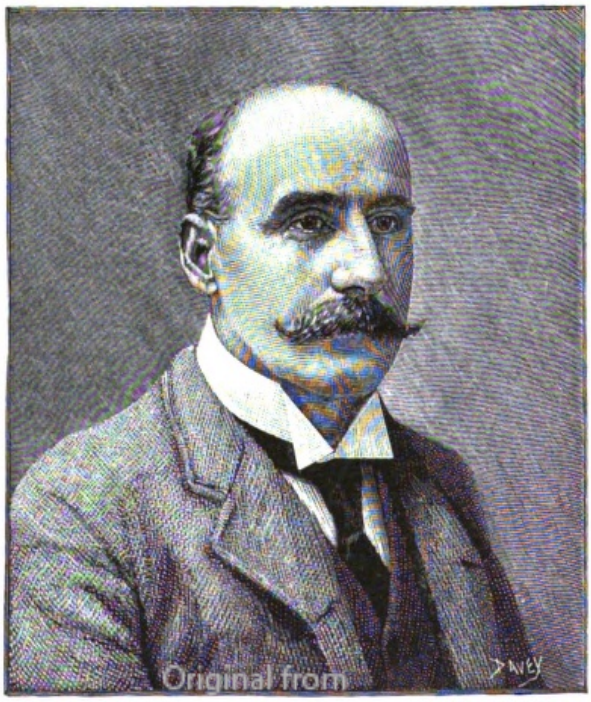
THERE are few names, among those of well-known figures in the cricket world, that are so familiar to the average Englishman as that of Hawke, and this is little to be wondered at, since Lord Hawke is one of the leading gentlemen players of England. He has taken a very prominent part in Yorkshire county cricket, and the game has no warmer supporter. He first represented his county in 1881, and was chosen captain of the team in 1883, a position which he has filled most satisfactorily. His style of batting is excellent, as he plays both forward and back with equal confidence, and comes down on the ball clean and hard. He represented Cambridge University in 1882 and 1883, and was captain of the eleven in 1885. He also played in Mr. Vernon's Australian team in 1887–8, and Indian team in 1890. His lordship was educated at Eton, and at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where his early love of cricket became conspicuous. He is the seventh Baron Hawke, and is Captain of the 3rd Battalion Prince of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment). Lord Hawke has taken teams to Australia and America respectively, and everyone is acquainted with the splendid manner in which the prestige of English cricket was upheld by their able representatives abroad.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Hills and Saunders, Eton.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

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AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

BORN 1854.



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

MR. HERBERT JOHN GLADSTONE, fourth son of our Grand Old Man, was educated at Eton, and University College, Oxford, where he obtained his M.A. degree in 1879. Before 1880 he was a lecturer on history at Keble College, where he had obtained a first in 1876, and the rapidity with which he acclimatized himself to the world of practical politics is remarkable. Mr. Herbert Gladstone then made his entrée in politics by fighting a very plucky, but losing, contest in Middlesex, in 1880. He, however, stepped into his father's shoes at Leeds soon after. During his father's 1880–85 Government he was one of the Prime Minister's private secretaries, and subsequently a Junior Lord of the Treasury without salary. He also represented the Commissioner of Works in the Commons during Lord Rosebery's tenure of that office. In 1886 he was Financial Secretary to the War Office, and Under Home Secretary since August, 1892. In March, 1894, after his father's resignation of office, Mr. Herbert Gladstone became First Commissioner of Works under Lord Rosebery's present Administration, a post which he has since held with great credit.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

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MISS MAY YOHE



AGE 2.
From a Photo. by M. A. Kleckner, Bethlehem, Pa.



AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Husted, Philadelphia.



From a Photo. by] AGE 16. *[C. Allevy, Paris.*

She now takes the part of *Dandy Dick Whittington* at the Avenue. Miss Yohe was married in November, 1894, to Lord Francis Pelham-Clinton Hope, second son of the late Duke of Newcastle.



AGE 13.
From Photo. by W. Höffert, Dresden.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 17 Upper Baker St., London.

WE have pleasure in publishing a charming set of portraits of Miss May Yohe, whose excellent acting and lovely voice have delighted so many of us lately. Miss Yohe is a native of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and went to Dresden at the early age of ten; from thence she entered the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, in Paris, to complete her education. She then returned to America, where, at nineteen, she made her first appearance on the stage, at Chicago, in a musical piece, called "Natural Gas." Her voice, originally a soprano, suddenly changed to the deep contralto now so much admired. Miss Yohe first appeared in England in 1893, in "Magic Opal," and subsequently in "The Lady Slavey."

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From a] AGE 10. [*Photograph.*

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

BORN 1841.

WYNDHAM THOMAS WYNDHAM-QUIN, Fourth Earl of Dunraven, K.P., was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the 1st Life Guards in 1865. He left the Army in 1867, and went to Abyssinia as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. He followed the Franco-German War, again as special correspondent for the same journal, and in 1871 succeeded to the title and estates. He



AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.

was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's two Administrations, but resigned in February, 1887. He is the author of "The Great Divide," "Notes on Irish Architecture," and "The Soudan: its History, Geography, and Characteristics." His name



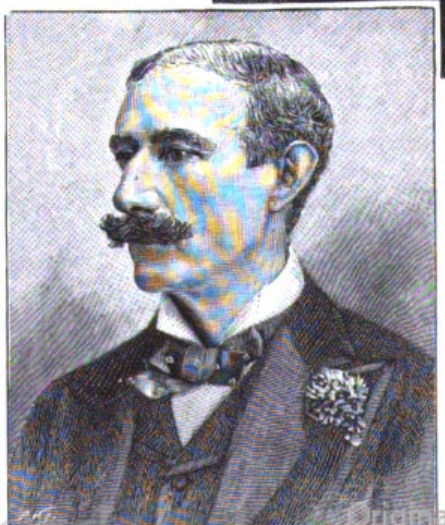
AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

during the last few years has been prominently before the public as



AGE 44.
From a Photo. by A. Debenham, Cowes.

that of a yachtsman. With his magnificent yacht, the *Valkyrie*, he has twice tried to wrest the America Cup from the New York Yacht Club, but each time failed, his opponent on both occasions (1893 and 1894) having been the *Vigilant*, a vessel of the American centre-board type.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*John Edwards.*

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The Romance of Our News Supply.

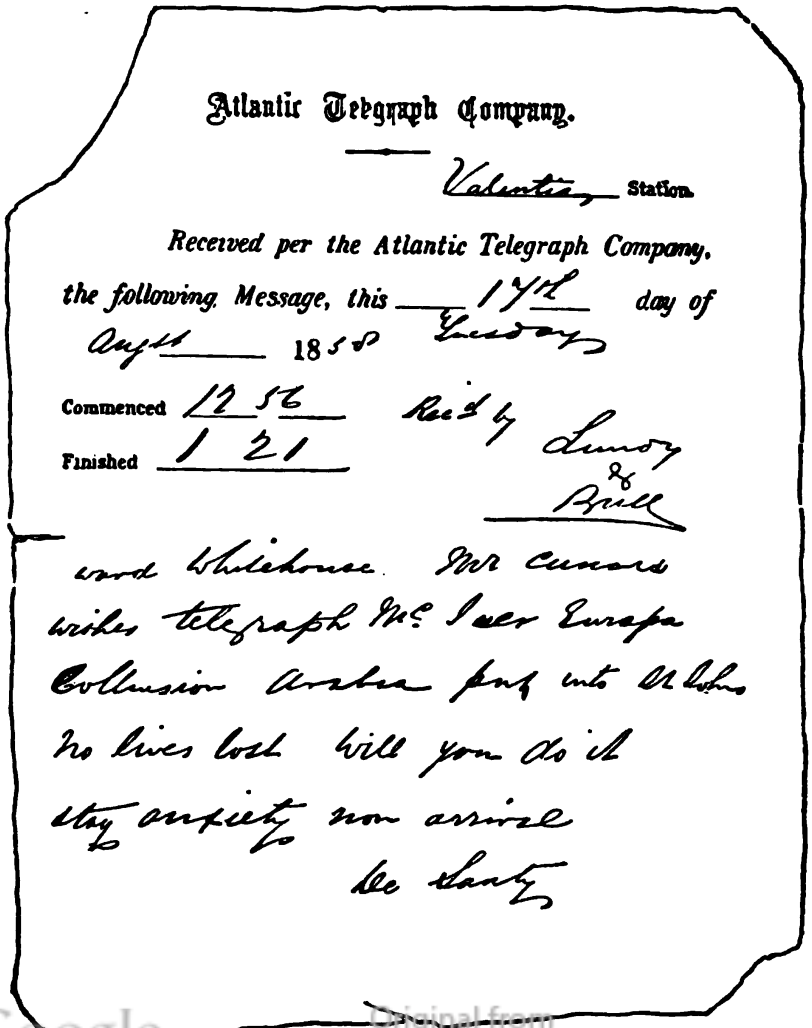
By William G. FitzGerald.

ONE almost despairs of conveying, in a single article, an adequate idea of the fascinating romance of the news supply to this country. When one of our dashing war correspondents, fired with feverish enthusiasm, performs a feat that astonishes Europe, or when cricket lovers are enabled to follow, almost over by over, Stoddart's Antipodean innings, then, indeed, the public appreciate the marvels of modern journalism. For the rest, it is mere exemplification of the aphorism that familiarity breeds contempt; or at least, indifference.

I can hardly do better than commence with a brief description of the system of ocean telegraphy, whereby news is transmitted from the uttermost ends of the earth. I must also acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., M.P., who personally gave me much assistance. Here is given a reproduction from a photograph of the original message sent over the first Atlantic cable, the day after the cable was laid, August 17th, 1858. It is from the Cunard agent to the headquarters of his company in England, announcing that the mail steamers, *Europa* and *Arabia*, had been in collision, but that both ships and passengers were safe. This cable was never opened for public business, although 732 messages were sent through it with much difficulty.

Within the brief period of thirty years, 152,000 miles of cable have been laid on the beds of ocean and sea, at a cost of about forty millions sterling. The most important system is that known as the Eastern Telegraph Company, presided over by Sir John Pender. This company own 51,325 miles of cable, and their actual capital represents something like £15,000,000 sterling. The staff at home and abroad, exclusive of messengers and servants, number 1,790, besides the 600 men who are employed on the fleet of nine cable-repairing ships.

The Eastern and its allied companies have 124 stations in various parts of the world, and carry 2,100,000 messages per annum. At Porthcurnow, near Penzance, is the training school for operators, who, when properly qualified, are drafted to the various stations. While no probationer is sent to Aden, unless he volunteers to go, and Accra, on the West Coast of Africa, is a sort of white man's grave, there is a perfect crowd of applicants for posts at the station of Carcavellos, near Lisbon. The Eastern Telegraph Station at this place is a magnificent old château, purchased from the Marquis Morgado d'Alagoa; it is most beautifully situated, and the staff attend to the vineyards


Atlantic Telegraph Company.

Valentia Station.

Received per the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the following Message, this 17th day of August 1858 Tuesday

Commenced 12 56 Rec'd by Lumley & Bull

Finished 1 21

and Whitehouse Mr Cunard wishes telegraph Mrs Saler Europa Collision Arabia put into Halifax No lives lost Will you do it stay anxiety upon arrival Be thankful

FIRST MESSAGE CABLED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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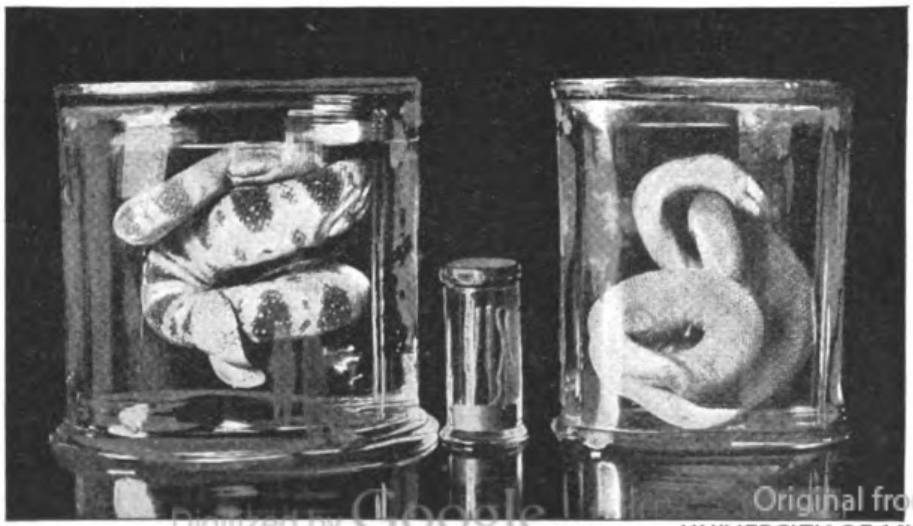
in their spare time, the produce being sold every season to a firm of London wine merchants. During 1894, for example, the produce was 1,528 gallons, which realized 687,000 reis.

I am assured that the cable between Lands End and Lisbon gives more trouble than any other, owing to the frequent breakages at such great depths as 3,000 fathoms. The Eastern maintenance bill, by the way, is between £80,000 and £100,000 a year. I should mention that the cable varies in thickness, the shore end weighing, perhaps, four tons to the mile, while the weight of that part which swings across valleys in the bed of the deep sea averages but thirty hundredweight to the mile.



MARINE GROWTHS—FOUND ON A CABLE "FAULT."

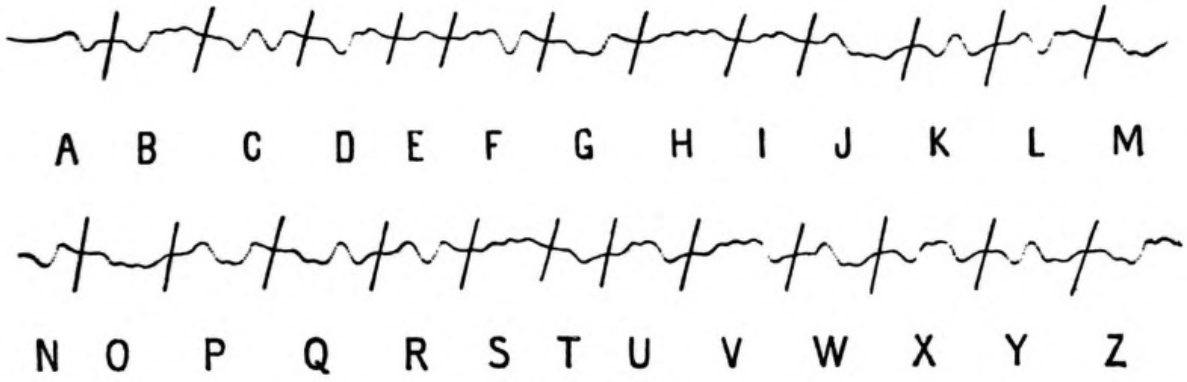
The enemies of the cable are many and various. Sometimes a shark will bite at it savagely, leaving a few teeth in the coating as a memento of the encounter. During repairing operations in the Red Sea, the grapnels brought up a whale's skeleton weighing a ton or so. Then there are ships' anchors, submarine volcanoes, erratic currents, and continuous friction to contend with. The most successful and persistent enemy, however, was until recently the Teredo boring worm, some specimens of which are shown in a bottle between the snakes. I show these snakes as *bonâ-fide* sea-serpents, found coiled round the cable. How these reptiles came to be at the bottom of the sea at all has not transpired; which makes the matter the more interesting. I also reproduce a photograph of some marine growths of fairy-like beauty found upon a cable "fault" in the Straits of Malacca. Even the Teredo worm has now been baffled by the use of brass ribbon. The fact of a breakage is very easily discovered, but the way in which the spot is localized is simply marvellous. I cannot possibly describe the technical routine; let it suffice to say that the galvanometer test is applied, and then a cable-ship is dispatched to within perhaps a few hundred yards of the actual breakage, when she uses her grapnels until the broken lengths are brought up. Before the final splice is made, messages are sent from the ship in mid-ocean to the nearest shore station. On certain occasions, cable messages are interpreted at the receiving-station by means of a brilliant spark which plays along a scale; but almost



SOME ENEMIES OF THE CABLE.

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every message flashed from continent to continent is now recorded by that wondrous instrument known as the "syphon recorder," invented by Lord Kelvin. The principal parts of this instrument are a light rectangular coil of silk-covered wire and a powerful magnet. The coil is suspended between the poles of the magnet, so that when excited by the electric current from the cable it swings on a vertical axis. Its movements are recorded on a paper ribbon drawn at a uniform speed before the point of a fine glass syphon, no thicker than a human hair, which conducts a stream of ink from a reservoir on to the paper ribbon. The marking end of the syphon responds to and multiplies every movement of the coil, leaving on the ribbon an ink trail, which is an exact and permanent record of the movements of the coil under the influence of the currents from the cable, but which the uninitiated might mistake for the trail of a partially disabled blue-bottle that had only just escaped an inky grave. My meaning will be better understood on glancing at the cable alphabet which is reproduced here. The syphon records from 250 to 300 letters per minute.



THE CABLE ALPHABET.

Perhaps no single telegraph system passes through such diverse countries as that of the Indo-European Telegraph Company. This line extends from London to Lowestoft; then it dips under the sea to Emden, on the German coast, whence it passes through Germany to the Russian frontier. From this point, the wire passes by way of Warsaw, Rowno, Odessa, the Caucasus, and Tiflis to the confines of Persia, and again by Tauris to Teheran, where it joins the Indian Government line, which runs from the Persian capital to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. From the last-named town wires run through Beloochistan, completing the route by connecting up at Kurrachee.

This great line obviously has much to contend with. Flocks of wild geese fly against it on the snow-swept steppes of Russia; nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts make firewood of the poles; and the unscrupulous inn-keepers of Georgia will deliberately cause faults in the wires, in order to create a boom in the post-horse trade.

It will interest sportsmen to learn that "grouse protectors," or rattling sheets of tin, have to be hung on some of the telegraph wires on the new West Highland Railway, near Crianlarich. The noise made by these "protectors" warns the birds of a danger, and prevents them from hurling themselves in full flight against the pitiless wires.

In the accompanying illustration, an enemy of the Post Office telegraphs is depicted *flagrante delicto.* Here we see a small



WOODPECKER ATTACKING A TELEGRAPH POLE.

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section of a Norway fir telegraph pole, three years old and deeply creosoted, and with a green woodpecker mounted near a big hole in the side. The story, as told me by Mr. J. C. Lamb, the courteous Assistant Secretary of the General Post Office, is as follows :—

"The pole stood at Shipston-on-Stour, and was perfectly sound and hard. It was 7¼in. in diameter at the point attacked by the bird, and the hole was 6½in. deep, with an oval opening 4in. high, by 3in. broad. Many other poles in the vicinity were similarly attacked, and, of course, they had to be removed lest they should topple over in the first high wind. One of the woodpeckers was shot, and then stuffed and mounted near the hole. It is thought that the bird attacked the pole in the hope of finding insects therein, being misled by the humming of the wires."

Practically the whole of the provincial work of the great London news agencies is done through the Post Office, where there is a special department for it. I reproduce here a view of the News Gallery at the General Post Office, which is simply bewildering to the ordinary person, owing to the ceaseless clatter and whir of the instruments. Under normal conditions, the number of telegraphists on duty in the news division varies from fourteen between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, to about 140 between six and eight o'clock in the evening, when the bulk of the newspaper work is dealt with. At 10 a.m. the staff numbers about forty, and at 2 p.m. about ninety.



THE NEWS GALLERY AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

There are twenty-three news circuits, and by an elaborate system of classification a vast number of messages are dispatched with surprisingly little trouble, the rate of speed varying from 300 to 450 words per minute. At each circuit in the busy news division there is a Wheatstone Automatic Transmitter, through which paper ribbon, prepared by pneumatic perforating instruments, is passed by clock-work. There are fifty-five perforating instruments, each capable of punching eight ribbons simultaneously. Each of these eight ribbons can be run through several automatic transmitters; and in this way, one slip, passing successively through four transmitters, might supply sixteen provincial newspaper offices with the same message in two minutes. On occasions of exceptional pressure, the punching staff is largely augmented by other telegraphists ; and about 515 ribbons are sometimes prepared simultaneously.

I should have mentioned that the clerks in the Intelligence Department also keep registers of the clients of the news agencies, which registers are altered at Christmas, when annual contracts expire.

The whole world is focused, so to speak, on an unpretentious building in the Old Jewry; this is Reuter's Agency, whose name is indeed a household word. Baron de Reuter, then plain Mr., made his first important *coup* by reporting the announcement which electrified Europe on January 1st, 1859, when the Emperor Napoleon III. made use of the following ominous and threatening words to the Austrian Ambassador : "I regret that my relations with your Government are not as good as formerly; but I beg you to inform the Emperor, your August Master, that my personal sentiments towards him have undergone no change." The despatch containing this message was not at first credited, but confirmation soon came, and Reuter's had the honour of foreshadowing to the world the beginning of the great struggle that ended at Solferino.

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When President Abraham Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth, on the night of April 14th, 1865, Atlantic cables were not working, consequently the mail steamers were the only means of quick communication between the United States and this country. All that night Reuter's agent waited for the announcement of Lincoln's death, which was known to be imminent. The President passed away at 7.30 next morning, and at that hour, too, a great steamer was leaving for England. Feeling that the occasion called for special measures, the energetic agent hired a fast tug and pursued the departing steamer until he was near enough to cast on her deck a tin canister containing the mournful tidings. This was the only intimation of Lincoln's death received by the mail.

In the early days of this world-renowned news agency, incoming Atlantic mail steamers were met by swift yachts off the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. Despatches inclosed in tin cans of special construction were then thrown overboard by the officers of the steamer, and picked up by the yachts, after which the messages were conveyed with all possible expedition to the nearest telegraph station for transmission to London. To still further expedite the receipt of this news, Mr. Reuter obtained the construction of a telegraph line from Cork to Crookhaven, a long stretch of wild, rough country, which would otherwise have had to be traversed by coach. This arrangement proved of the utmost value during the American Civil War.

The moment a telegram from the cable offices, or other sources, is received at Reuter's, it is registered in a book by the timekeeper, who sits in a box at the foot of the stairs leading to the editorial department. The message is then passed on to the senior editor on duty, who knows precisely what to do with it. It may be satisfactory or doubtful, inadequate, or unsuitable for publication. In the case of a doubtful message, the editor keeps it back and probably cables for confirmation to half-a-dozen different centres. Ordinarily, messages are immediately transcribed in manifold, one copy being placed on the editor's file for reference, while the other is taken in hand by an operator, who dispatches its contents by the "piano transmitter"—of which more hereafter—to the offices of the great London newspapers, all of which receive it *simultaneously*, set up in printed columns by a miracle of latter-day electrical mechanism.

The re-transmission of messages is left entirely to the senior editor's discretion. He knows perfectly well that news of such an event as the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* must be dispatched all over the world; while dicta on bi-metallism are of special interest to India and the United States. As well as receiving news from their own column-printing machines (actuated by the "piano transmitter" at Reuter's), newspapers also receive the same despatches by hand. For this purpose the famous agency keep a staff of about sixty-five boys in uniform, who come on duty at various times simply because the work goes on night and day. These messengers are paid extra if they run: for example, the office of the *Morning Post*, at the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, is supposed to be half an hour's walk from Reuter's, whereas at a run the return journey is supposed to take but forty-five minutes. Times and distances are regulated with great nicety; and cycles are used for the conveyance of messages to far-off newspapers like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in Charing Cross Road. In the picture on the next page the chief of the messenger staff is seen handing despatches to one of the corps of cyclists.



THE EDITOR'S ROOM AT REUTER'S.

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Some idea of the enormous amount of money spent in the collection and transmission of news may be realized if we take the Deeming trial case at Melbourne. During the three weeks of this trial, Reuter's agent cabled whole columns of the *Times* at 3s. 4d. per word. This rate has, I believe, been since reduced. At any rate, the "special" far exceeded his limit of £200 per day.



THE CYCLIST MESSENGERS.

Not the least interesting feature to be seen at Reuter's is the Paris Telephone Room, shown in our illustration. In this strangely silent, padded chamber, the operator sits before the sensitive plate, with a pair of telephones affixed to his ears helmet-wise. He is seen taking down messages in shorthand as fast as his Paris colleague can speak, but he himself also dictates messages into the instrument in a marvellously articulate voice. The first intimation of the assassination of President Carnot was received at this instrument. As one might imagine, strange and comical misunderstandings sometimes occur in these *vivâ voce* messages. The Paris stenographers were once told, as distinctly as might be, that the Metropolitan Police had issued an order for muzzling stray dogs *(chiens errants)*. What they wrote down, however, was *chats et rats* (cats and rats), and this was printed in the French newspapers. On another occasion, on being apprised of the fact that the French smack *L'Aurore (Dawn)* had been spoken off Scarborough, the Paris stenographers reported for the satisfaction of French fishermen that *L'Horreur* — possibly the latest thing in sea-serpents—had been seen in British waters.



AT THE PARIS TELEPHONE.

Among the many other remarkable Reuter despatches may be mentioned the news of the disastrous battle of Isandlwana, when Lord Chelmsford's camp was rushed by 15,000 Zulus, and a large part of the British force cut to pieces. By order of the then Governor of the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere, the message was conveyed by mail steamer to St. Vincent—there being no cable to South Africa at that time—and telegraphed thence, in a mysterious combination of Latin, French, and German words, to Reuter's head-quarters, where, although received at 1 a.m., it was translated and pre-

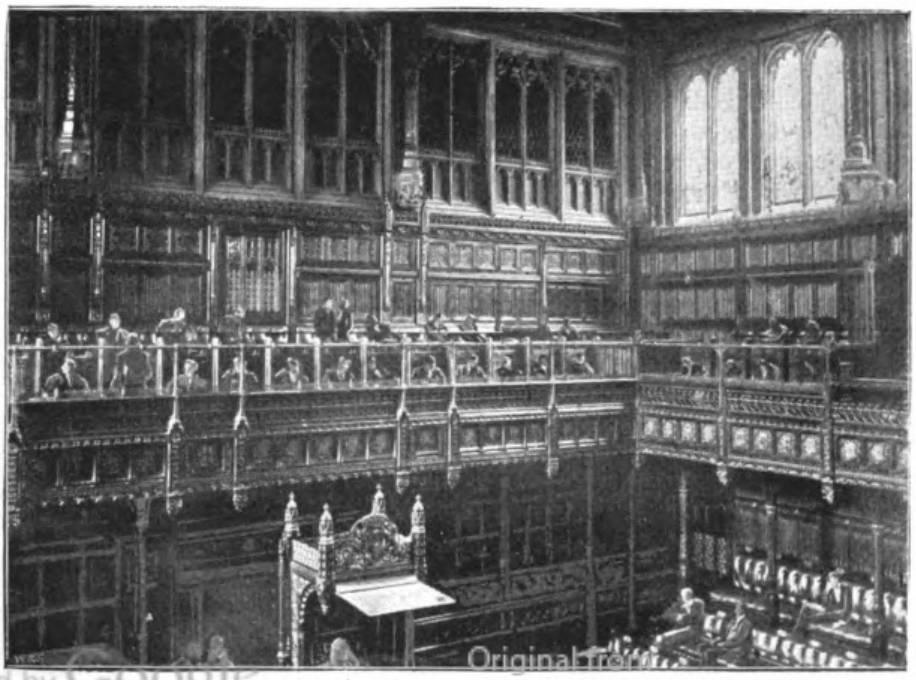
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pared for the morning papers. Then, again, Reuter's agent at Durban walked into the telegraph office in that town one night, and wired to London the ignominious details of Majuba Hill. Surely there is something impressive in the spectacle of a man calmly sending off messages that are destined to stir a nation from end to end.

I will now proceed to touch on the system of the Exchange Telegraph Company, so well known by their wonderful tape machines. The head-quarters are at Cornhill, while the chief editorial office is in the Haymarket. This company started in 1872 with 200 machines, costing £10 each, and licensed by the Postmaster-General. The tape machine is an American invention, and at the time of its introduction into this country there were no fewer than 1,500 similar instruments at work in New York. The director of the company, Captain Davies, told me many entertaining stories about his former fierce struggles with the Post Office and the committee of the Stock Exchange, but they would scarcely be relevant to my subject. And yet both of these institutions receive royalties from the company, the one for concessions granted, and the other for the privilege of quoting its prices to hundreds of subscribers. The system of the Exchange Telegraph Company may be briefly described as the collection of news from about 1,200 correspondents, and its dissemination in classes to newspapers, clubs, exchanges, offices, and private individuals, who may take and pay for as much or as little as they please.

The Haymarket branch is the great receiving house for news. Hence come news telegrams on every conceivable subject from all parts of the kingdom; law reports from the office in the crypt of the Law Courts, and Parliamentary news from the Reporters' Gallery at the House of Commons. Here is a view of the Reporters' Gallery, with the representatives of our great newspapers hard at work taking down speeches and descriptions of "scenes," the notes being subsequently transcribed in a rather dismal-looking room provided with seven or eight big tables, writing materials, cane-bottomed chairs, and electric lights. The Exchange Telegraph Company have a Post Office wire direct from the Gallery at the House of Commons to their Haymarket branch; and in our next illustration the chief editor, Mr. John Boon, a veteran journalist, is seen dictating the detail of the Budget to an operator, who sits at the "piano transmitter," and who is causing hundreds of wonderful little machines in clubs all over London to simultaneously click out, on their paper tapes, neatly printed accounts of Sir William Harcourt's latest fiscal scheme. I may say that one transmitter could actuate thousands of subscribers' machines, at any distance, were it not that the Post Office vetoes a wider extension of the system.

The tape machines have clock-work mechanism, but their type wheels are rotated by electricity, and controlled by the transmitting apparatus; they cost from £8 to £20 each, and are made in lots of fifty, at the Exchange Company's works in Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate. They print at the rate of from thirty-five to forty words per minute, and some of them print about 4,000,000 words without needing repair. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this system is that any number of tape machines can be



THE REPORTERS' GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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DICTATING THE BUDGET.

operated from a single transmitter, even though those machines be scattered all over the Metropolis.

Thinking it would interest lovers of statistics, I induced Mr. Higgins, the company's electrical engineer, to prepare for me a few figures respecting the instructments. It seems that 13,557 miles of paper tape were used last year, besides 590 miles of the broad paper band used in the column-printing machines at the newspaper offices, the sum total being equal to 18,867 miles of tape. The column printer is also controlled by the transmitter, and can record 9,000 words per day; it was suggested by Colonel Hozier, of Lloyd's, who pointed out how awkward it was to read long and important messages from the tape. The company used to generate their own electricity, but the power at the Haymarket branch is now rented from an electric light corporation. The accumulators at Cornhill, however, are still charged on the premises by a Pelton water-wheel; and a view of one of the battery rooms is the next illustration. Last Boat Race Day the Exchange Company laid a cable under the river, and had twelve temporary telegraph stations all along the course, so that the result of the race was signalled to London, and re-transmitted to about 800 subscribers within *three seconds* of the judge's decision. Even this enterprise, however, is eclipsed by the ingenious notion of Mr. Saunders, the late M.P. for Walworth, and founder of the Central News Agency, who, when the University Boat Race aroused far more enthusiasm than it does now, procured a concession from the Cambridge University, whereby he was enabled to place a monstrous drum of four and a half miles of wire in the stem of the Cambridge steamer, and pay it out as the little vessel proceeded from Putney to Mortlake with the racing crews. By this means, minutely descriptive reports could be dispatched continuously to the Metropolis. It was Mr. Saunders, too, who caused temporary telegraph wire and Morse instruments to be set up all along the route followed by the procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, on the occasion of the Thanksgiving Service after the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever. Mr. Saunders knew full well that the streets would be impassable, and he wanted a descriptive report of the scene *en route*. This is the only occasion on which the tap of a Morse instrument has been heard within the walls of the Cathedral itself.

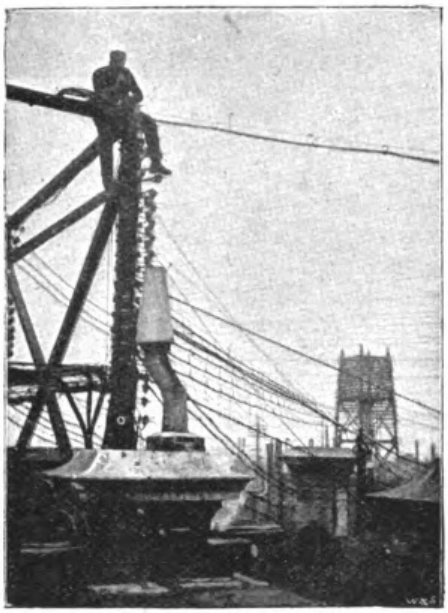


ONE OF THE BATTERY ROOMS.

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Winter is a bad time for the Exchange Telegraph Company's tape machines, for not only does the wind then blow the wires together, but the stout telephone wires of phosphor bronze are apt to break beneath a load of snow and fall on them. The accompanying view of "overhead London," taken above the smoke-line, shows one of the linesmen engaged in his perilous duty of repairing the wires on the roof of Bartholomew House. Altogether, about 750 tape and telephone instruments are worked by the wires attached to this frame.

The extraordinary pains taken by representatives of news agencies to outwit their rivals and be first in the field are well worthy of note. At by-elections attempts are made to introduce a confederate into the counting-room, who shall announce, by secret signals from the window, the name of the successful candidate. This move was once found out at Walsall, so the window was carefully guarded. Not to be beaten, one enterprising journalist ascended the stairs, hammered the door, and roared "Fire"! In the panic that followed, he received from his fellow-worker inside, not only the result of the election, but a bundle of 200 other telegrams wherewith to block the wire against all comers after the dispatch of the message. In fact, it has often happened that the result of an election has been wired to London and sent as an item of news back to the constituency whence it came just as the Mayor was introducing the successful candidate to the people from the Town Hall balcony.



"OVERHEAD LONDON."

Another agent disguised himself as a beggar, stood beneath the window of the counting-room, and received from his confederate above—ostensibly as charity—a penny, whereon was scratched the initials of the successful candidate. Yet another artful pressman caused his rival to be regarded with loathing by both parties, pointing him out to the Conservative agent as a Gladstonian emissary, and to the Liberal agent as an unscrupulous Tory.

"Tapping" racing news that is passing over Post Office wires is all but impossible now; but a racing message may be stopped in the interest of a certain person if that person will but penetrate the gutta-percha covering and hang a piece of copper wire on the unprotected line. I am told that during the Egyptian campaign officers complained that the heliograph signals—mere flashes of light though they are—were read and translated by a "special," who promptly made copy of them and wired them home to his newspaper. This correspondent was observed at Suakin standing on a sandy hillock and watching the intermittent flashes playing afar off on shady spots.

On Derby Day, probably 150 pressmen and forty Post Office clerks are actually engaged in reporting the race, there being eight special wires from the course, and several temporary telegraph offices established in vans, besides the central post office behind the grand stand. The next illustration shows the racing intelligence department at the Exchange Company's Haymarket office. The result of a race is just being received by the operator in the foreground, who is taking it down on "flimsy" as fast as the Morse instrument taps out the letters. Simultaneously, the operator at the "piano transmitter" is dispatching the news to hundreds of clubs and newspapers in London; and the man at the telephone is speaking to the Brighton office. I should mention that every telegraphist perfectly understands the mysterious tapping language of the instrument.

Carrier or homing pigeons are sometimes employed to convey the result of a race, but they are not to be relied upon. Sometimes the bird will make for the nearest tree and try to peck the "flimsy" message from its leg; and at the Waterloo coursing meeting—for which pigeons are hired at a guinea each—it often happens that a man armed with a rifle has to be stationed at the home cote to shoot at and bring down sundry ornithological messengers, who are probably circling and manœuvring above in a most exasperating manner. Pigeons were successfully employed, however, when Captain Webb swam across the Channel. Two baskets, each containing

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RECEIVING THE RESULT OF A RACE.

ten birds, were taken in the boat that accompanied the swimmer, and each pigeon carried a message of about 400 words.

There seems to be no end to the wonderful side of this subject. In the accompanying illustration Mr. Higgins, the electrician of the Exchange Telegraph, is seen following on the tape a description of a big match at Lord's. The operator actually on the ground is transmitting the report to the Haymarket branch, whence it is simultaneously dispatched to all the clubs and newspapers. No expense is spared on our news supply. When the Central News representative interviewed at Tokio an officer who had been in the thick of the famous battle of the Yalu River, the mere telegraphing of his descriptive despatch cost £115.

When local pressmen are not available as correspondents for the great London news agencies, the latter appoint schoolmasters or clergymen, many of whom, however, have strange notions as to the intrinsic value of news. In the Press Association's list of correspondents figure a lighthouse-keeper, wool-stapler, publican, prison warder, tailor, organist, and Government spy. This latter agency has to deposit £500 with the Post Office in order to cover the cost of all telegrams sent to them during the twenty-four hours: for the correspondents, instead of paying for the news-telegrams they send, merely hand in a filled-in form giving the number of words and other details. The face value of these forms is assessed daily, and a Post Office bill sent in for instant settlement.

Many are the excellent stories told by the managers of news agencies anent Mr. Gladstone, whose disappearance from public life, by the way, meant a loss of £2,000 a year to the Press Association. About twelve years ago Mr. Gladstone was going from London to Edinburgh, accompanied by a "P.A. Special," who travelled in the same carriage. When the train reached Preston several local magnates were found to be in waiting, being desirous of presenting an address with the



FOLLOWING A MATCH AT LORD'S.

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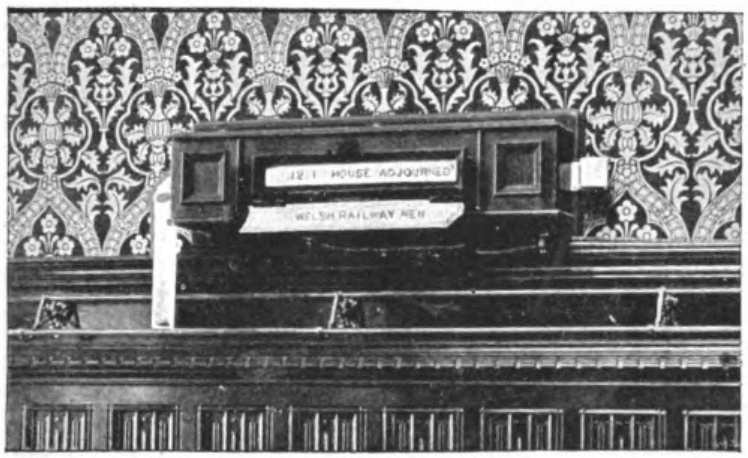
THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

object of eliciting a short speech from the great statesman on "Protection and Free Trade." The moment Mr. Gladstone commenced to reply, however, the train started, and the boarding party beat an undignified retreat. Nothing daunted, the right hon. gentleman turned to the astonished reporter sitting near him, and after thanking him for the address, proceeded to make an important statement on a somewhat uninteresting subject, as the train sped swiftly through the country. The journalist put one-third of a column of matter on the wire when he reached Edinburgh, much to the subsequent amazement of the Preston correspondents of the big dailies, who declared that no such speech had been made.

On another occasion, in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was in the height of his glory, and was followed about the country by a nimble squadron of ninety reporters, the great Liberal leader was announced to speak in an immense temporary wooden structure at West Calder. The Central News people had arranged for a special train to run from Edinburgh to West Calder and back again, in order to convey the reporter and his eight columns or so of copy in hot haste to the telegraph office. "I'll run the enjun richt oop to the hall," remarked the local station-master confidentially to the Central News man, "and the driver shall whustle and whustle till ye come out."

This plan was faithfully carried out, with the result that Mr. Gladstone was startled and disconcerted in the middle of a fine burst of eloquence by the piercing and sustained shriek of a locomotive, apparently at very close quarters. Loud cries of "Shame!" arose, but the deafening sound did not cease until the reporter rushed out and waved his copy triumphantly. The funniest part of the whole affair, though, was that next morning the indignant Liberal papers appeared with aggressive head-lines telling of "Scandalous Tory Tactics."

The last two illustrations given here show the smoking-room of the House of Commons, where is now fixed the Exchange Telegraph Company's annunciator, whereby legislators sitting at their ease in this luxurious apartment can tell at a glance what is going on in the House itself. It is said that the party Whips regard this ingenious instrument with marked disfavour, since it obviates the necessity of frequent visits to the Legislative Chamber.



THE NEW ANNUNCIATOR IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

VII.—A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

I HAD taken an interest in Feveral since he was a lad, and had watched his early medical career with pleasure. His brains were decidedly above the average, and he was in all respects a first-rate sort of fellow. As a medical student he was fond of coming to me for advice, which I always gave frankly. By-and-by, he secured the post of house physician at Guy's Hospital — his short career there was marked by much promise, and when the death of a relative enabled him to buy a share in a good country practice, I told him that I regarded his future as secure. He married soon afterwards, and at his special request I was present at the wedding. After this event I saw much less of him, but his letters, which reached me once or twice a year, assured me that he was doing well and happily in every sense of the word.

I had not seen Feveral for nearly three years, when one day, towards the end of the winter of '93, he called at my house. I was out when he arrived, but when I opened my door with my latchkey he came into the hall to greet me.

"Halloa!" I exclaimed, when I saw him. "How are you? What has brought you to town? I hope you are well How are the wife and child?"

"My wife is well," replied Feveral; "the baby died a month ago—oh, the usual thing —influenza."

He paused and looked me full in the face —I glanced at him and almost uttered a shocked exclamation.

"We have had an awful visitation of the plague," he continued; "it is my belief that it has been worse at Westfield than in any other part of the country."

"You don't look too fit. Have you had an attack yourself?" I said.

"Yes, and I am overdone in every way. The fact is, I rushed up to town on purpose to consult you."

I gave him another quick glance. When last I saw him he was a handsome, well-set-up fellow, full of muscle and vigour, with the Englishman's indomitable pluck written all over him; now he looked like a man who had undergone a sort of collapse. He had contracted a slight stoop between his shoulders, his abundant black hair was slightly streaked with grey, his eyes were sunken and suspiciously bright, there were heavy, black lines under them, and his cheeks were hollow.



"HE CAME INTO THE HALL TO GREET ME."

"I shall be all right presently," he said; with a laugh. "Will you have the goodness to overhaul me, Halifax, and put me into the way of getting back my old tone? Can I speak to you — can you devote a little of your time to me?"

"All the time you require," I answered, heartily. "You have arrived just at a convenient moment; I have come back to dinner, and don't mean to see any more

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patients before nine or ten o'clock to-night. I have several hours, therefore, at your disposal; but before we touch upon medical subjects, you must have some dinner."

As I spoke I ushered Feveral into my dining-room, and, ringing a bell, ordered Harris to lay places for two. Dinner was served almost immediately, but I noticed to my dismay that my guest only played with his food. He drank off several glasses of good wine, however, and the fact was soon discernible in his increased animation.

"Come into the study and have a smoke," I said, when the meal had come to an end.

He rose at once and followed me. We drew up our chairs in front of a cheerful fire, and for a time smoked our pipes in silence. It needed but a brief glance to tell me that Feveral was completely broken down—I should never have recognised him for the bright, energetic fellow whose happy wedding I had attended three years back. I waited now for him to begin his confidence—he did not say a word until he had finished his first pipe, then he sprang to his feet and stood facing me.

"I can't attempt to describe what a time we have had," he said, abruptly—"that awful influenza has raged all over the place. The more I see of that insidious, treacherous complaint, the more I dread it. It is my firm conviction that influenza has caused more deaths and wrecked more lives than the cholera ever did. You have seen Russell, my partner—well, he and I have been completely worked off our feet: I can't tell you what domestic tragedies we have been through."

"Well, you have not come up to town simply to tell me about them?" I interrupted, abruptly.

"Of course not; I daresay you can record just as dismal a tale."

"Worse, if possible," I replied; "but now to turn to yourself: you say you have been attacked by the enemy?"

"Yes—worse luck—it was after the child's death. She was a bright, healthy little soul, eighteen months old. Perhaps you don't know what a first child is in a house, Halifax? —my wife and I simply lived for the little one. Well, she succumbed to the malady in a day or two. Poor Ingrid broke down completely—she did not have influenza, but her strength gave way. She lost appetite and sleep. Nothing roused her but my unexpected illness. I suppose one does feel surprised when a doctor knocks up. Yes, I was down with the complaint, and had a short, sharp attack. I was up and about again in no time. I thought myself all right, but——"

"You acted very unwisely in going about so soon," I replied; "you are not fit for work yet."

"Is it as bad as that? Do I show that things are amiss so plainly?"

"Any doctor can see that you are not the thing," I answered. "You are broken down—your nerve has gone; you want rest. Go home to-night, or, better still, wait until the morning, and then take the first train to Westfield. See Russell, and tell him plainly that you must have a month off work. I can send him down a substitute, if you commission me to do so. Get away, my dear fellow, without delay. Take your wife with you—the change will do her as much good as it will you. Go somewhere on the Continent. Have complete rest in fresh surroundings, and you will be a different man when you return."

"God knows I need to be different," said Feveral. "At the present moment I don't recognise myself."

Here he hesitated, paused, and looked away.

"The fact is," he continued, suddenly, "I have not yet told you the true reason which brought me to consult you."

"Well, out with it, old man," I said, encouragingly.

He tried to give me a steady glance, but his eyes quickly fell.

"The fact is this," he said, abruptly, and rising as he spoke: "the influenza has left an extraordinary sequel behind. I have an inexpressible dread over me. By no means in my power can I drive it away."

"Sit down and keep calm," I said; "tell me your fears as fully as possible."

Feveral sat down at my bidding. After a pause he began to speak.

"You know," he said, "what an uphill thing an ordinary doctor's career is. I thought I had done a very good thing when I bought a share of Russell's practice. I found, however, that it was nothing like as large as I had been given to suppose. I did all that man could do to increase it—I have been popular as a doctor, and fresh patients now come daily to consult me. In short, I am likely to do well, and if only I can keep my health, to make a fair provision for my wife."

"Why should you not keep your health?" I asked.

"That is just the point," he replied; "at

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the present moment, for practical, useful purposes my health is gone—my nerve has deserted me."

"You must be more explicit," I said. "What is up?"

"I dread making a fearful professional mistake, and so ruining my prospects as a medical man."

"What do you mean?"

"I will try and explain myself. Since I have had influenza I have been subject to brief but extraordinary lapses of memory. You know we dispense our own medicines. Well, this is the sort of thing that happens almost daily: I see a patient—I diagnose his case with my usual care. I then go to the dispensary to prepare the right medicine for him—I take up a bottle, as likely as not of some strong poison, and find that the whole case has vanished from my mind; I do not in the least know what I am holding the bottle for, nor why I am in the dispensary;



"I DO NOT IN THE LEAST KNOW WHAT I AM HOLDING THE BOTTLE FOR."

my patient and his case, the diagnosis I have made, the medicine I want to make up, become a complete blank to me. After a lapse of several minutes my memory returns; but this state of things comes on oftener and oftener, and the fear of it has made me thoroughly nervous and unfit for work. You see yourself, Halifax, that grave consequences may arise from such a peculiar state of nerves as mine. I may during a lapse of memory put something into the medicine which may kill my patient. My terror on this point at times almost reaches mania—I am nearly beside myself."

"Does your memory desert you at any other time?" I asked.

"Yes, but the curious thing is that it only fails me in connection with my profession. When I am alone with my wife I feel at comparative ease, and almost like my usual self; but when I am driving to see patients, I often completely forget my most important visits. I neglect the patients whose lives are in danger, and visit those who have comparatively little the matter with them. Of late I have given my coachman a list of all the patients whom I wish to see. He takes me to the right houses, but when I see the patient I forget the complaint under which he is labouring. Only yesterday I encountered the rage of a man who was suffering from an acute attack of double pneumonia, by asking him if his rheumatic pains were better. Of course, this state of things can't go on. Don't tell me that all my fears are fanciful. I have studied diseases of the brain, and know that my case is a serious one."

"It is serious, but temporary," I answered. "You have just been down with the complaint which leaves the most extraordinary sequelæ behind—a complaint which none of us with all our study have yet fully gauged. You are tired out, mind and body—you want rest. You must not attempt to make up your own medicines at present. I can't hide the truth from you; if you do, the consequences may be serious. You must get away at once, Feveral. I told you a moment ago that I can get a good man to take your work for a month or even two months, if necessary; if you like, I will write to Russell on the subject to-night. He will, of course, see the necessity of your leaving."

Feveral did not reply at all for a minute. After a pause he said:—

"I suffer from other symptoms of a distressing character. I am possessed by that very ordinary delusion of the insane—that I am followed. I walked to this house to-night, and, in spite of all my efforts to assure myself to the contrary, I could not resist the suspicion that someone tracked me from the station to this house. The only thing that comforts me is that we have no insanity in

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our family. I cling to that fact as a drowning man does to a spar."

"You are not insane," I replied, "but you will be if you don't take rest. All your present most distressing symptoms will disappear if you take my advice. You had better not return to Staffordshire. You are welcome to make my house your head-quarters until you have arranged matters with Russell. Meanwhile, telegraph to your wife to join you here—get away to the Continent before the end of the week. I promise you that long before the summer you will have returned to work like a giant refreshed."

Feveral heaved a heavy sigh. After a time he rose from his chair and leant against the mantelpiece.

"I suppose there is nothing for it but to take your advice," he said.

"You will not repent it," I answered. "Shall I write to Russell for you, to-night?"

"Better wait until the morning," he replied. "I will sleep over all you have said, and give you my final decision then."

"Well, I must leave you now," I replied. "I have promised to look in on one or two patients this evening; we shall meet at breakfast."

The next morning I was down early, and entered my breakfast-room before eight o'clock. I noticed that a place was only laid for one. "How is this, Harris?" I said to my servant. "Have you forgotten that Dr. Feveral is in the house?"

"Dr. Feveral left this morning, sir," replied Harris. "He came downstairs very early, and told me to tell you that you would find a note from him in your study. I inquired if he would like breakfast, but he said that he did not wish for anything. He was out of the house before half-past six, sir."

I hurried off to my study in some alarm. Feveral's note was on the mantelpiece. I tore it open; it ran as follows:—

"My dear Halifax,—I regret to say that I find it impossible to remain in your house another hour. I spoke to you last night about what I believed at the time to be a delusion, namely, that I was followed wherever I went. I now perceive that this is not a delusion, but a grim reality. Even in your house I am not safe. Last night two men entered my room — they watched me from behind the curtains, and did not leave until daylight. I have risen early, and am leaving London without delay. My fear is that I have already made some extraordinary mistake in my dispensary, and have, perhaps, during my queer lapses of memory, given medicine which has deprived a fellow-creature of life. In this way I have undoubtedly laid myself open to the punishment of the law. The men who came into my room were policemen. You will understand that I can't stay longer in London.—Yours,

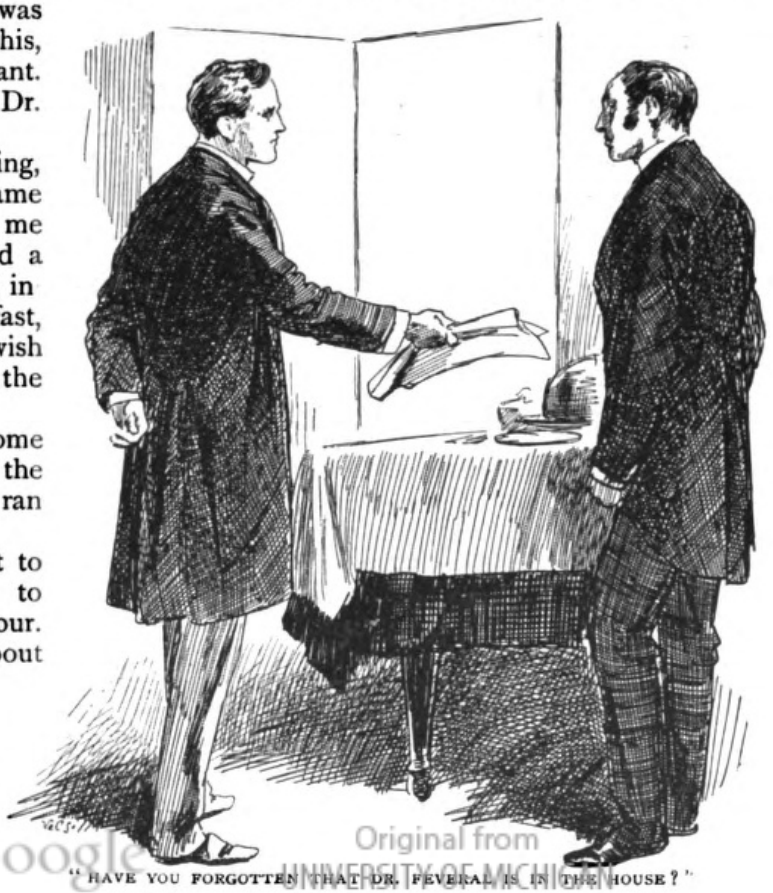
"ARTHUR FEVERAL."

The moment I read this extraordinary letter I put my hat on and went out of the house. I went to the nearest telegraph office, and sent the following message to Mrs. Feveral:—

"Your husband called on me last night—he was not well; he left suddenly this morning, giving no address. If you have no clue to his whereabouts, come and see me at once."

To my surprise, no reply came to this telegram for several hours. In the evening I found a yellow envelope lying on the slab in my hall. It was from Mrs. Feveral—it ran as follows:—

"Thank you for telegram—no cause for



"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT DR. FEVERAL IS IN THE HOUSE?"

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uneasiness. Arthur returned this morning, looking better and cheerful. He is busy in the dispensary now—I have not shown him your telegram.—INGRID FEVERAL."

"This is not the last of what may turn out a bad business," I could not help saying to myself.

The next event in my friend's queer story scarcely surprised me. Within forty-eight hours after his sudden departure, Mrs. Feveral called to see me. I was just going out when she drove up to my door in a hansom cab. I had last seen her as a bride—she was now in deep mourning. She was a remarkably handsome young woman, with an extraordinary fairness of complexion which one seldom sees in an English girl. It suddenly flashed through my memory that Feveral had married a young girl of Norwegian origin. This fact accounted for the whiteness of her skin, her bright blue eyes, and golden hair. She stepped lightly out of the hansom, and, seeing me, ran up the steps to meet me.



MRS. FEVERAL.

"Thank God you are not out," she exclaimed. "I am in great trouble. Can I see you immediately?"

"Certainly," I answered, leading the way to my study as I spoke. "How is your husband, Mrs. Feveral? I hope you are not bringing me bad news of him?"

"I am," she replied. She pressed her hand suddenly to her heart. "I am not going to break down," she continued, giving me an eager sort of pathetic glance which showed me a glimpse into her brave spirit. "I mean to rescue him if a man can be rescued," she continued. "No one can help me if you can't. Will you help me? You have always been my husband's greatest friend. He has thought more of your opinion than that of any other man living. Will you show yourself friendly at this juncture?"

"Need you ask?" I replied. "Here is a chair—sit down and tell me everything."

She did what I told her. When she began to speak she clasped her hands tightly together. I saw by her attitude that she was making a strong effort to control herself.

"I asked my husband to visit you a few days ago," she began. "He had spoken of some of his symptoms to me, and I begged of him to put his case into your hands. I hoped great things from your advice. Your telegram a couple of days ago naturally frightened me a good deal, but almost in the moment of reading it I received another from my husband, in which he asked me to expect him by an early train, and told me he was better. He arrived; he looked cheerful and well. He said that he believed his grave symptoms had suddenly left him. Several patients were waiting to consult him; he went off at once to the dispensary. I felt quite happy about him, and telegraphed you to that effect. In the evening he was wonderfully cheerful, and said he did not think it necessary to go to the expense of a change. He slept well that night, and in the morning told me that he felt quite well. He went out early to visit some patients and came home to breakfast; afterwards he spent some hours, as usual, in his dispensary. I had been very unhappy and depressed since the death of my child, but that morning I felt almost glad—it was so good to see Arthur like his usual self again. I was upstairs in my room—it was a little after twelve o'clock — when someone opened the door in great excitement. I looked up and saw Arthur—he almost staggered into the room—his hair was pushed wildly back from his forehead—he went as far as the mantelpiece and leant against it.

"'What has happened?' I asked.

"He pulled at his collar as if it would choke him before he replied.

"'I have just committed murder,' he said—then he stared straight past me as if he did not see me.

"'Oh, nonsense,' I answered; 'you can't possibly know what you are saying.'

"'It is true—I have taken a man's life,' he repeated. 'I am ruined; it is all up with me. There is blood on my hands.'

"'Sit down, dear, and try to tell me everything,' I said to him.

"I went up to him, but he pushed me aside.

"'Don't,' he said; 'my hands are stained with blood. I am not fit even to touch you.'

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"HE ALMOST STAGGERED INTO THE ROOM."

"'Well, at least tell me what has happened,' I implored.

"After a time he grew calm, and I got him to speak more rationally.

"'You know those awful lapses of memory,' he began. 'A young man—a stranger—came to consult me this morning. I diagnosed his case with my usual care, and then went to prepare some medicine for him. I went into the dispensary as usual. I felt quite well, and my intellect seemed to me to be particularly keen. I remember distinctly putting some ammonia and some salicin into a glass—then followed an awful blank. I found myself standing with a bottle in one hand, and a glass containing medicine in another — I did something with the bottle, but I can't remember what. After another period, in which everything was once again a blank, I came to myself. I found myself then in the act of giving a bottle made up in paper, and sealed in the usual way, to my patient.

"'"By the way," I said, "would you not like to take a dose at once? If so, I will fetch you a glass — even the first dose of this medicine will remove your troublesome symptoms almost immediately."

"'The man to whom I was speaking was a fine-looking young fellow of about three or four and twenty. He hesitated when I suggested that he should take a dose of medicine directly. After a pause, he said that he would prefer to take the medicine when he returned to his hotel. I shook hands with him, he paid me his fee, and then left the house. A moment later I returned to the dispensary. I there made the following awful discovery. In a moment of oblivion I had put strychnine instead of valerian into the medicine. The quantity of strychnine which I had used would kill anyone. I rushed from the house like a distracted person, hoping to be in time to follow my patient. I made inquiries about him, but could not catch sight of him anywhere. Even one dose of that medicine will kill him. He will die of convulsions even after the first dose —in all probability he is dead now. Oh, what a madman I was to return to Staffordshire!'

"I tried to comfort my husband, Dr. Halifax, but I soon found that my words had not the slightest effect upon him. I saw that he was not even listening to me—he crossed the room as I was speaking and, going to one of the windows, flung it open and leant half out. He began to look up and down the street, in the vain hope of seeing his unfortunate patient amongst the crowd.

"'I shall never see him again—he is a dead man,' he repeated. 'He is dead—his blood is on my head—we are ruined.'

"'We must try and find him immediately,' I said.

"'Nonsense, we shall never find him,' replied Arthur.

"As he said these words, he left the room. I paused to consider for a moment, then I went to consult Dr. Russell. My husband's partner is, as you know, an old man. He was terribly disturbed when I told him what had happened, and said that immediate steps should be taken to find the poor fellow who had been given the wrong medicine. He went out himself to inquire at the different hotels in the town. Meanwhile, I began to search for Arthur. I could not find him in the house. I asked the servants if they had seen him. No one knew anything about him—he had not gone out in his carriage. Dr. Russell presently returned to say that he could get no trace of the stranger. Almost at the same time a telegram was brought to me. I tore it open—it was from Arthur.

"'Don't attempt to follow me,' he said in it; 'it is best that we should never meet again. If I can I will provide for your future, but we must never meet again.'

"There was no signature.

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"That is the whole story," said Mrs. Feveral, standing up as she spoke. "After receiving my husband's telegram, I went to his bank and found to my astonishment that he had drawn nearly all the money we possess. He took a thousand pounds away with him in notes and gold. That fact seems to point to the conclusion that he had no intention of committing suicide; but where has he gone—why did he want so much money? What did he mean by saying that he would provide for me? I know that he is not responsible for his actions—it is very unsafe for him to be alone. I thought the whole thing over, during last evening and during the long hours of the night, and resolved to come to you this morning. I must find my husband again, Dr. Halifax, and I want to know now if you can help me to search for him."

"I certainly will," I replied; "the story you have just told me is most disastrous. I warned Feveral the other day that he was in no fit state to dispense medicines at present. He did very wrong not to take my advice. Of course, I ought not to blame him, poor fellow, for he is not responsible for his own actions. Two duties now lie before us, Mrs. Feveral."

"Yes?" she replied, eagerly.

"We must first discover whether your husband has really caused the death of this man or not. After all, he may only have imagined that he put strychnine into the medicine."

"No, no," she interrupted; "there is no hope of getting out of the terrible dilemma in that way. My husband used two glasses to mix his medicines—they were found in the dispensary unwashed. Dr. Russell, on examining one, found some drops of strychnine adhering to the bottom of the glass."

"Then that hope is over," I answered. "Well, we must only trust that something prevented your husband's victim from taking the medicine. Our first duty is to find that young man immediately; our second, to follow Feveral. Will you rest here for a few moments while I think over this strange case?"

I left the room, ordered Harris to bring the poor young wife some refreshment, and went off to my consulting-room to think over matters. I was busy, it is true, but I resolved to cast everything to the winds in the cause of my unhappy friend. I had known Feveral since he was a boy. I was not going to desert him now. I came back presently and told Mrs. Feveral that I had made arrangements which would enable me to devote my time for the present to her service.

"That is just what I should have expected," she replied. "I won't thank you in words—you know what I feel."

"I know that you are brave, and will help me instead of hindering me," I rejoined. "Will you accept my hospitality for to-night, Mrs. Feveral? My servants can, I think, make you comfortable. I mean to go to Staffordshire by the next train."

"Why so?"

"I must set inquiries on foot with regard to your husband's patient—I must find out his name and all possible particulars about him. I hope to be back in town with news for you early in the morning. In the meantime, will you hold yourself in readiness to accompany me the moment I get a clue as to Feveral's present whereabouts?"

"I will do exactly what you wish," she answered.

I saw that her lips quivered while she spoke, but I also perceived to my relief that she had no intention of breaking down. A few moments later, I found myself in a hansom cab driving as fast as I could to Paddington Station. I took the next train down to Staffordshire, and arrived at Westfield, the small country town where Feveral had his practice, about nine o'clock in the evening. I drove straight to Dr. Russell's house. He was in, and I was admitted immediately into his presence. The old doctor knew me slightly. When I appeared he came eagerly forward.

"I can guess what you have come about," he said: "that unhappy business in connection with poor Feveral. His wife told me that she was going to town to consult you. Of course, I am glad to see you, but I don't know that you can do anything."

"I mean to find the man if he is still alive," I rejoined.

"The whole case points to suicide, does it not?" replied Russell. "But sit down, won't you? Let us talk it over."

I removed my overcoat and sat down on the chair which Russell indicated.

"I don't believe in the suicide idea," I began. "If Feveral meant to commit suicide, he would not have drawn a thousand pounds out of his bank. He is undoubtedly at the present moment suffering from a degree of mania, but it does not point in that direction. I want, if possible, to get a clue to his whereabouts; and, what is even far more important, to find out if the strychnine which, in a moment of oblivion, he put into his patient's medicine has really led to a fatal result."

"That I can't tell," replied Russell. "The

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"I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE SUICIDE IDEA."

young man who came to consult Feveral yesterday morning appears to be a stranger in Westfield. Just after Mrs. Feveral left for town, I succeeded in tracing him to a commercial hotel of the name of Perry's in a back part of the town. He must have walked straight to the hotel after leaving my partner's consulting-room. The waiter there tells me that he looked ill when he entered the house—he observed that he carried a bottle of medicine wrapped up in paper in his hand. The bottle seemed to be unopened when the waiter observed him—he asked for his bill, which he paid, and in ten minutes' time had left the hotel. Yesterday was market day at Westfield, and there were a good many strangers in the town. This young man evidently attracted no special attention—the waiter did not even know his name. He arrived early in the morning, asked for a room, had a wash and change; had breakfast, of which he ate very little; went out, evidently to consult my partner; returned, paid his bill, and vanished. Where he is now, Heaven knows."

"The case must be put into a detective's hands immediately," I said. "Have you a good man in the town, or shall I wire to Scotland Yard?"

"There is, I believe, a private detective in Short Street," answered Russell; "but may I ask what is your object in following up this man's history? If he really dies of the medicine, we are likely to know all about the affair soon enough."

"There is just one chance in a hundred that he has not taken the medicine," I replied, "and on that chance we should act promptly."

"I can't follow you," replied the old man, impatiently. "If this young fellow never takes the medicine, why move at all in the matter? If the thing is known, it will be disastrous to us in every way. It is hard enough, Heaven knows, in these times of keen competition, to keep one's connection, and if it were bruited about that we had a mad doctor on the premises, who administered poison instead of cure, we should lose all our patients in a month's time."

"Don't you see my point?" I answered. "In order to prevent your having a mad doctor on the premises, I insist on having this thing cleared up. If by a lucky chance the young man who called at your dispensary this morning is still alive and well, Feveral will in all probability recover from the mania which now threatens to overbalance his reason. From the nature of the medicine given, the patient was most likely only suffering from some simple disturbance. He refused to take the medicine while in Feveral's consulting-room—it is evident that he left the hotel with the bottle still unopened—it is not wrong, therefore, to infer that he was better. Being better, it is also on the cards, although I know it is scarcely likely, that he never touched the medicine at all. If this is the case and the fact is known, Feveral's reason may be saved."

"Oh, poor fellow, I doubt if he is in the land of the living," interrupted Dr. Russell.

"I am certain he is alive," I replied; "but the fact is this, doctor: he will be insane to the end of his days if he has really killed that young man. If his supposed victim is alive and unhurt, Feveral will in all probability soon be restored to his normal state of health."

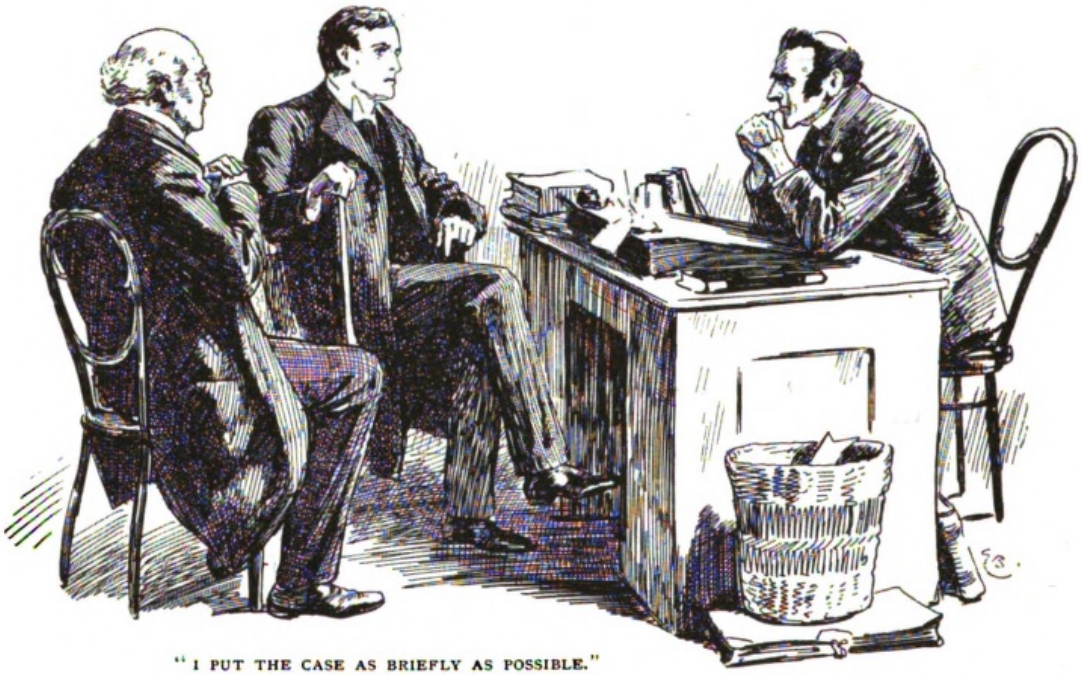
"Perhaps you are right," said Dr. Russell, "and if so, you had better come with me at once to consult Hudson. He is a shrewd fellow, and will in all probability soon be able to trace the man to whom the strychnine was given. But how do you propose to find Feveral?"

"We will tackle Hudson first," I said. "I

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want to set him to work without a moment's delay."

Dr. Russell rose, put on his hat and great-coat, and we soon found ourselves in Short Street. Hudson, the private detective, happened to be in—we had an interview with him. I put the case as briefly as possible in his hands; he promised to take it up; assured us that it was a very easy and promising investigation, and told us that in all probability we should know whether Feveral's victim was alive or dead by the following morning.



"I PUT THE CASE AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE."

As we were returning to Russell's house, a young man came up and spoke abruptly to the old doctor.

"How do you do?" he said. "Will you take a message from me to Feveral?"

"Feveral is from home at present," replied Dr. Russell.

"What a pity. The fact is, I heard from my brother this morning. He particularly begged of me to see Feveral, or by some means to convey his thanks to him."

"I hope your brother is better, North," said Dr. Russell, in a kindly tone.

"Thanks, he is getting as fit as possible—he thought Dr. Feveral would be glad to know about him—he is now at Monte Carlo, having a right good time—in short, his nerves are completely restored, and he proposes to return to work within the next fortnight or so."

Dr. Russell said a few more words, assured North that he would give Feveral his message when he saw him, and we continued our walk.

"What is that about Feveral sending a patient to Monte Carlo?" I asked, suddenly.

"I knew nothing about it until North mentioned it," said Dr. Russell. "Both the Norths have been down with influenza—the younger suffered considerably; he went through just the sort of nerve storm which seems, in a different degree, to have affected poor Feveral himself. I did not know that Feveral had recommended him change—I am surprised that he sent him to a place like Monte Carlo."

"Why so?" I asked.

"On account of the gaming-tables. There never was a man who had such a horror of gambling as Feveral. His father was bitten with the craze years ago, and, as a boy, he learnt something of the tremendous evils which spring from indulgence in such a vice. That he should recommend a patient to put himself in the way of temptation astonishes me a good deal."

I thought deeply for a moment or two.

"Do you happen to know," I asked then, "when the Norths had influenza?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I have a reason for wishing to know. In short, if Feveral gave this advice *since* his own attack, it may give me a clue to his present whereabouts."

"I can't see your meaning," said Dr. Russell, with impatience. "As a fact, the youngest North was down with the malady

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immediately after Feveral had made his own quick recovery—he had a short, sharp attack, followed by great depression—Feveral spoke about him to me one day. I said, casually, that he should have change—I did not know until to-night that my advice was acted upon."

"Thanks," I answered; "your information is of great importance. Now, if I can obtain North's address at Monte Carlo, I think my business here will be over, and I should like, if possible, to catch the midnight train to town."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I am scarcely in a position to explain myself at the present moment," I answered. "Will you oblige me by sending a note round to North at once, asking his brother's address?"

"Why, yes; I will do that, certainly. Here we are, at home—you can have an answer to my note while we are at supper."

Russell was as good as his word; he sent a messenger to North's house asking him for the name of his brother's hotel at Monte Carlo. The answer came back quickly, and with it in my pocket I returned to London.

As I hurried back to town in the express train, the thought which had suddenly darted through my mind on hearing that Feveral had ordered North to seek change at Monte Carlo gathered strength and substance. The advice which he gave this young man was exactly the reverse of what he would have given had his mind been in its normal healthy state. If in a hasty moment he had ordered North to seek change of scene in the very place where he would be most exposed to temptation, was there not a possibility that he might himself seek the same relief? The fact of his having a horror of gambling in his sane moments would make it all the more probable that he would turn to it in his insane hours. In short, the idea grew stronger and stronger the more I thought it over, that North was the man to help me to find Feveral. In the early hours of the morning I reached town, and, driving straight to an office which was open all night, wired to North to his Monte Carlo address. I worded the telegram in the following manner:—

"Dr. Feveral is ill, and has disappeared from home—look out for him at Monte Carlo. If he arrives, telegraph to me without delay."

Having sent off this message, there was nothing whatever to do but to wait. Until I heard either from Hudson, the detective, or from North, I could take no further steps.

On the evening of that day I received a telegram from the detective—it was unsatisfactory, and contained the simple words:—

"No news; writing."

The following morning I received his letter.

"Dear Sir,"—it ran—"I am completely foiled in my efforts to trace Dr. Feveral's unknown patient; beyond the fact that a young man in some respects answering to his description was noticed by a porter at the railway station entering a third-class carriage for London, I have no tidings to give you. I will continue to make investigations, and will let you know immediately anything turns up. "Yours respectfully,

"JAMES HUDSON."

I had scarcely read this letter before Mrs. Feveral, who had moved to a hotel close by, called to see me. I showed her the letter. She read it with impatience.

"Can nothing be done?" she cried. "Have you no plan to propose, Dr. Halifax?"

"I have the ghost of a hope," I answered, "but it is really so slight that I have not dared to tell it to you."

"Oh, do not deprive me of the slightest shadow of hope," she answered; "you don't know what my despair is and what my fears are."

At that moment Harris entered the room, bearing a telegram on a salver.

"Wait one moment while I attend to this," I said to Mrs. Feveral.

I opened the envelope and saw, with a sudden leap at my heart, that my conjecture with regard to Feveral had been correct.

"There is no answer, Harris," I said to the man.

He withdrew. I glanced again at the words of the telegram, then placed it in Mrs. Feveral's hands.

"There," I said, "this will explain itself."

She almost snatched it from me, devouring the words with her eyes. They were as follows:—

"Feveral arrived here last night—he is at the Hotel des Anglais—does not recognise me—visited the tables after dinner—lost heavily."

"Thank Heaven he is found!" exclaimed Mrs. Feveral.

Tears streamed from her eyes—she let the little pink sheet of thin paper flutter to the floor.

"He is safe—he is alive," she gasped, with a choking noise in her throat. "How—how did you guess that he might be at Monte Carlo, doctor?"

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I repeated in a few words my reasons for telegraphing to North—her tears ceased to flow as she listened to me—her eyes grew bright—a look of determination and courage filled her beautiful face.

"And now, what do you mean to do?" she asked, as soon as I paused.

"Go to him at once," I answered.

"I will come with you, if I may."

"You certainly may. There is still time to catch the eleven o'clock boat train from Victoria; we shall arrive in Paris this evening, and, if we are lucky, may catch the Mediterranean Express. Can you have your things packed and be back at this house in a quarter of an hour?"

"I can and will," she answered.

She left me immediately. I gave hasty directions to my servants, saw the doctor who was to take charge of my patients in my absence, and was ready when Mrs. Feveral returned. We drove to Victoria, caught the boat train by a minute or two, and soon found ourselves rushing away to Dover. We arrived in Paris without any adventure, and were fortunate enough to catch the Mediterranean Express at the *Gare de Lyon*. I wired to North to tell him of our proposed visit, begged of him to meet me at the railway station, asked him to watch Feveral, and to say nothing of the fact that his wife and I hoped to reach Monte Carlo the following day.

Mrs. Feveral and I reached Marseilles at eleven o'clock on the following morning. There we left the train for breakfast. During breakfast I said, suddenly:—

"It would be well for us to arrange our plan of action now."

She looked up at me in some surprise.

"Is there anything special?" she began.

"I want you to promise me one thing," I said.

"Yes, of course, anything," she said, with a heavy sigh.

"I want you to be guided by me—I want you to obey me explicitly."

"Yes, I will, of course; but surely there is but one thing for me to do?"

"You think you must go straight to your husband?" I said.

"Certainly; that is why I am visiting Monte Carlo."

"It seems hard to say 'no' to such a natural desire," I said, "but I am anxious that you should not see Feveral on our arrival. All his future depends upon our acting with circumspection in the present crisis. I firmly believe that your husband's insanity is only of a temporary character, but one injudicious move would confirm his delusion and make him insane for the rest of his life. He has rushed from home now, under the impression that he has taken the life of a fellow-creature."

"There is little doubt that such is the case," replied Mrs. Feveral.

"I am by no means sure on that point. I have asked Hudson, the detective, to telegraph to me at the Hotel Métropole at Monte Carlo. I may find news on my arrival there. All depends on the nature of this news. When we reach our destination to-day, will you allow me to take you straight to a hotel, and will you stay there quietly until the moment comes for you to make your presence known to your husband?"

"It is hard for me to obey you, but I will," answered the poor wife, with a heavy sigh.

We soon afterwards took our places in the train, and between three and four o'clock that afternoon arrived at Monte Carlo. Young North was waiting on the platform to receive us. He shook his head when I introduced myself to him. By a gesture, I warned him not to say anything in Mrs. Feveral's presence. She was completely worn out by her journey, and fortunately did not notice the expressive action by which he gave me to understand that he had bad news. I took her to a large hotel not far from the Casino, saw that she was accommodated with a comfortable room, and promised to return to see her after a few hours. I then went out with North. He walked with me to my hotel.

"Well, I am glad you've come," said the young fellow. "I have had an awful time ever since Feveral's arrival. He is as mad as a man can be—spends every moment of his time at the tables, eats nothing, drinks a good deal—either does not recognise me or won't. He is losing money at a frightful rate, but, from the manner of his play, seems to be absolutely reckless as to whether he loses or wins."

"And where is he staying?" I asked.

"At the Hotel des Anglais. He has rooms on the first floor, and evidently denies himself nothing."

I knew that Feveral was not rich. A little more of this reckless sort of thing, and he and his young wife would be beggars.

"The poor fellow is not responsible for his actions at the present moment," I said.

"No, he is as mad as a March hare," said North, with vehemence.

"Well, I trust his madness will not con-

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"HE IS AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

tinue," I replied. "He is suffering at the present moment from a sort of double shock. The death of his child, followed immediately by an attack of influenza, produced the first bad effect upon his nerves—the second shock was worse than the first, but for that, he would not be losing money as fast as man can at the present moment."

"What do you mean?" said North.

I then told him what had occurred a few days ago at Westfield.

"The unfortunate thing is this," I said: "we cannot find the patient to whom Feveral gave the strychnine. I have put the best detective in Westfield on his track, but there are no tidings whatever of his whereabouts. I had hoped to have a telegram from the detective, Hudson, on my arrival. I desired it to be sent to this hotel, but none has yet arrived."

"Hudson is a very sharp fellow," said North. "If anyone can help to solve a mystery, he is the man. I am glad you put the case into his hands. My father, who is supposed to be the best solicitor at Westfield, often employs Hudson, and thinks most highly of him."

"Well," I said, "there is nothing to do at the present moment, but simply to wait. One false step now would confirm Feveral's insanity."

"Will you not let him know that his wife has arrived?" interrupted North.

"Not at present; I must be guided altogether by circumstances. It will be your business and mine, North, not to lose sight of him. If by any chance he leaves Monte Carlo, he must be immediately followed."

Shortly afterwards North left me, and I went to seek an interview with Mrs. Feveral. Poor girl, she was worn out in every sense of the word. I begged of her to take some rest, assured her that I would send for her the moment her presence was likely to be of use, and went away.

On the afternoon of the next day, I was walking in the gardens just outside the Casino, when I suddenly saw Feveral coming to meet me. The weather resembled that which we have in June in England. The tender blue of the sky was intensified in the deep blue of the Mediterranean. I was standing near a large bed of mignonette when Feveral walked by. He was dressed with care and looked like, what he was, a remarkably handsome and well-set-up fellow; he was evidently going to the Casino. He passed within arm's length of me, stared me full in the face, showed no gleam of recognition, and was about to pass me, when I could not help speaking to him.

"How do you do?" I said.

He stopped when I said this and looked at me fixedly. A curious change came over his face; his eyes, which had appeared quite frank and untroubled when first he saw me, assumed a secretive and almost sly expression.

"I know who you are quite well," he said. "Will you oblige me by walking down this path with me?"

He pointed to a shady avenue of eucalyptus as he spoke. I yielded immediately to his humour. We walked together for a few paces, then he turned abruptly and faced me.

"You are a detective officer from the London police force," he said. "I know

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"I KNOW YOU QUITE WELL."

you quite well, and what you have come about. The whole thing is perfectly fair, and I have not a word to say. It is my last intention to defeat the ends of justice in any way. I have committed murder — I am stained with blood. The law must, of course, have its course — all I beg of you is to give me time. Before I am arrested, I am anxious to win a sum of money to place my wife above want. I came to Monte Carlo for this purpose. Hitherto, I have been strangely unlucky, but I have a presentiment that my luck is about to turn. I shall win largely either this afternoon or this evening. After the gaming-tables are closed to-night, I am at your service, Inspector——"

He paused, but I did not supply any name.

"I will wait on you this evening at the gaming-tables," I said, suddenly.

"As you please," he replied, "but don't come until late—I am certain to win largely. You know yourself how important it is for a man in my position to provide for his wife."

I nodded, and he left me. I sat down on a bench and watched his retreating figure. He went slowly up the steps into the Casino and vanished from view. The beautiful scenery which surrounded me — and, perhaps, there is no more beautiful scenery in the world than is to be found at Monte Carlo—no longer gave me pleasure. I thought very badly of Feveral. His malady had progressed even farther than I had anticipated. If he had indeed killed his man, all hope of his recovering his senses was completely at an end. I went back to my hotel and spent some anxious hours there, during which I could settle to nothing. I had asked North to dine with me, and he came at the appointed time. I told him of my interview with Feveral—he shook his head as he listened.

"He took me for one of the gardeners here," he answered, "and asked me how I acquired my very excellent English. His brain is quite gone, poor fellow. I must say that I am rather surprised, Dr. Halifax, that you don't——"

"Don't do what?" I asked.

"Don't use your authority, and take the poor fellow back to England. He surely is not in a condition to be at large."

"Any forcible step of that kind would make the case hopeless," I answered. "I am inclined to use the most cautious measures until we really know the fate of his unlucky patient."

"And do you intend to follow him to the Casino to-night?" said North.

"Yes, I promised to be there—I shall keep my word."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly; I should like you to do so."

"What about Mrs. Feveral?"

"Poor soul, I must have an interview with her before I go," I answered.

My brief interview with the poor young wife was full of pain. I told her that I intended to follow her husband to the tables, and would bring her word of the result before midnight. She replied to this with a ghastly smile. As I was leaving the room she called after me.

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"You are expecting a telegram at the Hotel Métropole from Mr. Hudson?" she said.

"I asked him to wire there if he had any news," I answered.

"Suppose his message comes while you are at the Casino?"

"In that case it must wait until I return," I replied.

"Will you commission me to bring it to you, if it does come?" she asked.

"I would rather you did not come to the Casino," I replied; "it is not a fit place for you to visit alone."

She made no answer, but I noticed a queer, determined look creeping into her face.

The hour was growing late now, and North and I hastened to the Casino. We followed the crowd into the vast building, obtained the usual cards of admittance, and soon found ourselves walking slowly through the suite of rooms which contain the celebrated gaming-tables. The hour had approached ten o'clock, and the numerous visitors from the different hotels were crowding in for their evening's amusement. Both ladies and gentlemen were in full evening dress, and the scene which met my eyes was a very brilliant and animated one. Each of the long tables was surrounded by groups of players seated on chairs close together; outside these groups, three or four rows deep, were crowds of spectators, some merely watching the play, others playing themselves over the heads of their more fortunate neighbours, others again waiting for their turns to find seats at the tables. The *roulette* tables, which were eight in number, were all crowded, but as we walked through the rooms, North whispered to me that Feveral despised *roulette*, and only played for high stakes at the *trente et quarante* tables. We passed the first of these, and eagerly scanned the faces of the men and women who surrounded it. Feveral was not amongst them. We stood for a moment or two to watch the play. A woman, splendidly dressed, was drawing attention to herself by the reckless manner in which she was flinging one-hundred-franc pieces on different divisions of the table. She lost and lost, but still went on playing. Her play was reckless in the extreme, and some people who stood near begged of her to desist. The terrible passion for gambling in its worst form was written all over her excited face. I turned away with a sense of disgust, and followed North to the other *trente et quarante* table. Here I found the object of my search. Feveral was in irreproachable evening dress; his face was calm and pale, there was no apparent excitement either in his manner or appearance. He sat rather near one of the *croupiers*, and, to all appearance, was playing with extreme caution. From thirty to forty hundred-franc pieces were piled up at his left hand. He was making careful notes on a card which was placed in front of him, and was evidently playing with intelligence. At each deal of the cards he placed his gold on certain divisions, and, as we stood at a little distance and watched, I noticed that he won at every deal. His pile of gold grew larger, but his cautious and steady manner never deserted him. By degrees some people who were standing near began to remark on his invariable luck. Hearing a remark close by in the English tongue, he raised his eyes, and for an instant encountered mine.

"I told you I should win to-night," he said; "but you have come a little early, inspector. It is all right—quite right; but you must give me time."

As his success went on he began to double and quadruple his stakes—never once did he lose. A man who was standing near me said:—

"That Englishman has been here for the last three nights, and he has not had a moment's success until now. He evidently means to carry all before him to-night. If only he has sense to stop playing before his luck turns, he may retrieve his losses, which must have been very considerable."

"He plays with caution," I answered.

"He does to-night," was the reply, "but last night and the night before his play was reckless beyond words."

Some people in the crowd of spectators moved away at this moment, and North and I stepped into the space which they had vacated. By doing so we stood at Feveral's left hand, and could look over his shoulder. In the midst of his play he glanced at me once or twice. My presence did not irritate him in the least. He supposed me to be a detective come to take him into custody—his impression was that his time was short to accomplish the task he had set himself to do—he went on doubling and doubling his stakes—still without any apparent recklessness—never once did he lose.

The moments flew by, and the time for closing was not far off. Feveral was already a rich man.

"Stop him now, if you can," said North. "Let him take away his enormous winnings,

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and whatever happens, his wife is provided for. Stop him, for God's sake, doctor, before his luck turns."

Before I could reply, a noise at my left caused me to turn my head—there was a slight commotion—a little pressure in the crowd, and I heard a woman's clear voice say:—

"Pardon me if I ask you to allow me to pass. That gentleman sitting there is my husband—I have something I wish to say to him."

The gentle, high-bred tone had an effect. I turned quickly, and saw, to my astonishment and horror, that Mrs. Feveral had come into the room. Unlike the other women present, she was in the quietest morning dress. Her fair face looked all the fairer because of the deep mourning which she wore.

"Your telegram has come at last, Dr. Halifax," she said to me. "I have taken the liberty to bring it to you—don't keep me, please—I must speak to my husband."

Before I could prevent her she had reached his side, her arms were round his neck, her cheek was touching his. The crowded room, the gaze of the many spectators, were nothing to her—she only saw her husband.

"Come away, darling," she said; "come away at once."

He started up when she touched him, and stared at her more in impatience than surprise.

"Don't interrupt me, Ingrid," he said, "I will come presently. Leave me now; I am busy."

He tried to resume his seat, but she clung to him, holding one of his hands in both of hers with a sort of desperation.

"No; you must come now," she said. "You don't know where you are——"

"I don't know where I am!" he interrupted, speaking fast and thick, his face scarlet now with intense excitement. "Yes, by Heaven! I do. I am here because my hands are red with blood. I conceal nothing. All the world may know the truth. I am in this place to-night because I have taken a man's life. I am about to pay the forfeit of my crime. This detective," here he pointed at me, "will arrest me in a moment or two. Before I go, I wish to provide for you—don't touch me—I am a murderer. Hands off, I say."

He pushed her from him. His eyes were wild. The people in the immediate neighbourhood heard his words—they began to move away from him with looks of horror, even the *croupiers* turned their heads for a moment.

"Go home, Ingrid," said her husband. "Don't touch me. I have made a bargain with that man," again he pointed at me; "he is a detective from Scotland Yard. My bargain is that I am not to be arrested until I have won enough money to provide for your future. I am going to double my winnings. There is blood on my head—don't touch me."

His last words were uttered with a shout. Mrs. Feveral turned ghastly pale. Feveral sat down again by the table. At this moment I remembered the telegram, which was still unopen in my hand. I tore the seal open and read the contents. These were the words which almost took my breath away with relief and delight:—

"*Found Dr. Feveral's patient yesterday—he is a young man of the name of Norris. He lives at Colehill, in Warwickshire. He took the doctor's medicine to the last drop, and says that it restored him to perfect health. On hearing this, I went straight to Dr. Russell, who examined the bottle from which the strychnine was supposed to have been taken, and found it quite full. If Dr. Feveral took strychnine from the bottle by mistake, he must have poured it back again. It is evident that Norris had none in his medicine.*"

"Read this," I said to Mrs. Feveral; "read it quickly—tell your husband the truth—he may be saved even yet."

Her quick eyes seemed to flash over the words—she took in the meaning in a couple of seconds.

"You have committed no murder," she said to her husband. "Don't go on with that horrid play—it is unnecessary. You are not what you think yourself—you are innocent of any crime. The man you gave the medicine to is alive and well. Read this—read this."

She thrust the telegram before his eyes. He read it—staggered to his feet, turned first red, then pale.

"Is this true?" he said, turning and fixing his eyes on his wife.

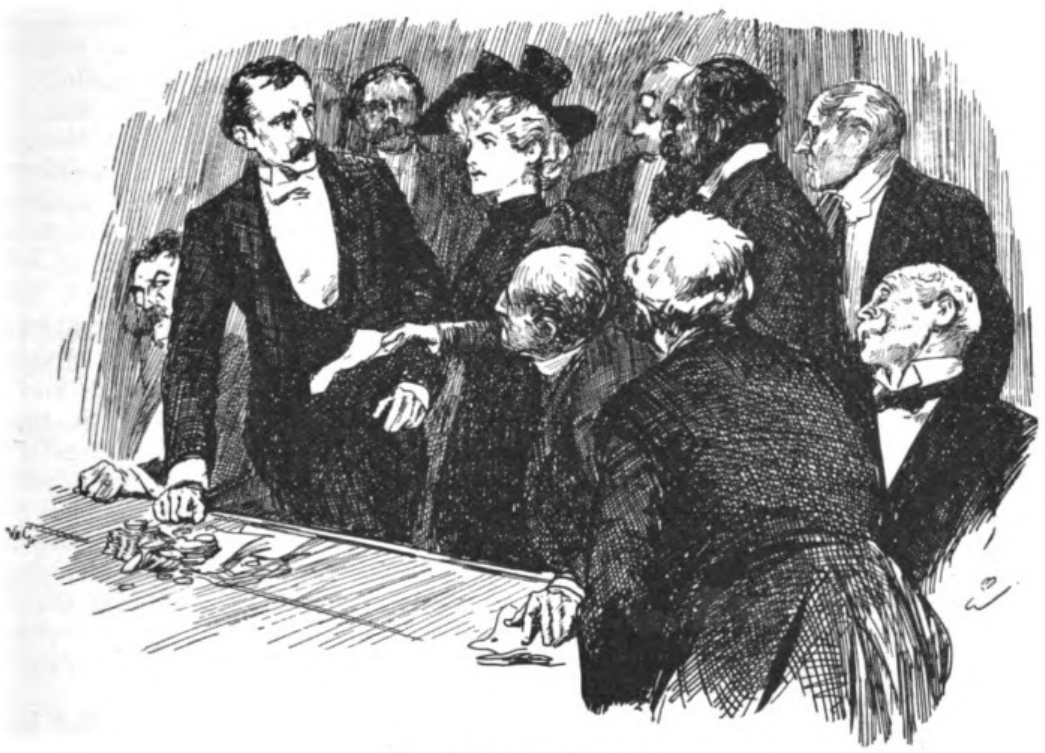
"Yes, it is perfectly true; it has just come. The man you gave the medicine to is well, quite well. Your medicine cured him instead of killing him; you shall see him again when you return to England."

Feveral put his hand to his forehead—a bewildered look crossed his face.

"Then what, in the name of Heaven, am I doing here?" he exclaimed.

He turned and looked with bewilderment around him.

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"READ THIS—READ THIS."

The piles of gold which he had won lay close to him, but he did not touch them.

"What am I doing here?" he repeated. "How did I get into this place? They play for money here; I don't approve of it—I never play. Come, Ingrid, come home."

He grasped his wife's hand and led her quickly out of the Casino. I followed the pair, but North stayed behind to gather up Feveral's winnings.

The next day, when I visited him, Feveral was quite sane. He received me with a look of surprise.

"I can't imagine how I came to this place," he said; "I have not the least remembrance of how I got here—in fact, I recall nothing since the evening I interviewed you, Halifax, in Harley Street."

"Well, you are here now, and a very good thing too," I interrupted.

"Yes," he replied, "and now that I am out of England, I think I shall stay away for a little, for although I feel ever so much better, I am not yet quite fit for work."

"Take a good, long change while you are about it," I answered.

I saw, with a sense of relief, that Feveral had completely lost all knowledge of that terrible episode during which he believed himself to be guilty of having taken the life of a fellow-creature. The winnings, which North had carefully secured, counterbalanced the large sums which he had lost during his first two evenings' reckless play at the Casino.

By my advice, Mrs. Feveral persuaded her husband to leave Monte Carlo that afternoon. They spent the next six months visiting different parts of Europe, and when he returned to his work in the following summer, he was completely restored to his normal state of health. I saw him shortly after his return, but he did not allude to the Monte Carlo incident—he is never likely to remember anything about it.

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Some Notable Hymns.

II.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

AT a recent Convocation of Canterbury a Committee of the Lower House was formed "to inquire into the hymnals now in general use, and to make any observations or recommendations which such an inquiry may suggest." The Archbishop directed the appointment of the Committee, and the result of its inquiry was interesting and certainly remarkable. At the first meeting—of which Canon Twells was appointed chairman — it was agreed "to ascertain through the rural deans the hymnals in use in their respective deaneries."

The information was readily supplied, and out of 810 deaneries (including 165 in the northern province) only 87 failed to send in reports. Of the 10,909 churches and chapels in the Province of Canterbury, the Committee were able to show that 8,601 use "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; 1,062 "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" (edited by the Bishop of Exeter); 937 "Church Hymns" (S.P.C.K.); and only 309 any other hymnal. Out of 2,750 churches and chapels in the Province of York, 1,739 use "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; 525 "Church Hymns"; 416 "Hymnal Companion; and only 70 any other hymnal. Or, taking the two provinces together, the result is as follows :—

	Churches and Chapels.
"Hymns Ancient and Modern"	10,340
"Hymnal Companion"	1,478
"Church Hymns"	1,462
Various	379
	13,659

The most astonishing result of the inquiry was that out of 13,659 places of worship no fewer than 10,340 should use "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The phenomenal success of this work is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that, at the time of its introduction to the Church of England, its reception was by no means universally cordial. I well remember myself what an uproar occurred when this hymnal was first introduced in Chester Cathedral and certain churches.

The Committee was further able to state that "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is adopted in twenty-eight English and Welsh cathedrals, is almost universal in the seven dioceses of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and is used throughout the Army and Navy. In the return furnished by Colonial bishops, it was conclusively proved that the hymnal is universally adopted in their respective dioceses. In the Irish Church the hymnal now in use is published by the authority of the General Synod, while, in Wales, Welsh hymns are generally sung.

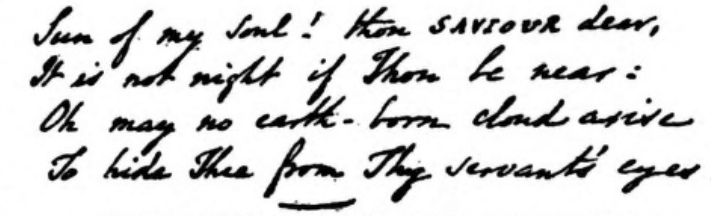
To the above information I had hoped to add a few statistics with regard to the publishing and printing of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." On applying, however (through Messrs. Clowes and Sons), to the Chairman of the Committee, I was informed that such information could not be supplied until my request had been laid before the members. On the question being brought up at a recent meeting, it was put to the vote whether the information should be given or not. Unfortunately the negatives were in the majority.

In a former paper I hazarded the remark that Lyte's "Abide with me" was more often sung as an evening hymn than even Keble's "Sun of my soul." I have since had reason to believe that their popularity is about equal —one hymn being sung as frequently as the other. Certainly both are now held in greater esteem than that fine hymn, without the singing of which an evening service seldom closed: "Glory to Thee my God this night."

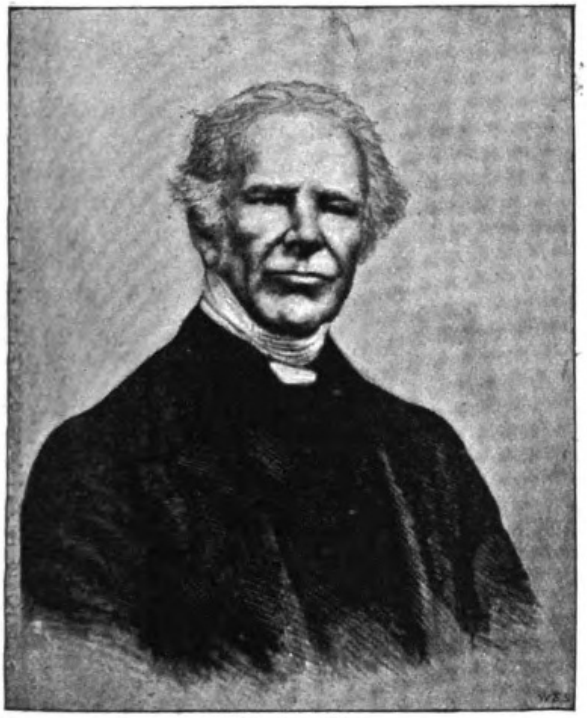
Almost all Keble's hymns now in common use—"Sun of my soul," "There is a Book, who runs may read," "When God of old came down from Heaven," "Blest are the pure in heart," etc.—are taken from "The Christian Year," a volume which has had, perhaps, a larger circulation than that of any other work of a similar character, and from the profits of which Keble built Hursley Church. His evening hymn, "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," consists of verses selected from the poem beginning, "'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze."

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It is to the authorities at Keble College, Oxford, that I am indebted for the accompanying facsimile of "Sun of my soul." In order to obtain the whole hymn, as given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," we had to photograph four large pages of MS. and then cut out the six verses required. In the college library I found two MSS. of this hymn; the one chosen bears an earlier date than the other, and contains Keble's alterations.



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST VERSE OF KEBLE'S HYMN, "SUN OF MY SOUL."



REV. J. KEBLE.
Author of "Sun of my Soul."
From a Painting.

In "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there are three tunes to "Sun of my soul": the first, "Abends," being by Professor Oakley; the second, "Keble" (this tune is the copyright of the proprietors), by Dr. Dykes; the third, "Hursley," being from the German. I have had lent to me a fourth tune, also by Dr. Dykes, which has never before been published, and is, in fact, quite unknown. It was given in MS. by Dr. Dykes, shortly before his death, to a friend, among whose papers it has lain for many years. A short while since, however, the owner of this MS. also died, and his widow sent me the hymn to use as I thought fit. The tune is very beautiful, and I here give it for the benefit of my musical readers.

Sarah Adams, *née* Flower, the authoress of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and many other hymns and poems, was the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Flower, a staunch Nonconformist. In her "Memoir of Mrs. Adams" (containing all the hymns she ever wrote), published at Essex Hall, Mrs. Bridell Fox tells us that "Sarah was tall and singularly beautiful, with noble and regular features; in manner she was gay and impulsive, her conversation full of sparkling wit and kindly humour."



UNFINISHED TUNE FOR "SUN OF MY SOUL," BY DR. DYKES.

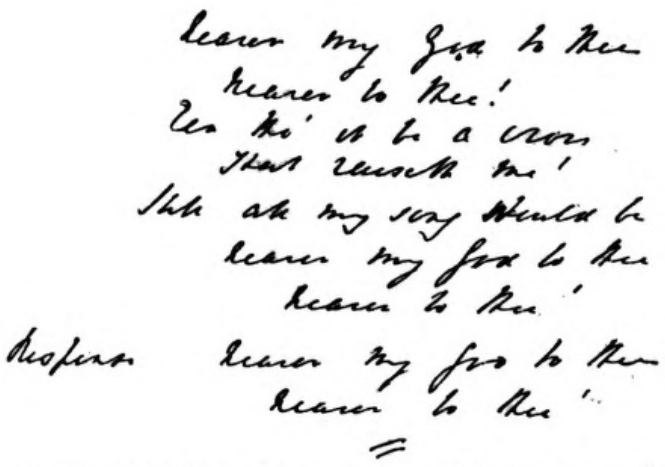
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Sarah, the younger of two daughters, was born at Harlow, in Essex, on February 23rd, 1805, her sister, Eliza Flower, being two years her senior. In his poem entitled "Blue stocking revels," Leigh Hunt heads his list of female celebrities with "Mrs. Adams, rare mistress of thought and of tears"; while the elder sister, Eliza, who when quite a child developed a wonderful talent for music and composition, is alluded to in the same poem:—

Some lady musician completed the bower
At the head of whom earnestly gazed Lizzie Flower.

Nearly all Mrs. Adams's hymns and poems were set to music by her sister; "Nearer, my God, to Thee," being especially beautiful. It is not easy, however, and requires several good soprano voices, but when sung as it used to be at South Place Chapel during the ministry of Mr. W. J. Fox, father of Mrs. Bridell Fox, the full beauty of the composition is strikingly apparent.

A few years ago, Mrs. Fox placed complete copies of both Miss Flower's sacred and secular music in the British Museum, together with a copy of Mrs. Adams's religious drama, "Vivia Perpetua" (now out of print, but obtainable through Mudie's), her hymns, and the little memoir to which I have already alluded. In 1888, a selection of Miss Flower's sacred music, in which is included "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was published by Messrs. Novello. The hymn by which Mrs. Adams is best known was written in 1840, a short while previous to the publication of "Vivia Perpetua"; it is the only composition of this authoress to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

"How she composed her hymns," Mrs. Fox says, "can hardly be stated. She certainly never had any idea of *composing* them. They were the spontaneous expression of some strong impulse of feeling of the moment; she was essentially a creature of impulse. Her translations would, of course, be, to a certain extent, an exception; also, perhaps, when she was writing words for music already in use in the chapel." Both sisters died at an early age—within less than two years of each other—Eliza in December, 1846, and Sarah on the 14th of August, 1848; hymns by the latter, with her sister's expressive music, being sung at the funerals of both.

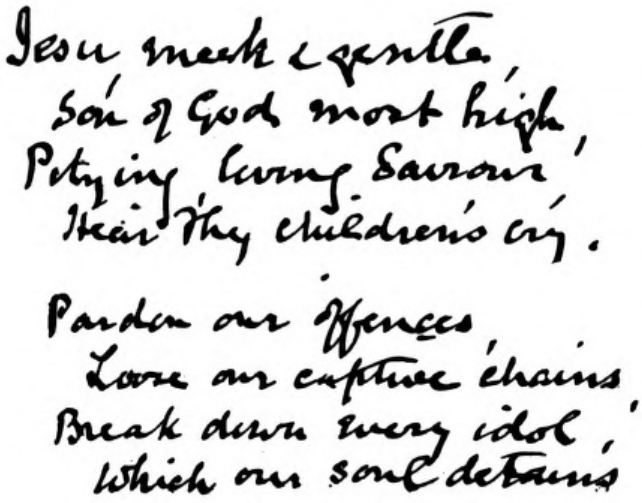
The MS. of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," is now in the possession of Mrs. Bridell Fox, who has kindly allowed me to reproduce it here in facsimile. The original portrait of Mrs. Adams (a very slight sketch) is also in Mrs. Fox's possession. It is believed to have been made by Miss Margaret Gillies, miniature painter, and member of the old Society of Painters in Water Colours (now called the Royal) just before Mrs. Adams's marriage in 1834.



MRS. SARAH ADAMS.
Author of "Nearer my God to Thee."

"Jesu, meek and gentle," was written by George Rundle Prynne, in 1856, and first appeared in a collection of hymns, edited by Mr. Prynne, entitled "A hymnal suited for the services of the Church, together with a selection of Introits." In 1881 the author published his "The Dying Soldier's Visions, and other Poems and Hymns," and in this volume "Jesu, meek and gentle," was also included. Owing, however, to some slight error, possibly in the correction of the proof-sheets, the hymn was printed "*Jesus*, meek and gentle,"

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FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST TWO VERSES OF "JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE."

instead of "*Jesu*, meek and gentle," as originally written. This was the more unfortunate as many compilers of hymnals took their copies from Mr. Prynne's book, thinking, not unnaturally, that, if nowhere else, it would certainly appear in its original form in the author's own work.

Mr. Prynne was born in 1818 and was educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree in 1861. For nearly fifty years he has been vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, one of the largest parishes in the Exeter Diocese. The Church of St. Peter, while being one of the most beautiful in Plymouth, is rendered doubly interesting by being the architectural work of the vicar's brother, Mr. George Fellowes Prynne. The church also contains many beautiful pictures by various members of the Prynne family.



REV. G. R. PRYNNE.
Author of "Jesu, meek and gentle."
From a Photo. by Heath & Bullingham.

G. R. Prynne.

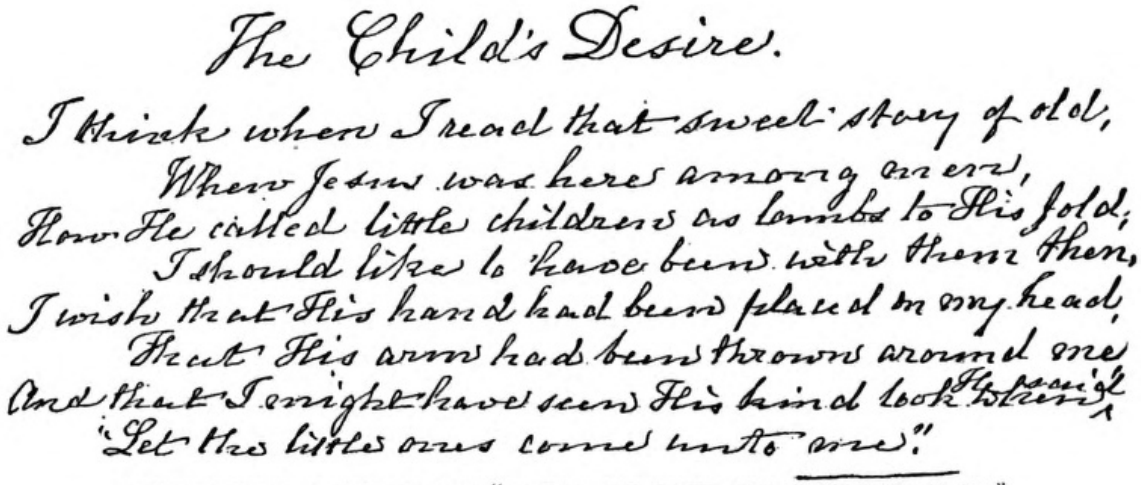
In a conversation which I had with Mr. Prynne a short while since at St. Peter's Vicarage, the author informed me, while penning the accompanying MS., that the hymn was written one evening while Mrs. Prynne played to him from his favourite composer. Almost unconsciously, lines came into his head which seemed to suit the melody, and taking out a pencil he scribbled the verses on the back of an envelope.

A short time after its publication, the author went for a holiday to Rome, and while there was asked to conduct the service at the English Church. When the time came to give out the hymns, he was amused to find himself delivering the first line of his own composition: "Hymn No. —, 'Jesu, meek and gentle.'" The pleasure he experienced at finding that it had so soon made its way to Rome was, if anything, intensified on learning from the vicar that the name of the author had never occurred to him; it was merely an example of a very happy coincidence. Mr. Prynne is the author of three volumes of "Parochial Sermons," and also the "Eucharistic Manual," published a few years since.

The authoress of "I think, when I read that sweet story of old," is Mrs. Jemima Luke, a lady whose long life has been almost exclusively devoted to mission work at home. Mrs. Luke is the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Thompson, the originator of the Home Missionary Society and one of the founders of the Sunday School Union. Born in 1813, Mrs. Luke is now a white-haired old lady, living at Newport, Isle of Wight, and still trying (so she says) to account for the popularity of her one contribution to hymnody!

In 1841 she undertook the editing of a children's missionary magazine, and it was about the same time that "The child's desire" was written. Here is the story of its composition, as given in her own words:—

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FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD."

"I went," she says, "in the year 1841, to the Normal Infant School in Gray's Inn Road to obtain some knowledge of the system. Mary Moffat, afterwards Mrs. Livingstone, was there at the same time, and Sarah Roby, whom Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had rescued in infancy when buried alive, and had brought up with their own children. Among the marching pieces at Gray's Inn Road was a Greek air, the pathos of which took my fancy, and I searched Watts and Jane Taylor and several Sunday-school hymn-books for words to suit the measure, but in vain. Having been recalled home, I went one day on some missionary business to the little town of Wellington, five miles from Taunton, in a stage coach. It was a beautiful spring morning; it was an hour's ride, and there was no other inside passenger. On the back of an old envelope I wrote in pencil the first two of the verses now so well known, in order to teach the tune to the village school supported by my step-mother, and which it was my province to visit. The third verse was added afterwards to make it a missionary hymn. My father superintended the Sunday school in which we taught, and used to let the children choose the first hymn. One Sunday the children started their new hymn. My father turned to his younger daughters and said, 'Where did that come from? I never heard it before.' 'Oh! Jemima made it,' they replied. Next day he asked for a copy, and sent it, without my knowledge, to the 'Sunday School Teachers' Magazine.' But for this it would probably never have appeared in print."



MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.
Author of "I think when I read that sweet story of old."
From a Photo. by Debenham & Co., Sandown.

Jemima Luke.

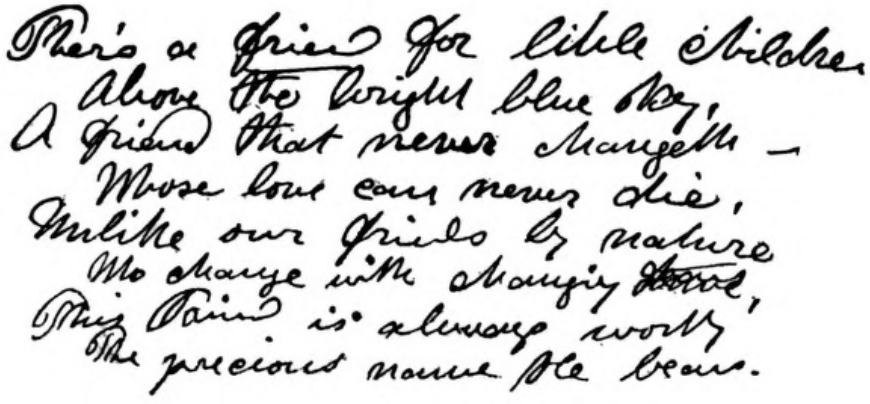
Mrs. Luke adds that she regards her composition as "a little inspiration from above and not 'in me,' for I have never written other verses worthy of preservation."

Another hymn, very precious to "little pilgrims," is Albert Midlane's "There's a Friend for little children," written, as I mentioned in my last paper, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Not far distant from Mr. Midlane's residence is the house in which Thomas Binney lived during his ministry at Newport, and where he wrote his admirable and popular hymn, "Eternal light, eternal light."

Albert Midlane was

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born in 1825, and began writing hymns at a very early age. "My first *used* hymn," Mr. Midlane informs me, "was written on the 24th May, 1844, under the title of



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."

'God bless our Sunday schools,' and (scarcely necessary to add) sung to the 'National Anthem.' Fifty years ago this coming summer it was first sung as our anniversary hymn, and still it finds expression from the lips and, I trust, from the hearts of many children. It was first published in the 'Baptist Children's Magazine' for July, 1844."

The hymn, however, by which Mr. Midlane will be longest remembered is "There's a Friend for little children," written on the 27th February, 1859. This hymn formed a contribution to a little serial called "Good News for the Little Ones," edited by C. H. Mackintosh, and published by Broom, and was first printed in that publication as the final article for the year 1859, under the heading of "Above the bright blue sky." As written and first printed, the opening verse began, "There's a *rest* for little children" — "Friend" being subsequently substituted for "rest." Michael Watson's setting of this hymn has given it a prominent place among the favourites of the "Service of Song."

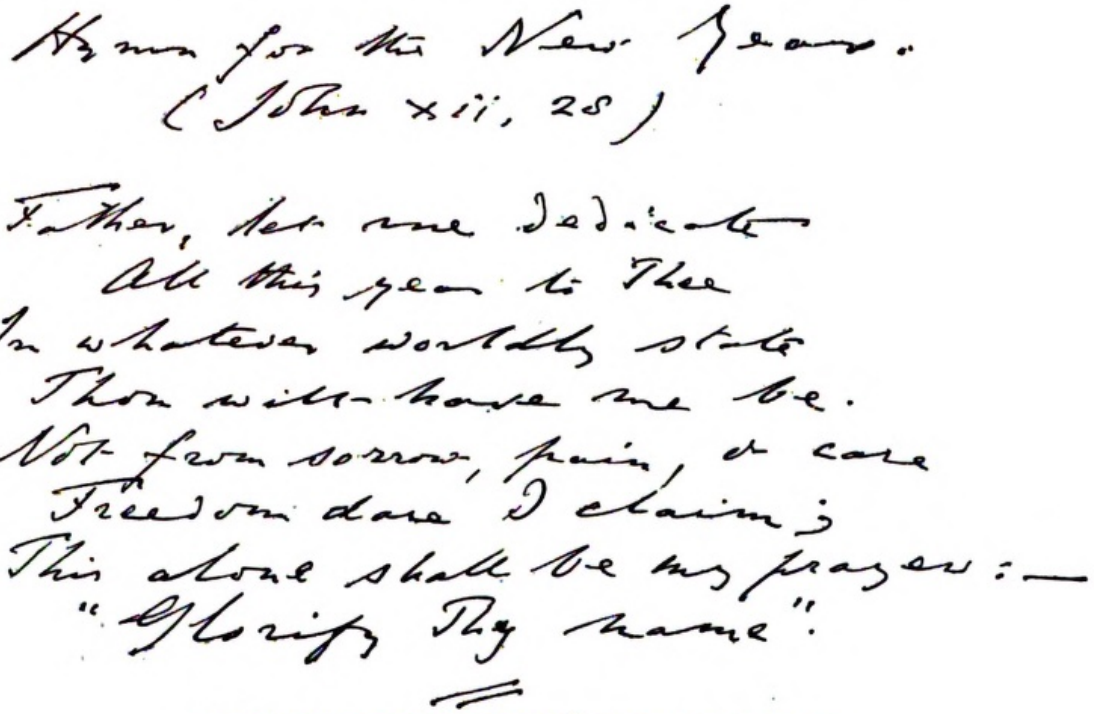


REV. ALBERT MIDLANE.
Author of "There's a Friend for little children."
From a Photo. by Brading, Newport.

Mr. Midlane is about to publish an entirely new children's hymnal of nearly 400 original hymns (save those which have found their way into print already) of almost every description, and embracing a wide Scriptural range, suitable for children — "Home and School." The MS. of "There's a Friend for little children," here reproduced, is from Mr. Midlane's note-book; the corrections were made when the fair copy was written out for the magazine in which it first appeared. The photo. of Mr. Midlane was taken in 1881.

"Father, let me dedicate," the most beautiful of New Year hymns, was composed by Canon Laurence Tuttiett more than thirty-three years ago. It was first published in 1864, in the author's volume entitled "Germs of Thought on the Sunday Special Services," and in 1869 it was included in the S.P.C.K.'s "Psalms and Hymns." It next appeared in the "Anglican Hymn Book," and to-day it would be difficult to find a hymnal in which it is not included. In America it has undergone considerable alteration at the hands of various editors (whose ideas of improvement are peculiar), and even in England it has not altogether escaped. In many hymnals the last stanza is given in the following form:—

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FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.

If we must, in grief and loss,
Thy behest obey;
f beneath the shadowing cross
Lies our homeward way,
We will think what Thy dear Son
Once for us became,
And repeat, till life is done,
Glorify Thy name.

In this verse not one single line, with the exception of "Glorify Thy name," adheres to the original, and yet an editor, after thus mutilating a fine hymn, has the coolness to place the author's name at the foot! However, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" it appears in its original form, as may be seen by comparing it with the MS.

Another popular hymn by Canon Tuttiett, and one which seems to be growing in favour, is "O quickly come, dread Judge of all," written ten years prior to "Father, let me dedicate." It was first published in "Hymns for Churchmen," in 1854, and was included in the appendix to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" sixteen years later.

Though Canon Tuttiett has written many theological works, and is known as a powerful and eloquent preacher, it is as a hymnist that he will probably be longest remembered.



CANON TUTTIETT.
Author of "Father, let me dedicate."
From a Photograph.

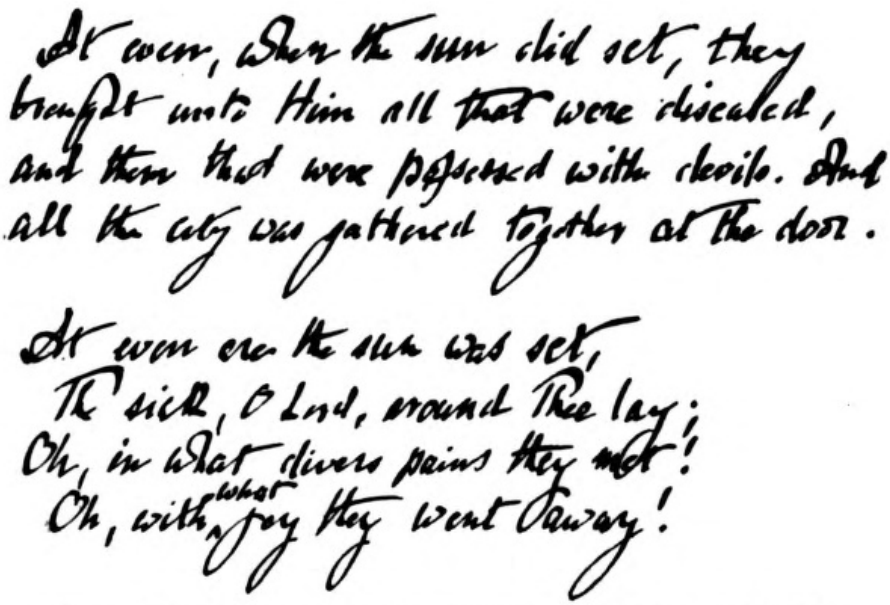


It might appear strange to a thoughtful mind that, in Canon Twells' fine hymn, the opening line should be seemingly in direct contradiction to the text.

"At even, *when* the sun *did* set," writes St. Mark; "At even, *ere* the sun *was* set," sings the hymnist. In one hymnal, Mr. Thring's "Church of England Hymn Book," I notice that this line has been altered to suit the exigencies of the text, but the alteration was made by a hand other than Canon Twells' (though with his permission), and the author adheres to the words as he first wrote them, as may be seen by a glance at the MS.

"There is nothing particular to be said about 'At even,'" Canon Twells wrote me some

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FACSIMILE OF MS. OF THE FIRST VERSE OF "AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET.'

months ago. "It was written at the request of my friend, Sir Henry Baker, at that time Chairman of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' who said they wanted a new evening hymn. They were, at the time, about to bring out their first appendix, and it was in this appendix that the hymn was first published. I have been asked for permission to insert it in 127 hymnals, and many more have taken it without asking me. No other of my hymns has obtained a similar popularity, although those in the last supplement of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' Nos. 506, 511, 528, and 533, are a good deal sung, and I am being constantly asked for leave to insert them in fresh hymnals. The hymn about which you ask ('At even, ere the sun was set') was written and first published in 1868."



CANON TWELLS.
Author of "At even, ere the sun was set."
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co., Brighton.



To give some idea of the popularity of Canon Twells' hymn, I might mention that the number of copies of it printed off must certainly exceed 60 millions, including its circulation in America.

Many hymns, alas! owe their popularity to the tunes to which they are sung; this certainly cannot be said of "At even, ere the sun was set," for a more uninteresting melody than Johann Scheffler's "Angelus," to which it is allied, it would be difficult to find. "At even" will ever remain one of the finest hymns in the language, but its popularity would not be lessened by the substitution, or at least the addition, of a second and a happier tune.

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Some Remarkable Wedding-Cakes.

By Framley Steelcroft.

ONLY a very small percentage of the readers of this article will be able to recall Her Majesty's wedding-day, Monday, February 10th, 1840, when the theatres were open free to the public. In the evening a banquet was given at St. James's Palace, and covers were laid for 130 persons. There were three tables, and at the upper end of the Queen's table stood the two chief wedding-cakes, one of which is depicted here. This cake was made by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square, and before being sent to the Palace, it was exhibited on the firm's premises to more than 21,000 persons. It is said that besides the two principal wedding-cakes there were nearly a hundred smaller ones, which were subsequently cut up and distributed, practically, all over the world.



WEDDING-CAKE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.
From a Drawing by J. Glover.

The second wedding-cake that figured on this historical occasion was designed by Mr. John C. Mauditt, yeoman confectioner to the Royal household. It weighed nearly 300lb., and was 14in. thick and 12ft. in circumference. On the top was seen a figure of Britannia blessing the bride and bridegroom, who were somewhat incongruously dressed in the costume of ancient Rome. These figures were nearly a foot high, and were, of course, moulded in sugar. At the feet of Prince Albert was the figure of a dog, denoting fidelity; while at Her Majesty's feet were a pair of turtle doves, denoting the felicity of the marriage state. A large Cupid was also seen writing the date of the marriage in a book, and at the top of the cake were many bouquets of white flowers, tied with true lovers' knots of white satin ribbon. Among the decorations of this wedding-cake may also be mentioned four white satin flags, on which were painted the Royal Arms.

The next free theatrical night marked the marriage of the Prince of Wales, on March 10th, 1863. For many days the presents were on view at Garrard's, in the Haymarket, and they included a particularly massive wedding-ring and keeper, the latter set with six precious stones, selected and arranged so that their initial letters formed the word "Bertie." The stones were respectively a beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth, and another emerald. Also among the presents figured eight lockets for the bridesmaids, which were set with coral and diamonds—red and white being the colours of Denmark. In the centre of each was a cipher in crystal, forming the letters "A. E. A.," after a drawing by the late Princess Alice. The bridal garments were ordered from Mr. Levysohn, of Copenhagen, and were, of course, on view at his shop in the Kjöbmagergade. On this occasion a splendid wedding-cake was made by Her Majesty's confectioner, M. Pagniez; but one

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WEDDING-CAKE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
From a Photograph.

of equal importance was made by the Royal confectioners, Messrs. Bolland, of Chester, and this great cake is shown here. This is what is known as a "three-tier" cake, and around the base were festoons composed of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, entwined with the Royal and Denmark Arms. On the tiers were placed alternately reflectors and figures of seraphs with harps; also satin flags, on which were painted miniature likenesses of the Prince and Princess. The whole was surmounted by a temple embedded in orange blossoms and silver leaves, on the summit of which was placed the Prince's coronet and a magnificent plume of ostrich feathers. The cake, which stood nearly 5ft. high, was of colossal proportions.

I may mention, incidentally, that the largest cake ever made by Messrs. Gunter was that which figured among the Jubilee presents. This cake was 13ft. high, and weighed a quarter of a ton, its value being about £300. The smallest wedding-cake made was ordered by a lady for a child. It was a doll's wedding-cake, 3in. high, and weighing about four ounces; it cost 10s., because it was perfect in every respect, and the confectioner had great difficulty in getting moulds small enough.

The next wedding-cake shown here is that of Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany) and Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who were married on April 27th, 1882.

This wedding-cake stood nearly 6ft. high, and was mounted on a richly-carved gilt stand, which was first employed at the wedding of the Prince of Wales. The total weight of this cake was about 2cwt., and the decoration of the lower tier consisted of four groups, representing the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; these being adapted from the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. Considering the great difficulty of working in material like sugar, and the fact that all the forms have to be built up by squeezing the liquid sugar out of a small hole in a piece of paper, it is perfectly amazing to notice the artistic success of these Royal wedding-cakes



WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCE LEOPOLD (DUKE OF ALBANY) AND PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK-PYRMONT
From a Photo. by Silvester Perry, Chester.

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There were also to be noticed on this particular cake a number of satin-surfaced pillars, painted with the lily and its foliage. These pillars were surmounted by vases containing the characteristic flowers of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and at the base of the vases were reading Cupids, emblematic of the literary and studious tastes of the Royal bridegroom. At the salient points of the base were swans, associated with sea-shells, in which were dolphins at play.

The second tier was octagonal in shape, and in the spaces between the satin-surfaced pillars, painted with orange blossoms, were medallions richly worked in colour, and representing the arms and monogram of the bride and bridegroom. The pillars of this tier were surmounted by Cupids bearing flowers, from which sprang jets of mimic spray to water the flowers contained in the vases below.

The third tier of this cake was ornamented with wedding favours and festoons, and on the top of it was a pavilion containing a fountain playing, with doves drinking from the basin. Above this again was a terminal stage, supporting cornucopiæ, from which issued the various fruits of the earth. In the midst of these emblems of plenty stood a Cupid, bearing upon his shoulders a vase overflowing with the most beautiful flowers.

It is interesting to note that each of the Royal bakers has a distinct recipe, which is guarded like a Cabinet secret. Roughly speaking, a bride-cake takes about half a day to bake, but after the tins have been removed from the oven and the cake turned out, the serious part of the work only commences—for a wedding-cake has to be at least six months old before it is fit to be eaten. During this time it is kept in an enormous warehouse, called the "cake-room," and each firm keeps a separate staff of artists employed in making new designs and altering the fashions in wedding-cakes. Natural flowers are the great feature in modern wedding-cakes; white roses and orange blossoms being the most popular varieties in use. A good deal of ingenuity, however, has to be exercised in keeping these fresh, for a faded wedding-cake would indeed be a grievous sight. The Royal Chester bakers (Messrs. Bolland) have got over the difficulty by having narrow, white porcelain cups sunk in among the decorations, thus enabling each natural bouquet to rest in water.



WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

An adequate idea of the magnitude of this business may be realized when I mention that Messrs. Bolland's standing stock of wedding-cake is about 2,000lb. The curiously statuesque cake, which we now reproduce, was made, appropriately enough, for the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her wedding with the Marquis of Lorne, which took place on March 21st, 1871. This cake was designed and made by Mr. Samuel Ponder, the present chief confectioner of Her Majesty's household. Mr. Ponder tells me that this cake was about 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighed 2½cwt. The four figures at the angles were modelled from the statues on Holborn Viaduct, and the cake was built in four tiers.

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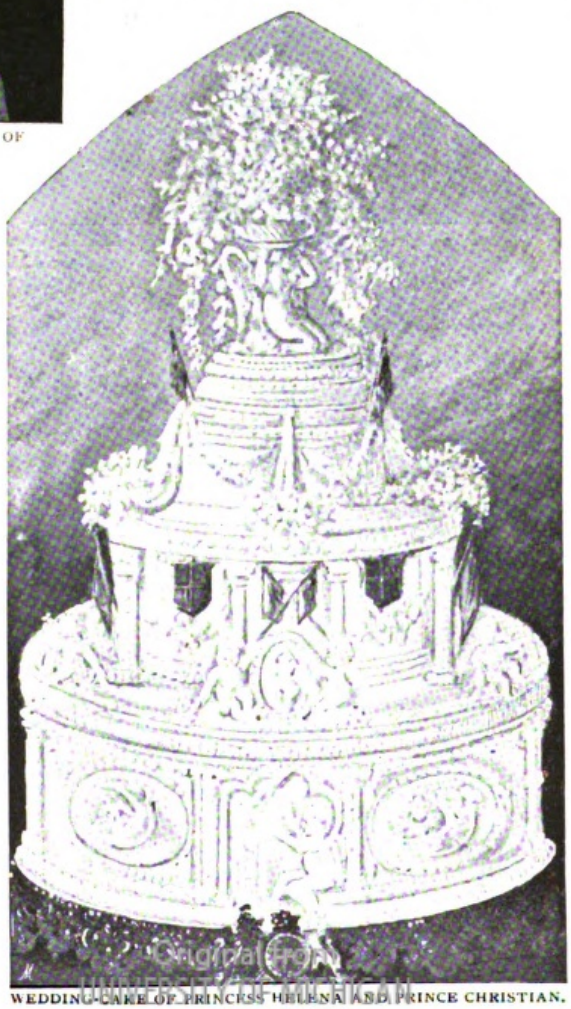
WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE AND PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

This very artistic wedding-cake was surmounted by a replica of Canova's "Hebe," Mr. Ponder having procured a plaster model of the statue at a decorator's in Leather Lane.

It would appear that there is no limit to the vagaries of those who have wedding-cakes made to order. One titled lady gave Messrs. Gunter an order for a cake weighing 120lb., and standing 5ft. high, the whole cake to be trimmed with splendid ropes of ostrich feathers to match the bridal dress. An M. F. H.'s wedding-cake was entirely decorated with hunting trophies. Around the drum of the cake was an imitation, in sugar, of a rough wooden palisade, round which were represented huntsmen, hounds, and fox—in fact, a lively hunt in full swing. Round the cake itself were medallions showing dogs' and foxes' heads, horses, whips, and brushes. Somewhat similarly, an angler will want piscatorial trophies reproduced on his cake; the architect likes to see his *magnum opus* in the form of a "temple" on the third tier; and yachting and military men, cricketers, and musicians frequently provide special designs for their own wedding-cakes. Even heirlooms are reproduced in coloured sugar on wedding-cakes; for example, I am informed that the famous vase known as "The Luck of Eden Hall," which has been in the possession of the Musgrave family for the past 500 years, was reproduced by a well-known confectioner, and served to adorn the bridal-cake made for the marriage of the daughter of Lady Brougham and Vaux.

Princess Beatrice was married on July 23rd, 1885, and the cake made on that occasion by the Royal Confectioner, Mr. Ponder, was 6ft. high, and weighed 280lb.; it is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The next wedding-cake that figures here is that of the Princess Helena and Prince Christian, whose marriage ceremony was performed in the private chapel attached to the Royal apartments at Windsor Castle. The Queen gave the bride away, and a luncheon was subsequently served privately to the



WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS HELENA AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN.
From a Drawing.

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THE "ROYAL" WEDDING-CAKE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AND PRINCESS MAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, 2, The Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey, and 162, Sloane Street, S.W.

members of the Royal Family in the Oak Room, visitors being entertained at a buffet in the Waterloo Gallery.

One of the most important questions I put to the Royal confectioner on the occasion of my visit to him at Buckingham Palace, had reference to the most important wedding-day, from his point of view. Mr. Ponder unhesitatingly replied that the Duke of York's wedding with Princess May entailed by far the greatest strain upon him. The principal cake on this occasion was made at Windsor; it was 6ft. 10in. high, and weighed between 2cwt. and 3cwt. This cake, which is shown in the accompanying reproduction, took the Royal confectioner five weeks to make, there being as many as thirty-nine separate pieces of plaster in some of the figure moulds. Altogether, there were at this wedding six immense cakes, on what is known as the "general table," and in addition to these, Mr. Ponder made sixteen or eighteen smaller cakes for cutting up, each cake averaging about 22lb. Moreover, Messrs. Gunter say that they cut up no fewer than 500 slices of wedding-cake on this occasion, the smallest slice weighing about half a pound, and the largest, a little over 12lb. One of this same firm's confectioners subsequently attended at the Royal kitchen, and, armed with a saw and a special knife, cut up about 16cwt. of wedding-cake in three days.

The second of the "York" wedding-cakes, reproduced here, was made by Messrs. Bolland, to the order of the Prince and Princess of Wales; it was about 4ft. 6in. high, and weighed 224lb.

The ornaments of the cake were representative of the sailor-life of Prince George. The divisions between the pillars



THE SECOND "YORK" WEDDING-CAKE.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, 2, The Quadrant, Richmond, Surrey, and 162, Sloane Street, S.W.

were occupied by four large panels representing H.M.S. *Thrush* and *Melampus*, modelled in bass-relief from photographs specially taken. This cake has a somewhat interesting history. On being completed it was sent from Chester to Buckingham Palace, where it was built up the afternoon before the wedding. At three o'clock on the eventful day itself, however, the Royal Chester bakers received a telegram,

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ordering them to remove the cake from the Palace to Marlborough House — no easy matter, even in the most favourable circumstances. The ornate structure was taken down, and its sections placed in two disreputable-looking "growlers"—positively the only conveyances to be obtained in the crowded and almost impassable streets. The confectioners tell a woful tale of the subsequent funereal procession to Marlborough House, with a surging crowd pressing against, and almost overturning, the wretched cabs. This trying ordeal was over at last, however, and I am told that the Prince of Wales himself supervised the reconstruction of the big cake on a sideboard in the Banqueting Room.

Not to be outdone at this wedding, Scotland came forward in the persons of Messrs. McVitie and Price, of Edinburgh, who produced another magnificent wedding-cake, also of a naval character. This stood 6ft. 4in. in height; the circumference of the lowest tier was nearly 8ft.; the total weight of the cake, 466lb., and its intrinsic value about 140 guineas. To give some idea of the amount of work involved in the execution of such an order, it may be mentioned that the anchors, davits, and blocks for tackle, etc., had to be specially made by one set of workmen; the flowers with which the cake was profusely decorated, by another set; while the making and draping of the stand was intrusted to a famous firm of Regent Street silk merchants: altogether, no fewer than thirty skilled workmen were employed in the manufacture of this cake, which was made within seven days of the receipt of the order. When completed, it was exhibited for two days in Edinburgh, and so great was the public interest taken in the wedding, that in this brief period upwards of 14,000 people had inspected the big Scottish cake; and a special staff of policemen and commissionaires had to be employed to keep the orderly crowd moving.

Lest anyone should think that, in sending out slices of wedding-cake from the Royal palaces to distinguished persons at home and abroad, complimentary cards in ornate silver designs would be prepared, we reproduce here one of the severely plain cards that actually accompany such complimentary gifts. I may say here, too, that these cards are invariably written or lithographed in this simple style.

By command of Her Majesty the Queen

From

Their Royal Highnesses
The Duke and Duchess of York



WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF FIFE.
From a Photograph.

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WEDDING-CAKE OF PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK AND LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR.
From a Photo. by Whatmough Webster, Chester.

The most important cake made outside the Palace for the "Fife" wedding was provided by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square. It was 7ft. high, and weighed 150lb. On the cake stood a Greek temple in sugar, and round it were medallions of satin with raised sugar monograms. This cake was exhibited for some time before the day of the marriage, and while it was on show it was decorated with artificial flowers. On the wedding-day, however, about twenty pounds' worth of fresh natural flowers covered the entire structure.

A magnificent wedding-cake was ordered by His Grace the Duke of Westminster, from Messrs. Bolland, for the wedding of Lady Margaret Grosvenor with Prince Adolphus of Teck. In accordance with the express wish of Lady Margaret herself, the cake was similar in design to one of those furnished for the wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May. This cake was arranged in three tiers, and weighed about 2cwt. The lower portion of it differed from the Duke of York's in this respect: instead of bearing representations of ships, there were panels very delicately piped with sugar, with views of White Lodge and Eaton Hall embossed upon them, while beautifully modelled figures surmounted the pillars. On the second tier were the combined arms of the Grosvenor and Teck families painted on white silk shields, alternating with cornucopiæ filled with bouquets of flowers. The second tier was decorated with golden wheat-sheaves and artistically modelled stags, which were quite appropriate, the former being the celebrated Garb d'Or which the Grosvenor family obtained permission to use in the fourteenth century; while the latter form part of the arms of the Teck family. The flowers used in the decoration of this cake were white roses, heather, myrtle, and marguerites.

Here is a picture of Lord Rosebery's wedding-cake, which was made at Chester, on the occasion of that statesman's wedding with Miss Hannah de Rothschild, on March 20th, 1878. A civil ceremony first took place at the registry office in Mount Street, but the actual marriage ceremony was performed at Christ Church, Hertford Street, Mayfair, by the Rev. Prebendary Rogers, rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. It is interesting to



WEDDING-CAKE OF LORD ROSEBERY AND MISS HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD.
From a Photo. by Silvester Parry, Chester.

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WEDDING-CAKE OF MR. ASQUITH AND MISS MARGOT TENNANT.
From a Photo. by R. W. Morris, Chester.

note that, on this occasion, the bride was given away by the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, married Miss Margot Tennant, on May 10th, 1894, Mr. Gladstone's little favourite, Miss Dorothy Drew, being the principal bridesmaid on this occasion. Miss Tennant herself ordered the cake shown in this picture, and expressly stipulated that the design should be as simple as possible. This wedding-cake was a three-tier one, standing 4ft. 6in. in height, but only weighing 120lb. It will be seen that there is nothing very elaborate about this cake, the tiers being merely covered with a very delicate sugar piping, and surmounted by a Parian vase, supported by Cupids, and containing a bouquet of natural flowers, from which depend long trails of smilax. On the second tier were four shields, on which were worked the monograms and crests of the bride and bridegroom.

I have previously mentioned instances in which the person ordering the bride-cake has provided a special design. Perhaps the most remarkable of these cakes is the one shown in the accompanying illustration. This wedding-cake was 5ft. high, and weighed about 80lb. It was made for Rear-Admiral A. H. Markham, who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1875–6, and who was presented by the Royal Geographical Society with a gold watch for his services when in command of the Northern Division of sledges in that expedition. On the top of the drum of the cake stood a sugar model of H.M.S. *Alert*, caught in an iceberg. Round the drum were many nautical trophies — capstans, anchors, boats, and davits, and a loaded Arctic sledge. These were surrounded by oak leaves and acorns, and many bunches of flowers. Worked in the sugar round the cake were two life-buoys, in which the Admiral's flag and motto were engraved. This wedding-cake took three weeks to prepare, and its design was entirely provided by the gallant Admiral himself, who took infinite pains to have the modelling and technical details exact to a curious degree.



ADMIRAL MARKHAM'S "ARCTIC" WEDDING-CAKE.
From a Photograph.

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I.—THE VEILED IDOL OF KOR.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"HASSAN," said my companion, Frank Denviers, to our Arab guide, "what is your candid opinion of that curious yarn which Kass, our chief Wadigo follower, told us by the camp fire last night?"

The Arab, who was resting close by the awning of our tent, looked up from a well-thumbed copy of the Koran, which he had been reading aloud to us, then gravely asked:—

"What does the sahib himself think of it?"

"Well, Hassan," responded Denviers, "I always thought you could spin a tolerably tall yarn, but Kass would beat the Great Prophet himself."

"The story which Kass told is as true as the Koran, sahib," answered the Arab, closing the book and glancing reprovingly at Denviers.

"We agree with you there," assented my companion with such emphasis that Hassan quickly retorted:—

"What a sweet well in the desert is to the thirsty, so is a believing listener among men; the mighty Mahomet himself has so declared."

"Which is the reason why every follower of his believes that interesting and truthful account of the moon wandering up the right sleeve of the Prophet's robe and then coming out by the left——"

"Never mind about Mahomet and his wonderful adventures," I interrupted; "so far as I can remember, Kass was too much engrossed in his story of the veiled idol of Kor to notice Hassan's additions to his narrative while he was telling it."

"Kass does not know the entire story," responded the Arab, gravely; "if the sahibs so desire, I will tell it to them."

"Very well, Hassan," said Denviers, smiling at the Arab's persistence; "go on with your yarn, but remember that in less than half an hour we must start on our day's march. Don't exaggerate more than you can help, for Kass is approaching the tent. He has mixed too much with Arab slavers not to understand every word that you say."

A shadow fell upon the waste of sun-dried grass which stretched before our tent, and, glancing up as Denviers spoke, I saw Kass, the Wadigo, fronting us. In his right hand he held a heavy spear, the butt of which rested upon the ground, while in his left he grasped the centre-piece of a great shield of hide, above which rose the hafts of a number of splendidly-balanced assegais. In height Kass was fully six feet, differing little in this respect from the rest of our Wadigos, but easily distinguishable among them since he alone wore a peculiar gum wattle not much unlike that of a Zulu brave. Save for his loin-cloth, the body and limbs of Kass were bare, the only ornament which he wore being a string of beads about his neck.

We obtained the services of Kass and his fellow Wadigos in rather a strange way. On completing an extended tour in Asia, under the guidance of Hassan, we eventually made

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our way to Calcutta, where we remained for some time. Denviers, my companion, had long projected a journey across Africa, and persuaded me to accompany him. The natives whom we engaged for the expedition on reaching the African coast deserted us when a convenient opportunity presented itself, and generously saved us the trouble of increased burdens by bolting with whatever they thought most valuable. Entering a Wadigo village, we chanced to be of service in leading the natives against some Arab slavers infesting the district. In return for this, Kass and a number of his tribesmen volunteered to join our expedition; the usual exchange of presents took place, and so we pressed on our way through the Dark Continent.



"KASS."

In obedience to a gesture from Denviers, Kass threw himself down beside the Arab, whereupon the latter began his version of a story which resulted in a stranger adventure than any that we had previously engaged in.

"In the fifth year of the Great Prophet's mission, sahibs," began Hassan, "his daughter Rokaia and her husband were sent into Abyssinia to escape the perils which surrounded Mahomet. With them went several others, all of whom were well received by the Najashee or King, then ruling. As the years went by, the Moslems increased and became a power in the land of their voluntary exile, until the time came when the reigning Najashee sought the hand of a certain Ayesha the Fair, in marriage. She, as a descendant from the Prophet's daughter, refused the alliance; whereupon the enraged Najashee decreed that every Moslem should be driven from his kingdom. Despoiled of all their wealth, with a supply of food sufficient only for a few days, the miserable Moslems passed out by the great gates to wander aimlessly through desolate wastes and hostile tribes. At their head walked Abu, the lover of Ayesha, behind whom his beloved was borne upon a litter.

"One night, when the condition of those who still survived was at its worst, a certain Moslem had a strange dream, which so impressed him that he rose and set off in the moonlight to test its truth. At dawn he returned, and, hastily rousing the rest, gathered them about him to listen to the substance of his dream and how it had been verified."

"What was it that he dreamt, Hassan?" asked Denviers. "Was it anything to do with this idol we are waiting to hear about?"

"Patience, sahib, and you shall hear," our grave guide responded. "His gaunt, famished listeners thought the Moslem's utterances only the ravings of a madman, but he grasped his beard and affirmed by it that every word he had uttered was true."

"A most convincing testimony, Hassan," remarked Denviers. "Of course, everyone believed him immediately!"

"Doubtless, sahib. Led by the Moslem, the exiles passively followed. They found themselves entering an excavated way which led through the heart of a mountain. Following their guide, they at last emerged from the rock-hewn way to see facing them——"

"The veiled idol, I suppose, Hassan?" said Denviers, irreverently interrupting the Arab's story.

"Not so, sahib," replied our guide; "but something almost as strange. Hemmed in by mountain spurs, whose sides rose rugged and grand, they saw before their wondering eyes a vast colonnade, whose every pillar was carved with the grotesque heads of giant men and gods, and nameless beasts, which stared and gaped askance in stone, till awe and fear held each Moslem spell-bound.

"'Pass on and fear not. Allah and the Prophet have led our feet hither!' cried

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Abu at last, and so, with many a curious backward glance, the exiles marched on until a great city appeared, and they passed wonderingly into its streets. No one stood forth to bar their way, nor to ask whence they came. At last some of the exiles, bolder than the rest, ventured to enter a few of the dwellings. The shimmer of gold and the glitter of brilliants, set in bracelets and rings, caught their glances as they stooped over little heaps that may have been mortal dust. Securing these treasures, they passed out to rejoin the rest, one of their number grasping in his hand a snake of brass, with many a mystic symbol graven upon it.

"In the centre of the city was a great paved square, from which rose a temple, hewn so as to represent the body of a lion with the head of a man supported on huge pillars, its forepaws alone rising to a height of twenty feet. Upon these latter also were varied symbols which none of the exiles could read. Standing before the great temple, Abu declared to his followers his belief that, at some far remote period, the inhabitants of this strangely discovered city had perished from pestilence, and he claimed the city for them and theirs, since they, true Moslems, had discovered it.



"BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE."

"Eventually Ayesha was declared Queen of the city, and becoming the bride of Abu, he was raised up to share her throne. Although centuries have passed away, the city, sahibs, is still inhabited by Arabs, for its buildings and temple stand almost untouched by the finger of Time. Yet the pestilence which once came upon it is as nothing to the fate which has recently befallen the city, for now comes the strange part of its history. A few years ago——"

"We are getting to modern times at last then, Hassan," said Denviers, whose incredulous smile somewhat disconcerted the Arab.

"As I said, sahibs," Hassan continued: "A few years ago a stranger visited the city, bringing with him his daughter, their features and dress plainly showing that they were of Egyptian origin. The stranger settled in Kor, as the inhabitants had named it, and at once devoted himself to a close study of the strange symbols cut within and without the temple. What secrets they revealed to him none can say, but certain it is that he ransacked the bazaars of the city, examining with infinite patience every curio displayed, and showing his disappointment more keenly month after month as his search proved fruitless. At last he fell ill, and the quest was left for his daughter Cai to carry on. Strange to say, sahibs, within a few days she discovered and purchased for a few coins the identical brazen snake which was first found when the band of exiles entered the deserted city so long before.

"Sahibs, the people of Kor declare that the symbols upon it unlocked the secrets of all the mystic hieroglyphics about the temple. All the past lore of long-forgotten ages was revealed to these strangers, who used it to attain their own evil ends, and again the city passed into the power and under the heavy yoke of the Egyptian. The Queen who reigned then was deposed, and became the handmaid of the Egyptian's daughter—as she is even to this day. Before his death, the stranger from the Nile raised an idol within the temple, and men whisper that it is the very counterpart of his daughter Cai, who holds the people fast in bondage. Before the idol hangs a veil;

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whoever disobeys the Queen in aught is thrust into the temple, the veil parts, and at a glance from the idol, the victim shrieks and stiffens and dies! Sahibs, by the teachings of the lore which the Egyptians alone discovered, the stone idol is endowed with life and with power to sear and destroy whoever Cai wills to perish. No marks of violence can be seen upon those who after death are carried out for the awe-stricken Moslems to look upon. So comes it then that a strange fear subdues all dwelling in that great city, and they bend to the slightest wish of Cai, who rules them with a rod of iron."

"With a snake of brass, you mean, Hassan," said Denviers, laughing at the Arab's profoundly grave countenance. "Cai has probably learnt something of the old magian's art, and is clever enough to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. As to your yarn about a live stone idol, well, it is as true as the famous moon story I mentioned just now."

"Listen yet, sahibs," Hassan continued, "and hear the rest. An Arab who managed to escape from this strange city told these things to a Wadigo. The latter laughed them to scorn, then, roused by curiosity, went in search of the city; he never returned to his tribe again. A month later two other Wadigos set off thither — neither was seen afterwards. Then the brother of Kass, famous alike with spear and assegai—as is he who rests before us—went forth to search out the truth of this narrative; he, too, was lost to his tribe from that day."

The Arab stopped, for Kass suddenly sprang to his feet and shook his spear threateningly towards where a mountain ridge was faintly discernible far across the scorched plain. Beating his shield in wrath, he cried:—

"Strong as the lion, stealthy as the tiger, subtle as the snake that whips the swishing grass through which he goes—such was my brother, yet from Kor came he not back."

"Kass," asked Denviers, "do you know the way by which this city of Kor is reached?"

The Wadigo answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Hassan," said my companion to the Arab, "when we reach the mountain spur we will leave you in charge of the rest of the Wadigos, while, with Kass as guide, Derwent and I will try to enter this city. You agree, Harold?" he asked, turning to me.

"By all means," I answered.

"The sahibs will never return," the Arab said, despondently.

"We shall see, Hassan," responded Denviers; "strike the tent and bid the Wadigos begin the march across the plain."

II.

It was still early morning when we set out to traverse the great sweep of grey, tangled grass which rose knee-deep about us. At the head of our column walked Kass, bearing his great shield and spear, as we advanced in single file. Rifle in hand, Denviers and I followed next, while Hassan posted himself rearward, to keep watch upon the Wadigos, who alternately carried burdens or arms for our defence, if attacked on the march.

The fantastic mists that hung about the plain gave way to a white heat, as we steadily pushed on our way. About mid-day we halted for a brief space, then, in spite of the intense heat of the sun, we resumed the march until, some two hours afterwards, the mountain spur rose up tawny and precipitous before us. Pitching our camp at a spot where Kass pointed out, we left Hassan in charge of the Wadigos, as we had decided, and followed Kass. For fully another hour we plodded on in silence, until the base of the mountain was reached, when we began to realize the full extent of the difficulties before us.

East and west of where we stood ran the mountain, while sheer above us its top towered high in the air, seeming to cleave the sky with its jagged crest. The Wadigo pointed with his spear to where a ledge of rock high above us projected from the mountain side.

"See!" he cried, "there begins the way; beyond it is the colonnade, then is Kor entered."

"You don't mean to say that the entrance to Kor is up there, Kass?" said Denviers. "If it is, I am afraid your energy in leading us here has been thrown away. No doubt, if Hassan were here, he would explain how the exiles climbed up there, for it is more than I can pretend to understand."

"The Wadigo who loses his way takes the next best road," responded Kass; "the ledge is but a spear cast or two from here. The death snake will find a man even if he hide under a mountain; if it seeks him not, he goes unhurt!"

"That's poor consolation for us if we get dashed to pieces in attempting to reach that ledge of rock, Kass," Denviers retorted.

The Wadigo, after some demur, set himself to work and plaited a long grass coil, and with this substitute for a rope about our waists, we began the perilous ascent, leaving our rifles hidden in the grass. Kass went first, Denviers followed, and I was last. For some thirty yards or so we found the task

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easier than we had expected, then its dangerous nature showed itself in real earnest. Slowly and painfully we climbed upwards, lacerating our hands and feet badly as we clung desperately to the slightest projections that presented themselves. Half-way up we came upon an outstretched piece of rock, and upon it we crouched together to rest.

Just as we were about to continue our ascent, a great bird, feathered like a golden eagle, rose from a crag, and, circling in the air, swooped down upon us, striking at me with its powerful wings and talons. I thrust at it blindly with my fists, forgetting the narrowness of the ledge we were huddled upon, lost my balance, and fell headlong from the supporting rock.

I felt the jerk of the rope about my waist as I reached its limit, and clung to it with my hands as the oscillations sent me with a dull thud against the rocky wall. Helplessly I swayed in mid-air, to and fro, as Denviers and Kass hauled me slowly up, a few inches at a time. Happily the coil bore the strain, and with a sigh of relief at last I found myself drawn safely upon the shelving rock. When I had sufficiently rested, we scaled the remaining space between us and the entrance of the rocky passage. We could make nothing out as we groped our way blindly along the excavated way, until finally we reached the colonnade, and stared at the uncouth figures carved there, almost in dismay. The wildest flight of Hassan's fancy would fail to describe what we saw as we passed into that strange city, wondering and almost fearing what the end of our adventure would be.



"FELL HEADLONG FROM THE SUPPORTING ROCK."

We met but few people in that strange city—those whom we did were richly clad in Arab guise. No one ventured to address us, no surprise at our strange appearance could be seen upon a single countenance. Denviers ventured to accost a passer-by in Arabic, who returned no answer: he merely pointed to the great temple and palace, too, of Kor, as we afterwards found it to be, and then was gone.

A strange feeling of dread came upon us, disguise it as we would; then my companion, serious, as he rarely was, glanced at me gravely as he said:—

"Well, Harold, this is a queer position to be in. We had better go on, I suppose, and see how things turn out."

Kass, who understood the remark, at once turned and crossed the great paved square. We glanced curiously at the carvings and hieroglyphics of the building which confronted us, and, seeing a hanging door at the foot of one of the paws of the monolith, Kass thrust it aside with the butt of his spear, and we entered.

On either side of us, between carved pillars which supported the roof of a great corridor, we saw a long line of mighty images of the ancient rulers of Kor, sculptured in red granite, the brow of each being gilded. By the flicker of the dim lamps which hung above our heads we could distinguish little else, for there the light of day did not enter. As the end of the passage was reached, a foreign slave, dressed almost like a priest of ancient Isis, glanced inquiringly at us for a moment, then, without speaking, drew back a richly-woven curtain and motioned us to

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pass on. In silence we obeyed his gesture, and a second afterwards stood, not where the idol was said to be, but in that part of the temple which formed the Queen's palace.

We halted abruptly. There, upon her throne, with a bodyguard of slaves about her, we saw the one before whom each Arab of that city bent his will like the reed to the gale—the mysterious Egyptian, Cai!

III.

I CAUGHT my breath as we advanced and bent lowly before the Queen; then, venturing to look up, I scanned her closely. The warm tint that the land of the Nile gives was upon her face; feature for feature I saw that she was Egyptian, as her strangely lustrous eyes were turned searchingly upon us. Behind her hung a head-veil; her garments, richly jewelled, were in accordance with those of the race from whom her descent was, and there, twisted about her forehead, we saw the brazen snake of which Hassan had spoken!

Kass instinctively tightened his hold upon his spear, a movement which Cai, the Queen, was quick to understand. Stooping, she raised from before her sandalled feet what seemed to us, at first, to be a yellow ball of wool. At her touch the object woke, and we saw that in her hand the Queen held out a tiger cub.

"See," she cried to Kass, "the tiger that has no fangs is harmless!"

"The Wadigo whose spear is broken fits another to his hand and pursues his foe to death," our guide answered, quickly, as he watched the face of Cai grow dark at his reply. Denviers, who saw how badly matters were likely to turn out for us unless the Queen could be propitiated, motioned to Kass to lay down his shield and spear, which the Wadigo reluctantly did.

"Ye are quick to understand," said Cai, with a mocking glance at Kass which brought a cry of resentment from his lips. Then turning her head towards Denviers, the Queen asked:—

"Why come ye here unbidden?"

"We are travellers who wished to see thee and this strange city, O Queen," he answered; "for these reasons alone have we entered Kor."

"A false reply," she cried, sharply; "or else the lore of Egypt, which it is mine alone to know, now fails me as never yet it has done. Ye know full well that I am of another race than those I rule, and so ye come here foolishly thinking to probe to its core the secret of the idol by which I reign as Queen, and which brings death to those who long to depose me."

Before Denviers could reply, Cai motioned forward two of the slaves about her, and they, after prostrating themselves at her feet, stood silently awaiting her commands. The Queen pointed to the shield of Kass as it lay upon the ground, and indicated that they were to remove it. They had barely raised it between them, when Kass, divining their purpose, dashed the nearest slave to the ground, and, snatching up his mighty spear, dealt the other a stunning blow



"KASS DEALT THE OTHER A STUNNING BLOW WHICH SENT HIM REELING."

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which sent him reeling. Denviers and I glanced anxiously at the Queen, having little doubt but that she would use this most unlucky incident as an excuse for slaying Kass, and doubtless us also, when we attempted to save him. We were mistaken, however. Waving back, with an imperious gesture, the slaves who were about to assist their discomfited fellows, the Queen asked Kass, abruptly:—

"Are all the men of thy race as stout of heart and limb as thou art?"

"Four of them already have entered this city, and each has died at thy relentless hands; surely thou hast seen how a Wadigo can meet death!" he replied.

"Bravely answered, slave," cried Cai; "but of the four none have faced the fear of the living idol and come scatheless through the ordeal. Yet greatly it has pleased me to see how hardly the two slaves fared who raised thy shield and whom thou cast down like straws. How do those of thy race name thee?"

"He is of the Wadigo tribe," interrupted Denviers; "and is called Kass, which in their tongue, O Queen, means He-of-the-Strong-Heart. He has acted as our guide here into thy presence. Doing no hurt to thee, surely he and we should be suffered to return from this city unharmed when we have seen its wonders."

"Ye know not the full meaning of your words," the Queen answered, "nor understand the craft of the people whom I rule. Were strangers suffered to live in this city, my throne would not be safe for a single hour. If ye were permitted to depart, one day a foreign host would come led by ye and despoil me of what empire I possess. Uninvited ye came into the city, spies for aught I know, and, so surely as ye stand before me, death by the idol shall be yours."

"Why should we die?" I asked, impetuously. "If we have committed a crime, say, O Queen, what we have done!"

"Ye have entered the hidden city; therein lies your folly for which death shall surely come upon ye," Cai calmly responded, in a tone that convinced us of her full intention to carry out the threat. "To-morrow, in the temple before the idol, my handmaid, whom I have doomed to a like fate, shall perish in your sight. Long have I striven to spare her, since she was deposed to make way for my rule. The sun has not set twice since another plot of these crafty Arabs was made known to me by the lore which I alone can understand. But of these things there shall be an end at last, for though she were of my own kindred, yet should she cease to live. After her ye three shall perish; yet I would that this slave whom ye call Kass might live to command my own. Come nearer, slave, and answer. Wilt thou serve me with thy spear?"

To our consternation, as the Queen glanced into the Wadigo's face, Kass bent lowly before her and gave the reply she desired. Stretching forth her hand, Cai touched him and ordered him to take up his spear and shield. Denviers attempted to resume the conversation which had turned so disastrously against us—but in vain. Not another word would the Queen hear in our defence, whereupon we refused to follow her slaves when bidden to do so. At once they threw themselves upon us and, in spite of our struggles, we were dragged away, each in a different direction, Kass making no effort either to intercede for us or to keep off our captors.

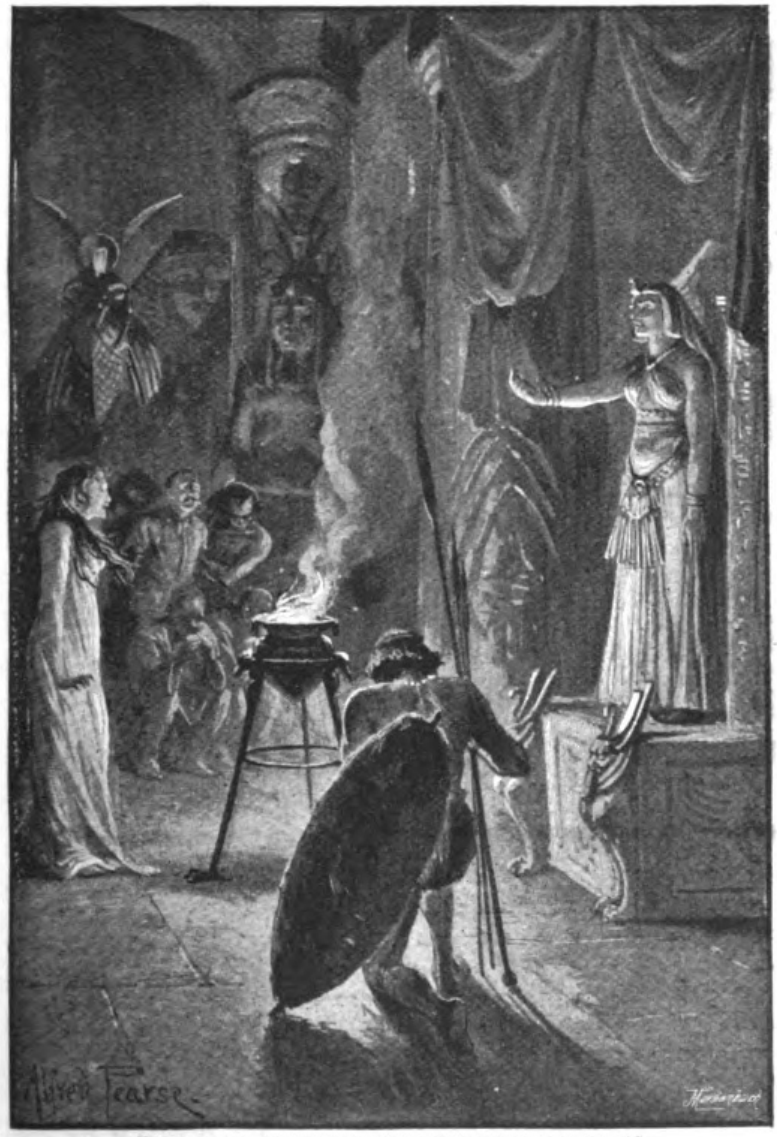
We saw no more of each other till morning, when we were conducted unbound into the temple. A low, weird chant struck upon my ears as I was led forward. Denviers was already in the temple when I was taken there, and so placed apart from where I stood that we could not communicate with each other, save by glances. It was impossible to pierce the gloom far, which enshrouded much of the temple, for the only light that it received came from a brazier, the embers in which threw a flickering gleam before a sombre curtain. About us on every side thronged the slaves of the dreaded Cai, while, apart from the rest, and near to the glowing brazier, knelt Kass, whose shadow fell strangely and gigantically upon the temple floor. He resolutely avoided the reproachful glances which Denviers and I darted at him, convinced as we were that by his treachery the Wadigo had saved his life.

A strange hush fell upon all as there came into the temple, clad in a simple robe, the maiden whom the insatiate Egyptian, Cai, had doomed to be first to meet the fate of death. From out the gloom she slowly emerged, and, as she approached near to the light which the embers of the brazier gave, I saw her face, framed with a wealth of dishevelled hair, grow ashy grey as unutterable despair came upon her.

The great curtain before us parted, and there, raised up before us, the dreaded idol, the very counterpart of Cai, the Queen, met our view, as still and rigid it stood. I struggled desperately to cast off the slaves

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who held me, as I looked in awe upon the idol and saw its face become animate with life, while its eyes searched out and drew its victim unresistingly forward until she reached the brazier. A half-choked cry came from the maiden's lips as her whole form stiffened with the horror of mortal fear, even as Hassan had said and we had refused to believe. Almost paralyzed with unaccountable dread, I watched the idol as it slowly raised one arm and beckoned its victim to approach yet nearer!



"BECKONED ITS VICTIM TO APPROACH YET NEARER!"

Suddenly through the temple another cry rang out—Kass had started to his feet and thrust his spear with all his force at the idol! Casting off the terrified slaves who held us, we ran forward. No idol of stone with mystic powers lay there, but, in its stead, the inanimate form of Cai, the Queen, whom the Wadigo's spear-thrust had slain!

When the slaves of Cai learnt how even they had been deluded by the craft of the Egyptian, they broke forth from the temple, bearing the body of the Queen with them that the Arabs might see her reign was ended. Taking from the brazier a flaring, half-burnt ember, the faithful Kass, whose stratagem had saved us, held it up as we slowly examined the various idols of the temple of Kor. Strangely enough, we found in one part of it an idol so wonderfully fashioned to represent Cai, that we easily understood how, by an interchange with it, the Queen had mystified and slain by fear whom she would.

We left the City of Kor on the following day, after bidding farewell to its restored and rightful Queen. Passing once more under the strange colonnade, we proceeded by a way which led to the base of the mountain, instead of the one by which we had entered the city, being guided by one of the men of Kor. When we reached the camp, Hassan, who came out to meet us, asked:—

"Did the sahibs not find out that the Arab's words were true?"

"Let that answer your question, Hassan," replied Denviers; and he held out a curious present which had been given us on leaving Kor. It was the brazen snake of Cai!

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Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

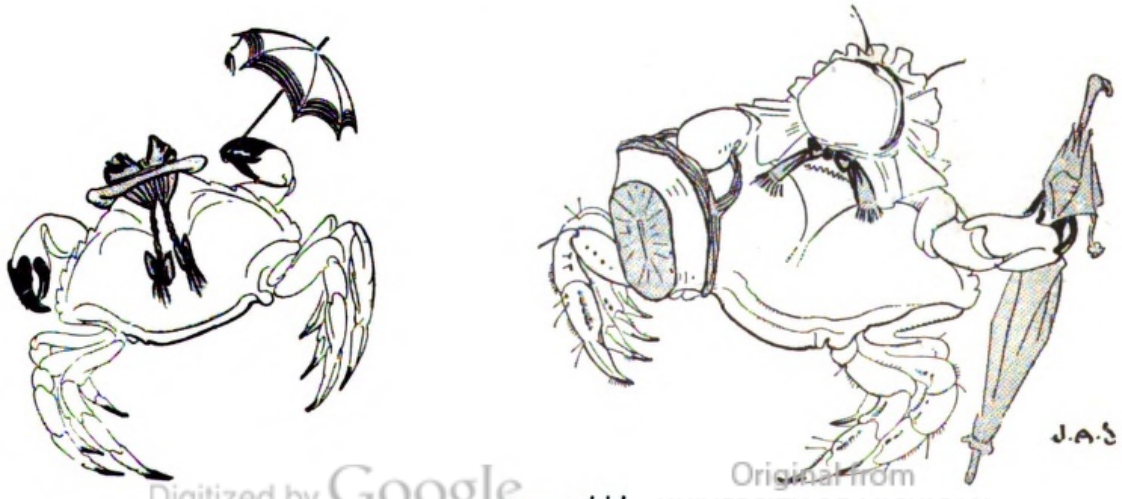
AN OLD CRAB AND A YOUNG.



1.—"CHILD" (SAYS THE MOTHER), "YOU MUST ACCUSTOM YOURSELF TO WALK STRAIGHT, WITHOUT SKEWING AND SHAMBLING SO AT EVERY STEP YOU SET."

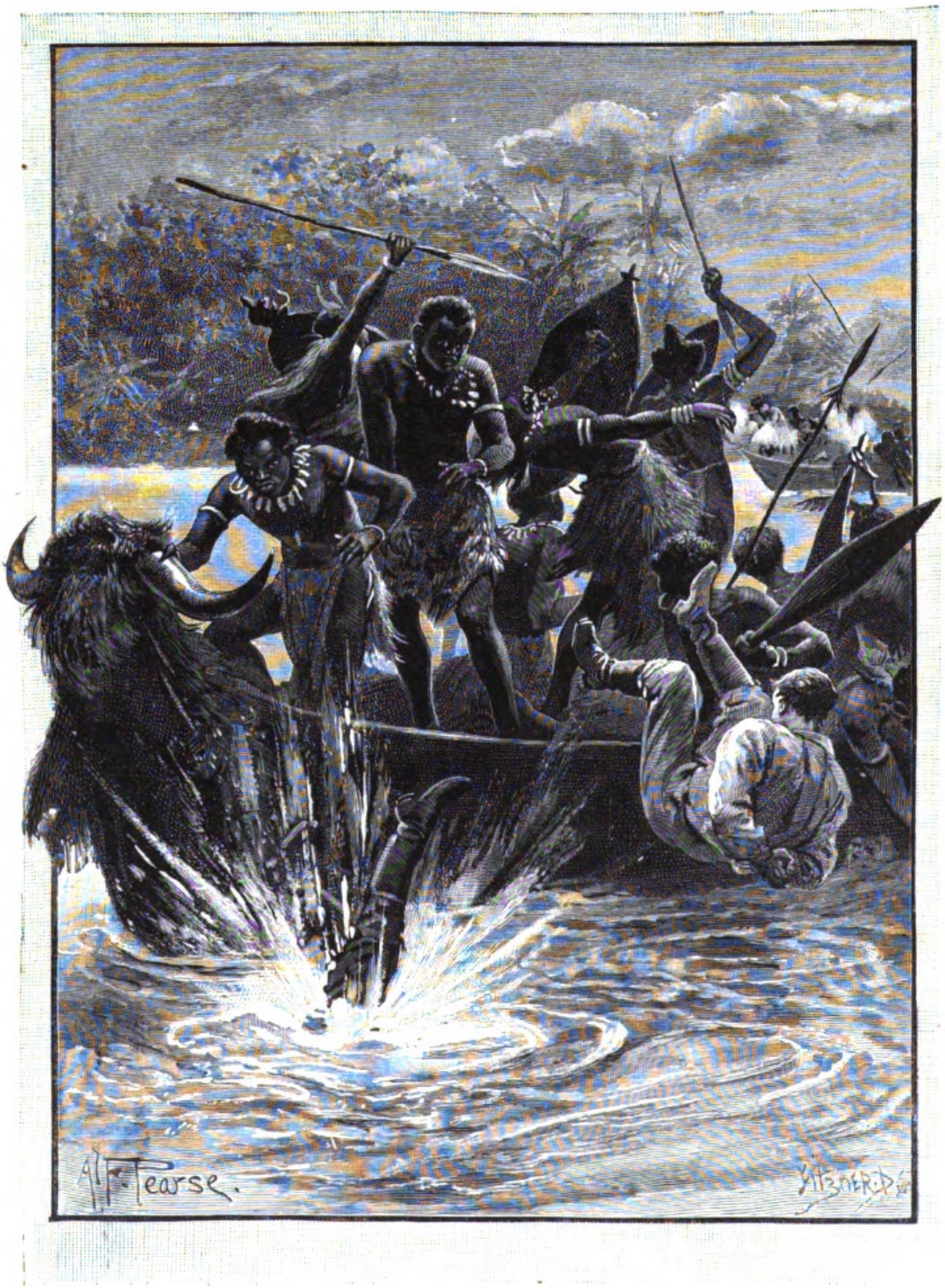


2.—"PRAY, MOTHER" (SAYS THE YOUNG CRAB), "DO BUT SET THE EXAMPLE YOURSELF, AND I'LL FOLLOW YOU."



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"THE SWAZIS FLUNG US INTO THE SWAMP."

(*See page* 131.)

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Gleams from the Dark Continent.

II.—THE WIZARD OF SWAZI SWAMP.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

TONGUES of silvery water ran in and lapped the rock-strewn beach of an island on which we were encamped some weeks after our adventure at the strange City of Kor. In order to rest our Wadigo followers after a dreary march, we had constructed some boats of bark, and crossed the lake with the intention of remaining several days upon the thickly-wooded island.

On the second night after our arrival it fell to the turn of Kass to keep watch, and, wishing to consult him on some matter, I joined the Wadigo. For some time afterwards we stood together, silently looking across the great sweep of waters, studded as they were with massy scarlet and white flowers, which raised their cup-like blossoms above the rippling surface of the lake. Suddenly Kass, whose peculiar dialect had become familiar, laid his hand upon my shoulder and pointed warningly to a dark speck upon the water.

"See!" he whispered; "there: something moves upon the lake."

Nearer and nearer the object came, until at last we knew it to be a canoe, as we saw the prow cleaving the waters, while the paddles were swiftly plied. Watching it closely in the light of the moon and yellow lantern stars, we saw that its sole occupant was a woman.

"What can she be out upon the lake alone for at night?" I asked Kass, glancing into the Wadigo's face.

He returned no answer to my question, for, at that moment, the woman's keen eyes caught sight of us as we stood watching her. Then, to our surprise, she rose in the canoe and seemed to beckon us. Again she grasped the paddles, and, uttering a cry of entreaty, she turned her frail vessel towards a narrow inlet, after entering which she leapt upon the low, rocky bank, and immediately afterwards flung herself prostrate before us.

Kass gently raised her, and while I looked curiously at the woman, he endeavoured to learn from her why she had so strangely sought us out. From the many rows of shells which covered the garment of goat-skin she wore, as well as from a bracelet of teeth adorning her right arm, I judged that the woman belonged to a tribe which Kass had recently described to us. Her features, however, were cast in a different mould, for in



"SHE FLUNG HERSELF PROSTRATE BEFORE US."

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spite of the two huge tiger's teeth which disfigured her ears, the woman seemed to represent a rather refined tribe of Africans. Her half-clothed, and somewhat slender, form was surmounted by a fine, shapely head, while her skin was olive in hue, rendering prominent the intense black colour of her thick, clustering hair. I noticed, too, that Kass, after addressing her in the Wadigo dialect, quickly changed it for another of which I knew nothing. After a few minutes had elapsed the Wadigo turned to me and asked :—

"Would the White Chiefs care to go on a journey to save a man's life?"

"Where do you want us to go, and when?" I said, answering his question with another.

"Where, I know not," he replied; "yet if the moon departs before ye reach the place, then shall ye be too late."

"Then I can promise nothing, Kass," I answered; "but come, I will wake the other White Chief, and then you must explain what it is that this woman seeks."

We moved away together to where the rude huts which our Wadigo followers had constructed were situated, and hastily rousing Denviers and Hassan, our Arab, we held a hurried consultation. From what Kass said, every minute was of importance, since we had some distance to cover if we agreed to make the adventure. We could get no clear idea from the woman's words as to what was required of us. She had somehow heard that we were encamped upon the island, and, having a very exaggerated opinion of white men and their prowess, she wildly besought us to launch a canoe and make for a spot she would point out.

"Rather a queer request to make, certainly," commented Denviers to me, aside. "This woman evidently supposes that because we are white, instead of black, we have charmed lives."

"Kass tells me that her name is Mwicha. She declares that our Snakes are good," I replied, with a smile; "meaning, I suppose, that we are kindly protected by Fate from assegai thrusts. Shall we go?"

"We may as well," he answered. "If a chance occurs on the way, we must try to learn from the woman what the object of our journey is to be, and, above all, we had better take our rifles with us."

Leaving Hassan in charge of the camp, as we usually did, we quickly launched one of our bark canoes. The Arab watched our craft depart, little knowing under what circumstances we should see our faithful guide again. The woman sat in the stern, Kass in the prow of the canoe, while Denviers and I used the flat paddles with a will.

Crossing the lake, we kept in the shadow of the trees which fringed the mainland, and so, for an hour or more, our frail canoe was thrust rapidly forward. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by a great sound, the like of which, previous to that hour, we had not heard during our expedition across the Dark Continent. Mwicha, the native woman, bent forward and grasped my hands; understanding her movement, I ceased paddling, Denviers at once following my example. I heard the ripple of the water against the prow of the canoe as the latter went on some yards without being propelled, then again all was silent, till once more the place resounded with the noise which we had heard before.

Taking a paddle from Denviers's hand, Kass pressed the blade upon the bank, and then the four of us landed when the canoe lay alongside. Noiselessly we advanced, breast deep in reeds and rank herbage, till we saw before us a clear space, beyond which the trees rose once more.

"Down, Harold, down!" whispered Denviers to me, hastily. "Look!"

We stooped at once and became motionless, then, glancing ahead, we saw whence the noise had come, and its cause. Down at the water's edge we saw a lioness and a whelp, while standing as guard over them was the male, his head being turned towards us as he grandly woke the echoes of the wilds about him. With the instinct of hunters, we raised our rifles. In a moment the woman, Mwicha, grasped mine by the barrel with one hand as she raised the other warningly and pointed towards the stem of a huge tree opposite, muttering something unintelligible into my ear as she did so.

"Wait and watch," so Kass explained her words. "We are in time at the Place of the Lions. Perhaps the lion may slay instead; who knows?"

Something moved from behind the tree which faced us, whereupon the lioness, quick to take alarm, seized the whelp in her mouth and dashed into cover, springing almost upon us as she went past. The male turned his head and faced the spot where a slight rustling had occurred—then, armed with a great shield of hide and a single assegai, there came forth a man who deliberately faced the angry beast.

A strange, weird-looking being he was at whom we glanced. His hair, which was almost white, owing probably to his extreme age, hung down to his waist in matted dis-

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order; while surmounting it he wore a curious head-dress. The latter, like the apron which fell from his loins, was made of jackal skins, while fastened upon it were numerous beads and curious charms. Although his back was bent and his black skin was shrivelled upon his long, attenuated limbs, he turned a fierce and malignant glance upon the infuriated animal, which showed that he, at least, did not fear the result of the approaching combat.

"Nyoko, the great King's wizard!" the woman muttered. "First the lion then the man will he slay, that the King may live! Would that blunt were his assegai and blind his eyes, that his naked feet might slip in his own life-stream, and the moon light up the lion feasting on his quivering flesh!"

"A very amiable wish, certainly," commented Denviers to me, as Kass explained its meaning; "to me it looks remarkably as if Nyoko, the distorted savage opposite, has the chance of a speedy release from life, unless when he seems to be getting the worst of it we can shoot the lion. Look!" He stopped; for the strange combat between man and brute had begun.

With one tremendous spring the lion was upon him; but Nyoko, the wizard, agilely slipped aside, quickly turning to face his foe in an instant. With his shield held so that it almost covered his body, the wizard peered over the top of it, holding his assegai ready. At him the lion sprang again, and a second time the wizard's skill stood him good service in his need. Then, as the brute went by, Nyoko thrust hard at it with his assegai, but missed his mark. Retreating quickly a few yards, he waited for the attack once more. I almost betrayed our presence as I gave a sharp, though low, cry at what followed, for so far as we then knew, the natives were possibly watching the contest concealed by the trees before us, although, as we afterwards discovered, it was not so. Bounding through the air, the lion struck the wizard's shield a tremendous blow with its paws. Down to the earth the man went, covered by his shield of hide, as the maddened beast crashed heavily upon him. Then to our astonishment, just as we covered the brute with our rifles, Nyoko, raising his head and arm, suddenly lunged upward and nearly buried his assegai in the lion's body. A dull roar of mingled wrath and mortal pain seemed to shake the ground on which we stood, then we saw the wizard extricate himself from beneath the shield on which the lifeless body of the lion fell, and rising, he bent over his defeated foe, straining with his two hands to tug out the assegai.

We watched the wizard curiously, as he deftly stripped the skin from his slain enemy, then, throwing the trophy upon his arm, seized his shield and struck rapidly into the gloom of the forest trees before us. I turned hastily to Denviers and asked:—

"Shall we follow him?"

Before my companion could reply, however, Mwicha, the native woman, who seemed to grasp the meaning of my words, motioned to where our canoe was fastened, and pointed there silently, as if our way must be upon the lake. Kass moved off immediately in the direction indicated, and knowing the value of his guidance in places so unknown as that, we at once followed him. Entering the



"THE WIZARD PEERED OVER THE TOP OF HIS SHIELD."

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canoe, we forced it rapidly but cautiously forward. After a while we found ourselves coasting along a swampy part of the mainland, which, for some distance inland, the waters of the lake inundated. With considerable difficulty the canoe was paddled up a shallow arm of the lake, until beyond the swamp the ground lay high as we passed on, with a scanty fringe of trees lining either bank, which broadened out farther on into dense forest land.

"Stay!" cried Mwicha, suddenly. "When the wizard is seen to pass we must follow afoot," and accordingly we waited.

"Kass," said Denviers to our Wadigo, who had changed his position in the canoe in order to converse with Mwicha, "why have we been brought here?"

"Soon shall ye know," the Wadigo answered, "for we are past the dreaded swamp of Swazi, and Mwicha has told me why she seeks our aid. Strange is the reason; stranger still what ye shall see and hear. Listen, then!"

II.

"I AM not of the tribe that Swazi, King of the land which bears his name, has rule over, although in the hut of one of his chiefs of late have I lived," began Kass, repeating the words which Mwicha, the native woman, had used. "As many as the leaves of the forest are the young men of Swazi, whose spears and assegais are early washed in the blood of their foes. So feared are they, that the tribes dwelling about the lake to meet them in battle dare not, for their strength bends and breaks when Swazi shields crash against theirs, as they follow the chiefs who lead them on. So it comes about that, in fear, many tribes have owned Swazi's rule, and sent great presents to him that he may let them live, nor blot them out, as often they fear he will do.

"Among the tribes whom Swazi once reduced was that of the Wanas, which held out longest against him, but their King being slain, at last they yielded, and Swazi named Chika, a young chief, as their headsman under him. Much as the latter wished to shake off Swazi's yoke he could not, for the Wanas became like children; they ceased to point their assegais, nor longer slew the great forest beasts that their skins might become hard and tough for the making of shields of hide. So Swazi, who knew these things, was glad, and as the men of this conquered tribe became many, some of them he took as slaves and others he sold to the Arabs, who, as ye know, ever deal in such wares. Heavier and heavier, harder and harder to bear, became the tribute paid to Swazi, who at last sent a chief, saying that Chika was disloyal, and calling upon the tribe to slay him. He demanded, too, that every head of cattle within the land where the Wanas dwelt should be driven into his, Swazi's, country, that he might share them among his own people.

"Chika, the chief of the Wanas, listened in silence to the demand for his death and the spoliation of his tribe, till the chief who brought the hard request had concluded it.

"'Go now,' he said; 'tell Swazi, your great King, that in three days he shall be answered.'

"'Swazi will not wait; he needs at once the Wanas' answer,' cried the other.

"'May I not live even three days?' asked Chika. 'Leave me, lest I have thee speared! My message to Swazi has been spoken.'

"Then the chief returned to Swazi. While gathering the men and women of the Wana tribe about him upon the plain where now is the great swamp, but which then was dry, Chika stood before them, spear in hand, and told of Swazi's demand.

"'Ye Wana slaves,' he cried, 'how long will ye be bought and sold like dull herds of cattle, without resisting Swazi's demands? Whose hut has not lost one that he has asked for, and ye have given? Day after day ye work the ground, ye, who should leave such toil to women, and fit spear and assegai to your hands. Yet once, by Swazi's tribe, was feared the bare name of Wanas, whom then great chiefs led on. So low are ye sunk that Swazi asks for your cattle—he thinks they will sell to traders for more than ye do. Still, he remembers that once ye were men; and fearing again ye may be, he seeks to slay me, lest turning at last upon the oppressor with me, ye blot out each one of his tribe.'

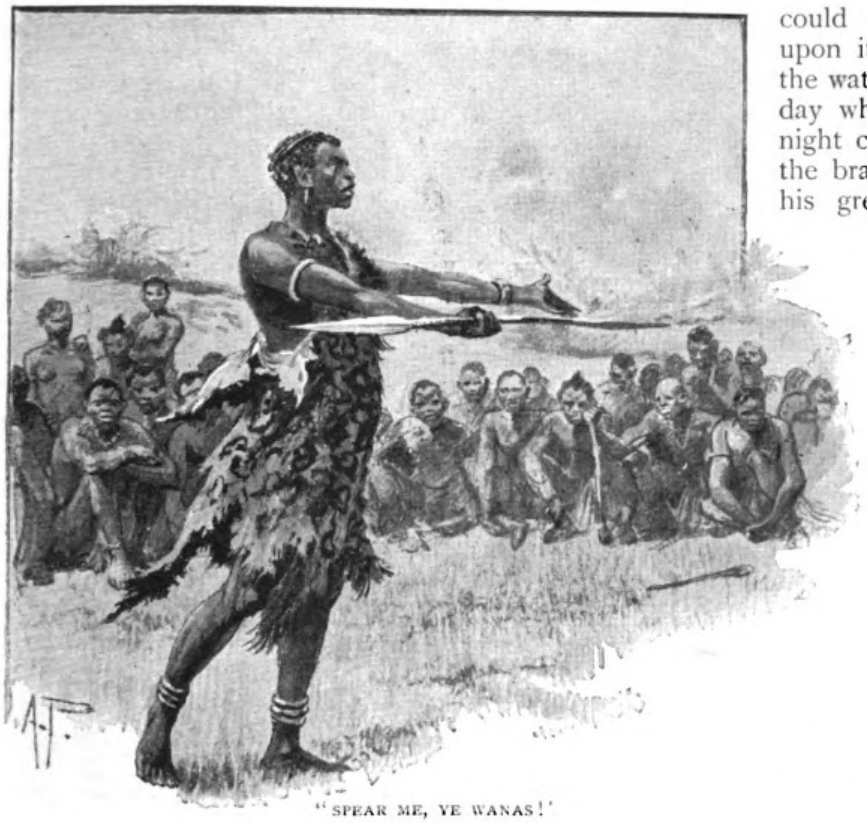
"Then Chika, holding out to those about him the heavy spear he gripped, continued:—

"'Spear me, spear me, ye Wanas, that, unlike ye, I may die as a man should!'

"No one took the proffered spear, and Chika, glancing at them, saw that they were slowly kindling with the fire of his words and gestures.

"'Worse things yet shall come upon ye than ye suffer now like cattle!' he went on; 'for when the tribes about shall want a word to mean a great coward, they shall call the one they taunt a *Wana*, and tell how Swazi blotted ye out. Are ye so afraid, ye who are the sons of chiefs? Chika, the one left to ye by your King, who fell in battle, asks will ye slay or be slain? If your tongues are

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"SPEAR ME, YE WANAS!"

heavy with fear and ye cannot lift them to answer, let your women speak and say, which shall it be?'

"'We will slay!' the Wanas cried, hoarsely, as they wildly flung up their hands in assent to Chika's words.

"'Then back to your huts,' the chief cried: 'night and day shall ye work to make shields and assegais as best ye can, for in three days the men of Swazi shall know that the Wanas, smitten too sorely, have turned at last!'

"Throughout the tribe that night the making and fitting of weapons went on. When day dawned, the Wanas slew their cattle, drying the steaming hides quickly in the sun, to turn them into shields. At last Swazi, receiving not the cattle nor the dead body of Chika, sent a band of braves into the Wanas' territory. Of these but one returned to his tribesmen to tell them how the Wanas had risen and slain those who had gone there with him against them.

"Then Swazi sharpened his spears and assegais, and led his remaining warriors, who were as many as are the ants of a hill, against the revolted tribe.

"All that day, shield to shield, hand to hand, spear splintering spear, they fought—yea, they slew and were slain in turn, till the grey grass grew scarlet, and the earth could not sop up the pools upon it, which were as red as the waters of the lake are each day when the sun is lost and night comes on. Ah! Chika, the brave chief, was slain, and his great men also; yet the Wanas fought grimly on; yea, here and there a woman seized spear or assegai, as fitted her hand, and thrust at the swarming foes. On came Swazi's men, still on, till not one man of the Wanas was living—and then Swazi won! Next the great King bade his braves finish their work, and women and children, too, were blotted out. Left for dead among a heap of slain, I"—for Kass still narrated the woman's story as if she told it—"yea, I crawled out and looked sadly upon the great plain. Even then the foul beasts that prowl were gorging upon those of my hut and tribe, who were too blind to see the wound which a Swazi spear had given me—for of all, I alone lived! Then into a hut I crept to wait the day, knowing not where to go, for the tribes about would not receive me, lest Swazi slew them because of it.

"The sun was up; I rose, struck into the forest, and there was seized by a body of braves sent by Swazi to burn the huts of the slain.

"'Why does a Wana still live?' cried one, and lifting his spear, he thrust it down at me as others held me fast. The point had touched me, when a young chief of Swazi thrust upward the descending spear, exclaiming:—

"'Spear her not. As I am Swazi's favourite chief, the woman is fair!'

"His words were listened to, and when the braves returned to Swazi's territory, the young chief sought in turn that his deeds in battle should be rewarded by the great King. Asked what he wished, he begged a hut for me, and that I should become one of the tribe. Gladly I agreed, but Swazi, the King, at first would not. Yet were the words of the young chief smooth, and because of the

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many he had slain, Swazi heard him and consented.

"Not long after this, Swazi went forth to spear lions in the land where now is the swamp and once the Wanas dwelt. At night he lay down to rest where the battle had been, of which ye have heard. Strange things saw he, and in dread, he called upon Nyoko, the wizard, to explain what they might mean. Nyoko, who had much power over Swazi and desired more, soon stood before the great King.

"'Say on, great Swazi,' he cried; 'first must thy slave hear what thou didst see, that he may tell what thou shalt see.' Then did Swazi speak strange words:—

"'Nyoko, Ruler of the Rains and Maker of Charms to thy King, listen: It was night; the moon was up; among the reeds swashed the waters of the lake; beasts that love not



"HE ROSE AND FACED ME."

day prowled; no wind shook the leaves; tired, I slept. Suddenly a sound woke me, a sound ever sweet to the ears of Swazi—the crash of shields and the whirring of assegais. Listening, I heard the cries of braves speared to death; the shouts of men trampling down men; the screams of some thrust into the lake and drowning. Quickly I rose, seized shield and spear and hastened to battle. There I saw the Wanas in thousands, fighting against my own braves. Into the thick of the struggle I went and fought all through that night: Wana spears splintered against my shield in vain. At last my warriors seemed to win, when suddenly a woman lifted a spear and thrust at me. I felt no wound, yet strange it was, for in that hour I seemed to grow old; my arm failed; down dropped both spear and shield. My warriors who saw this ceased to fight, and lo! the Wanas, even they conquered my Swazi host. They smote them with assegais; thrust them through with spears; dragged them down with their hands as the wind flings down great trees. Then the waters of the lake came up and covered the land, so that I was forced for life to retreat. I made my way from the battle and sought for a place to die in, when, know that I stumbled. Looking down, I saw one of my braves. I bent and turned his body over to count the wounds upon his breast, and to see if I knew his face. He was not dead, for, lo! he rose and faced me! Then I asked why he lived when his tribe had been beaten in battle, and he answered me strangely.

"'"Not dead are the men of Swazi," he cried; "surely they live to do thy will to the last, great King!"—and he pointed to where lay those who had gone with me to spear the wild beasts. Again I touched a Swazi brave; he also rose, and wondered why I awoke him. Hear me, Nyoko, to whom many things are known. I fought not in a dream, I say, for my eyes saw Wana and Swazi braves contending, and truly did I lead on my own men. Yet long ago it is since we blotted out the Wanas; were the men I saw then alive that

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strange night? Say, Wizard of Swazi, what can this mean?'

"Now, Nyoko, the wizard, glanced at Swazi's shield and spear, and saw that they were bloodless. One enemy he had who laughed at his spells and charms, the young chief Alli, who had taken me to his hut. So Nyoko planned to deceive the King, and at the same time to bring trouble upon his enemy.

"'A great and a hard task is it to find out the meaning of what thou didst see, great Swazi,' he answered: 'yet in three days will Nyoko, thy slave, discover its meaning!'

"So back to rule his tribe went Swazi, while Nyoko plucked simples and took strange charms by which to learn what the great King would know. These he cast into a fire, and after watching the strange shapes which the smoke took, he went to Swazi and said:—

"'Know, great Swazi, what thou wishest clear, is so. When the Wanas were slain, did all die? Not so; for a woman of the tribe has been permitted to dwell among us. She it was who appeared to thrust a spear at thee that dreadful night, when dead braves woke to fight in battle again. A spell is upon thee, great King, and thou shalt grow old even in a year unless it be removed. No Wana woman could bring this about; but she has taught one of thy chiefs to do evil to thee, for perhaps he longs to rule the tribe when thou art gone. Say, great Swazi, who can this chief be?'

"Swazi understood, yet because he knew that Alli had killed many of his foes, he would not listen to Nyoko's counsel to slay him. Then it happened that a great storm swept the lake, so that its waters broke the banks and made the swamp which is even now before us. Again went Nyoko to the King, pretending that Alli's spell had caused this.

"'Lo!' he cried, 'what I saw in the smoke was true, for the swamp which came about thee, Swazi, one night, is now real. Where thou didst see the warriors fight, have the waters come. Are Nyoko's words wrong, then? Do not the men of the Swazi tribe say to each other, that every day their King becomes more bent? Hear me before it is too late, and let Nyoko cast the spell from thee.'

"Swazi was startled when he heard that the men of his tribe thought him old, for among them the elders are slain, that none may have to hunt to get them food—even so die their Kings. So Swazi bade the wizard say how he could avoid death, which none save Nyoko had done through the whole Swazi tribe.

"'Great Swazi, hear me,' answered Nyoko. 'He who has bewitched thee is one of thy four great chiefs—it may not even be Alli, but that I cannot tell. At the Place of the Lions, great beasts have been seen many nights. Call the Swazis together this night and build the test fire, as is done in our tribe. I, alone, will slay a lion and bring its skin and head as the men are waiting thy words. To each of the four will I give a tooth from the lion and with it a charm. Those who have not bewitched thee need not fear aught, for thrusting their gifts into the fire, they will smoulder away. He who holds this spell upon thee need fear alone, for the charm will betray him by its flare. Let thy warriors seize him and spear him—so wilt thou live many years and carry a shield to battle. Yet, if my words thou wilt not hear, the Swazi tribe will be blotted out, even as thou didst so strangely see, for without thee who can lead them to win battles and spear their foes?'

"So Swazi has gathered his men about a fire in the forest, and they wait for Nyoko to carry to them the spoil of the lion and his charms. Whose portion think ye will flare save that of Alli, in whose hut I dwell? Will ye not save the chief I love? Nyoko fears the waters of the swamp, or would have come the way I brought ye——"

Kass stopped suddenly. We had no time to think of the danger that such an enterprise might bring us, for the Swazi woman at that moment left the boat, and concealed by a tree from Nyoko's view, pointed out the wizard, even then on his way to the tribe.

"Come!" she cried. And gripping our rifles we followed her as she cautiously led the way through the dense forest.

III.

NYOKO, the wizard, who little suspected that he was being followed by us, kept on his way steadily for an hour or more, when the rude huts of the Swazi tribe were seen to rise up before us. Keeping under cover, we advanced until we came to a clearing, where we saw a number of Swazi's men gathered about a fire, as the woman had declared. No sooner did Nyoko appear than the braves beat their spears upon their shields and loudly cried out the wizard's name. Cautiously we drew nearer still, until we could distinguish the great King himself, who stood so that the glare of the glowing

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wood lit up his face distinctly. Nyoko had evidently persuaded him that his strength was really failing him, for, although he was scarcely of middle age, the King leant heavily upon a spear as he glanced into the wizard's face when the latter approached.

The braves drew to left and right as Nyoko advanced, and then we saw that four of them carried neither shield nor spear, while the rest glanced at them curiously as the wizard fronted the King.

"See!" cried Nyoko, as he held up the tawny hide, to which the head still adhered; "great Swazi, the lion is slain!"

The wizard flung his trophy on the ground at the King's feet; then, with the point of a spear, he dug out four of the lion's teeth. These he placed each in a small bundle of herbs, whereupon the King harangued the tribe, evidently explaining to his braves the purpose for which they were assembled. Kass explained to us his concluding words as the braves caught them up and cried:—

"Yea, the innocent shall live, the guilty shall die!"

We watched the wizard as he approached the four unarmed braves and gave to each man his portion; then, standing beside the King, he waited for them to come forward to essay the strange test. We saw the first approach and fling his share upon the glowing wood. A great wave of anxiety passed over the brave's face, as he waited in fear the result. Beyond a little smoke, nothing came from the fire, and those who favoured him at once raised a cry of satisfaction that he was not doomed to die. The second of the four next threw in his portion; he, too, escaped. Then Alli, the third of the unarmed braves, stood out. A great-limbed fellow he seemed, as he approached the fire and, without a quiver of his muscles, flung down his portion. Scornfully he glanced into the wizard's face as, in a second, the fire leapt up with a great flame of scarlet that flung its light upon the trees around.

"Seize him!" cried Nyoko, pointing to the brave as he spoke: "Alli it is who has bewitched the King! As ye are Swazi's men and braves, seize the evil one; seize him, I say, and spear him!"

The guilt of Alli seemed to be at once accepted as proved by the others, for several of them ran forward and threw themselves upon the Swazi. Two of them he dashed to the ground with stunning blows, as they closed with him, but he was immediately overpowered. Forcing his arms behind him, the braves held him while Nyoko himself advanced, poising a great spear. Raising it in both hands he drew the weapon back above his head, the captive scorning to appeal to the King even for his life. Then, to our dismay, Mwicha, the woman who had led us there, dashed out from where we were concealed and caught from behind the wizard's arms before he could crunch the spear into the body of his enemy! At once



"HE DREW THE WEAPON BACK ABOVE HIS HEAD."

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she was dragged away, while Nyoko again raised his spear, when Denviers, hastily levelling his rifle, fired at the wizard. Nyoko flung up his arms apart, then with the spear still gripped in one hand, he fell heavily forward at the feet of the brave whose death he had so subtly planned!

"Look out, we are in for it this time," cried Denviers to me as the Swazis turned and poured quickly down upon us. We beat them off with the butts of our rifles, clubbing them as they gathered about us, Kass doing all that he could to help us in that one-sided combat.

"Why are ye here?" asked Swazi, when we were overpowered and dragged before him. Kass gave a reply which, as we expected, failed to appease Swazi.

"How came ye here?" continued the King. Kass explained that we had entered his territory by way of the swamp.

"Then by way of the swamp shall ye die; so too shall the one ye came to save, since Nyoko is slain," he answered. At a sign from the King we were thrust from his presence, shut up in a mud hut, and closely guarded till day, when we were hurried through the forest by the way we came until the waters of the swamp stretched before us. Passing along its marshy side for some distance, the Swazis led us to a spot where several peculiarly-built boats were made fast to some upright stakes. The largest of these had paddles for about twenty men; its prow stood high out of the water, and this was adorned with a pair of buffalo horns, the skin of the slain animal hanging down loosely in front. Into this boat we were forced and held down by some of the braves, while the rest paddled vigorously forward to the middle of the swamp.

The boat then stopped, and the Swazis began to lash our limbs fast together with thongs of hide, intending, we supposed, to throw us into the swamp to drown—when, suddenly, one of the braves raised an excited cry and pointed across the lake. We caught the sound of paddles striking the water, but before we could free ourselves, as we struggled to keep the Swazis from binding us, we heard the welcome voice of Hassan loudly urging on our Wadigo followers, whose bark canoes soon surrounded the boat in which we were held fast. Failing to keep them at bay, the Swazis flung us into the swamp and succeeded in getting their boat clear and away. With a few swift strokes of their paddles, the Swazis shot forward fifty yards or more ahead of the pursuing Wadigos.

"Call to our men to return, Hassan," said Denviers, when we had been pulled into our faithful guide's boat; and the Arab most reluctantly did so.

Once more we struck across the swamp, then our canoes shot across the waters of the lake as we made for our island retreat.

"The sahibs have been successful, after all," said Hassan, in his grave way; "they have saved the one in whose cause they set out." The Arab, as he spoke, pointed to a canoe close to ours, and there we saw Alli, the young Swazi chief, who had been flung into the swamp with us.

"Why, surely that is Mwicha by his side," I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the woman's face, wondering how the one who had led us to the chief's rescue came there.

"Yes, sahib," answered Hassan; "she heard that ye three were to be drowned in the swamp at day, and so for a second time she stole from the Swazi tribe and made for the island. Hearing how badly it fared with the sahibs, Hassan, the latchet of their shoes, manned the canoes with Wadigos, and waited for the Swazis to attempt their evil deed. Allah and Mahomet prospered us—the rest, the sahibs know."

"Your promptness saved our lives, Hassan," said Denviers, glancing into the Arab's face. "What shall we do with these two: Alli, the young chief, and Mwicha, his bride?"

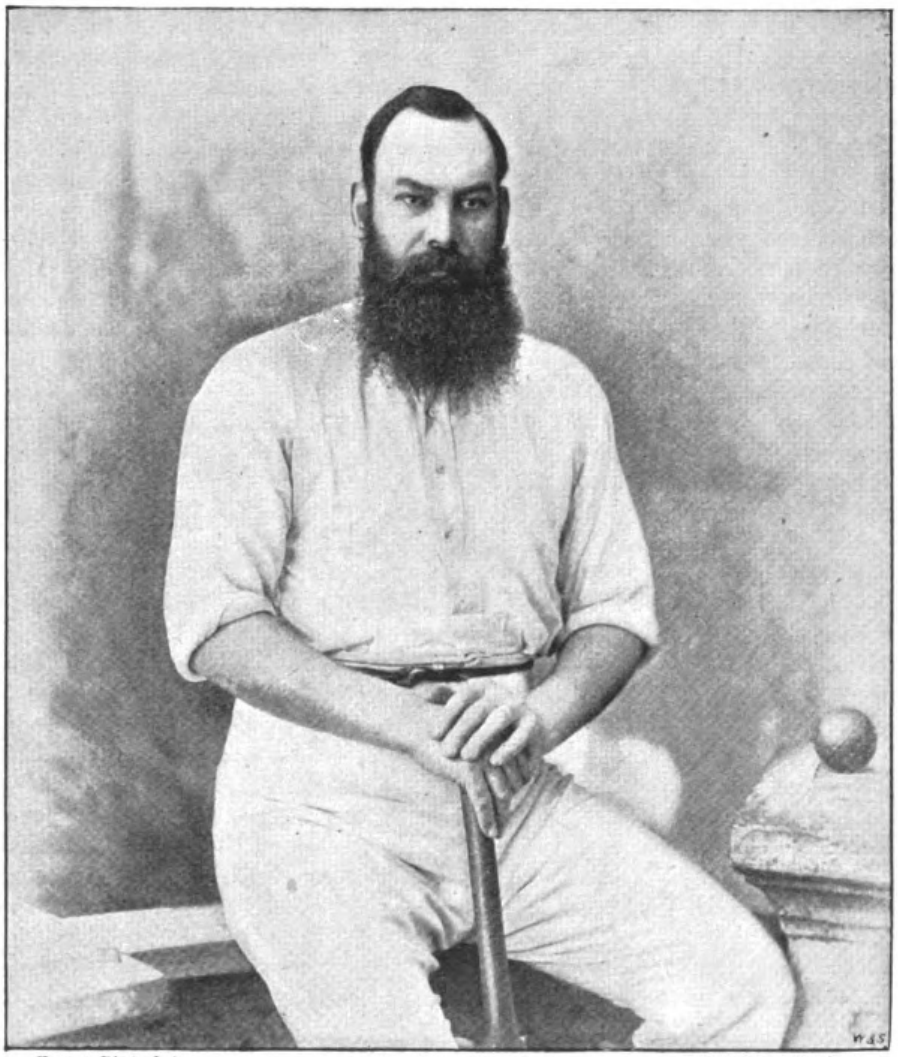
"Let them journey with us at present, sahib," Hassan answered; "for we must start at once, lest Swazi may make an attack upon us."

We changed our clothing, sodden with water and slime from the great Swazi swamp, then, having rested for a few hours, set out once more. Less than a week after, we entered the territory of a friendly tribe, to the King of which we made presents of cloth, and he, in return, allowed Alli and Mwicha to have a hut among those of his own people.

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLII.—MR. W. G. GRACE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.



From a Photo. by] MR. W. G. GRACE. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

THROUGHOUT the extent of the British Empire, be it north, south, east, or west, more this season, perhaps, than in any other, has the name of Mr. William Gilbert Grace become a household word. Be it peer or peasant, all unite in doing homage to the hero of a hundred "centuries"—the man who has done more to further the progress of the grand old English game than any other man of this or any other time; and, although he reached the age of forty-seven in July last (a period when a cricketer is generally supposed to become superfluous upon the field), Mr. Grace is yet the man who is considered the most dangerous of any side, not alone by our English teams, but by visitors from the Antipodes. No matter what the ground may be, hard or soft, when the champion walks to his place at the wickets, who is to say when he will be again sent back to the pavilion?

And this is the position which he has occupied since so long ago as 1866, when, at the age of eighteen, he set the cricket world a-wondering by his innings of 224 not out, for England *versus* Surrey. From then until now he has stood head and shoulders above all other contemporary batsmen; he has seen younger blood infused into the county teams, and go again, yet he is now capable of as much endurance upon the grassy sward as any.

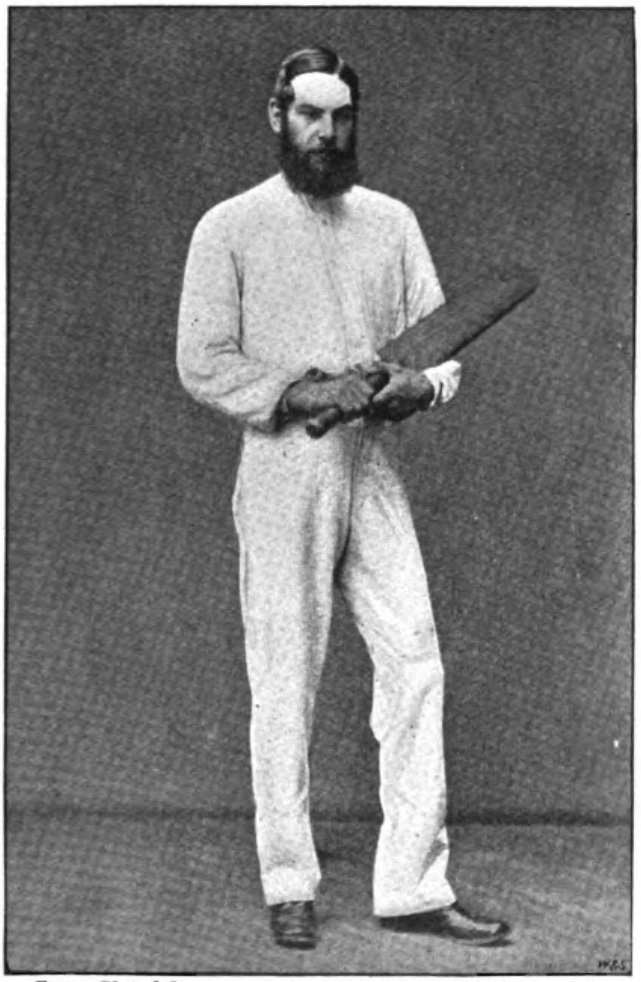
But the place he holds in first-class cricket may, perhaps, be shown best by a brief *resumé* of his performances on the pitch. In 1866 he was at the head of the batting

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averages, then being, as already mentioned, but eighteen years of age, a feat which has probably been accomplished by no other player. In 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1876, 1877, 1879, and 1880 he occupied the same position, and then, taking no account of his performances during the intervening seasons, this year we find him only deposed from what may be best described as the premiership amongst wielders of the willow for a single fortnight until the end of June, when he possessed an average of 83·50 for twenty innings, while he had scored 1,000 runs before the season had become a month old. In 1868 his best average was 65 per innings, 57 in 1869, 54 in 1870, 78 in 1871, 57 in 1872, 71 in 1873, 53 in 1874, 62 in 1876, 43 in 1885, and 54 in 1887. To calculate the number of runs he has scored during all these years would be an impossible task, yet it would be well within the mark if we place the number at 70,000, and to-day he is playing as consistent a game as at any period of his career. Well, indeed, may one of the verses of an earlier song be repeated :—

There's a name which will live for ever and aye,
In the true-born cricketer's mind—
A name which is loudly re-echoed to-day,
And borne on the wings of the wind.
Britannia may gladly be proud of her sons,
Since who is more famous than he,
The stalwart compiler of thousands of runs,
"Leviathan" W. G. ?*

From the figures which have already been quoted, it may be rightly judged that Mr. Grace in reality inaugurated high and rapid scoring in cricket. In 1859, the highest average was the 30·21 of Mr. V. Walker. But how would these figures strike a critical observer of the play of to-day? And yet, fêted and honoured on all sides, the Gloucestershire captain is as simple and unaffected at the present time as at the period when he was just commencing to be a power in first-class cricket.



From a Photo. by] MR. W. G. GRACE AT 22. *[Midwinter & Co.*

I was fortunate enough to meet him as he stepped off the field at Lord's a few weeks back with the plaudits of the spectators, in recognition of his innings of 125 for the M.C.C. against Kent, yet ringing in the air. But with kindliness and good-fellowship beaming from every line of his bronzed and bearded face, the champion grasped my hand with a grip which made me wince again, and acceded to my request for a few minutes' chat on past and present cricket. With the kindly "burr" of the west country tongue lingering on every sentence, he told me how he was born at Downend, near Bristol, on July 18th, 1848, and, plunging at once into the thread of his story, went on to speak of the first match he recollected watching, at that time a wee lad of six, seated upon his father's knee.

"That was when I saw the All England Eleven play against Twenty-two of West Gloucestershire, at Bristol," he remarked, "and I remember that two or three of the elder players at that time wore tall hats. That, as I was telling you, was the first match I can remember seeing, but as years went on I believe that I was present at every match I possibly could get at. And all the time my brothers and myself were being

*From the "All England Cricket and Football Journal."

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coached by my uncle, Mr. Pocock, into the rudiments of the game.

"He was a great enthusiast in the game, you know, and taught us the correct style, and when I was old enough I used to play for the West Gloucestershire Club, of which my father was the manager. Unfortunately, however, we had no ground at Downend, and had to play upon the common, about a mile away; but we lads when at home used to pitch our wickets in the orchard. That was where I first got a knowledge of the game.



MR. W. G. GRACE'S FATHER.
Photo. by Midwinter & Co.



Photo. by [*Midwinter & Co.*
MR. W. G. GRACE'S MOTHER.

"The first match I played in? Well, that was when I was nine years old, and I scored 3 not out. I played three more innings that year, I remember, and scored only another single. That wasn't exactly great, was it? Nor were my records exactly as I wished for the next few years. In 1858, I played six innings for 4 runs; 1859, nine innings for 12 runs; 1860, four innings for 82; 1861, ten innings for 46; and 1862, five innings for 53.

"But all this time, you must remember, I was still practising under Uncle Pocock's eye, while beyond cricket we boys also went in for the kite carriages, of which he was the inventor. Of course, this is really outside the game, but I may mention that we used to beat the carriages drawn by horses frequently, while on one occasion he raced and defeated the Duke of York's carriage on the London Road. That was his recreation, you know; but to get back to cricket again. I left school in 1863, and after a very severe illness I was placed under the charge of a tutor by my father. That season I played nineteen innings, and hit up 350 runs, being not out on six occasions, and securing an average of 26.

"By this time, as you may imagine, I was getting pretty well known as a cricketer in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and had scored 18 and 1 in the match Gentlemen of Gloucester *v.* Gentlemen of Devon. But it was not until '64 that I accomplished my first great performance. I was only fifteen at that time, mind you, but a big boy for my age, and playing for the Gentlemen of South Wales against the Gentlemen of Sussex made 170 and 56 not out, and took two wickets in the first innings. This success led to my being requested to play in the following year for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players both at Lords and the Oval. I did fairly well, but the first century I ever hit up in first-class cricket was made in 1866. England was playing Surrey, at the Oval, and, going in fifth for the former, I did not come out again until I had made 224, and then was not out.

"Since then I have been playing continually in first-class cricket whenever I have been available and eligible, although at times



Photo. by MR. W. G. GRACE'S BIRTHPLACE. [*Midwinter & Co.*

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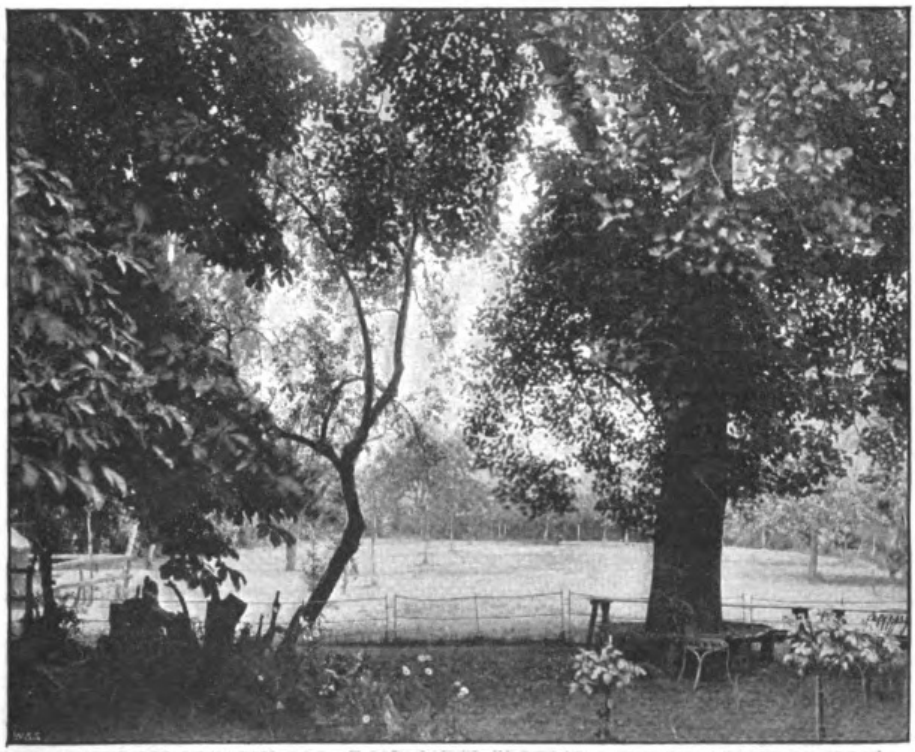


THE CHESTNUTS, DOWNEND—MR. GRACE'S FORMER RESIDENCE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.

my duties precluded all idea of my donning the flannels. In the field I used to prefer being placed at long leg, but I much prefer point now. Eighteen stone, for that is what I have weighed for a good many years past, is quite enough for me to carry when batting, and I can tell you I don't care for sprinting to the boundary in the attempt to save a four as much as I did in my younger days.

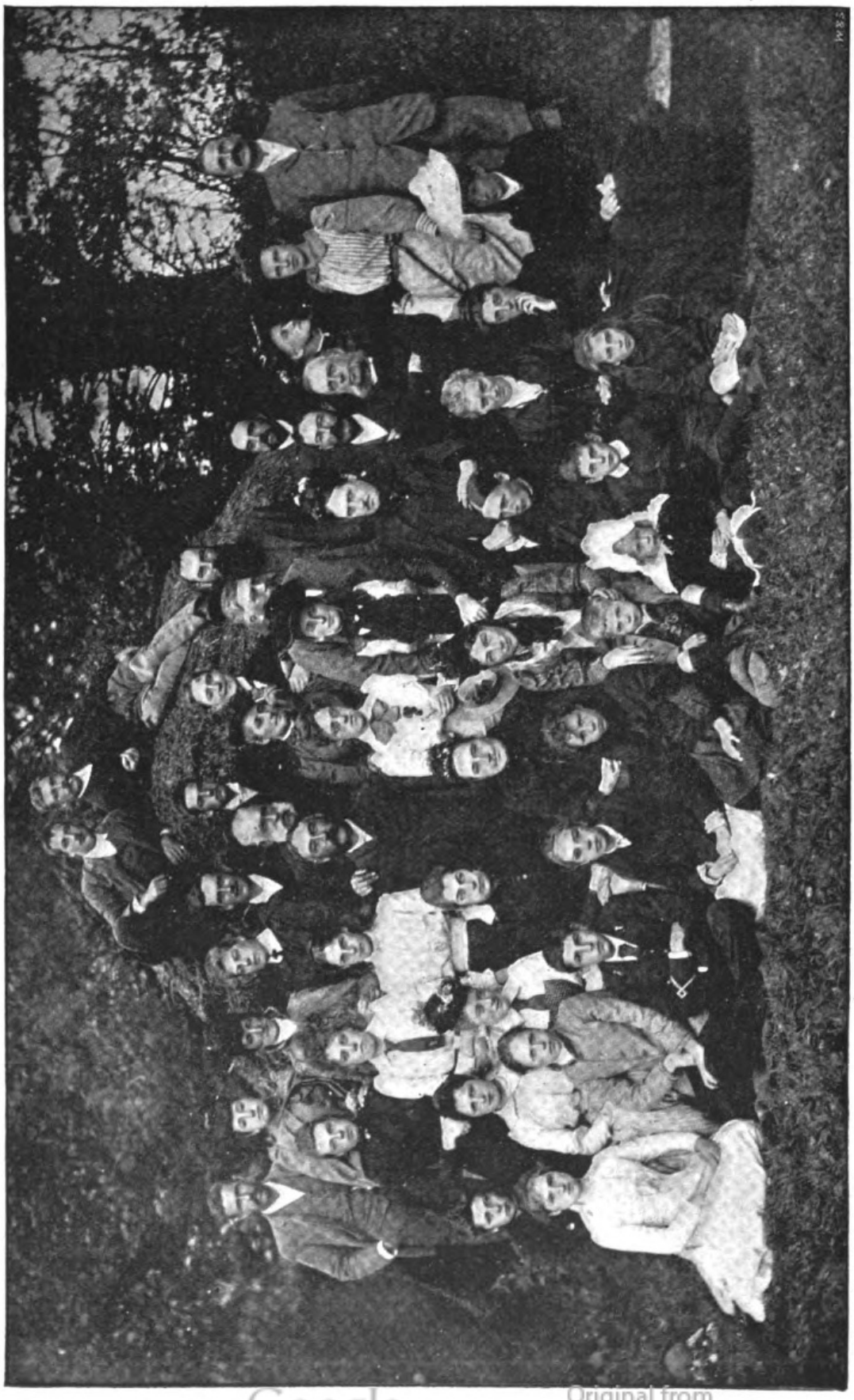
"What was my best year with the bat? Well (with a laugh) I have had so many that I almost forget, but I think you may be safe in saying that I was most successful in 1870. In that season I had 35 innings, scoring 2,739 runs, and having an average of 78 at the close. With these figures you may perhaps think I had a little luck with the bowlers. But I don't think I had. I know I had to face J. C. Shaw, Alfred Shaw, Southerton, Martin McIntyre, and Wooton, and they were all good men.

"Then my best season with the ball, I think, was in 1867. I took 39 wickets at a cost of 6·21 each; in 1874 I secured 129 for 12; 1875, 192 for 12; and again in 1877 the same average, 179 for 12. My highest innings, I may add, was that scored in 1876 against Twenty-two of Grimsby and District for a United South of England Eleven. When we went on the ground they grumbled because we had brought a weak



CRICKET GROUND AT THE CHESTNUTS, DOWNEND, WHERE THE GRACES PLAYED CRICKET AS BOYS.
From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.

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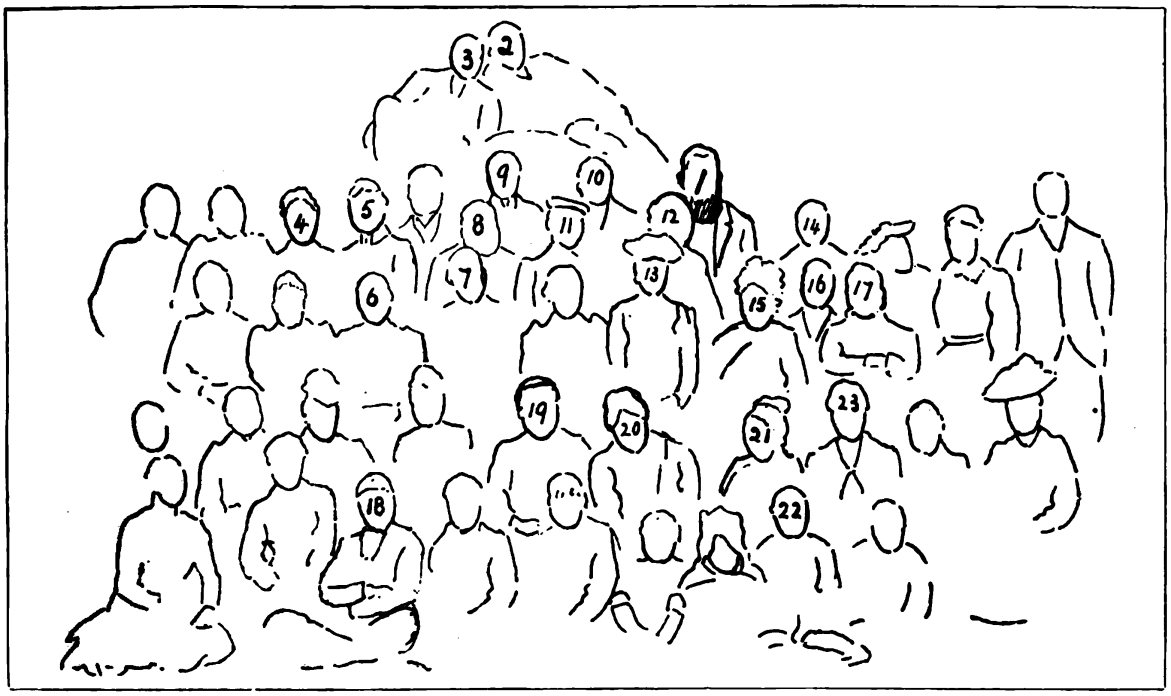


THE GRACE FAMILY.

From a Photo. by] [*Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.*

The persons in this group are 45 in number, and from Drs. Henry, W. G., and E. M. downwards, to a very small child, they are all members of the family of celebrated cricketers. The photograph was taken on the occasion of a family picnic, which is an annual affair, and to which they invite no one but members of their own family.

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SKELETON PLAN OF THE GRACE FAMILY.

1. W. G. Grace. 2. Alfie Grace (nephew). 3. Geo. Grace (nephew). 4. Mrs. E. M. Grace. 5. Mrs. Page (niece). 6. Miss Bessie Grace (daughter). 7. E. M. Grace (brother). 8. Alfd. Pocock. 9. W. G. Grace, jnr. 10. Gerald Grace (nephew). 11. Mrs. Bernard (sister). 12. Henry Grace (brother). 13. Mrs. W. G. Grace. 14. Dr. Skelton (brother-in-law). 15. Miss Fanny Grace (sister). 16. Alfd. Grace (brother). 17. Rev. J. W. Dann (brother-in-law). 18. H. E. Grace (son). 19. Mrs. Skelton (sister). 20. Mrs. Hy. Grace. 21. Mrs. Dann (sister). 22. Chas. B. Grace (son). 23. Mrs. Alfd. Grace.

team, but there wasn't much said after I made 400, not out, out of 681, and was at the wickets until nearly four o'clock on the third day. But this performance was never an actual record, you know. A few weeks after I had made the runs I have just mentioned, I made 344 for Gentlemen of M.C.C. against Kent, followed with 179 *v.* Notts, and 318 not out *v.* Yorkshire.

"Beyond these performances, I have three times scored over a hundred in each innings, and, with Mr. B. B. Cooper, made a record of 283 for the first wicket for Gentlemen of the South against Players of the South. This stood as a record until it was beaten by Messrs. H. T. Hewett and L. C. Palairet at Taunton, playing for Somersetshire *v.* Yorkshire. As to what I should call the best of my innings—well, you must judge that for yourself.

"And now to present-day cricket. Well, I think myself that the players who were known when I first came out would fairly hold their own now, while in many cases I fancy they might be better. Of course, we hadn't the pitches then that we have now, and every hit was run out. The consequence of this was that perhaps a batsman would get excited in trying to get a six, with a short run as the last, and the field had a better chance of running him out than they have at the present day.

"Why, there were no boundaries at the time I am speaking of, and at Lord's and the Oval, if the ball didn't go inside the pavilion we had to run it out. This is what makes me think that it is easier to get a hundred now than it was then. The only remedy that I know for this would be to put a wooden fence right round the playing ground, say some 2ft. high. If a ball should be sent over, it should be a boundary, and count the regulation four; if not, it should be run out.

"Of course, the reason these boundaries were established had nothing to do with saving the batsmen. It was the crowd who had to be considered, for I have seen a fieldsman knock down four or five spectators when going after a ball. We used to go right in, and let everybody take care of himself. As regards the question whether batting and bowling are improving, of course, there are a great many more players now than there were twenty and twenty-five years ago, but I don't think there is much difference.

"The players, I am bound to admit, are stronger in bowling than the amateurs, but I think I can explain that. An amateur does not appear to care for bowling so much as for batting. And then, again, a professional does not go on for so many years. You hear of them, as a general rule, for a few seasons, and then they give up the game and go into

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business. But with amateurs the case is very different. They play solely for the love of the thing itself, and keep on year after year, and season after season.

"Not much difference in University cricket? No, I can't say that there is, although taken as a whole it is better now than it used to be. And the same may be said of public school cricket, although with the latter I should like to point out one thing. That is this: There is a tendency to keep a boy down to a certain style in his play. He must play the 'correct game,' it is said; but suppose a lad has an ugly style, and yet is a hitter who can get runs, why should he not be coached up in that? Instead of that, however, he is taught how to hold his bat by the regulation rule, and the result is that instead of being a fearless slogger he is to a great measure spoilt. These remarks, I may as well say, apply equally to the bowling as to the batting.

"My opinion is that, provided a lad is able to keep his wicket up and to get runs, although his style may not be a pretty one for a spectator to watch, he should be allowed to play his own game, under certain not too strict conditions, of course. When at the Universities the style of a young player has been practically formed, but it would be as well if the men were to practise bowling more than they do just now. But I suppose the reason why the ball is not so favoured as the bat is by reason of the wickets being much easier now than was the case when I first remember them. Now, almost every college at both Oxford and Cambridge has grounds of its own, and there is ample opportunity for them to turn out good teams. I should not say that upon the average there is much difference between either 'Varsity eleven, but you must remember that Fenners is much easier for the batsmen, and correspondingly more difficult for the bowlers, than the parks at Oxford. I should say that is why the Cantabs are not so very strong as a rule in the latter department, for it takes all the heart out of a man to send down over after over, day after day, without getting a wicket. As regards the best bowlers I have met at Cambridge, I might mention R. M. Powys, A. G. Steele, S. M. J. Woods, J. S. Jackson.

"But it is not exactly fair to judge the



THE WINNING ELEVEN OF GRACE'S, IN THE MATCH WITH ELEVEN OF ROBINSON'S, AT BRISTOL.
From a Photo. by Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

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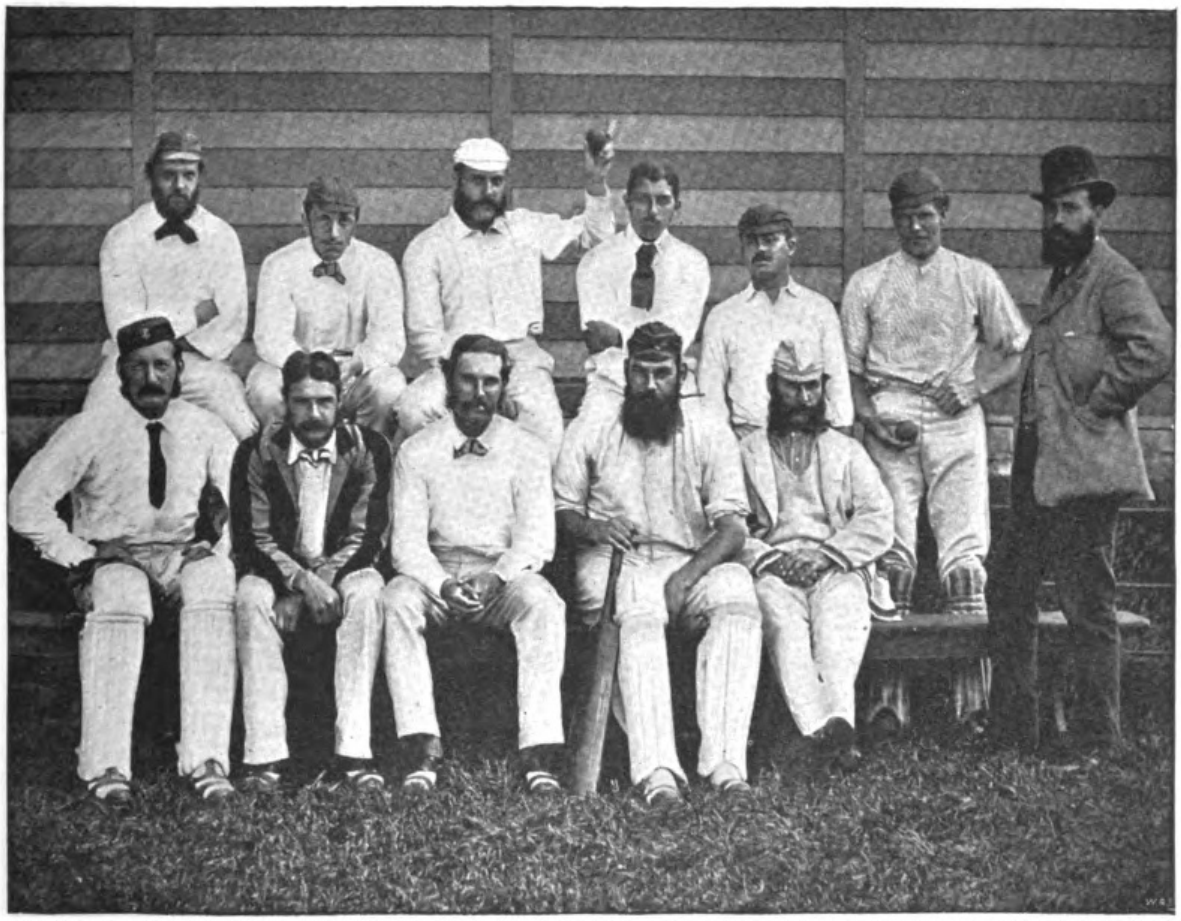
capability of a team from their display upon a London ground. For one thing, the batsmen are far from being at home under the altered conditions. The men are nervous, too, especially if it should be their first appearance in London.

"And as regards the admission of additional counties into the championship series: this I do not think is exactly an improvement. With so many teams engaged it will be found impossible to play home and home matches with each county. The consequence of this may be that, perhaps, some strong counties will only meet some of the weaker ones; and then again, matters may get so complicated when the points come to be calculated that there will be a difficulty in really finding out who are the champions.

"Then there is another thing I am afraid of. That is, that cricket will be made too much of a business, like football—with the consequence that none but professionals will be seen playing. That, I hope, will not come in our times; but there is that probability to be faced. Should such a condition of affairs occur—well, betting and all other kindred evils will follow in its wake, and instead of the game being followed up for love, it will simply be a matter of £ s. d.

"And then there is another thing that militates against the well-being of a team. That is the behaviour of the crowd. If a batsman is unfortunate, there is always a section of the public who starts jeering as soon as he may come in. That takes all the confidence out of a man, and if he should be an amateur, he would not stand it for long. Then, again, if a fieldsman fails to take a difficult chance, or is slow in a return, the crowd set about him again. But I can tell you a man feels quite bad enough when he knows he has missed a chance of sending an opponent back, without having the spectators howling at him. You can't expect anyone to stand too much of this kind of treatment, and if things should reach a climax, the gentlemen always have a remedy in their own hands. All they will have to do will be to give up the county games, form clubs, and decide fixtures amongst themselves.

"How do I think the alteration in the rule of follow-on will affect the game, you ask. That all depends; and as it has been afforded such a short trial, I prefer not to say too much upon



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE TEAM AS THE CHAMPION COUNTY, IN 1877—THE LAST GROUP TAKEN IN WHICH FRED. GRACE, WHO IS HOLDING UP THE BALL, APPEARED BEFORE HIS DEATH.
From a Photo. by] *[Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.*

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the subject; but I think it may make the game a little fairer for the fielding side. Say their opponents complete their first innings, and then have to follow on. Well, the chances are all in favour of a big score being knocked up. The bowlers and fieldsmen are fatigued, while the batsmen have had an opportunity of resting themselves. With the margin enlarged to 120 runs, however, it should tend to make the game of a more equal character, for it is not often that an eleven would fall so far in the rear as that figure.

"Then you mention the 'retired hurt' question, that has provoked such a discussion since the pronouncement of the secretary of the M.C.C. Of course, if a batsman is hurt he retires, and then may come out again and finish his innings if an arrangement is made with the opposing captain. As for saying that a player might retire under what practically would mean false pretences for the sake of his average, that cannot be taken into serious consideration for a moment. A man would never do that—that is my experience of the game; and if he should do so by any chance, well, he wouldn't be played again, you may depend upon that.



From a Photo. by] PREPARING FOR ACTION. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

"Now, that is hardly a fair question to ask."

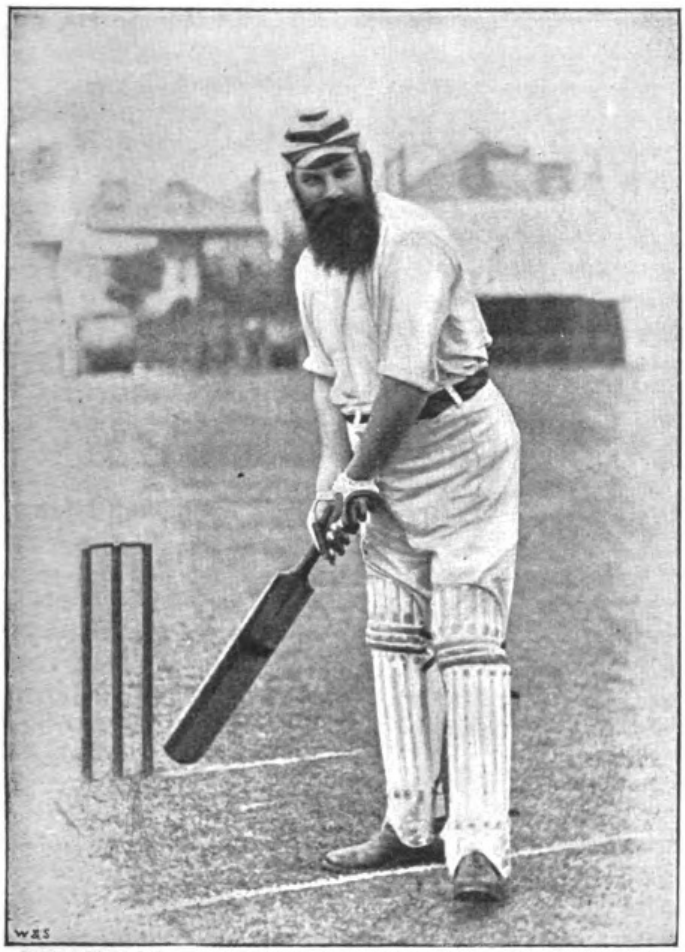
This in reply to a question of mine respecting which ground in England was the best, in Mr. Grace's opinion.

"All county grounds are good; some are naturally slower than others, but no fault can be found with the manner in which they are kept. But if you want to know which is the easiest ground from a batsman's point of view, I should certainly pitch upon that at Brighton. There is a very small boundary there, it is fast, and a team ought to be able to score a hundred a day there in advance of the figures they might obtain upon some other grounds.

"But I think that on the whole Australian wickets are better, as a rule, than ours. They have all the climatic advantages necessary to make a pitch something like what we were getting in May and June of this year. At Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney the grounds are as good as ours, as level as a billiard table, and much easier to score upon owing to their being so fast. But it doesn't follow from this that a player who has made a big reputation home here would do well at the Antipodes. For one thing, the climate is liable to upset a visitor, and then the glare of the sun exercises a dazzling effect upon one, which you are a considerable time in getting used to.

"In America they also have fairly good grounds; that was how I found it when I was across there, and I dare say they have improved matters considerably since then. But the cricket is only about as good as that of the weakest of our counties, although the clubs are so enthusiastic over the game, that negotiations have been opened for the visit of a couple of our teams some time during the present season. But there is really no comparison between English and Colonial cricket. Why, here, at home, we ought to beat Australia every time, although when you take a team out there, there is a certainty that it would not be a really representative one. The matters I have already mentioned would

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From a Photo. by] READY TO RECEIVE THE BALL. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

militate against its success, while the hospitality is too much for good play.

"There is, however, one feature of the Australian cricket which I may perhaps mention. They have had a really wonderful succession of first-class bowlers in a short time. The batting, when the number of players is considered in proportion, is not nearly so good; but as they have so very few professionals, the amateurs are forced to handle the leather themselves. In the big matches and club fixtures, the latter more especially, I have found that the trundling is better there than in England.

"But I have met some capital bowlers in the past. I should class them in two sections, the slows including A. Shaw, Peate, Southerton, Mr. A. G. Steel, Watson, Mr. Buchanan; and the fasts—Freeman, Tarrant, Jackson, Hill, Willsher, Morley, J. C. Shaw, Mr. Tonge, and Mr. Appleby.

"I think myself that the bowling was quite as difficult when I came out in first-class cricket as at the present time; but amongst the most successful of the present time with the leather, I should put Peel, Briggs, and Mr. C. L. Townsend as the slows, and Mr. S. Woods, Mr. Kortright, Mold, Richardson, and Lockwood as the fasts.

"The consideration of the various degrees of excellence amongst the bowlers takes you, as a matter of course, to the consideration of throwing. I must admit that some of the very fast bowlers (I need mention no names) are looked upon with suspicion; but I really do not think they are any worse now than they were in years gone by. There was always a certain percentage of suspicion, and so, I suppose, it will have to go on. There is one thing certain, and that is, you will never get an umpire to no-ball a suspicious bowler who is allowed to take part in present cricket.

"The only remedy I can suggest would be for a dozen umpires and a similar number of captains of the best county teams to meet together. The names of all the bowlers who were suspected of throwing should be placed upon a slip of paper. Then they should be marked, as by ballot, whether they were considered to throw or not, the decision of a two-thirds majority to be final, and if a man were convicted of throwing he should not be allowed to bowl again. That is the only way in which the evil could be coped with, in my opinion, and when a man knew that he might be debarred from further play—well, it would make him much more careful.

"Then another thing that is often asked me is, whether I think football improves a man for cricket. No, I do not. A man cannot do well at cricket unless he has followed the game up all his life, while I could mention Rugby forwards who really run away from fast bowlers. A cricketer, however, should take plenty of exercise to keep himself fit during the winter. But people have much over-rated the methods I pursue. You read of all kinds of means, but you may take it from me that they are, in the majority of instances, untrue.

"Last winter I was certainly out once or twice a week with the Clifton Foot Beagles, but I commenced practising much later this year than usual. But it doesn't follow that even if a man is in training he will do equally well at all times. A spell of bad luck may unsettle him, or a

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biting east wind may take all the suppleness out of his joints. A man who plays cricket, and cricket alone, though, is not likely to make a shining light. Exercise is what you require. If you can't run you can ride, and if you can't ride you can walk.

"This reminds me that I was never defeated over hurdles at 200yds., while my favourite distance on the flat was a quarter of a mile. But I have been credited with covering 100yds. in 10 4-5sec., and clearing 5ft. in the high jump, while I remember one instance in which there was an amusing dispute with my brother, E. M. You must know that he could beat me in a 100yds. sprint, but we both entered for the event and got on the mark. I kept one eye upon the starter and, poaching a couple of yards at the pistol shot, won by a foot. E. M. wouldn't speak to me after this for a time, but the coolness soon wore off with the dear old fellow. But I never possessed any style in my running. When I came out at sixteen I was unmercifully chaffed at the way I threw my legs and arms about, but I persevered, and at last, two years later, won the 300yds. strangers' race at Clifton College sports."

Upon turning up the records, it may be mentioned *en passant* that in 1869 he had gained the reputation of being one of the fastest quarter-mile runners in England, and in 1870, when giving racing up, had gained over seventy cups and medals. In 1866 Mr. Grace secured eighteen 1sts and two 2nds; 1867, one 1st; 1868, six 1sts; 1869, seventeen 1sts, nine 2nds, and one 3rd; and in 1870, five 1sts, one 2nd, and one 3rd. His best times were: 100yds., upon grass, 10 4-5sec.; 150yds. (with 5yds. start), 15½sec.; 200yds. hurdles, 28sec.; 440yds. flat race, 52 1-5sec.; long jump, 17½ft.; high jump, 5ft.; hop, step, and jump, 41ft.; pole jump, 9ft.; and throwing the cricket ball, 122yds. These figures will give an idea of what he was capable of at his best.

"How should I advise a young beginner to start learning the game? That is a somewhat difficult question, for every player possesses a style more or less distinctive. But the great thing for a youngster to secure is a good coach, who will teach him the correct way in which to hold his bat and take up his position at the wickets. Perhaps a lad may say that the hard and fast rules may make him feel cramped and stiff at the wicket, but you may depend upon it that he will soon adapt himself to the various conditions. Then, in taking his place against the bowler, the batsman should be particular in seeing that he plays with a perfectly straight bat, while his toes should be just outside an imaginary line drawn from the leg and off stump of each wicket respectively. This will enable him to get well over his work, while he will stand less chance of being bowled off his pads.

"As for the position in which to stand, there is no hard and fast rule, but what I generally favour is the placing of the left leg about 12in. in front and at right angles to my other. The right foot should come inside the crease, and as a general rule should not be moved. Shift your left foot as much as you like when batting, but upon the right depends the stability of your defence. If you are continually shifting it, you will get out very soon.



From a Photo. by] CUTTING. *[Hawkins, Brighton.*

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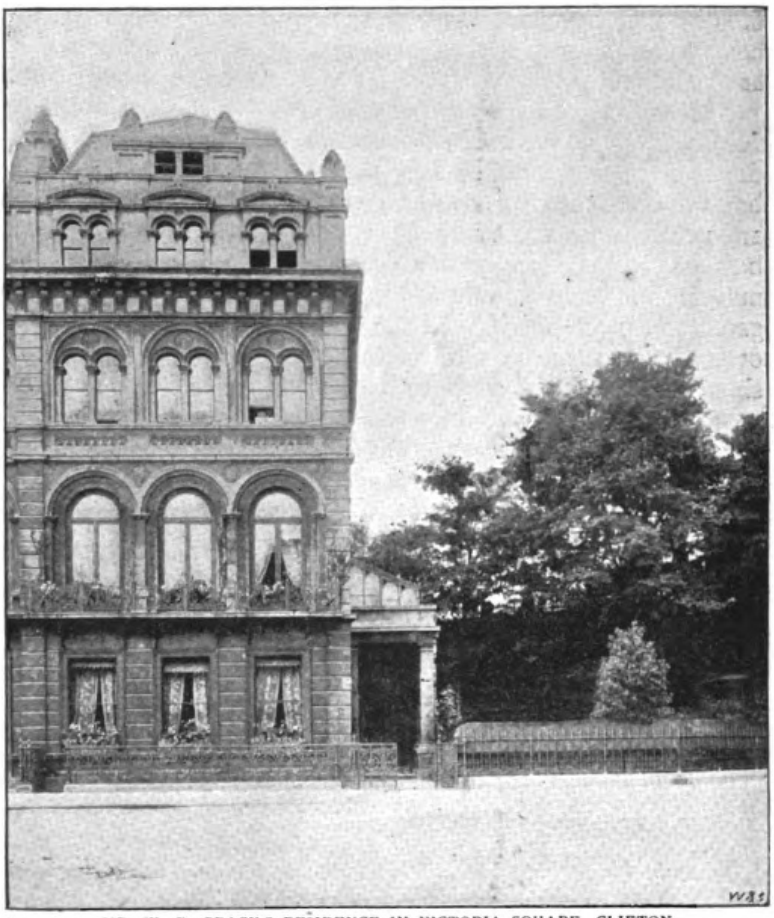
"And now for the bat. No doubt you have observed the peculiarity of many players in respect of the length of the handle. Some have long, others again have them shorter. I myself prefer a handle of the ordinary length, and hold it about half-way up. Then you must keep your eye upon the bowler until the instant when the ball leaves his hand, for you can generally tell by this in which way he intends to break. Then you should make the bat hit the ball, not let the ball hit the bat.

"If you make up your mind to hit, hit hard, half measures are of no use; and when you block, put just a little power into your strokes. You should not be content to stop the ball by simply interposing the bat, but play it in such a manner that runs may be secured. Hit hard, then: that is my advice to a young player; but get well over the ball and never spoon it up. A hit travels much farther when it is kept down than when sent high in the air; while it is but seldom found that a slogger, who skies all his hits, scores many runs.

"With regard to the various styles of play, it is difficult to advise. You see, each player generally has a different method, and a long-reached man will be able to get forward and smother a ball that shorter-reached batsmen can only play by getting farther back. There is consequently much that must be left to individual judgment, but I should most strongly caution a player against betraying a tendency to play across the wicket, or to pull balls. A leg ball that is a leg ball should be hit to leg, but young players are only too apt to attempt to pull almost every ball sent down. The result of this is that they fail to do much in the game owing to their faulty style.

"In cutting, you should never fail to keep the ball down, patting it down, if I may use the expression, although nothing but practice will bring the familiarity necessary for the playing of the game. You should practise frequently and play as carefully at the nets as in an actual match; while many useful hints may be learnt by watching the best players. A beginner, mind you, should not be a copyist, but there is more to be learnt in half an hour's actual practice than can be taught in a week of theory.

"And now we come to bowling. In this department too much attention cannot be given, although the young beginner should not attempt to bowl fast at first. If he does, possibly he will sacrifice pitch and straightness. Commencing, say, at 18 yards instead of 22, he should gradually work his way back to the longer distance, and by placing a mark, easily seen, upon the pitch at a certain distance from the wicket, he will soon be able to vary his length at will, and bowl somewhere near the spot aimed at. Trying to twist the ball should only come after a man has learnt to bowl straight. To accomplish this the ball should be held firmly in the hand, with the fingers grasping it well over the centre and resting over the seams. Then in leaving go, the fingers should relax their grasp, imparting the twist so destructive to the unwary batsman.



MR. W. G. GRACE'S RESIDENCE IN VICTORIA SQUARE, CLIFTON.
From a Photo. by Mr. Voss Bark, Clifton.

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"But there is more to be gained by altering your pace and length than by bowling dead upon the wicket time after time. Many batsmen will simply play maiden after maiden if the bowling is straight, but if you give them a few balls on either side of the wicket, it is probable that they will give a chance and be out. Of course, this does not apply to a poor batsman. He cannot play straight bowling for any length of time, and is bound to let the ball beat him eventually.

"Which is the best bowling, fast or slow? Well, that depends upon the ground. Although a fast bowler upon a good wicket is the easiest to score from, my eye is not so sure as it was at one time, and I think I prefer a medium-paced ball myself. Considering the two styles of bowling, however, slow is generally the best upon a soft wicket, and fast upon a hard, difficult pitch.

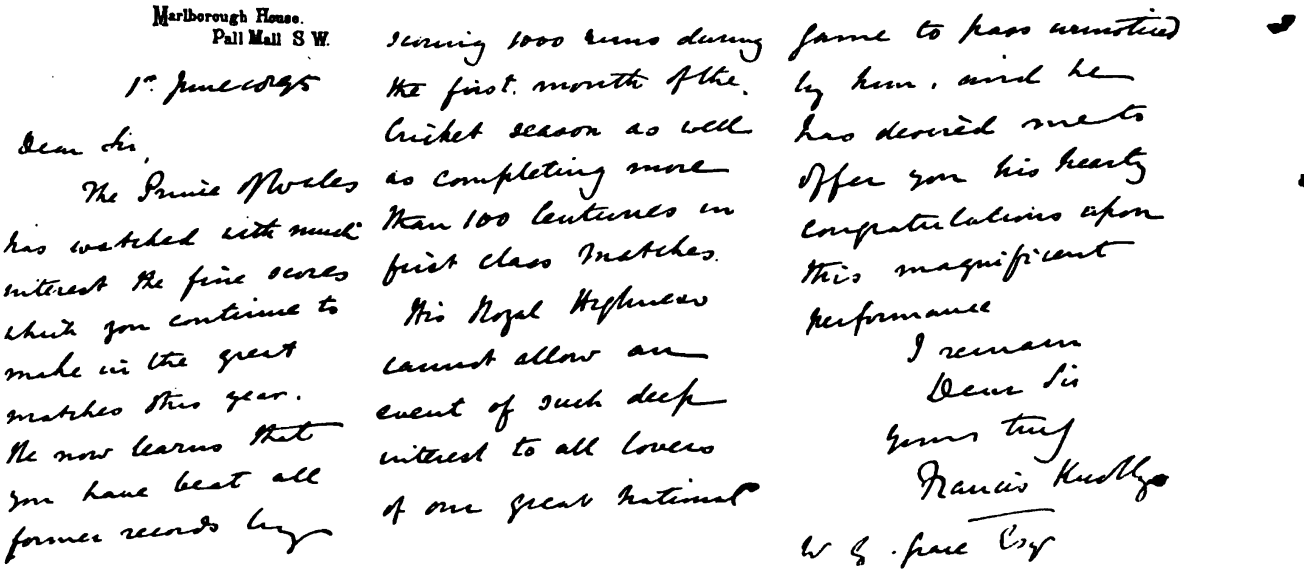
"Now, in conclusion, we come to the fielding. It is as much by activity in this department that a match is won as with the bat, for, if catches are missed, returns muffed, and runs allowed to be stolen—well, the bowlers will be sadly handicapped. Each man in the field should be intent upon the game, and nothing else. Talking during the over should not be allowed. A fieldsman should invariably run in to a ball, and not wait for it to come to him, while he can never tell what catches he may bring off unless he makes the attempt.

"One curious thing that is sometimes seen is that a poor field may take a catch coming off the bat at a tremendous pace, while he may miss an easy one. When making a catch off a swift ball, the hands should 'give' a few inches involuntarily, but with a slow the ball is apt to jump out of your grip before the fingers can close round it.

"Then there is another point worth attention. Suppose you miss a ball. The best do this at times, but never lose a moment in vain regrets, but sprint off and save the runs. Then in returning the ball, unless you have an excellent reason, never throw to the bowler's end. When returning from the long field send the ball low and straight. The greater the curve, the longer it takes to reach the wicket, and the less chance is there of running the batsman out. By the due observance of these rules, there is no reason, if a young player is possessed of a good eye and head, why he should not prove a successful exponent of our noble game.

"There is one thing, however, in addition to these I have already enumerated, that has been discussed considerably; that is, upon either a wet or drying wicket, if you are successful in the toss, should you put your opponents in or have first knock yourself? The latter, most decidedly, I should say; for in this climate of ours you can never be certain of the weather for two days in succession. In fact, I may safely say that only about once in thirty or forty times does the experiment of putting your opponents in first prove successful."

F. W. W.



Marlborough House.
Pall Mall S.W.

1st June 1895

Dear Sir,

The Prince of Wales has watched with much interest the fine scores which you continue to make in the great matches this year. He now learns that you have beat all former records by scoring 1000 runs during the first month of the Cricket season as well as completing more than 100 centuries in first class matches.

His Royal Highness cannot allow an event of such deep interest to all lovers of our great National game to pass unnoticed by him, and he has desired me to offer you his hearty congratulations upon this magnificent performance

I remain
Dear Sir
Yours truly
Francis Knollys

W. G. Grace Esq

Copied by] FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, SENT TO MR. GRACE JUNE 1, 1895. [Midwinter.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. G. Falconer King for permission to use the following illustrations: W. G. Grace at 22, his Birthplace, his Parents, the Eleven of Grace's, and the Prince of Wales's Letter.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

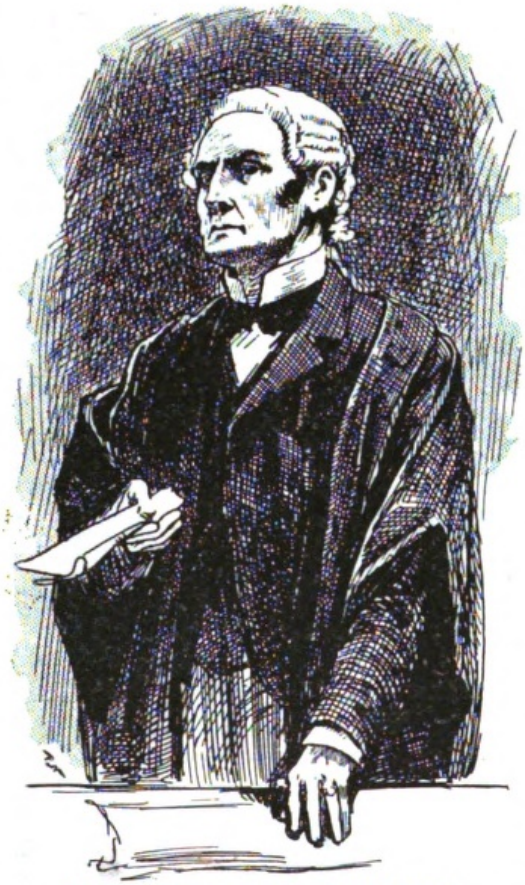
VIII.—ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

THE study of the human character in its many complex forms has always been of deep interest to the doctor. From long practice, he becomes to a great extent able to read his many patients, and some characters appear to him as if they were the pages of an open book. The hopes, fears, aims, and motives which influence the human soul are laid bare before him, even in the moment when the patient imagines that he is only giving him a dry statement of some bodily ailment. The physician believes fully in the action of mind on body, and can do little good for any patient until he becomes acquainted with his dominant thought, and the real motive which influences his life.

For the purpose of carrying on what has become such an absorbing study of my own life, I have often visited places not at all connected with my profession in the hope of getting fresh insight into the complex workings of the human mind.

Not long ago, having a day off duty, I visited the Old Bailey while a celebrated trial was going on. The special case which was engaging the attention of judge, learned counsel, and twelve intelligent members of the British jury was one which aroused my professional acumen from the first. The man who stood in the prisoner's dock was a gentleman by birth and appearance. He was young and good-looking—his face was of the keenly intelligent order—his eyes were frank in their expression—his mouth firm, and his jaw of the bulldog order as regards obstinacy and tenacity of purpose. I judged him to be about twenty-eight years of age, although the anxiety incident to his cruel position had already slightly sprinkled the hair which grew round his temples with grey.

His name was Edward Bayard—the crime he was being tried for was forgery—he was accused of having forged a cheque for £5,000, and I saw from the first that the circumstantial evidence against him was of the strongest. I listened to his able counsel's view of the case, watching the demeanour of the prisoner as I did so. He leant the whole time with his arms over the rail of the dock, looking straight before him without a vestige of either shame or confusion on his fine face. I observed that his intellect was keenly at work; that he was following the arguments of his counsel with intense interest. I also noticed that once or twice his lips moved, and on one occasion, when a very difficult point was carried, there came the glimmer of a smile of satisfaction round his firmly-set lips.



"THE COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION."

The counsel for the prosecution then stood up and pulled the counsel's argument for the defendant to pieces. The case seemed black against the prisoner—still he never moved from his one position, and stood perfectly calm and self-possessed. The case was not finished that day. I went away so deeply interested, that I resolved at all hazards to return to the Old Bailey on the following afternoon. I did so—the case of Edward Bayard occupied another couple of hours—

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in the end, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the prisoner was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I watched him when the sentence was pronounced, and noticed a certain droop of his shoulders as he followed his gaoler out of the dock. My own firm conviction was that the man was innocent. There was nothing for me to do, however, in the matter. A jury of his countrymen had pronounced Edward Bayard guilty. He had been employed in the diplomatic service, and hitherto his career had been irreproachable; it was now cut short. He had metaphorically stepped down, gone out, vanished. His old place in the world would know him no more. He might survive his sentence, and even live to be an old man, but practically, for all intents and purposes, his life was over.

I am not given to sentimentalize, but I felt a strange sensation of discontent during the remainder of that day; in short, I almost wished that I had taken up the law instead of medicine, in order that the chance might be mine to clear Bayard.

That evening at my club a man I knew well began to talk over the case.



"LADY KATHLEEN CHURCH."

"It is a queer story altogether," he said; "it is well known that Levesen, the man who prosecuted, is in love with the girl to whom Bayard was engaged."

"Indeed!" I answered. "I know nothing whatever of Bayard's private history."

"Until this occurred," continued Teesdel, "I would have trusted Bayard, whom I have known for years, with untold gold—the evidence against him, however, has been so overwhelming that, of course, he had not the ghost of a chance of acquittal; still, I must repeat, he is the last man I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing."

"I was present at the trial," I answered, "and followed the story to a certain extent, but I should like to hear it now in brief, if I may."

"I will present it in a nutshell," said Teesdel, in his brisk way. "Levesen, the prosecutor, is a tolerably rich man—he has a house in Piccadilly, where he lives with his sister. Levesen is guardian to a very beautiful girl, a ward in Chancery—her name is Lady Kathleen Church. She has lived with Levesen and his sister for the last couple of years. Lady Kathleen is only nineteen, and it was whispered a short time ago in Levesen's circle of friends that he intended to make the fair heiress his wife. She is a very lovely girl, and, as she will inherit a large fortune when she attains her majority, is of course attractive in every way. Lady Kathleen met Bayard at a friend's house—the young people fell in love with each other, and became engaged. Bayard was rising in his profession—he was far from rich, but was likely to do well eventually. There was no reasonable objection to the engagement, and Francis Levesen did not attempt to make any. Levesen took Bayard up—the two men were constantly seen together—the engagement was formally announced, although the wedding was not to take place until Lady Kathleen's majority. One fine morning it was discovered that Bayard's banking account was augmented to the tune of £5,000, that Levesen's account was short of precisely that sum, that a cheque had been presented by Bayard at Levesen's bank, with Levesen's signature, for exactly that sum of money. The cheque was, of course, a forgery. Bayard was arrested, prosecuted, and found guilty. His version of the story you have, doubtless, followed in court. Levesen is in Parliament, and has a secretary; Bayard was in money difficulties. He asked Levesen to help him, and declares

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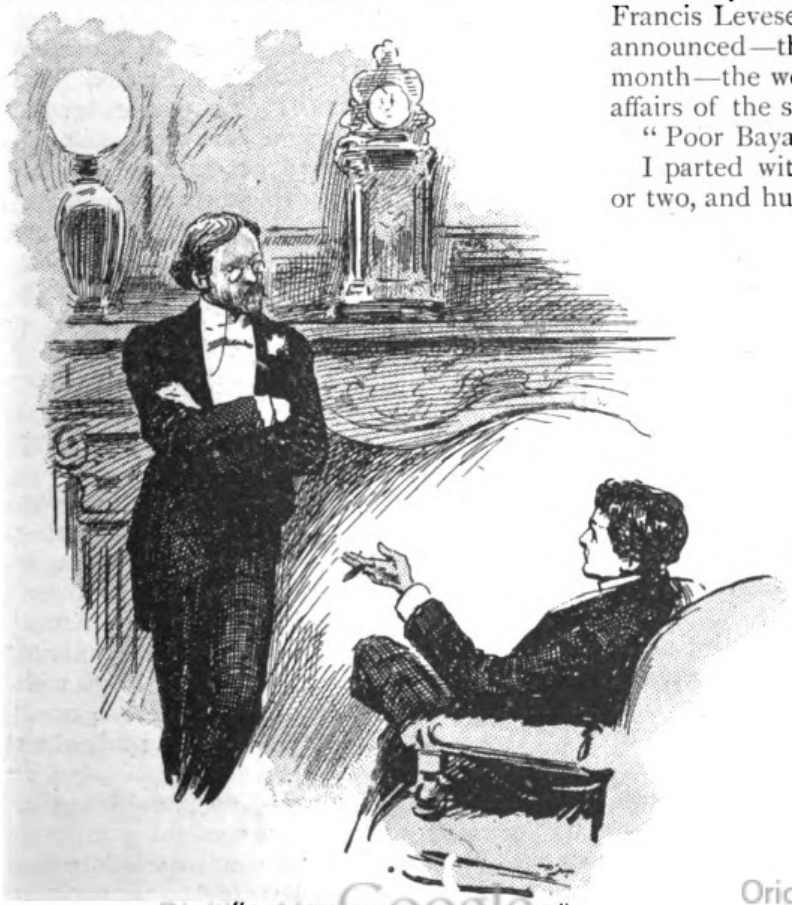
that the cheque was handed to him by Mr. Franks, Levesen's secretary. There is no evidence whatever to support this story, and Bayard has, as you know, now to expiate his crime in penal servitude. Well, I can only repeat that he is the last man in existence I should ever have expected to do that sort of thing."

"We none of us know what we may do until we are tried," said a man who stood near.

"The story is undoubtedly a strange one," I answered. "I have listened carefully to the evidence on both sides, and although the verdict is evidently the only one which could be expected under the circumstances, my strong feeling is that Bayard did not commit that forgery."

"Then how do you account for the thing?"

"I wish I could account for it—there is something hidden which we know nothing about. I am convinced of Bayard's innocence, but my reason for this conviction is nothing more than a certain knowledge of character which from long experience I possess. Bayard is not the sort of man who, under any circumstances, would debase himself to the extent of committing a crime. The whole thing is repugnant to his character—in short, I believe him to be innocent."



"I BELIEVE HIM TO BE INNOCENT."

My words evidently startled Teesdel; he gazed at me attentively.

"It is queer that you, of all men, should make such a remark, Halifax," he said. "You must know that character goes for nothing in moments of strong temptation. It was clearly proved that Bayard wanted the money. Franks, the secretary, could not have had any possible motive for swearing to a lie. In short, I can't agree with you. I am sorry for the poor fellow, but I am afraid my verdict is on the side of the jury."

"What about Lady Kathleen?" I asked, after a pause.

"Of course the engagement is broken off—people say the girl is broken-hearted—she was devoted to Bayard; I believe Miss Levesen has taken her out of town."

I said nothing further. It was more than a year before I heard Bayard's name mentioned again. Walking down Piccadilly one day I ran up against Teesdel; he stopped to speak to me for a minute, and as we were parting turned back to say:—

"By the way, your face reminds me of something—yes, now I know. The last time I saw you, you had just come from poor Bayard's trial—well, the latest news is, that Lady Kathleen Church is engaged to Francis Levesen—the engagement is formally announced—they are to be married within a month—the wedding is to be one of the big affairs of the season."

"Poor Bayard!" was my sole exclamation.

I parted with Teesdel after another word or two, and hurried off to attend to my duties.

A week later two ladies were ushered into my consulting-room. One was elderly, with a thin, somewhat masculine, type of face, shrewd, closely set dark eyes, and a compressed mouth. She was dressed in the height of the reigning fashion, and wore a spotted veil drawn down over her face. Her manner was stiff and conventional. She bowed and took the chair I offered without speaking.

I turned from her to glance at her companion—my other visitor was a girl—a girl who would have been beautiful had she been in health. Her figure was very slight and willowy—she had well-open brown eyes, and one of those high-bred faces which one associates

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with the best order of English girl. In health, she probably had a bright complexion, but she was now ghastly pale—her face was much emaciated, and there were large black shadows under her eyes. Looking at her more closely, I came to the quick conclusion that the state of her bodily health was caused by some mental worry. The melancholy in her beautiful eyes was almost overpowering. I drew a chair forward for her, and she dropped into it without a word.

"My name is Levesen," said the elder lady. "I have brought my ward, Lady Kathleen Church, to consult you, Dr. Halifax."

I repeated the name under my breath—in a moment I knew who this girl was. She had been engaged to Bayard, and was now going to marry Francis Levesen. Was this the explanation of the highly nervous condition from which she was evidently suffering?

"What are Lady Kathleen's symptoms?" I asked, after a pause.

"She neither eats nor sleeps—she spends her time irrationally—she does everything that girl can do to undermine her health," said the elder lady, in an abrupt tone—"in short, she is childish to the last degree, and so silly and nervous that the sooner a doctor takes her in hand, the better."

"What do you complain of yourself?" I said, turning to the patient.

"I am sick of life," said the girl. "I am glad that I am ill—I don't wish to be made well."

"It is all a case of nerves," said Miss Levesen. "Until a year ago there could not have been a healthier girl than Lady Kathleen—she enjoyed splendid health—her spirits were excellent—from that date she began to droop. She had, I know, a slight disappointment, but one from which any sensible girl would quickly have recovered. I took her into the country and did what I could for her; she became better, and is now engaged to my brother, who is deeply attached to her. They are to be married in a month. If ever a girl ought to enjoy life, and the prospect before her, she ought."

"Ill-health prevents one enjoying anything," I answered, in an enigmatical voice. "Will you tell me something more about your symptoms?" I said, turning again to my patient.

"I can't sleep," she replied. "I do not care to eat—I am very unhappy—I take no interest in anything—in short, I wish to die."

"Your manner of speaking is most reckless and wrong, Kathleen," said the elder lady, in a tone of marked disapproval.

"Forgive me, but I should like to question Lady Kathleen without interruption," I said, turning to Miss Levesen.

Her face flushed.

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "I know that I ought not to speak—I sincerely hope that you will get to the bottom of this extraordinary state of things, Dr. Halifax, and induce my ward to return to common-sense."

"May I speak to you alone?" suddenly asked the young lady, raising her eyes, and fixing them on my face.

"If you wish it," I replied. "It may be best, Miss Levesen, to allow me to see Lady Kathleen for a few moments by herself," I continued, in a low voice. "In a case like the present, the patient is always much more confidential when quite alone with the doctor."

"As you please," she replied; "only, for Heaven's sake, don't humour her in her fads."

I rang the bell, and desired Harris to take Miss Levesen to the waiting-room. The moment we were alone, Lady Kathleen's manner completely changed; her listlessness left her—she became animated, and even excited.

"I am glad she has gone," she said; "I did not think she would. Now I will confess the truth to you, Dr. Halifax. I asked Miss Levesen to bring me to see you under the pretence that you might cure my bodily ailments. My real reason, however, for wishing to have an interview with you was something quite apart from anything to do with bodily illness."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in astonishment.

"What I say," she answered. "I think I can soon explain myself. You know Mr. Teesdel, don't you?"

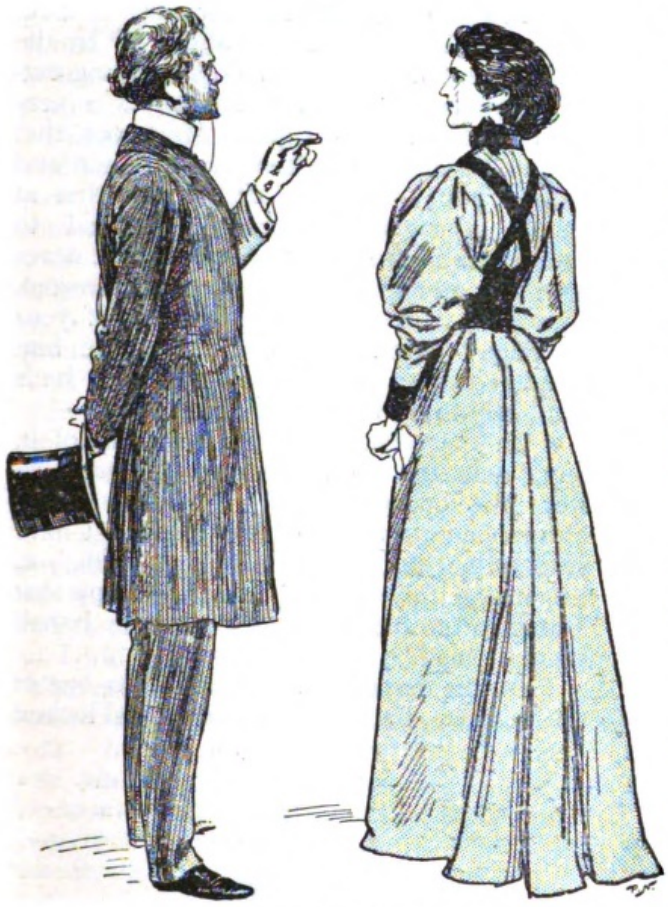
"Teesdel," I replied; "he is one of my special friends."

"He called at our house last week: I was alone with him for a moment. He saw that I was unhappy, that—that a great sorrow is killing me—he was kind and sympathetic. He spoke about you—I just knew your name, but no more. He told me something about you, however, which has filled my mind with the thought of you day and night ever since."

"You must explain yourself," I said, when she paused.

"You said, doctor"—she paused again, and seemed to swallow something in her throat—"you said that you believed in the innocence of Edward Bayard."

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"HE SAW THAT I WAS UNHAPPY."

"My dear young lady, I do," I replied, with emphasis.

"God bless you for those words; you will see now what a link there is between you and me, for you and I in all the world are the only people who believe in him."

I did not reply. Lady Kathleen's eyes filled with tears; she took out her handkerchief and wiped them hastily away.

"You will understand at once," she continued, "how I have longed to come and see you and talk with you. I felt that you could sympathize with me. It is true that I am ill, but I am only ill because my mind reacts on my body—I have no rest of mind day or night—I am in the most horrible position. I am engaged to a man whom I cordially loathe and hate, and I love another man passionately, deeply, distractedly."

"And that man is now enduring penal servitude?" I interrupted.

"Yes, yes. Did Mr. Teesdel tell you that I was once engaged to Edward Bayard?"

"He did," I answered.

"It is true," she continued; "we loved each other devotedly—we were as happy as two people could be—then came the first cloud—Edward in a weak moment signed his name to a bill for a friend—the friend failed, and Edward was called upon to pay the money. He said that he would ask my guardian, Francis Levesen, to help him. He did so in my presence, and Francis refused. Edward said that it did not matter, and was confident that he could get the money in some other way. Immediately afterwards came the horrible blow of his supposed forgery—he was arrested—he and I were together when this happened. All the sun seemed to go out of my sky at once—hope was over. Then came the trial—the verdict, the terrible result. But none of these things, Dr. Halifax, could quench my love. It is still there—it consumes me—it is killing me by inches—my heart is broken: that is why I am really dying."

"If you feel as you describe, why do you consent to marrying another man?" I asked.

"No wonder you ask me that question. I will try and answer it. I consent because I am weak. Constant, ceaseless worrying and persuasion have worked upon my nerves to such an extent that, for very peace, I have said 'yes.' Miss Levesen would like the marriage; she is a good woman, but she is without a particle of sentiment or romance. She believes in Edward's guilt, and cannot understand how it is possible for me to love him under existing circumstances. She would like me to marry her brother because I have money and because my money will be of use to him. She honestly thinks that he will make me a good husband, and that after my marriage I shall be happy. I respect her, but I shrink from him as I would from a snake in the grass—I don't believe in him. I am certain that he and his secretary, Mr. Franks, concocted some awful plot to ruin Edward Bayard. This certainty haunts me unceasingly day and night. I am a victim, however, and have no strength to resist the claim which Mr. Levesen makes upon me. When Mr. Teesdel called, however, and told me that you believed in Edward, a faint glimmer of light seemed to come into my wretchedness; I resolved to come and see you. I told Miss Levesen that I should like to see a doctor, and spoke of you. She knew your name, and was delighted to bring me to you—now you know my story. Can you do anything for me?"

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"I can only urge you on no account to marry Mr. Levesen," I answered.

"It is easy for you to say that, and for me to promise you that I will be true to my real lover while I am sitting in your consulting-room; but when I return to my guardian's house in Piccadilly I shall be a totally different girl. Every scrap of moral strength will have left me—in short, I shall only be capable of allowing matters to drift. They will drift on to my wedding-day. I shall go to church on that day, and endure the misery of a marriage ceremony between Francis Levesen and myself—and then I only sincerely trust that I shall not long survive the agony of such a union. Oh, sometimes I do not believe my mind will stand the strain. Dr. Halifax, is there anything you can do to help me?"

The poor girl was trembling violently—her lips quivered—her face wore a ghastly expression.

"The first thing you must do is to try and control yourself," I said.

I poured out a glass of water, and gave it to her. She took a sip or two, and then placed it on the table—her excessive emotion calmed down a little.

"I will certainly do what I can to help you," I said, "but you must promise on your part to exercise self-control. Your nerves are in a very weak state, and you make them weaker by this excessive emotion. I can scarcely believe that you have not sufficient strength to resist the iniquity of being forced into a marriage which you abhor. You have doubtless come to me with some idea in your mind. What is it you wish me to do?"

"I have come with a motive," she said. "I know it is a daring thing to ask. You can help me if you will—you can make matters a little easier."

"Pray explain yourself," I said.

"I want you to do this, not because you are a doctor, but because you are a man. I want you to go and see Edward Bayard—he is working out his sentence at Hartmoor. Please don't refuse me until I have told you what is exactly in my mind. I have read all the books I can find with regard to prisons and prisoners, and I know that at intervals prisoners are allowed to see visitors. I want you to try and see him, and then tell him about me. Tell him that my love is unalterable—tell him that when I marry Mr. Levesen, I shall only have succumbed to circumstances, but my heart, all that is worth having in me, is still his, and his only—tell him, too, that I shall always believe in his innocence as long as I live."

"You make a strange request," I said, when she had finished speaking. "In the first place, you ask me to do something outside my province—in the next, it is very doubtful, even if I do go to Hartmoor, that I shall be allowed to see the prisoner and deliver your message. It is true that at stated intervals prisoners are allowed to see friends from the outside world, but never alone—a warder has always to be present. Then why disturb Bayard with news of your marriage? Such news can only cause him infinite distress, and where he is now he is not likely to hear anything about it."

"On the other hand, he may hear of it, any day or any hour. Prisoners do get news from the outside world. Newspapers are always being smuggled into prisons—I have read several books on the subject. Oh, yes, he must get my message; he must know that I am loyal to him in heart at least, or I shall go quite mad."

Here the impetuous girl walked to one of the windows, drew aside the blind, and looked



"SHE DREW ASIDE THE BLIND."

out. I saw that she did so to hide her intense emotion.

"I can make no definite promise to you," I said, after a pause; "but I will certainly

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try if it is in my power to help you. I happen to know the present Governor of Hartmoor, and perhaps indirectly I may be able to communicate with Bayard."

"You will do more than that—you will go to Hartmoor—yes, I am sure you will. Don't call this mission outside your province. You are a doctor. Your object in life is to relieve illness—to soothe and mitigate distress. I am ill, mentally, and this is the only medicine which can alleviate my sufferings."

"If possible, I will accede to your request," I said. "I'm afraid I cannot speak more certainly at present."

"Thank you; thank you. I know that you will make the thing possible."

"I can at least visit the Governor, Captain Standish; but remember, even if I do this, I may fail utterly in my object. I must not write to you on the subject—just rest assured that I will do my utmost for you."

She gave me her hand, turned aside her head to hide her tears, and hurried from the room. I thought a good deal over her sad story, and although I was doubtful of being able to communicate her message to Bayard, I resolved to visit Hartmoor, and trust to Providence to give me the opportunity I sought.

Some anxious cases, however, kept me in town for nearly ten days, and it was not until a certain Saturday less than a week before the day appointed for the wedding that I was able to leave London. I went to Plymouth by the night mail, and arrived at the great, gloomy-looking prison about eleven o'clock on the following morning. I received a warm welcome from the Governor and his charming wife. He had breakfast ready for me on my arrival, and when the meal was over told me that he would take me round the prison, show me the gangs of men at their various works of stone-quarrying, turf-cutting, trenching, etc., and, in short, give me all the information about the prisoners which lay in his power.

He was as good as his word, and took me first through the prison, and afterwards to see the gangs of men at work. I was much interested in all I saw, but had not yet an opportunity of saying a special word about Bayard. After dinner that evening Captain Standish suddenly asked me the object of my visit.

"Well," he said, "has your day satisfied you?"

"I have been much interested," I replied.

"Yes, yes, but you must have had some special object in taking this journey—a busy man like you will not come so far from town, particularly at this time of year, without a motive—even granted," he added, with a smile, "that we are old friends."

I looked fixedly at him for a moment, then I spoke.

"I have come here for a special object," I said.

"Ah, I thought as much. Do you feel inclined to confide in me?"

"I certainly must confide in you. I have come to Hartmoor to see a man of the name of Bayard — Edward Bayard; he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude about a year ago—I was present at the trial—I have brought him a message—I want, if possible, to deliver it."

While I was speaking, Captain Standish's face wore an extraordinary expression.

"You want to see Bayard?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"And you have brought him a message which you think you can deliver?"

"Yes. Is that an impossibility?"

"I fear it is."

He remained silent for a minute, thinking deeply—then he spoke.

"One of the strictest of prison rules is, that prisoners are not allowed to be pointed out to visitors for identification. It is true that at stated times the convicts are allowed to see their own relations or intimate friends, always, of course, in the presence of a warder. Bayard has not had anyone to see him since his arrival. Are you personally acquainted with him?"

"I never spoke to him in my life."

"Then how can you expect——?"

I broke in abruptly.

"The message I am charged with is in a certain sense one of life or death," I said; "it affects the reason, perhaps the life, of an innocent person. Is there no possibility of your rule being stretched in my favour?"

"None whatever in the ordinary sense, but what do you say"—here Captain Standish sprang to his feet—"what do you say to seeing Bayard in your capacity as physician?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I should be glad if you would see him in consultation with our prison doctor. I know Bruce would be thankful to have your views of his case."

"Then he is ill?" I said.

"Yes, he is ill—at the present moment the prisoner whom you have come to see is in a state of complete catalepsy—stay, I will send for Bruce and ask him to tell you about him."

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Captain Standish rose and rang the bell. When the servant appeared he asked him to take a message to Dr. Bruce, begging him to call at the Governor's house immediately.

"While we are waiting for Bruce," said Standish, "I will tell you one or two things about Bayard. By the way, we call him Number Sixty here. He came to us from Pentonville with a good character, which he has certainly maintained during the few months of his residence at Hartmoor. He is an intelligent man, and a glance is sufficient to show the class of society from which he has sprung. You know we have a system of marks here, and prisoners are able to shorten their sentences by the number of marks they can earn for good conduct. Bayard has had his full complement from the first—he has obeyed all the rules, and been perfectly civil and ready to oblige.

"It so happened that three months ago a circumstance occurred which placed the prisoner in as comfortable a position as can be accorded to any convict. One morning there was a row in one of the yards—a convict attacked a warder in a most unmerciful manner—he would have killed him if Sixty had not interfered. Bayard is a slightly built fellow, and no one would give him credit for much muscular strength. The doctor placed him in the tailoring establishment when he came, declaring him unfit to join the gangs for quarrying and for outside work. Well, when the scuffle occurred, about which I am telling you, Sixty sprang upon the madman, and, in short, at personal risk, saved Simpkins's life. The infuriated convict, however, did not let Bayard off scot-free; he gave him such a violent blow in the ribs that one was broken—it slightly pierced the lung, and, in short, he had to go to hospital, where he remained for nearly a fortnight. At the end of that time he was apparently well again, and we hoped that no ill-consequences would arise from his heroic conduct. After a consultation with Bruce, I took him from the tailoring and gave him book-keeping and the lightest and most intelligent employment the place can afford. He has a perfect genius for wood-carving, and only this morning was employed in my house, directing some carpenters in putting together a very intricate cabinet. He is, I consider, an exceptional man in every way."

"But what about these special seizures?" I asked.

"I am coming to them. Ah, here is Bruce. Bruce will put the facts before you from a medical point of view. Bruce, let me introduce my friend, Dr. Halifax. We have just been talking about your patient, Number Sixty. What do you say to consulting Halifax about him?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Bruce.

"I think I understood you to say, Standish, that Bayard is ill now?" I asked.

"That is so. Pray describe the case, Bruce."

"Your visit is most opportune," said Dr. Bruce. "Sixty had a bad attack this morning. He was employed in this very house directing some carpenters, when he fell in a state of unconsciousness to the floor. He was moved at once into a room adjoining the workshop—he is there now."

"What are his general symptoms?" I asked.

"Complete insensibility—in short, catalepsy in its worst form. His attacks began after the slight inflammation of the lungs which followed his injury. Captain Standish has probably told you about that."

"I have," said Standish.

"He may have received a greater shock than we had any idea of at the time of the accident," continued Dr. Bruce, "otherwise, I can't in the least account for the fact of catalepsy following an injury to the lungs. The man was in perfect health before this illness, since then he has had attacks of catalepsy once and sometimes twice in one week. As a rule, he recovers consciousness after a few hours; but to-day his insensibility is more marked than usual."

"You don't think it by any possibility a case of malingering?" I inquired. "One does hear of such things in connection with prisoners."

The prison doctor shook his head.

"No," he said, "the malady is all too real. I have tested the man in every possible way. I have used the electric battery, and have even run needles into him. In short, I am persuaded there is no imposture. At the present moment he looks like death; but come, you shall judge for yourself."

As Dr. Bruce spoke, he led the way to the door; Captain Standish and I accompanied him. We walked down a stone passage, entered a large workshop with high guarded windows, and passed on to a small room beyond. The one window in this room was also high, and protected with thick bars. On a trundle bed in the centre lay the prisoner.

For a moment I scarcely recognised the man. When I had last seen Bayard, he had been in ordinary gentleman's dress; he was now in the hideous garb of the prison—

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his hair was cut within a quarter of an inch of his head—his face was thin and worn, it looked old, years older than the face I had last seen above the dock of the Old Bailey. There were deep hollows, as if of intense mental suffering, under the eyes—the lips were firmly shut, and resembled a straight line. The bulldog obstinacy of the chin, which I had noticed in the court of the Old Bailey, was now more discernible than ever.

"If ever a man could malinger, this man could," I muttered to myself; "he has both the necessary courage and obstinacy. But what could be his motive?"

I bent down and carefully examined the patient. He was lying flat on his back. His skin was cold—there was not a vestige of colour about the face or lips. Taking the wrist between my fingers and thumb, I felt for the pulse, which was very slow and barely perceptible—the man's whole frame felt like ice—there was a slight rigidity about the limbs.

"This is a queer case," I said, aloud.

"It is real," interrupted Bruce; "the man is absolutely unconscious."

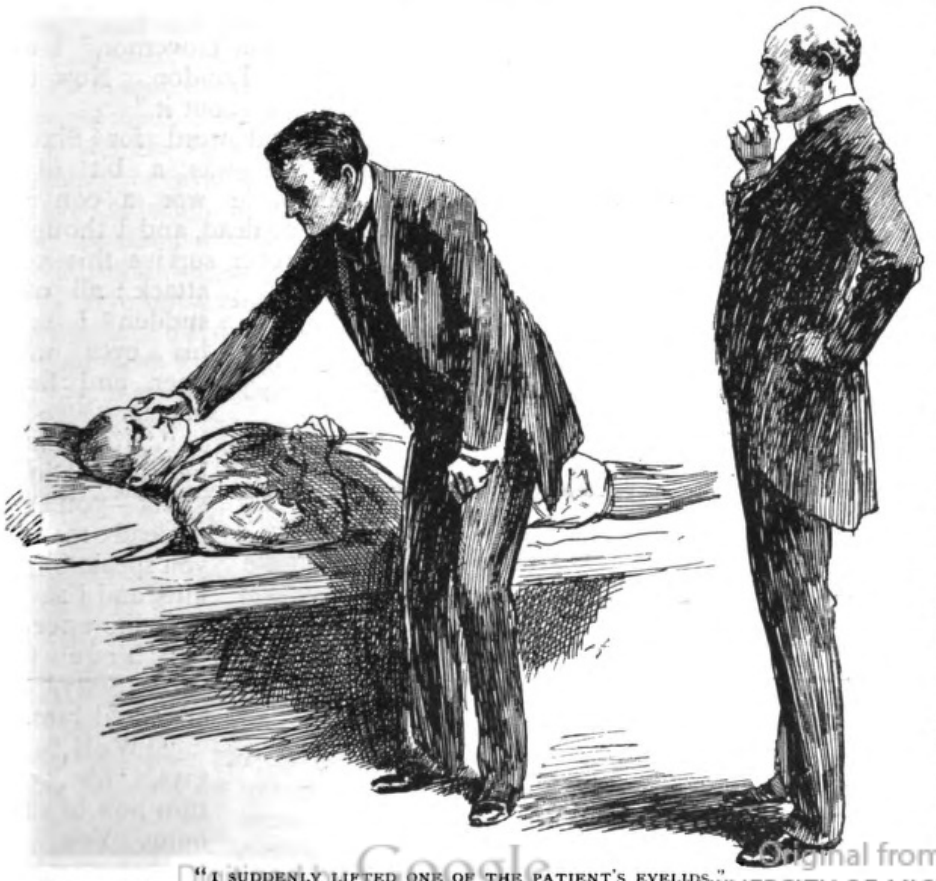
When he spoke, I suddenly lifted one of the patient's eyelids, and looked into the eye—the pupil was contracted—the eye was glazed and apparently unconscious. I looked fixedly into it for the space of several seconds—not by the faintest flicker did it show the least approach to sensibility. I pressed my finger on the cornea—there was not a flinch. I dropped the lid again. After some further careful examination, I stood up.

"This catalepsy certainly seems real," I said—"the man is, to all appearance, absolutely unconscious. I am sorry, as I hoped to have persuaded you, Captain Standish, to allow me to have an interview with him. I came to Hartmoor to-day for that express purpose. I have been intrusted with a message of grave importance from someone he used to know well in the outer world—I should have liked to have given him the message—but in his present state this is, of course, impossible."

"What treatment do you propose?" asked Bruce, who showed some impatience at my carefully-worded speech.

"I will talk to you about that outside," I answered—I was watching the patient intently all the time I was speaking.

Standish and Bruce turned to leave the room, and I went with them. When I reached the door, however, I glanced suddenly back at the sick man. Was it fancy, or had he looked at me for a brief second? I certainly detected the faintest quiver about the eyelids. Instantly the truth flashed through my brain—Bayard was a malingerer. He had feigned catalepsy so cleverly that he had even imposed upon the far-seeing prison doctor. He would have imposed upon me, but for that lightning quiver of the deathlike face. I had spoken on purpose about that message from the outside world. Mine was truly an arrow shot at a venture, but the arrow had gone home. When I left the room, I knew the man's



"I SUDDENLY LIFTED ONE OF THE PATIENT'S EYELIDS."

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secret. I resolved, however, not to reveal it.

Bruce consulted me over the case. I gave some brief suggestions, and advised the prison doctor not to leave the man alone, but to see that a warder sat up with him during the night. Standish and I then returned to the drawing-room. We spent a pleasant evening together, and it was past one o'clock when we both retired to rest. As we were going to our rooms, a sudden idea flashed through my mind.

"Have you any objection," I said, turning suddenly to Standish, "to my seeing Number Sixty again?"

"Of course not, Halifax; it is good of you to be so interested in the poor chap. I will ask Bruce to take you to his room to-morrow morning."

"I want to see him now," I said.

"Now?"

"Yes, now, if you will allow me."

"Certainly, if you really wish it—I don't suppose there is the least change, however, and the man is receiving every care—a warder is sitting up with him."

"I should like to see him now," I repeated.

"All right," answered Standish.

We turned and went downstairs; we entered the cold stone passage, passed through the workshop, and paused at the door of the little room where the sick man was lying. Standish opened the door, holding a candle in his hand as he did so. We both looked towards the bed; for a moment we could see nothing, for the candle threw a deep shadow, then the condition of things became clear. The warder, who had charge of Bayard, lay in an unconscious heap on the floor—the prisoner himself had vanished.

"Good God! The man was malingering after all, and has escaped," cried the Governor.

I bent down over the warder; he had been deprived of his outer garments, and lay in his shirt on the floor. I turned him on his back, examined his head, and asked Standish to fetch some brandy; a moment or two later the man revived.

He opened his eyes and looked at me in a dazed way.

"Where am I?" he said. "What, in the name of wonder, has happened? Oh, now I remember—that scoundrel—let me get up, there is not a moment to lose."

"You must not stir for a minute or two," I said. "You have had a bad blow, and must lie still. You are coming to yourself very fast, however. Stay quiet for a moment, and then you can tell your story."

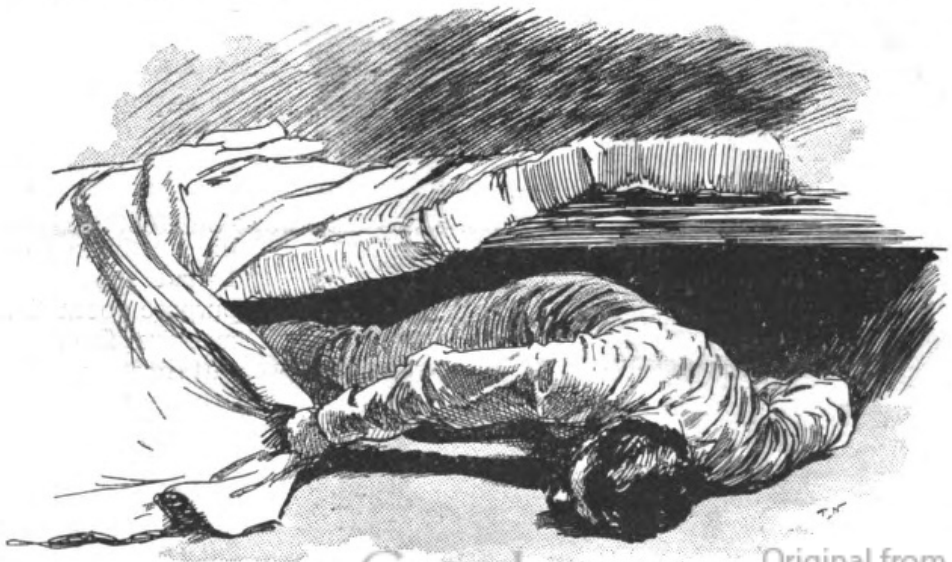
"Meanwhile, I will go and give the alarm," said Standish, who had been watching us anxiously.

He left the room. The warder had evidently been only badly stunned—he was soon almost himself again.

"I remember everything now, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir, I don't know your face."

"I am a friend of the Governor," I answered, "a doctor from London. Now tell your story, and be quick about it."

"We all had a good word for Sixty," replied the man; "'e was a bit of a favourite, even though 'e wor a convict. To-night he laid like one dead, and I thought, pore chap, 'e might never survive this yere attack; all of a sudden I seed his eyes wide open and fixed on me.



"THE WARDER LAY IN AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP ON THE FLOOR."

"'Simpkins,' he says, 'don't speak—you are a dead man if you speak, Simpkins, and I saved your life once.'

"'True for you, Sixty,' I answered him.

"'Well,' he says, 'it's your turn now to save mine. You 'and me over your hat,

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and jacket, and trousers,' says 'e. 'Be quick about it. If you say "no," I'll stun you—I can—I've hid a weapon under the mattress.'

"'Oh, don't you go and break prison, Sixty,' I answered; 'you'll get a heap added to your sentence if you do that.'

"'I must,' he said, his eyes wild-like. 'I saw it in the papers, and I must go—there is one I must save, Simpkins, from a fate worse than death. Now, is it "yes" or "no"?'

"'It's "no,"' I answered, as I makes for him.

"I'd scarcely said the words," continued the man, "before he was on me—he leapt out of bed, and caught me by the throat. I remember a blow and his eyes looking wild—and then I was unconscious. The next thing I knew was you pouring brandy down my throat, sir."

"You are better now," I replied; "you had better go at once, and tell your story to the authorities."

The man left the room, and I hastened to find Standish. There was hurry and confusion and a general alarm. There was not the least doubt that Bayard had walked calmly out of Hartmoor prison in Warder Simpkins's clothes. One of the porters testified to this effect. A general alarm was given, and telegrams immediately sent to the different railway and police stations. Standish said that the man would assuredly be brought back the following morning. Even if by any chance he managed to get as far as London, he would, in his peculiar clothes, be arrested there immediately.

I remained at Hartmoor for a good part of the following day, but Standish's expectations were not realized. Although telegrams were sent to the different police-stations, there was no news with regard to Edward Bayard. It was presently ascertained that Simpkins had money in the pocket of his jacket—he had just received his week's wages, and had altogether about £3 on his person. When this fact became known the success of the escape was considered probable. As there was nothing more for me to do, I returned to London on the evening of the following day, and reached my own house in time for breakfast.

I was anxious to see Lady Kathleen, but was puzzled to know how I could communicate with her. My doubts on this point, however, were set to rest in a very unexpected manner. When I returned home after seeing my patients that afternoon, Harris surprised me with the information that Miss Levesen was waiting to see me. I went to her at once. She came forward to greet me with a look of excitement on her face.

"You remember your patient, Lady Kathleen Church?" she asked.

"Perfectly," I replied. "I hope she is better."

"Far from that, she is worse—I consider her very ill. Her wedding is to take place in a few days, but unless something is done to relieve her terrible tension of mind, we are more likely to have a funeral than a wedding on that day."

"What are her special symptoms at present?" I asked.

"She has been going from bad to worse since you saw her, Dr. Halifax. This morning she went out by herself for a short time, and returned in a very strange state of excitement. Her own impression was that she was losing her senses. She begged and implored that I would send for you. And I resolved to come to fetch you myself. Can you come to see her?"

"Certainly," I replied; "at what hour?"

"Now, if you will; there is no time to be lost. Will you return with me? Your patient is very ill, and ought to have attention without a moment's delay."

"My carriage is at the door; shall we go back to your house in it?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied Miss Levesen.

She rose from her chair at once—she was evidently impatient to be off. As we were driving to Piccadilly, she turned and spoke to me.

"While we have an opportunity, I wish to say something," she said.

"What is that?" I asked.

"I should naturally be glad if Lady Kathleen married my brother, but I wish you clearly to understand that I am not one to force the marriage. I fear the poor girl has not got over another most unfortunate attachment. Under present circumstances, I have made up my mind to cease to urge the wedding which we had hoped would so soon take place. I can't get my brother, however, to view matters in the same light; he is determined at any risk to keep Lady Kathleen to her promise."

"He cannot force her," I said.

"By moral suasion, yes—you do not know the man, Dr. Halifax."

I said nothing further—we had drawn up at the magnificent mansion in Piccadilly, and a few moments later I found myself in the presence of my patient. Miss Levesen brought me as far as the door, then she withdrew.

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"Go in alone," she said, "that will be best. I don't want my brother to think that I'm in any way plotting against his interests."

She said these last words in an almost frightened whisper, and vanished before I had time to reply. I knocked at the door—a man's voice called to me to enter, and I found myself in a pretty boudoir.

The young girl whom I had come to see was lying on a sofa—her eyes were shut—a handkerchief, wrung out of some eau de Cologne and water, was placed over her brow. A man was seated by her side—he was evidently nursing her with extreme care, and there was a look of solicitude on his face. I guessed at once that this man was Levesen. A hasty glance showed me that he was in the prime of life. He was dressed irreproachably, and looked not only gentlemanly, but aristocratic. He rose when I entered, and bowed to me rather stiffly. I hastened to tell him my name and errand. Without a word he offered me his seat near the patient. Lady Kathleen had opened her eyes when I came in—she roused herself from the sort of deathlike stupor into which she had sunk, and gave me one or two glances of interest and relief. I put some questions to her, but I quickly saw that in Levesen's presence she was constrained and uncomfortable.

"Do you object to my seeing the patient for a few moments alone?" I asked of him.

His answer surprised me.

"I do," he said; "there is nothing you can say to Lady Kathleen that I have not a right to listen to. She is suffering from nervousness — nervousness bordering on hysteria—she needs sleep—a sedative will supply her with sleep. Will you have the goodness to write a prescription for one?—you will find paper, pen, and ink on this table."

He spoke in a quiet voice, the rudeness underneath being covered by a very suave manner. I was just turning to put some more questions to Lady Kathleen, when she surprised me by sitting up on the sofa and speaking with startling emphasis and force.

"You won't go away?" she said to Levesen.

"I will not," he replied.

"Then I will speak before you. No, you cannot cow me — not while Dr. Halifax is here. You shall hear the truth now, Francis, unless you change your mind and leave the room."

"I prefer to remain," he answered, with a sneer. "I should be glad to know what is really in your mind."

"I will tell you. I only marry you because I am afraid to refuse you. The only influence you have over me is one of terror. At the present moment I feel strong enough to defy you. That is because Dr. Halifax is here. He is a strong man, and he gives me courage. I don't love you—I hate you—I hate you with all my heart and strength. You don't love me—you only want to marry me for my money."

While Lady Kathleen was speaking, Levesen rose.

"You see how ill your patient is, doctor," he said, "you perceive how necessary a sedative is. My dear child," he added, "you are not quite accountable for your words at the present moment. Pray don't talk any more while you are so feverish and excited."

"But I have something more to say," she answered. "Perhaps you will think me mad—perhaps I am mad—still, mad or sane, I will now say what is in my mind. I hate you, and I love Edward Bayard. I saw Edward in the park this morning. He was standing close to Stanhope Gate. I passed him. I wanted to turn and speak to him, but before I could do so, he had vanished. Yes, I saw him. It was that sight which completely upset me—it took my last remnant of strength away. When I returned home I thought I should die—the shock was terrible—perhaps I did not really see him—perhaps I am mad, and it was a case of illusion. Oh, Francis, don't ask me to marry you—don't exercise your strength over me—give me back my freedom. Don't make a girl who hates you as I do, your wife."

"Come," said Levesen, "this is serious. Stay quiet, my dear child; you are really not in a condition to excite yourself. I did not know, doctor," he added, turning to me, "that the case was so bad. Of course, Lady Kathleen is suffering from illusion, seeing that Bayard is at present working out the sentence he richly deserves at Hartmoor."

"He is an innocent man, and you know it," said Lady Kathleen.

"Poor girl, her malady has grown much worse than I had any idea of," continued Levesen.

I interrupted.

"That does not follow," I replied. "Lady Kathleen is very ill, but she is not suffering from illusion. It is very probable that she did see Bayard this morning, seeing that he escaped from Hartmoor two nights ago."

"What?" said Lady Kathleen.

My words seemed to electrify her. She

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"HE IS AN INNOCENT MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT."

sprang from the sofa, and clasped one of my hands in hers.

"Edward has escaped from prison?" she said, with a sort of gasp.

Levesen said nothing, but his face assumed an ugly, greenish tint.

"It is true——" I began.

My words were interrupted. A sudden noise was heard in the drawing-room which communicated with the boudoir. Quick footsteps approached, the door of the boudoir was burst open, and a man whom I had never seen before rushed in, and clasped Levesen by one of his hands.

"What in the world is the matter, Franks?" said Levesen, in a tone of displeasure.

"Matter!—it is all up," said Franks, in a choking, trembling voice—"that—that poor fellow has escaped—he is in the house. Oh, I know he has come for me—he—he'll murder me—he'll shoot us both, Levesen. I saw him in the hall, and he carried a revolver. He'll kill us, Levesen, I say—he will—there is murder in his eyes—he is a madman—oh, what shall we do?"

"For God's sake restrain yourself," said Levesen; "it is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"No, it isn't," said another voice; "he has reason enough for his fears."

The door had been opened a second time, and Bayard, the man I had seen last in prison garb, looking like death upon his trundle bed, stood before us; he carried a revolver, but did not use it. Franks, who had been almost beside himself, rushed now towards Bayard and flung himself on his knees at his feet.

"Spare my life," he said; "don't take my life. I have repented for months. Spare me—don't murder me—I'm afraid of you. Let me go, I say."

The wretched man raised his voice almost to a shriek.

"Don't kneel to me," said Bayard. "I won't take your wretched life—I don't want it. Tell the truth, you coward. You gave me that cheque?"

"I did, Bayard, I did. I've been in misery ever since—I was tempted and I fell. It is true. Don't take my life."

"I don't want your life," said Bayard. "I would not soil my hands with you—I would not pollute myself with your blood. You have got to answer me one or two questions, however. You gave me the cheque for £5,000?"

"Yes, yes."

"Levesen gave it to you for the purpose?"

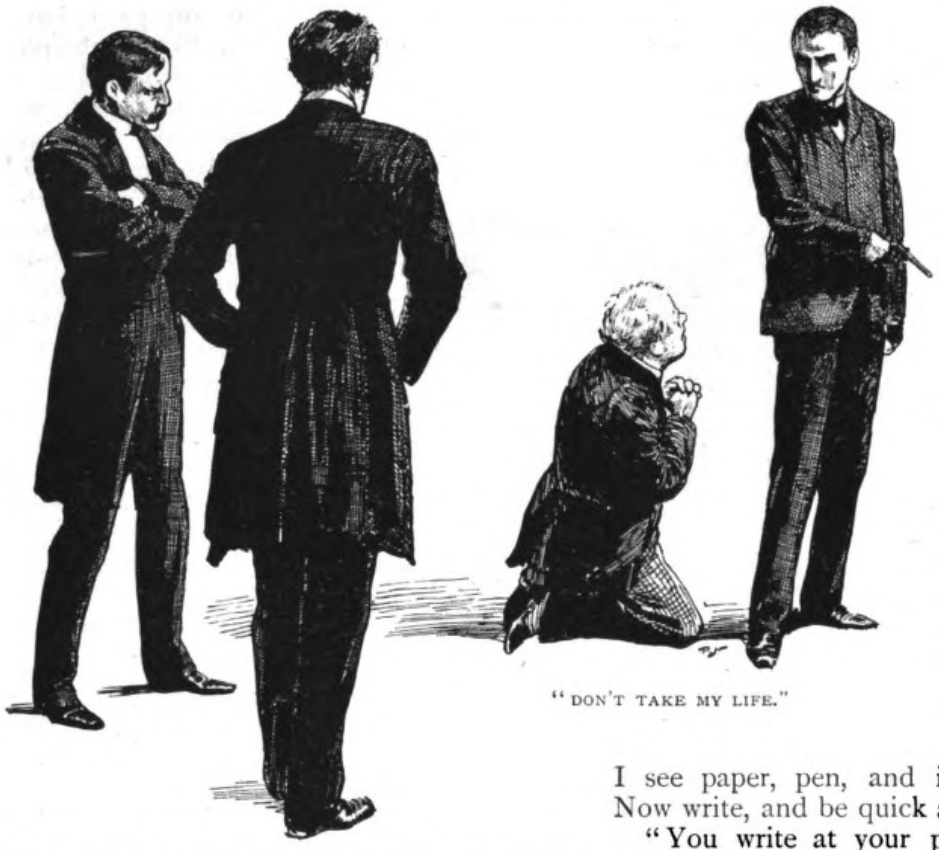
"He did."

"Franks, you don't know what you are saying," interrupted Levesen; "terror has turned your head."

"No, it hasn't, Levesen," replied Franks. "You did give me the cheque to give to Bayard. I can't help telling the truth. I would do a great deal for you, but I prefer ruin and disgrace to the mental anguish our crime has caused me. This fellow will shoot me if I don't tell the truth now, and by heavens, I'm not going to lose my life for you, Levesen."

"As far as I am concerned, you are safe," said Bayard, laying his pistol on the table. "You have admitted the truth, that is all I want. As to you, Levesen, the game is up.

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"DON'T TAKE MY LIFE."

You never guessed that I should break prison to confront you. You and Franks between you invented the most malicious conspiracy which was ever contrived to ruin an innocent man—you got me false imprisonment, but it is your turn now. You sha'n't escape, either of you. This gentleman here, I think I know him—I saw him two days ago at Hartmoor—will be my witness. Your game is up; I, too, can plot and contrive. I feigned serious illness in order to lull suspicion, and so got out of prison. I did this because you, Levesen, goaded me to madness—you took away my liberty—my character—you ruined my entire life; but when, added to these iniquities, you determined to force the girl whom I love, and who loves me, to be your wife, I felt that matters had come to an extremity. By a mere accident, I saw the notice of your engagement to Lady Kathleen in a paper which another convict lent me. I was in hospital at the time. From that moment I played a desperate game. I escaped from prison with the intention of shooting you, if necessary, you black-hearted scoundrel, rather than allow you to become the husband of the girl I love."

"The girl who loves you, Edward," said Lady Kathleen.

She flew to his side, and threw her soft, white arms round his neck. He gave her a quick, passionate glance, but did not speak.

"You must make a statement in writing," he said to Franks. "As to you, Levesen —— No, you don't leave the room" — for Levesen had softly approached the door—"I have a pistol here, and I'm a desperate man. You will know best if it is worth exciting my rage or not. You will witness Franks's confession. Now then, Franks, get your deposition down. I see paper, pen, and ink on that table. Now write, and be quick about it."

"You write at your peril, Franks," said Levesen. "Are you mad to give yourself away as you are doing? What is this fellow here, but an escaped convict? Don't put anything on paper, Franks."

"Yes, but I will," said Franks, suddenly. "It is not only that I am frightened, Levesen —upon my word, I am almost glad of the relief of confession. You don't know what I've been through—perfect torture—yes, no more and no less. Bayard was no enemy of mine. I know you gave me money, and I have not much moral courage, and I fell; but the fact is, I'd rather serve my own time at Hartmoor than go through the mental misery which I have been enduring of late."

"Put your confession on paper without a moment's delay," said Bayard, in a stern voice.

His words rang out with force. Notwithstanding his dress, his shaven head, his worn and suffering face—he had the manner of the man who conquers at that moment. The spell of fear which he had exercised over Franks he so far communicated to Levesen that he ceased to expostulate, and stood with folded arms, sullen face, and lowered eyes, not far from the door. I saw that he would escape if he could, but Bayard took care of that.

"Write, and be quick about it," he said to Franks.

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The wretched Franks bent over his paper. He was a short, thickly-set man, of middle age. His face was red and mottled. Large beads of perspiration stood on his brow. His iron-grey head was slightly bald. The hand with which he wrote shook. All the time he was writing there was absolute silence in the room. Lady Kathleen continued to stand by Bayard's side. She had lost her nervousness and hysteria. Her cheeks were full of beautiful colour, her eyes were bright —she had undergone a transformation.

At last Franks laid down his pen. He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Give me the paper," said Bayard.

Franks did so.

"Will you, sir, read this aloud?" said the ex-prisoner, turning suddenly to me.

"Certainly," I answered.

The queer group stood silent around me, while I read the following words :—

"On the 4th of May, 189—, Francis Levesen, whose secretary I have been for several years, brought me a cheque for the sum of £5,000, which he had made payable to Edward Bayard. He told me to give the cheque to Bayard, remarking, as he did so:—

"'The fellow is in difficulties, and will find this useful'

"Bayard at the time was engaged to Lady Kathleen Church, Francis Levesen's ward. I replied that I did not know Mr. Bayard was in money difficulties.

"'He is,' said Levesen ; 'he has been fool enough to put his name to a bill for a friend, and has to meet a claim for £3,000 within the next ten days. He asked me to lend him that sum to meet the difficulty in Lady Kathleen's presence yesterday. I refused to grant his request at the time, and he seemed in distress about it.'

"'And yet you are now giving him £5,000,' I said. 'That seems strange, seeing that he only requires a loan of £3,000.'

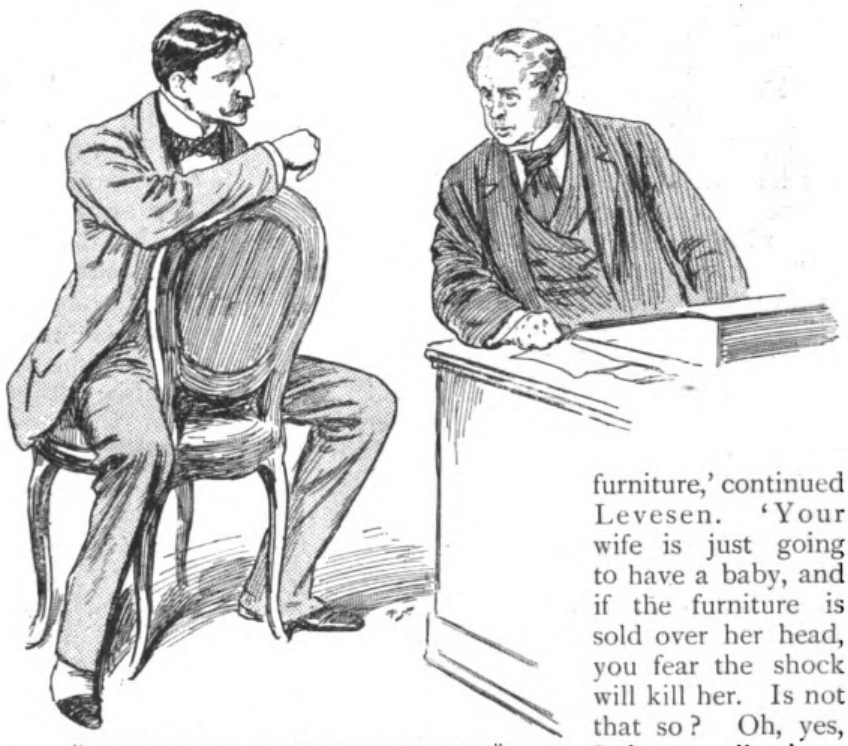
"'Never mind,' said Levesen, 'a little ready cash will be acceptable under the circumstances. Get him to take the cheque. The fact is, there is more in this matter than meets the eye. I want you to help me in a small conspiracy, and will make it worth your while. You are to give this cheque to Bayard when no one is present. See that he presents it at my bank. If you can act quietly and expeditiously in this matter, I will give you that thousand pounds you want so badly in cash.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked, looking at him in fear and astonishment.

"'You know you want that money,' he replied.

"'God knows I do,' I answered.

"'To meet that bill of sale on your furniture,' continued Levesen. 'Your wife is just going to have a baby, and if the furniture is sold over her head, you fear the shock will kill her. Is not that so? Oh, yes, I know all about you — a thousand pounds will put all straight, will it not?'



"I WILL GIVE YOU THAT THOUSAND POUNDS."

"'Yes, yes ; but the deuce is in this matter,' I replied. 'What are you up to, Levesen—what is your game?'

"Levesen's face became ashen in hue.

"'My game is this,' he hissed into my ear : 'I mean to do for that wretched, smooth-tongued sneak, Bayard.'

"'I thought he was your friend,' I answered.

"'Friend!' said Levesen. 'If there is a man I hate, it is he. He has come between me and the girl I intend to marry. I have made up my mind to ruin him. In short, he sha'n't have Lady Kathleen—I shall lock him up. Now, if you will help me, the deed

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can be done, and you shall have your £1,000.'

"I was as wax in his hands, for the state of my own affairs was desperate. I asked what I was to do.

"'I mean to have Bayard arrested,' said Levesen. 'I mean to have him arrested on a charge of forgery. When the moment comes, you are to help me. I mean to prove that Bayard forged the signature to the cheque which you now hold in your hand. He will declare that you gave it to him—you are to deny the fact—in short, you and I will have to go through a good deal of false swearing. If we stick together and make our plans, I am convinced that the thing can be carried through. My ward can't marry a man who is going through penal servitude, and, by Heaven, Bayard shall have a long term.'

"I said I couldn't do it, but Levesen said: 'Sleep over it.' I went home. The Evil One fought with me all night, and before the morning he had conquered me. That thousand pounds and the thought of saving the home were what did for me. We carried out our scheme. I am prepared to swear to the truth of this statement before a magistrate.

"JOHN FRANKS."

"It would be well to have witnesses to this," I said, when I had done reading. "Lady Kathleen, will you put your name here?"

She came forward at once, writing her full name in a bold, firm hand. I put mine under hers.

"And now, Bayard," I said, "this is not a moment for showing mercy; a foul deed has been committed, and only the stern arm of justice can set matters right. Will you have the goodness to go at once for the police? Levesen and Franks must be taken into custody to-night on the charge of malicious conspiracy against you, for causing you to be falsely imprisoned, and for perjury."

"One moment before you go, Bayard," said Levesen—moving a step forward and speaking with the studied calm which all through this strange scene had never deserted him. "There is another side to Franks's story, and when I have said my say to-morrow morning before the magistrate, I can easily prove that the statement made on that piece of paper is worth no more than the paper on which it is written. There is not a magistrate on the Bench who is likely to give even a moment's serious consideration to such a trumped-up tale told under pressure, and at the instigation of an escaped convict. You can do your worst, however—I am so conscious of my own innocence that I have no wish to escape."

"Have you done speaking?" said Bayard.

"I have—you will repent of this."

Bayard left the room. In less than half an hour, Levesen and Franks had been carried off to the nearest police-station, and Bayard was left alone with Lady Kathleen. I went then to find Miss Levesen. I had a painful task in telling the poor lady the shameful truth. She was a hard woman, but she at least had been no partner in Levesen's horrible conspiracy.

The events which followed can be told in a few words. The next morning, early, I took Bayard to see my own solicitor, who instructed him to return to Hartmoor, and to give himself up; in the meantime, a petition would be immediately presented to the Queen for his free pardon.

That pardon was obtained in less than a week—although Bayard had to go through a short nominal punishment for his assault on the warder and his escape from Hartmoor.

One of the sensational trials at the autumn assizes was that of Levesen and Franks. The intelligent jury who listened to the trial were not long in making up their minds with regard to the verdict. I do not know that I am a specially hard man, but I could not help rejoicing when the judge's sentence was known. Levesen and Franks are now serving their time at Hartmoor—their sentence was seven years' imprisonment.

As to Lady Kathleen, she has completely recovered her health, and the long postponed wedding took place before the Christmas of that year.

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The Sea-Serpent.

By Alfred T. Story.

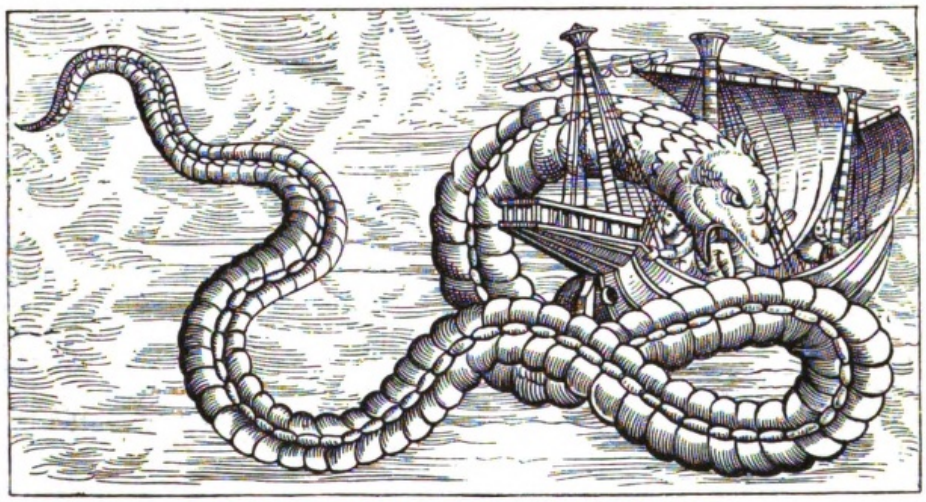
THERE is a general disposition to regard the sea-serpent and all the tales of him as an everlasting joke. He only turns up, say the jokers, when Parliament is out of Session and the silly season arrives with its prize gooseberries and showers of frogs; and he usually turns up in America, in a local paper. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the sea-serpent is a living fact; or, perhaps, it is safer to say that there is evidence that great living creatures of a kind or kinds as yet unclassified by science inhabit the sea; probably in small numbers, and quite possibly not serpents in the usual sense of the word.

Every circumstance tends to deny a fair hearing to evidence as to the sea-serpent. A man reporting having seen it is laughed at, and a sailor doesn't like being laughed at by a landsman. Of course, a long trail of seaweed rocking upon the sea surface may, at one time and another, have been mistaken for a living thing, or a procession of porpoises may have been thought to be one great organism. But a sailor, as a rule, knows seaweed or a porpoise when he sees it, and is more likely to know actually what he does see on the water than a landsman who wasn't there; and it is unlikely that every sailor who reports a sea-serpent must be drunk, blind, or a fool. It has, however, become customary to assume that he is, and, as a result, a sailor is disposed to keep quiet about anything out of the ordinary which he may see, since he has nothing to gain by making announcement of it.

It may be remembered that tales of gigantic cuttle-fishes were regarded, until comparatively recently, with as much incredulity as those of the sea-serpent, yet the existence of such cuttle-fish is now as much a recognised scientific fact as that of the whale. Let us, then, examine such small part as we may of the large body of evidence on the subject.

The Norwegian fishermen regard the existence of the sea-serpent as a thing beyond all dispute, and can tell any number of stories of his appearance in their fiords; and a Norwegian book of travel published in the sixteenth century describes its appearance in the year 1522.

Olaus Magnus, who is careful to say that his description is from hearsay and not from personal observation, describes the sea-serpent as being 200ft. long and 20ft. in circumference, having fiery eyes and a short mane. He also gives a very surprising picture wherein the sea-serpent is represented curling about



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING A VESSEL. FROM OLAUS MAGNUS.

entirely out of the water, and reaching over to snap a man from the deck of a ship.

Hans Egede, who afterwards became a bishop, travelled to Greenland in the year 1734 as a missionary. In his account of the voyage, he describes a sea-monster which appeared near the ship on the 6th of July. "Its head," he says, "when raised, was on a level with our main-top. Its snout was long and sharp, and it blew water almost like a whale; it had large, broad paws or paddles; its body was covered with scales; its skin was rough and uneven; in other respects it was as a serpent; and when it dived, the end of its tail, which was raised in the air, seemed to be a full ship's length from its body." A companion of Egede's, also a missionary, made a sketch of the monster, which is here reproduced.

Erik Pontoppidan (Bishop of Bergen), the

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SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY HANS EGEDE IN 1734.

famous Norwegian naturalist, at first disbelieved in the sea-serpent, but confesses his conversion in his book (published in 1755) since he had received "full and sufficient evidence from creditable and experienced fishermen and sailors in Norway, of whom hundreds testify that they have seen them annually." Pontoppidan tells us that it is the habit of the sea-serpent (which he identifies with the Leviathan of Scripture) to keep at the bottom of the sea except in their spawning time, in July and August, when they rise to the surface occasionally, if the weather be calm, but make their way below immediately should the least disturbance take place. He discriminates between the Greenland and the Norwegian sea-snakes, the former being scaly as to the outer skin, but the latter perfectly smooth, and with a mane about the neck, hanging like a bunch of seaweed. From the various accounts he estimates the length of the serpent at about 600ft., this length lying on the surface in many folds in calm weather. The forehead in all varieties is high and broad, though some have a sharp and others a flat snout. The eyes are large and bluish, looking like bright pewter plates. The colour is dark brown, variegated in places. Thus Erik Pontoppidan.



THE SEA-SERPENT ACCORDING TO PONTOPPIDAN.

The *Zoologist* for the year 1847, too, contained many accounts of the appearance, during that year, of sea-serpents in the Norwegian fiords.

One of the most famous and best authenticated appearances of the monster is that recorded to have been observed by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Dædalus* in 1848. We reproduce, entire, the official report of Captain M'Quhae to Admiral Sir W. H. Gage on the subject:—

"H.M.S.
Dædalus,
"Hamoaze,
Oct. 11th.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement, published in the *Times* newspaper, of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, under my command, in her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at 5 o'clock p.m., on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24° 44′ S and longitude 9° 22′ E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack, heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom, and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about 4ft. constantly above the surface of the sea; and, as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsail yard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60ft. of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was, in our perception, used in propelling it

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THE SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. "DŒDALUS."

through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognised his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose. The diameter of the serpent was about fifteen or sixteen inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once below the surface of the water; its colour, a dark brown with yellowish white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate, and the man at the wheel in addition to myself and officers above mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

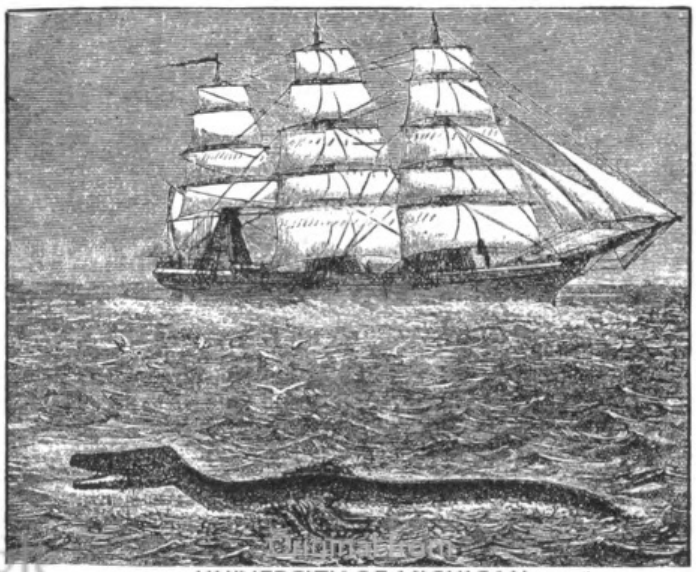
"Your obedient servant,

"PETER M'QUHAE, Capt.

"To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage, G.C.B., Devonport."

This is unassailable evidence from the best source possible—the observation of several educated men used to the sea, and set down in a sober, official report. A letter was printed shortly after in the *Globe* newspaper, giving an account of the appearance of a similar (very possibly the same) monster to the American brig *Daphne*, 20deg. further south, soon after it was seen from the *Dædalus*. The publication of the *Dædalus* adventure led to many stories of similar encounters being brought forward in the Press of the time.

Captain W. H. Nelson, of the American ship *Sacramento*, reported catching a glimpse of a strange sea-monster on July 30th, 1877, in latitude 31° 59′ N., and longitude 37° W. The man at the wheel (his name was John Hart) had a better view than Captain Nelson, since he first caught sight of it, and the captain did not arrive upon deck until it had proceeded some distance on its way. Some 40ft. of the creature, the helmsman estimated, was seen above the surface, and its girth appeared to be about that of a flour barrel. He afterwards made a pencil sketch, from which it would appear to be a different animal altogether from those usually reported, and somewhat resembling the ancient ichthyosaurus.

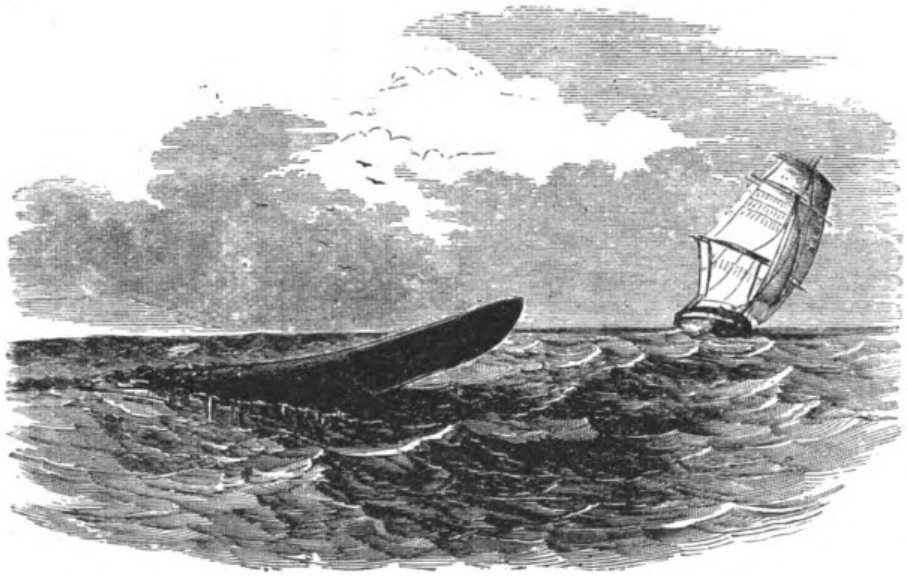


SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SHIP "SACRAMENTO."

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The next account I shall quote is that of an officer of H.M.S. *Plumper*, whose description is as follows :—

"On the morning of the 31st of December, 1848, lat. 41° 13′ N., and long. 12° 31′ W., being nearly due west of Oporto, I saw a long, black creature with a sharp head, moving slowly, I should think about two knots, through the water, in a north-westerly direction, there being a fresh breeze at the time and some sea on. I could not ascertain its exact length, but its back was 20ft., if not more, above the water, and its head, as near as I could judge, from 6ft. to 8ft. I had not the time to make a closer observation, as the ship was going six knots through the water, her head E. half S., and S.S.E. The creature moved across our wake, towards a merchant barque on our lee-quarter and on the port tack. I was in hopes she would have seen it also. The officers and men saw it, and (those) who have served in parts of the world adjacent to whale and seal fisheries, and have seen them in the water, declare they have never seen or heard of any creature bearing the slightest resemblance to the one we saw. There was something on its back that appeared like a mane, and, as it moved through the water, kept washing about; but before I could examine it closely it was too far astern." The illustration is from a sketch by the officer.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.S. "PLUMPER."

The following account of a sea-serpent was communicated to the *Illustrated London News* :—

"Colonial Agency,
"4, Cullum St.,
"London,
"Sept. 25th, 1853.

"We hand you the following extract from the log-book of our ship *Princess*, Captain A. K. N. Tremaine, in London Docks, 15th instant, from China, viz.: 'Tuesday, July 8th, 1853; latitude (accurate) 34·56° S.; longitude (accurate) 18·14° E. At 1 p.m. saw a very large fish, with a head like a walrus, and twelve fins similar to those of the blackfish, but turned the contrary way. The back was from 20ft. to 30ft. long; also a great length of tail. It is not improbable that this monster has been taken for the great sea-serpent. Fired and hit it near the head with rifle ball. At eight, fresh wind and fine.' The monster was seen by the entire ship's crew, as also by Captain Morgan, a passenger by the *Princess*."

Another well-authenticated sea-serpent is that seen by Dr. Biccard, of Cape Town, in February, 1857, a month later seen by Mr. Fairbridge and others. Dr. Biccard was at the lighthouse at Green Point in the afternoon of the day in question, about 5 p.m., when the lighthouse-keeper asked him to "come and see a sea-monster." "I proceeded to the lighthouse," wrote Dr. Biccard, "and from thence I saw on the water, about 150yds. from the shore, a serpent, of which some details have already appeared in print. (This refers to the account by



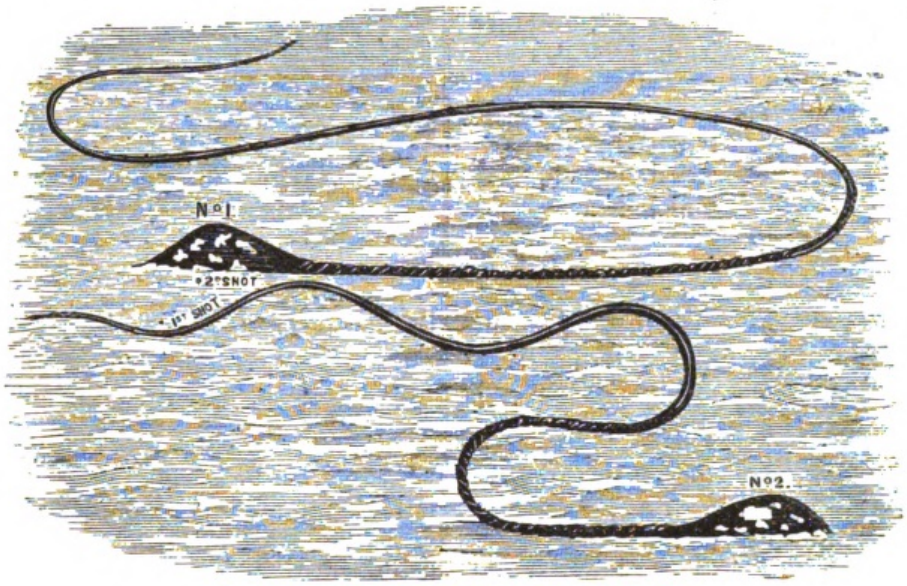
SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE "PRINCESS."

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Mr. Fairbridge.) It was lying in the position shown in the accompanying sketch, No. 1. I borrowed a rifle from Mr. Hall (the father-in-law of the lighthouse-keeper), and fired at the animal. The ball fell short in front of it by about four yards, as shown in the sketch. The animal did not move, and I then fired a second shot, the ball striking about 1ft. or 1½ft. from it. The serpent then, apparently startled, moved from its position, and straightened himself out, and went under water, evidently getting out of the way. He was invisible about ten minutes, at the expiration of which interval he reappeared at about 200yds. distance, and, I should say, about 40yds. farther off. He then came right on towards the place where I first saw him; but before arriving there, my son, who had joined me, fired at the animal. Unluckily the discharge broke the nipple of the rifle, and I was thus prevented from further firing. Upon reaching the place which he first occupied, the serpent formed himself into the position delineated in sketch No. 2, and then stood right into the bay, and soon afterwards we lost sight of him altogether."

Dr. Biccard goes on to say that the animal was about 200ft. in length, but its thickness he could not tell, only the upper part of its body being visible; the head could be seen but indistinctly. He considered the protuberance to be the upper part of the head, but he could not discover the eyes. The body was of a dull, dark colour, except the head, which was maculated with white spots. The water at the time was very calm. Besides Dr. Biccard, the animal was seen by seven other persons.

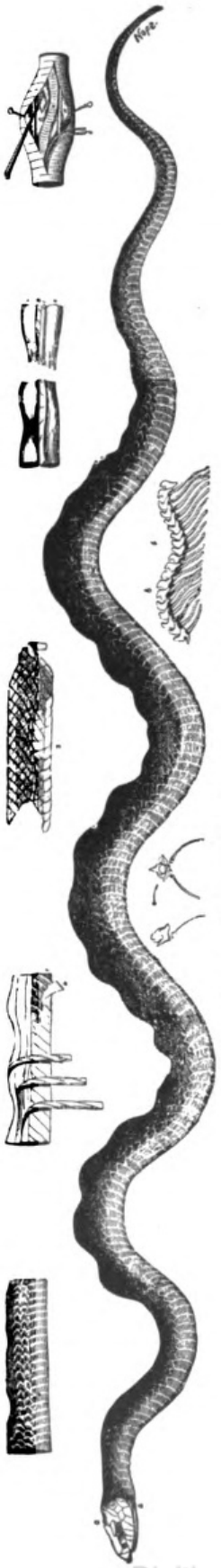
One of our illustrations is of the great American sea-serpent, a young one of which was actually caught and dissected by members of the Linnæan Society of Boston (some of the parts being here shown). In consequence of the reports of a great sea-serpent having been frequently seen during the month of August, 1817, in the harbour of Gloucester, Mass., and at a short distance at sea, the Linnæan Society appointed a committee to collect evidence with regard to the existence and appearance of such an animal. In due course a report appeared, and if that alone was not convincing, the receipt by the Society a month later of an actual sea-serpent left the matter beyond dispute. It was of remarkable appearance, was decided by the Society to be the young of the great sea-serpent, and was named *Scolioplus Atlanticus*. It was killed on the sea-shore at no great distance from Cape Ann. The next cut is from an engraving of it in a pamphlet relating to the sea-serpent published by the Society.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. BICCARD, OF CAPE TOWN.

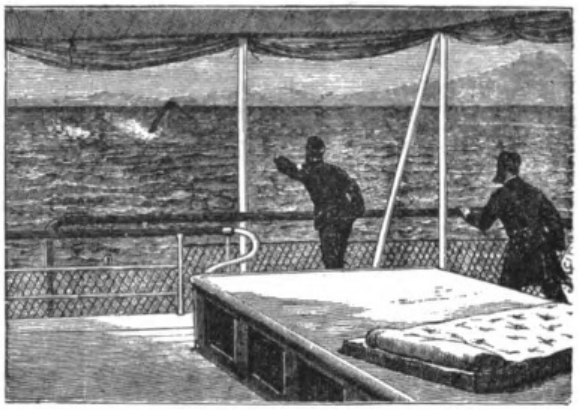
In its issue of April 19th, 1879, the *Graphic* gave an illustration of a sea-serpent seen by its correspondent, Major H. W. J. Senior, of the Bengal Staff Corps, from a sketch by that gentleman, together with a description of the monster, as it appeared to him from the poop deck of the steamship *City of Baltimore*, in latitude 12° 28′ N., longitude 43° 52′ E. Major Senior first saw the creature about three-quarters of a mile distant, "darting rapidly out of the water and splashing in

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SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT BY THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY, 1817.

again, with a noise distinctly audible," and rapidly approaching the ship. It arrived within 500 yards before turning its course and finally disappearing. It moved so rapidly that it was impossible to fix it with the telescope, so that Major Senior is doubtful whether it had scales or not, but as well as could be ascertained by the unaided eye it had none. "The head and neck," says Major Senior, "about two feet in diameter, rose out of the water to a height of about twenty or thirty feet, and the monster opened its jaws wide as it rose, and closed them again as it lowered its head and darted forward for a dive, reappearing almost immediately some hundred yards ahead. The body was not visible at all, and must have been some depth under water, as the disturbance on the surface was too slight to attract notice, although occasionally a splash was seen at some distance behind the head. The shape of the head was not unlike pictures of the dragon I have often seen, with a bulldog appearance of the forehead and eyebrow. When the monster had drawn its head sufficiently out of the water, it let itself drop, as it were, like a huge log of wood, prior to darting forward under the water." Major Senior's statement was countersigned by Dr. Hall, the ship's surgeon, and Miss Greenfield, a passenger, both of whom saw the creature.



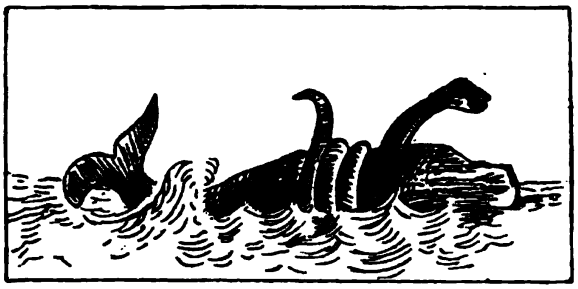
SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM THE SS. "CITY OF BALTIMORE."

One of the most extraordinary accounts of the sea-serpent was that given by Captain Drevar, of the barque *Pauline*, and declared before a magistrate by himself and his crew. Much ridicule was cast upon the story by certain journalists, who felt it necessary to be funny on the occasion, and Captain Drevar bitterly resented the doubts cast upon his veracity and capabilities for observation. It is difficult to dismiss the story as not proven, except upon the assumption that Captain Drevar and his crew agreed to tell a great lie for no earthly reason, and without the slightest inducement. This is the narrative, shortened in places, for considerations of space :—

"Barque *Pauline*.—July 8th, 1875; lat. 5° 13′ S., long. 35° W.; Cape Roque, north-east corner of Brazil, distant twenty miles at 11 a.m.

"The weather fine and clear, the wind and sea moderate. Observed some black spots on the water and a whitish pillar, about 35ft. high, above them. At first I took it all to be breakers, as the sea was splashing up fountain-like about them, and the pillar, a pinnacle rock bleached with the sun; but the pillar fell with a splash and a similar one rose. They rose and fell alternately in quick succession, and good glasses showed me it was a monster sea-serpent coiled twice round a large sperm whale. The head and tail parts, each about 30ft. long, were acting as levers, twisting itself and victim around with great velocity. They sank out of sight about every two minutes, coming to the surface still revolving, and the struggles of the whale and two other

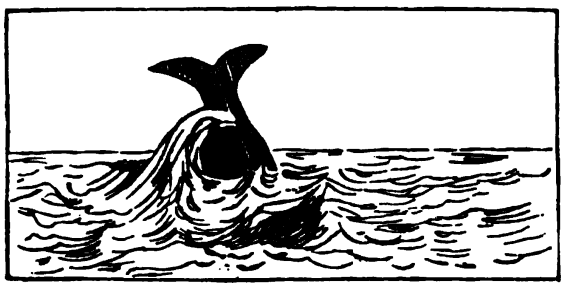
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SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE. SEEN BY CAPTAIN DREVAR IN 1875.

whales that were near, frantic with excitement, made the sea in this vicinity like a boiling caldron, and a loud and confused noise was distinctly heard. This strange occurrence lasted some fifteen minutes, and finished with the tail portion of the whale being elevated straight in the air, then waving backwards and forwards and lashing the water furiously in the last death struggle, when the whole body disappeared from our view, going down head foremost towards the bottom, where, no doubt, it was gorged at the serpent's leisure . . . . . Then two of the largest sperm whales that I have ever seen moved slowly thence towards the vessel, their bodies more than usually elevated out of the water, and not spouting or making the least noise, but seeming quite paralyzed with fear; indeed, a cold shiver went through my own frame on beholding the last agonizing struggle of the poor whale that had seemed as helpless in the coils of the vicious monster as a small bird in the talons of a hawk. Allowing for two coils round the whale, I think the serpent was about 160ft. or 170ft. long and 7ft. or 8ft. in girth. It was in colour much like a conger eel, and the head, from the mouth being always open, appeared the largest part of the body. . . . . I wrote thus far, little thinking I should ever see the serpent again. But at 7 a.m., July 13th, in the same latitude, and some eighty miles east of San Roque, I was astonished to see the same or a similar monster. It was throwing its head and about 40ft. of its body in a horizontal position out of the water, as it passed onwards by the stern of our vessel. . . . . I was startled by the cry of 'There it is again,' and, a short distance to leeward, elevated some 60ft. in the air, was the great leviathan, grimly looking towards the vessel. . . . . This statement is strictly true, and the occurrence was witnessed by my officers, half the crew, and myself, and we are ready at any time to testify on oath that it is so, and that we are not in the least mistaken. . . . . A vessel, about three years ago, was dragged over by some sea-monster in the Indian Ocean.

"GEORGE DREVAR,
"Master of the *Pauline*."



SEA-SERPENT ATTACKING WHALE—THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

Upon seeing doubts cast upon his account in certain newspapers, Captain Drevar appeared before Mr. Raffles, stipendiary magistrate at the Dale Street Police Court, Liverpool, accompanied by some of his officers and crew, and made the following declaration :—

"We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the barque *Pauline*, of London, do solemnly and sincerely declare that on July 8th, 1875, in latitude 5° 13′ S., longitude 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a large serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30ft., and its girth 8ft. or 9ft. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whole to the bottom, head first.

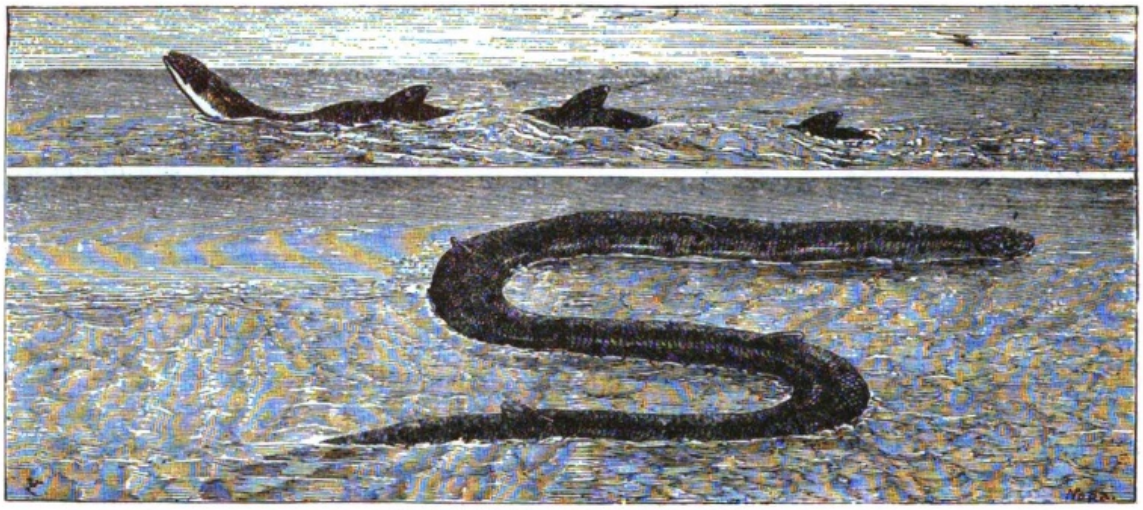
"GEORGE DREVAR, Master.
"HORATIO THOMPSON.
"HENDERSON LANDELLO.
"OWEN BAKER.
"WILLIAM LEWAN."

There were also two other declarations, relating to the subsequent appearance, and the declaration was again made at a Liverpool police-court.

Captain Hassel, of the barque *St. Olaf*, from Newport to Galveston, Texas, testifies to having seen, two days before arrival at the latter port, on May 13th, 1872, a large sea-serpent lying upon the surface of the water. Such part of the creature as was visible seemed about 70ft. long, and had four fins along the back. It was about 6ft. in diameter, and it was of a greenish-yellow colour, with brownish spots over the upper part. One of the mates made a sketch of the animal.

In June, 1877, the officers and crew of the Royal yacht *Osborne* encountered a sea-monster off the coast of Sicily. Lieutenant

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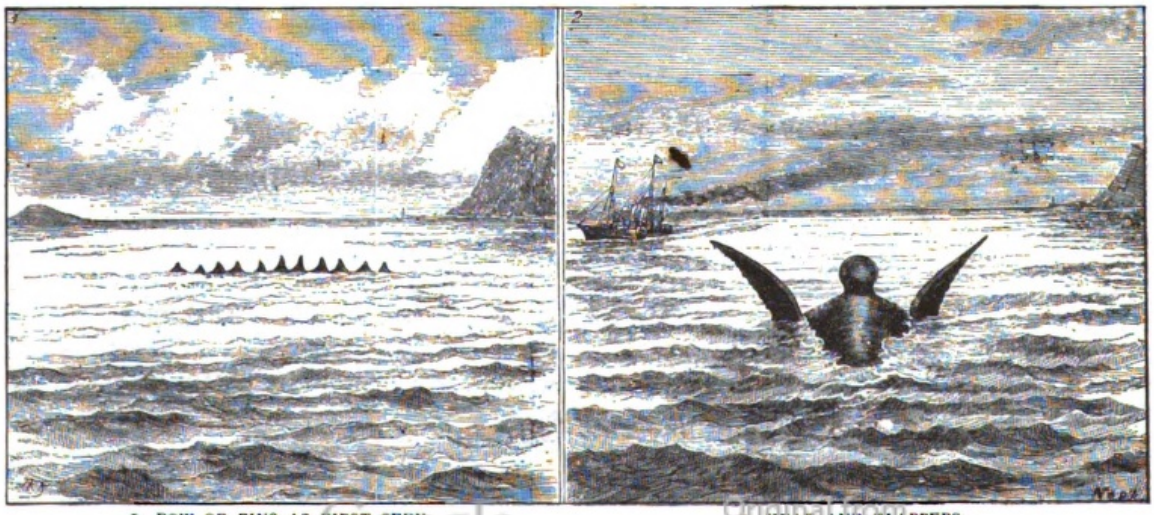


SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN HASSEL.

Haynes describes it thus: "My attention was first called by seeing a long row of fins appearing above the surface of the water at a distance of about 200yds. from the ship, and away on our beam. They were of irregular heights and extending about 30ft. or 40ft. in line (the former number is the length I gave, the latter the other officers). In a few seconds they disappeared, giving place to the forepart of the monster. By this time it had passed astern, swimming in an opposite direction to that we were steering, and as we were passing through the water at ten and a half knots I could only get a view of it 'end on,' as shown in the sketch. The head was bullet-shaped, and quite 6ft. thick, the neck narrow, and its head was occasionally thrown back out of the water, remaining there for a few seconds at a time. It was very broad across the back or shoulders, about 15ft. or 20ft., and the flappers appeared to have a semi-revolving motion, which seemed to paddle the monster along. They were about 15ft. in length. From the top of the head to the part of the body where it became immersed, I should consider 50ft., and that seemed about one-third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal. I cannot account for the fins, unless they were on the back below where it was immersed."

But we have still more recent witnesses to the fact of the existence of a sea-monster than the above. Captain R. J. Cringle, of the steamship *Umfuli*, one of the ten vessels of the Natal Line, belonging to Messrs. Bullard, King, and Company, less than two years ago commanded the following to be written in his ship's log:—

"Ss. *Umfuli*, Monday, Dec. 4th, 1893, 5.30 p.m., lat. 23deg. N., long. 18deg. W. —Sighted and passed, about 500yds. from ship, a monster fish of serpentine shape, about 80ft. long, with shining skin, and short fins, about 20ft. apart, on the back; in



1. ROW OF FINS AS FIRST SEEN. 2. HEAD AND FLAPPERS.

SEA-SERPENT SEEN FROM H.M.V. "OSBORNE."

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circumference, about the dimensions of a full-sized whale."

The position indicated, as will be seen by reference to a map, is off the coast of Africa, a little south of the Canary Islands, and, broadly speaking, between Cape Bojador and Cape Blanco. When questioned more narrowly about the monster he had seen, Captain Cringle said he had never set eyes upon anything of the kind before, nor had any of the sailors on board the *Umfuli*. People had laughed at him for what they called his credulity, and said that both he and his crew and the passengers on board had been deceived; but he was quite certain his eyes did not deceive him. The sea was like a mirror at the time, with not a cat's-paw nor a ruffle upon it; "and this thing," he added, "whatever it was, was in sight for over half an hour. In fact, we did not lose sight of it until darkness came on."



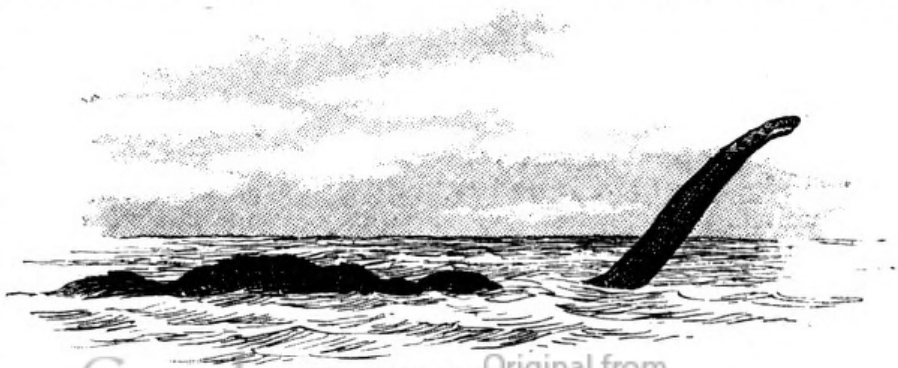
CAPTAIN R. J. CRINGLE.
From a Photograph by W. F. Greene.

Questioned as to how far the creature was away when they first saw it, Captain Cringle said, "When we first saw it I estimated that it would be about 400yds. away. It was rushing through the water at great speed, and was throwing water from its breast as a vessel throws water from her bows. I saw full 15ft. of its head and neck on three several occasions. They appeared and disappeared three times. The body was all the time visible."

Asked what the body looked like, Captain Cringle said he could liken it to nothing so well as to a hundred-ton gun partly submerged. It showed three distinct humps or swellings above the waves. Taking a pencil, he made a rough sketch of what he saw. (This was afterwards filled out by our artist, and is given in our illustration.) "The base, or body," said he, "from which the neck sprang was much thicker than the neck itself, and I should not, therefore, call it a serpent. Had it been breezy enough to ruffle the water, or hazy, I should have had some doubt about the creature; but the sea being so perfectly smooth, I had not the slightest doubt in my mind as to its being a sea-monster. I turned the ship round to get closer to it, and got much nearer than we were at first; but the sun was then setting and the light gone, so that to have run the ship nearer to the coast would have been folly."

In reply to a question as to whether the creature seemed scaled, Captain Cringle said that so far as he could judge it was not. It appeared to have a smooth skin, and to be of a dark brown colour. They were at one time so near to it that one of the passengers, a Mr. Kennealy, a gentleman of some scientific attainments, said he could hear the creature hiss, but the first officer said, "No, that is the rushing of the water from his bows." The scientific gentleman had a camera on board, but he was so excited that he never thought of it. A little less excitement, and Mr. Kennealy might have immortalized himself.

It will be seen from the photograph of the *Umfuli's* log that the chief officer, who has the keeping of it, had a look at the monster through his glass, and describes it as having an enormous mouth, with great rows of teeth.



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY CAPTAIN CRINGLE.

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Log of the S.S. Umfuli from London towards Natal

H.	K.	F.	COURSES.	WINDS.	LEE-WAY.	Deviation.	REMARKS.
1	10	5-	S by W ½ W	S S W			Monday Dec 4th 1893 A.M.
2	10	5-	"	"			2. Light wind & overcast.
3	10	5-	"	"			
4	10	5-	"	"			4. do — do
5	10	5-	"	"			
6	10	5-	"	"			Hands employed cleaning paintwork
7	10	5-	"	"			varnishing grain work & painting Forecastle
8	10	5-	"	"			Carpenter fitting Engine Room Store
9	10	5-	"	"			
10	10	5-	"	"			12. Calm & clear.
11	10	5-	"	"			
12	10	5-	"	"			Pumps, wells, carefully attended

Course	Dist.	Dif. Lat.	Dep.	Lat. by Acct.	Lat. by Obs.	Dif. Long	Long. by Acct.	Long. by Obs.
South	255	32			22 38 54 N	Nil.		17.26.00 W
				Barometer. 30.20	Sympiesometer.	Thermometer. 78°	Aneroid.	

1	10	5-	"	Calm			Dec
2	10	5-	"	"			2. Calm & smooth sea
3	10	5-	"	"			
4	10	5-	"	"			4. Same weather & H.S.
5	10	5-	"	"			
6	10	5-	"	"			5.30 Sighted and passed about 500 yards
7	10	5-	"	"			from ship a Monster Fish of the Serpent
8	10	5-	"	"			shape, about 80 ft long with slimy skin
9	10	5-	"	"			and shark-fins at about 20 feet apart on
10	10	5-	"	"			the back and in air, about the length of a
11	10	5-	"	"			full sized Whale, & distinctly saw the fish's
12	10	5-	"	"			mouth open & shut with my glasses. The
							jaws appeared some about 7 feet long
							with large teeth. In shape it was

Dist. per Log. Variation

just like a Conger Eel, [illegible] size of Body.

Master. C. C. Tofield. Mate.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF CAPTAIN CRINGLE'S LOG, WITH ENTRY REGARDING SEA-SERPENT.

Captain Cringle, however, who does not appear to have seen the creature's mouth open, said nothing about it.

In concluding his account of what he saw on that notable 4th of December, Captain Cringle said, "I have been so ridiculed about the thing that I have many times wished that anybody else had seen that sea-monster rather than me. I have been told that it was a string of porpoises, that it was an island of seaweed, and I do not know what besides. But if an island of seaweed can travel at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, or if a string of porpoises can stand 15ft. out of the water, then I give in, and confess myself deceived. Such, however, could not be."

Three months before Captain Cringle turned the *Umfuli* round in order to get a nearer sight of his sea-monster, Dr. Farquhar Matheson, of London, had a still closer view of a similar creature. Dr. Matheson is a trained observer, and one of the men least likely to be the subject of an illusion. What he saw he described shortly afterwards to several gentlemen. They laughed at him at first, because it is so usual to laugh at sea-serpent stories; but they afterwards confessed that they thought there must be something in what he described, as he was not a person likely to be deceived. The ridicule to which he was subjected, however, made him decide to say very little about the matter. He gave the writer a succinct account of the monster he saw, which was made a note of at the time; but, as he declined to have his name go forth in connection with it, no use was made of the narrative. Having now, however, given his consent for his name to be mentioned, his interesting experience is here for the first time put on record.

The occurrence took place in September,

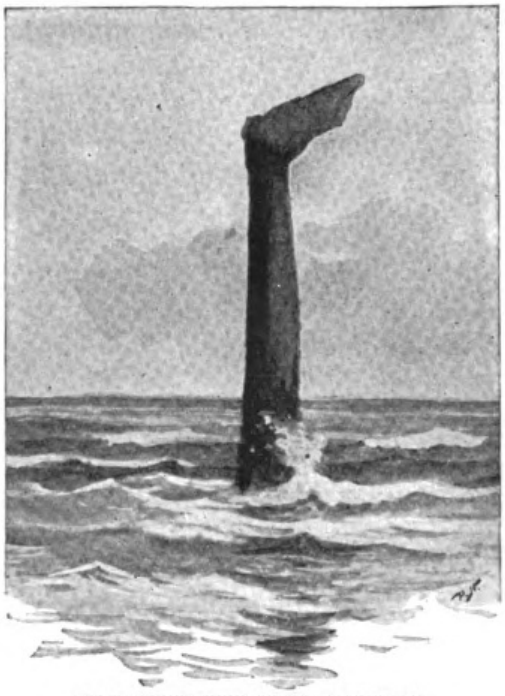
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1893, while Dr. Matheson was spending some time at his home in the north-west of Scotland. He was at the time enjoying a sail with his wife on Loch Alsh, which separates the Island of Skye from the mainland. "It was a beautiful day," said Dr. Matheson, "clear as possible, the sun shining brightly, and without clouds. The time was between one and two. Our sail was up and we were going gaily along, when suddenly I saw something rise out of the Loch in front of us—a long, straight, neck-like thing as tall as my mast. I could not think what it was at first. I fancied it might be something on land, and directed my wife's attention to it. I said, 'Do you see that?' She said she did, and asked what it could be, and was rather scared. It was then 200yds. away and was moving towards us. Then it began to draw its neck down, and I saw clearly that it was a large sea-monster—of the saurian type, I should think. It was brown in colour, shining, and with a sort of ruffle at the junction of the head and neck. I can think of nothing to which to compare it so well as the head and neck of the giraffe, only the neck was much longer, and the head was not set upon the neck like that of a giraffe; that is, it was not so much at right-angles to it as a continuation of it in the same line. It moved its head from side to side, and I saw the reflection of the light from its wet skin."

Asked if the creature appeared to have scales, Dr. Matheson said he should judge not. It showed a perfectly smooth surface. He went on to say that it was in sight about two minutes and then disappeared. Then it rose again three different times, at intervals of two or three minutes. It stood perpendicularly out of the water, and seemed to look round. "When it appeared the second time," said Dr. Matheson, "it was going from us, and was travelling at a great rate. It was going in the direction of the northern outlet of the Loch, and we were sailing in its wake; I was interested, and followed it. From its first to its last appearance we travelled a mile, and the last time we saw it it was about a mile away."

As to the body of the monster, Dr. Matheson said, "I saw no body—only a ripple of the water where the line of the body should be. I should judge, however, that there must have been a large base of body to support such a neck. It was not a sea-serpent, but a much larger and more substantial beast—something of the nature of a gigantic lizard, I should think. An eel could not lift up its body like that, nor could a snake."

As to the possibility of his being the subject of an optical illusion, Dr. Matheson said, "That is a common theory. But what I saw precludes all possibility of such an explanation. In the case of an optical illusion, what the eye sees becomes attenuated, and thus gradually disappears. But in the case of the creature I saw, it slowly descended into the water; it reappeared the same way, gradually ascending. I saw it move its head from side to side, and I noticed the glistening of the light on its smooth, wet skin." The doctor added, "In the evening at dinner I described to some gentlemen who were present, Sir James Farrar amongst the number, what I had seen. As I said, they laughed at the story at first, and suggested various ways in which I might have been deceived; but when I showed them that none of their theories would fit the case, they admitted that the sea-serpent, or sea-monster, could not be altogether a myth."



SEA-SERPENT SEEN BY DR. MATHESON.

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SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD.

BORN 1833.

SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD, third son of Robert Coles Arnold, Esq., married Amelia, only daughter of Captain H. B. Hyde. On the passing of the Public Works Act in 1863, to meet the necessities of the



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Bassano.*

cotton famine, Mr. Arnold was Assistant Commissioner, and in that capacity wrote "The History of the Cotton Famine"; he

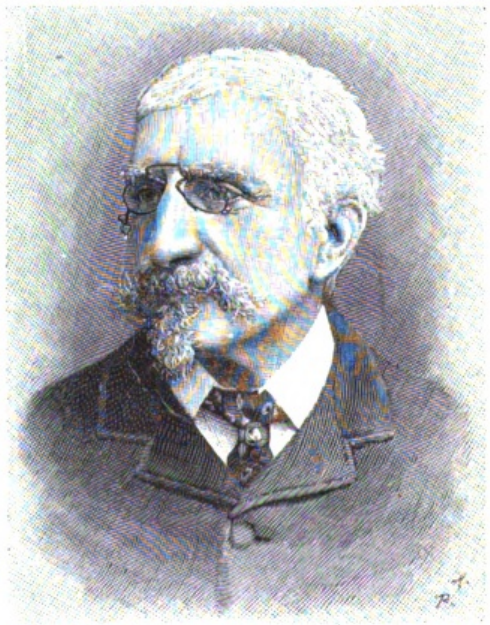


AGE 31.
From a Photo. by Fratelli Alinari, Florence.



AGE 47.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

published "From the Levant" in 1868. He then became the first editor of the *Echo*, but resigned that post in 1875. He was elected to Parliament for Salford in 1880, and has contributed to the passing of several important measures. Sir Arthur is Chairman of the L.C.C., and in 1885 established



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

and was elected President of the Free Land League. He is the author of many important works, and was knighted in June of this year.

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AGE 4.
From a Painting.



AGE 15.
From a Painting.



AGE 31.
From a Painting.



From a] AGE 24. *[Painting.*



AGE 11.
From a Painting.



AGE 50.
From a Painting.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

H.R.H. GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK CHARLES, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,
K.G., K.P., G.C.M.G., G.C.H., Etc.

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MR. FELIX FAURE,

PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

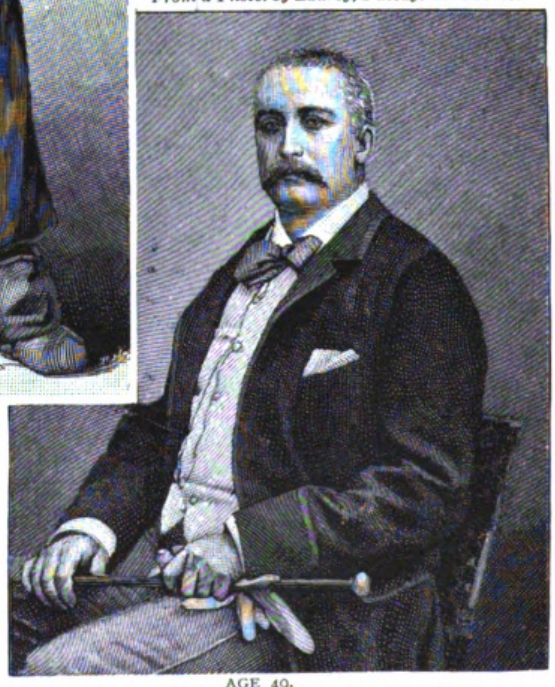
MR. FRANÇOIS FELIX FAURE was born in Paris on Jan. 30, 1841, and began life as a journeyman tanner. He subsequently rose to the position of ship-owner in Havre, and in 1881 presented himself as a Parliamentary candidate for the third division of that town, and was elected. He was Under Secretary of State in Gambetta's Cabinet of 1881; he afterwards resigned this post, but was recalled to it in Mr. Jules Ferry's last Cabinet, in September, 1883. After holding several positions in various Cabinets, he became Minister of Marine under the Dupuy Government, and on January 17, 1895, he was elected President of the French Republic.



AGE 20.
(As a journeyman tanner.)
From a Photograph.



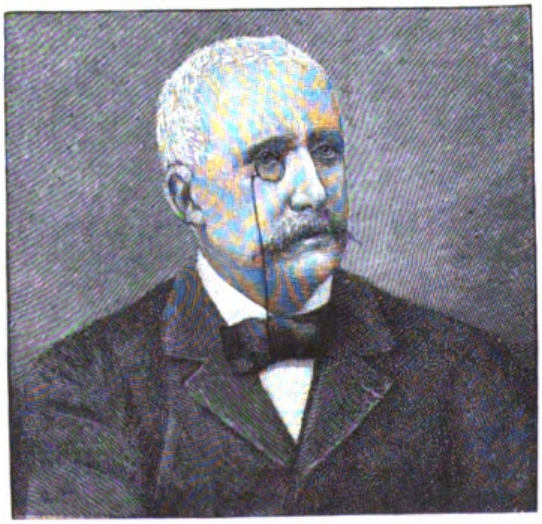
AGE 42.
From a Photo. by Ladrey, Passage des Princes.



AGE 49.
From a Photo. by Emile Fourtin, Havre, Rouen, and Paris.



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Emile Fourtin, Havre, Rouen, and Paris.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo by M. Pirou, Rue Royale, Paris.

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AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Wood & Co., London.

MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM.

MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM, eldest child of Alexander Henry Paterson, M.D., was born near Burton-on-Trent. After Dr. Paterson's death the family removed to Birmingham. At the beginning of 1867 Miss Paterson came to reside in London under the care of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, who about five years previous had practically opened the schools of the Royal Academy to women. Miss Paterson herself entered the Royal Academy Schools in April,



AGE 23
From a Photo. by M. Boness, Ambleside.

1867. She afterwards drew on wood for several illustrated periodicals. She also furnished illustrations to novels running in the *Cornhill Magazine*—"Far From the Madding Crowd" and "Miss Angel." In the intervals of drawing on wood she produced several water-colour drawings, some being exhibited at the Dudley Gallery; "The Milkmaid" and "Wait for Me" being hung in the Royal Academy, 1874. In 1875 she was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of



AGE 25.
From a Photo. by E. Stanley, Guildford.

Painters in Water-Colours, and in 1890 to the honour of full membership. Among her later works are several portraits of Thomas Carlyle. Miss Paterson was married in 1874 to the late Mr. Wm. Allingham, the poet.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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THE GREAT CALIFORNIAN HEIRESS.

By Grant Allen.

DO sit up by the fire and talk with me, May, dear. I've got a fancy to tell you a story about something that once happened to me. Generally speaking, we American women don't want to get confidential with you English girls, somehow. You seem so official; you kind of shut one up, as if one were a concertina. But *you*—you're different. From the moment I first saw you, I felt like telling you almost anything, any way.

It's just about those jewels of mine. Your Poppa was talking of them. When he asked me at dinner whether I wasn't afraid of ever having them stolen, and I answered, "Oh, my, no," you looked across at me quite curious. And I know I blushed. And you wondered what I did it for. Well, that made me want, somehow, to make a clean breast of it and tell you all about my burglar.

It was when I was staying in the country with Lady Cowperthwaite. Her husband was in the Indian General way, I fancy; or perhaps he was one of your Colonial Governors; I never *can* remember what each particular person in your country gets knighted for. Anyway, Lady Cowperthwaite is one of those folks who advertise in the *Times*: "A lady of title, moving in the very highest circles, would receive into her house an American lady of good social position, as a Paying Guest. References given and required. Address, in strict confidence, Lady C., Jones's Governess Agency, 999, Piccadilly, W." That's the sort of thing, you know. She charges you fifteen guineas a week for your board, and introduces you for the change to English society.

Well, I was fresh from California then, and everybody in England had heard that Poppa was the richest man in the southern section of the State, so I was soon pretty popular. In short, my dear, I was the fact of the season. Everybody talked of me, but especially of my diamonds. If I'd cared to let them, more than one of your peers would have married those diamonds. Elder sons were nuts upon them. But I'm Californian, don't you see, and I suppose you English girls would call me romantic; any way, I didn't feel to want a blessed one of those peers; I had a sort of notion the peers were more dead stuck on the diamonds themselves than on the girl that wore them. That put me off, of course; for an American woman likes to be taken for herself, not for her real estate or her family jewellery.

At the end of the season, when London began to thin, Lady Cowperthwaite observed

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we must do the right thing, and pay a round of visits at country houses. Well, I wanted to do the right thing while I was about it, of course—I was paying my money for it; so I let Lady Cowperthwaite walk me off like a lamb, wherever she'd a mind to. That suited Lady Cowperthwaite down to the ground, you must know: because, with me and my diamonds in tow, she got invited everywhere; and, as I handed her over her fifteen guineas a week, in town or country, board or visit, why, she was pretty pleased, you may be sure, to trundle me off to her fine acquaintances. She was glad I hadn't taken a fancy, my first season, to any of her marquises; it was a mutual convenience. It suited me to pay her fifteen guineas a week for chaperoning me about through the English aristocracy, and it suited her to pocket fifteen guineas a week for being asked to houses she'd never have entered but for the American heiress and her diamond necklace. I tell you there were no flies on Lady Cowperthwaite.

About the third visit we paid was to a country house down in the hills in Hampshire. They had laid on a courtesy lord specially on my account, a duke's youngest son, with an eye to the diamonds. For the first three days I felt rather bored. Everybody about the place seemed so painfully conscious that Poppa was the biggest holder of Sacramento Southerns in the State of California. And it was dull—oh, dull—my dear, you know your aristocratic fellow-countrywomen! But the third night an incident occurred that lightened the gloom a bit. I had an interesting episode with a real live man; a romantic episode, like a bit out of a story.

At dinner that night I wore my famous diamond necklet. The courtesy lord took me in; he eyed it hungrily. But he wasn't amusing. About eleven o'clock we all went to bed—the women, that is to say, for the men stopped up, the same as usual, saying ugly things about us to one another in the billiard-room. (Oh, don't talk to *me*, my dear: I know the ways of them.) I went to my own room, and sent away my maid, as soon as she'd taken down my hair. I never was accustomed to maids, of course, before Poppa struck silver, and I've got no use for them. Then I began to undress, and took off my necklet, which I laid on the dressing-table. I meant to put it in the jewel-case; but I was lazy, I presume, for any way I didn't. Then I took off a few things, and looked about for my dressing-gown. It wasn't on the chair, so I went to the wardrobe. I was just going to unhook it, when, to my great surprise, something moved quickly away in the bureau, and hid itself behind one of my best evening dresses. At first I thought it was a rat, and was just going to scream; then I felt conscious it was white and warm, like a human hand; and feeling sure it was only a man after all, I didn't scream, but just pulled back the dress and looked at it.

My dear, it *was* a man; and he was standing there, skulking. I ought to have been frightened, I suppose; but, somehow, I wasn't, not to speak of, that is to say. I



"IT WAS A MAN!"

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just stood a second and looked at him. He looked back at me, such a look! Rather curious and inquiring than angry or frightened. Then all at once it came over me that I was half undressed, and the man was staring at me. I blushed till I could feel my face and neck like fire. The man seemed to know what I was thinking—he couldn't well help it, seeing I had turned as red as a turkey-gobbler; and without one word, he unhooked my dressing-gown, and flung it carefully round me. He flung it like a gentleman accustomed to offering ladies their wraps at a dance or theatre. "Thank you," I said, smiling at him, and feeling real grateful, though, of course, very red still, at the thought that a man should have caught me so lightly robed in my own bedroom. "Do please excuse me!"

"Not at all," he answered, stepping out, and facing me. "It's *I* who should apologize for so unwarrantable an intrusion."

He looked like a gentleman. "Well," I said, "what you are here for, any way?"

"Don't be alarmed," he replied, staring hard at me once more as I drew the dressing-gown carefully round me. "I have no right to be here. I'm sorry to have frightened you. I shall withdraw at once, quite quietly, if you'll allow me to do so. I'll leave the house this instant."

He took a step towards the door. I placed myself in front of him. "No, no," I said, "not that way. And not at all till you've explained yourself."

He eyed me most oddly. "You compel me to explain?" he asked.

I nodded my head. "Why, certainly; I compel you."

"I was after your diamonds," he answered, seeming to confront me, half defiantly.

"So is every other man I ever meet in England," I answered, laughing. "I thought, for once, you were something original."

He smiled a curious smile. "You misunderstand me," he put in. "It was the diamonds alone I came for, not *you* with them."

"That's not very polite," I said. "Most people are more courteous. They're ready to take them with all the encumbrances."

"But I hadn't *seen* you then, Miss Flanagan," he replied, looking amused.

"Excuse me," I went on, "but how do you know my name?"

"I heard you were here, and I came to find you."

"Do you mean you are a burglar?"

"Not a professional," he answered; "but an amateur—yes. For this occasion only."

"Well, give *me* England for culture!" said I. "This does beat everything! I never thought I could stand and talk quietly like this with a man who was a housebreaker. You do things in style over here! I took you for a gentleman."

"So I am, I hope," he answered, stammering and growing hot. "At least, I have been hitherto. But to-night I was making a fresh start as a criminal."

I looked him up and down. I'd got over my terror by now, and was really enjoying the humour of the situation. I suppose an English girl would have been frightened—too frightened to speak; but my Irish blood and my Californian training made me see after a minute only the comic side of it. He was evidently a gentleman—most likely an officer. I longed to know what had brought him round to my room that night; but I felt, of course, the situation was too compromising. People might hear us talking and misunderstand the circumstances. "You'd better go now, then," I said, putting back my necklace in its place in the jewel-box. "If people were to hear you——"

He dropped his voice still lower. "Thank you," he answered, with a suppressed tremor; "how very, very good you are. Then you will let me go? You won't rouse the house upon me?"

"Rouse the house!" I cried. "And let everybody know a man's been in the room with me! Why, what do you take me for?"

He looked at me harder still. "Oh, thank you," he said, again. "How can I ever repay you?" And he moved towards the door, with an uneasy movement.

I stopped him instantly. "Not that way," I said. "As you came. Go out by the window."

"How do you know I came by the window?" he said, pausing.

"Because the fastener's twisted," I answered. "I noticed that even before I saw you." I held out my hand. "Good-night," I said, "Mr. Burglar. I'm very much obliged to you; you've behaved like a gentleman."

He took my hand hurriedly. "How strange you are!" he said, "and how brave! Not in the least like an Englishwoman."

He pressed it slightly for a second. Then he turned to the window. "I must go, then," he went on. "It was wrong of me to stay, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to reassure you."

He threw up the sash, and was just going to jump out on to the flat roof outside.

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"Stop, stop!" I cried, holding out my jewel-box, "you've forgotten the diamonds!"

My dear, you never saw a man so astonished in your life. He came back like a lamb. "Miss Flanagan," he cried, blushing just as red as I'd blushed myself, "what do you mean by this generosity? Or is it that you want to rouse the house, and let them catch me with the jewels?"

It was my turn to blush. "Well, if you think I could behave as mean as that——" I said, quite hurt.

He seized my hand, took the jewel-box out of it, and—laid it back on the dressing-table.

"Forgive me," he said, very low, but earnestly. "You didn't deserve it. I admit you didn't. But do you really mean to say you thought I was to take them?"

"You came after them, you say?" I answered.

"Oh, yes; I came after them."

"Well, naturally, then, I thought you wanted them. A gentleman doesn't try to rob a woman's jewel-box unless he's in straits—and I see you're a gentleman."

"Wanted them? Oh, yes; I wanted them, desperately," he cried. "But, take them—how could I? And you've behaved so wonderfully, so bravely, so generously."

"I guess you'll have to tell me now why you wanted them so badly, then," I said. "Men don't generally require diamond necklets for themselves. And as the night's rather cold, I think I'll just trouble you to shut down that window."



"YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE DIAMONDS!"

He shut it like a lamb. I dropped in an easy chair, and motioned him to another one.

"Well, this *is* the oddest position," he said.

I nodded and smiled. "That's just what I like about it," I answered. "That gives it its beauty. In a world where it's so hard to raise a sensation, there's something quite original and novel, don't you think, in entertaining the man who's come to your rooms to steal your jewels."

He paused a moment and reflected. I fancy I seemed to surprise him. "Well, this is an adventure for me too," he went on, at last; "the queerest I've ever had. But it

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has turned out quite differently from anything I expected."

"What did you expect, then?"

"Why, I hoped to get your jewels and make off with them undisturbed. But your maid most fortunately came in and prevented me. So I had only just time to hide in the wardrobe. There I stopped till you came. And you know the rest of it. What a lucky escape! And I might have taken them!"

"Excuse me," I put in. "I don't want to pry into anybody else's business; but might I ask the reason that made you take this rather unusual step? You'll admit it isn't quite in the ordinary course to enter a lady's room to abstract her diamonds."

"Miss Flanagan," he cried, "you're the most extraordinary woman I ever met. I do admire you!"

"Oh, that's nothing," I answered. "I'm accustomed to being thought extraordinary in England. It's my *rôle*, don't you know, and I'm used to playing it."

"So it seems," he replied, looking at me quite curiously.

"But why did you want to take my diamonds?" I asked, again. "You'll pardon me for my national habit of sticking close to my question."

"Why did I want them?" he repeated, drawing his hand across his forehead. "Oh, Miss Flanagan, why did I want them? Can't you guess? Can't you think? Are you so rich yourself that it never even occurs to you that others may be poor—in difficulties, desperate?"

"Oh, my," I said, staring at him; "*you* don't look as if you were poor. You've the dress and manners and voice of a gentleman."

"I was one, I hope—till to-night," he replied, with that repressed little tremor again. "But doesn't it ever occur to you that even a gentleman may be in difficulties—in terrible straits, where he's ready to do anything, almost anything, for money?"

I rose from my seat and moved over again to the dressing-table. "Take them," I said. "Take them." And I handed him the necklet. "You've struck it rich this time. They're real fine, those diamonds. But they'll be more use to you, I reckon, than ever they've been to me. I tell you, my Poppa can buy me some better ones."

My dear, you won't believe it, but the tears fairly started into that burglar's eyes. He waved my hand away and stood there like a schoolboy. For a minute, I thought he was going to come forward and kiss me. But he didn't; he only wrung my hand very hard. "Miss Flanagan," he said, "I didn't know there was such kindness and generosity on earth before. You—you've unmanned me—unnerved me. Or, rather, you've made a new man of me."

"How so?" I asked, trying to look as modest and retiring as I could, since the circumstances demanded it.

"I'll never touch those confounded cards again," he cried, suddenly, clasping his hands. "As long as I live, I'll never again touch them!"

"Oh, it was gambling," I said, "was it?"—beginning to understand, and to grow quite sympathetic. For in California, you know, dear, all our men are born gamblers; they go it on anything, from poker to a bonanza; and I suppose my Poppa made his pile in his day pretty much like the rest of them.

He looked at me, red in the face. I could see he was much moved. "Yes, it was gambling," he said, slowly, "but for the very last time. I see now where it leads one. I was desperate—desperate; my last hope gone. I was ready for anything. I didn't know where to turn for hope or comfort. Oh, I can't bear to think to what wild crimes I was being driven! I had almost lost all self-respect. *You* have brought me back to it."

My fingers twitched. I couldn't bear to see him grieved so. "Look here," I said; "you'd *better* take them, they'd set things all straight. I guess you've as good a right to them as I have, any way. My Poppa made his pile out of gambling in silver mines. And they tell me there are folks in California to-day who are beggars just because my Poppa's rich; one man can't make a dollar, my Poppa always says, without another man's losing it. He bought me these diamonds out of money he'd taken indirectly from others; you were going to take them directly again from me. Tweedledum and tweedle-dee! Come to think of it, after all, there ain't so much difference."

He shook his head firmly. My dear, he *was* handsome!

"No, no," he answered, "I won't allow you to take me in with your generous sophisms. An hour ago I'd have stolen those diamonds, I confess, and got clean off with them if I could; now, you make me wonder how I could ever have been such a vile, wicked blackguard."

"Most likely," I answered, "when it came to the pinch, you wouldn't have taken them at all. You're not that sort. You'd have

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been struck with remorse, and crept out again quietly."

"How good you are!" he cried, tears in his eyes once more. "Charity thinketh no evil. Well, you've taught me a lesson, and I mean to remember it. Henceforth——" and he rose as if he meant to leave me.

"You're not going?" I said, quite anxiously, forgetting my costume; for he *was* so nice—the nicest man, my dear, I'd met, since I came across to England.

"Yes, I'm going," he answered, in a fixed sort of way. "I ought to have gone half an hour ago. For your sake, it would be wicked of me to remain any longer. Just consider how compromising if anyone were to find me here!"

"That's true," I answered, holding out my hand; "though I've enjoyed my talk with you. But we may meet again. We must arrange this matter. You'll give me your card and let me see you, won't you?"

He drew back quite ashamed. Then he hid his face in his hands and broke down utterly.

"What! after this?" he exclaimed. "Oh, no; never, never!"

"I have deserved it," I said, half reproachfully.

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you have indeed deserved it. But myself—oh, how could I hold my head up again, I ask you, if I knew anyone could say I had done such a thing as this?"

I grasped his hand for a moment. "Well, let us leave it then," I answered. "Don't fancy I want to pry into the question of your name, if you don't wish to give it. Though I had hoped——" and then I broke off, for I really didn't know what I might be tempted to say to him.

He walked towards the window again. I held my hand up. "No, not that way, this time!" I cried. "Suppose anyone were to see you trying to get out there? They'd think you were a burglar."

"So I am," he said, bitterly.

"No, no," I answered. "You're here as my visitor. You must let me let you out by the front door quite properly."

"I can't," he cried, trembling. "That would be wrong, very wrong. If anybody met us, it would give rise to most unjust, most cruel suspicions about your conduct, which you don't deserve. I'd ten thousand times rather be taken and punished as a burglar to-night, than expose any woman as good as you to such wicked and unworthy imputations."

And he raised up the window-sash.

"Well, you *are* good," I said. "I suppose you must do it so. But remember, if ever you change your mind, and are willing to let me know your name and address, I shall be so glad to see you."

"Thank you," he answered; and then he stooped down and kissed my hand. My dear, I suppose I oughtn't to say so; but I was quite in love with him by that time. He behaved so nicely.

Well, he put his foot on the window-sill. "Good-bye," he said, once more, with a strange sort of choke deep down in his voice. "I thank you from my heart. You have behaved most nobly to me."

I took up the diamonds one last time. "Oh, do take them!" I said, imploring him. "Remember, you'll be just as desperate as ever by-and-by.



"HE BROKE DOWN UTTERLY."

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You have still your debts to pay. Why shouldn't you take them? You need them ten thousand times more than I do."

He looked back at me, all remorse. I assure you, May, the tears were just rolling down his cheeks. "Never, my dear brave young lady," he answered, solemnly. "But you have saved a man's soul. Let that be something to you."

Then he jumped and disappeared. I leaned out and looked after him. I won't deny, I felt real bad that minute. To think the poor fellow should be in such dreadful trouble!

Well, weeks and weeks passed. And the longer time went on, the more and more I thought of my burglar. He was the only person who seemed to interest me. I liked that man; I did want to see him. I thought he'd behaved so nicely and manfully. As to his trying to be a burglar, well, that, you know, doesn't count for much on the Pacific slope, where there's been a lot of rough-and-tumble sort of work in the Pikes: most of our millionaires have a sin or two to answer for. My Poppa didn't build a Franciscan church at Sant' Antonio for nothing, I reckon. So I went on and on, going out in London, and hoping some day I'd meet my burglar. They brought up young men to me, on the diamond hunt, don't you know—courtesy lords and such folks, who had heard I was an heiress, and wanted to try their luck in the game. But I didn't care to look at them. They were nothing compared to *him*. He was a man! My dear, as time went on, I just knew I was in love with him.

I idealized him, I suppose—what's a woman for, if not to idealize whatever she loves?—but I *did* want to see him.

At last, one evening, a year or two later, I was out at Lady Arcady's. A lady sat near me, rather young and pretty, a typical Englishwoman—the sort that's born to be a good wife and mother. I didn't notice her much; I only observed she was good and comely. Presently Lady Arcady came up to me where I sat, and began to talk to me.

"So glad you could come, dear Miss Flanagan," she said, "for I want to introduce you to my friend, Lord Alfred Macdougall." ("Another of them," thought I; "bring him on and get it over!") "He knew your father, he says, when he was out in California."

Before I could take good stock of the watery-looking young man in the background, however, the wife and mother turned round and stared hard at me.

"Is that Miss Flanagan, of California?" she asked, half-aside, of Lady Arcady. "Oh, then, I *must* be introduced to her."

Lady Arcady waved aside Lord Alfred for a minute. "Mrs. Mainwaring," she said, introducing her (that wasn't the name, but it'll do just as well as any other)—"Miss Flanagan, of Sacramento."

Mrs. Mainwaring drew me aside. "I felt I *must* know you," she said. "I owe you so many thanks. You've done me such a service. You mayn't know it yourself, but you've saved my husband's soul for him, as he often tells me. I don't quite understand how, but he's been a different man ever since he met you."

For a minute I couldn't think what the good lady was driving at. "Saved his soul?" I repeated. "Oh, my, that's not much in my line, I'm afraid. Though, of course, there are ways of saving and saving!"

"That's just what my husband says," the lady answered. "You *must* recollect him. He met you two years ago, when you were down in Hampshire; and ever since he's been another man. Not that he wasn't always the dearest and best fellow on earth, except for one bad habit; but from that day forth, he has never touched a card; and whenever I speak of it, he always says, 'If I'm a better man now, you and the boys have only that American angel to thank for it.'"

My dear, I almost broke down. It had never even occurred to me for one moment as possible. A married man! A husband and father! In my horror and disappointment, I could hardly restrain myself from exclaiming, "What, not my burglar!"

She followed my eyes with hers, as I glanced round the room. Yes, there he stood by the piano, as handsome as ever. My heart went out to him.

His wife brought him over. "See, Harry," she said, "who I've found."

He gave a sudden start. Then he gazed at me steadily. My eyes met his. I felt faint with my misery.

"Miss Flanagan," he murmured, very low, "thank you."

He said nothing else, but just stood looking at me.

"I've told her what you say, Harry," the little wife went on, never noticing our embarrassment, thank goodness. "And though I can't imagine what it was you said to him, I shall be grateful to you, Miss Flanagan, as long as I live, for what you've done for us."

She stopped by my side a little while

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talking; then she moved away. I had one minute alone with him.

"You were kind to me once," he began; "how kind I don't believe you realize yourself. Will you be kind once more, and forget my name—or else that episode?"



"I HAD ONE MINUTE ALONE WITH HIM."

I raised my eyes. "It is forgotten," I said, slowly. Oh, dear, he didn't know how hard a thing it was for me to say it.

"Thank you," he answered, again. "From that day forth, I have never touched a card. I had come from a brother officer's rooms, a ruined man. If *you* hadn't saved me, I don't know what might have become of me."

"And your debts?" I asked, trembling.

"I'm paying them off piecemeal. It's precious hard work; but, thank Heaven, I'm doing it. And once they're paid, I shall never have another one."

"If only you would allow me to lend you a few thousands——" I began.

He waved his hand and checked me, hurriedly. "Not for worlds," he answered. "You taught me a better way. I have begun life afresh. The discipline of saving and paying is good for me."

I never saw him again. My dear, I couldn't bear it. But they may bring up their courtesy lords by the gross now, if they like. I have made up my mind I shall die Norah Flanagan.

So that's why I turned red at your Poppa's question.

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STRANGE DEVICES

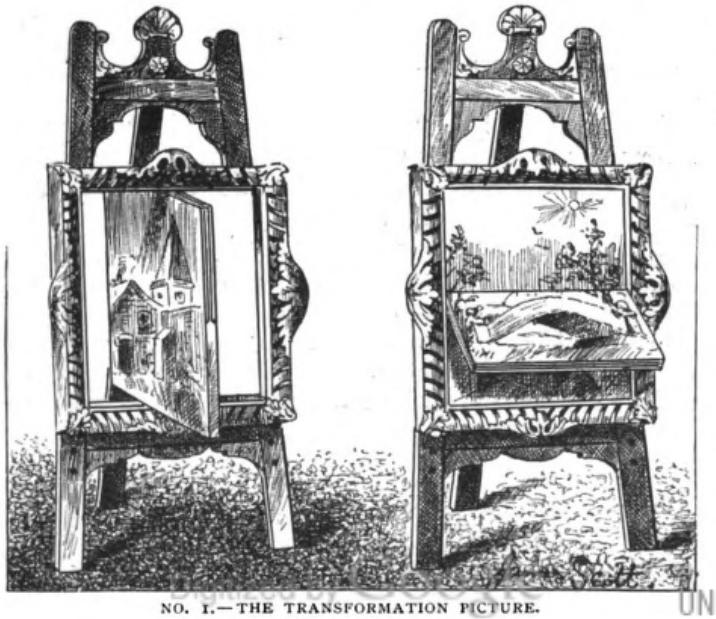
By JAMES SCOTT.

I WAS permitted the pleasant opportunity to describe and illustrate in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for March, 1895, under the heading "Eccentric Ideas," some peculiar notions of mankind. Although I then exemplified that much inventiveness appertained to humanity, I was careful to point out the considerable difference existing between an "idea" and an "invention" in the true meanings of those words. I then dilated upon some very novel suggestions, and referred to their ludicrousness and impracticability. Now I propose to occupy the reader's time and patience by parading before him the particulars of several really novel ideas which have developed into actual inventions. In my selection I have made as great a variety as possible, and am satisfied that, in nearly every case, the articles must have been as efficient in practice as they are ingenious in conception.

The simple yet effective contrivance depicted in No. 1, which is an invention by a private conjurer, deserves a greater publicity than it has hitherto secured. Of course, just as a joke will lose its essential qualities when explained, so a trick or illusion may appear to have been less interesting when a detailed account of its inner working is provided. But I can assure the reader that the deception, aided by this invention, was, and would still be, very startling, notwithstanding the simplicity of the means employed to deceive.

The conjurer drew a large cloth off an easel, upon which was reclining a good oil-painting set in a massive gilt frame. He lifted the top of the frame forward to the extent of a few inches, and also passed a long stick behind the easel in order to show that it bore no connection with other parts of the stage. He then recovered it with the cloth, which he almost instantly again removed, revealing quite a different picture in the frame. This performance he repeated until he had changed the pictures three times, thus showing four different paintings in the same frame without having removed the latter from the easel.

Every few moments he passed the stick behind the picture, and also showed that the covering-cloth contained nothing whereby aid was offered in the deception. As may have already occurred to the reader who has examined the illustrations, the picture consisted of a pivoted board having a drop flap affixed to it in front, and one attached behind, on the surfaces of which were painted four distinct subjects. The first time the cloth was replaced, a spring was touched, and, consequently, a flap fell as in the right-hand frame; at the second stage in the performance the whole picture revolved, as in the left-hand frame; whilst upon the third repetition being made, another flap fell.

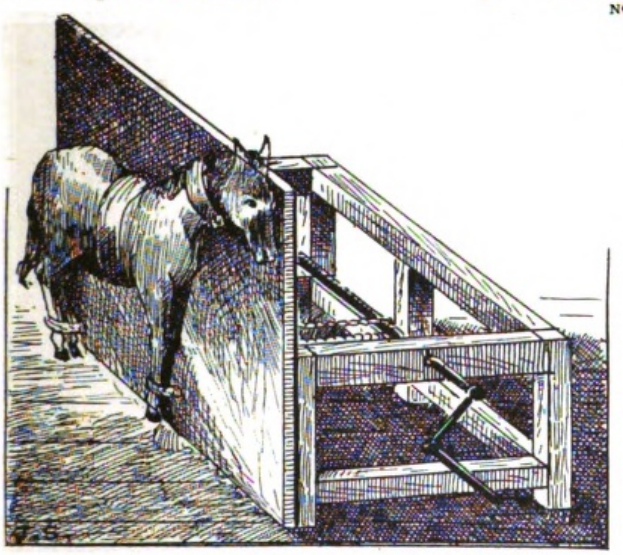


NO. 1.—THE TRANSFORMATION PICTURE.

What made the trick the more surprising was the fact that the picture itself was greater in width

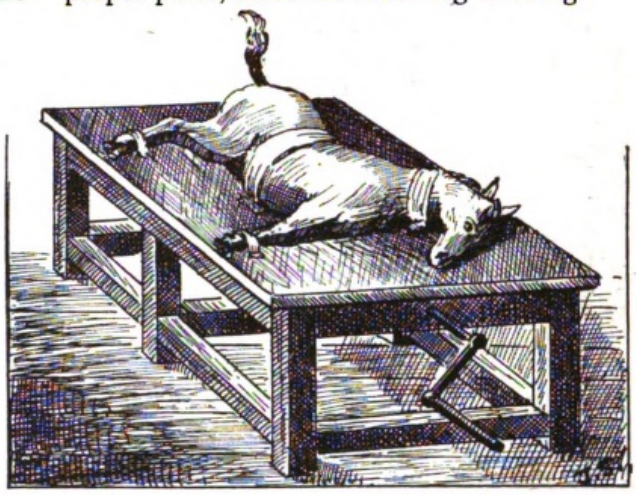
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than the space between the legs of the easel, and also that the top of the frame was also lifted forward, conveying the wrong idea that the front supports continued completely from top to bottom behind the frame. The truth was that the easel's front legs broke off just below the top of the frame, and just above the bottom of it, the two parts being connected by a frame of iron, which allowed sufficient opening wherein the picture could revolve. Of course, it would never do, if this deception is henceforth repeated, to shift the frame forward if any portion of the audience should command a view from an elevation above the top of the picture. I suggest that some enterprising amateur conjurer may profitably adopt this contrivance, as well as another, hereafter explained, and call it "THE STRAND MAGAZINE Picture Trick," having an enlarged copy of the cover for the first picture shown.



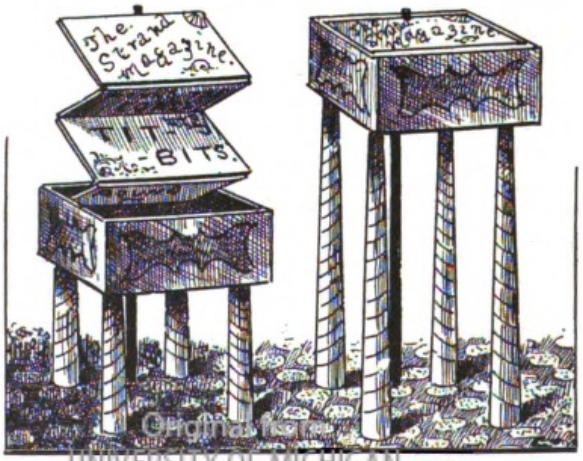
NO. 2.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—PREPARING.

Notwithstanding the easy control that man has been enabled, by a proper exercise of his superior mental qualities, to effect over horses, I fear that very few men could achieve the conspicuously difficult manœuvre of handling a sick horse as he would a sick human being. To lift a horse on to a table, for instance, would prove an embarrassing, if not totally impossible, task if the process were undertaken without the aid of some kind of mechanism. The ingenuity of man has, however, obviated the depressing necessity for handling horses and cattle in this manner, as may be seen by a reference to my second and third drawings. In the first, the horse is shown as having been strapped to the table-top, which has been placed perpendicularly for the purpose. By simply turning one or more handles, the table-top is turned to a horizontal position, and finally slid into its proper place, as in the following drawing.



NO. 3.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—READY.

An advertising invention, which had a decidedly pleasing effect upon those who observed it, is illustrated in my next drawing. Everyone must be aware of the fact that if a length of paper or card be rolled up, it is possible, by withdrawing the inner end of the roll, to extend it to the form of a long coil, such as appears at each corner as a support to the box, in the right-hand part of my illustration. It is possible, also, to reclose such a coil to its original shape. The device shown has a thin metal rod running right from the bottom of the box, down within each coil, and those rods are connected with a small tank beneath the flooring, the tank being supported upon very long chair-springs. A fifth rod, at the back, and not con-



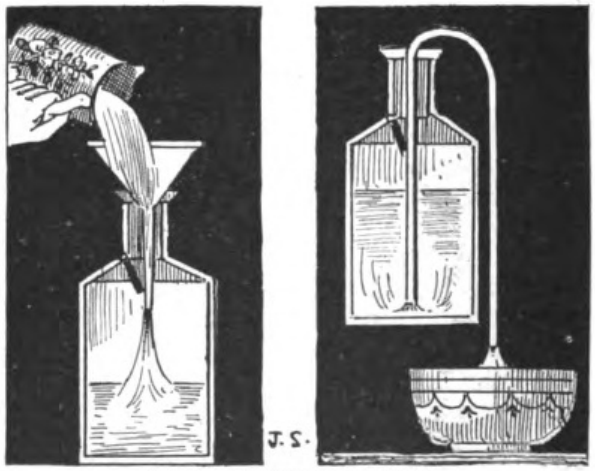
NO. 4.—CURIOUS ADVERTISING DODGE.

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nected to the tank, has its upper end united to the back edge of the lid (of course, it is not a proper lid), and stands thus quite rigid. Upon allowing water to run through a pipe ending above the hidden tank, the water received in it gradually increases its weight, and bears it downwards. The consequence is that the four rods and box are lowered automatically, and a set of hinged boards, one of which is that united to the rigid back rod, are gradually revealed to view. Of course, they are hitherto lying quite flat in the box, but cannot follow it downward.

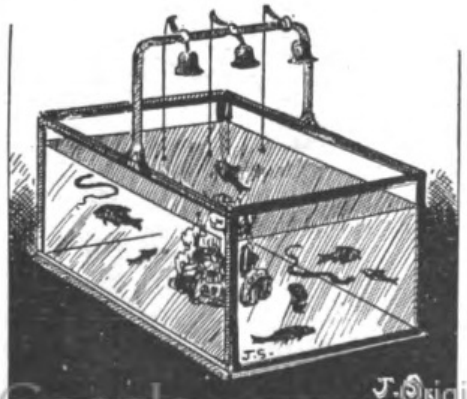
The merit of some of the articles dealt with in this paper is that—although they are, I hope, interesting to the general reader—they are yet capable of being utilized by some of those persons who may be on the look-out for something not too widely known.

Cats and dogs and horses are not the only creatures possessing reasoning powers. As a matter of fact, an apparently dull form of life, fish to wit, have been trained in a manner which should leave no doubt concerning their latent discrimination. I have heard of more than one instance in which the bright and familiar gold-fish has had its mild intelligence so developed as to induce it to ring a bell when it needed some trifling luxury. That which I consider to be the best innovation contrived for this purpose is illustrated in my next drawing. Three bells were properly balanced upon a rod, as shown, and cords, which just contacted with the water, hung from them. By placing an insect, or some equally tempting morsel of food, lightly on the lower end of the string, a fish will naturally grab it. Care must, of course, be exercised in order to prevent the string as well from being swallowed. The moment the insect is seized by the fish, the bell tinkles, and the fish associates the sound with the meal—a result which seems to contradict the common statement that fish have no sense of hearing. By adhering to this tuition for some time, the fish will become accustomed to hear the bell ring as every welcome tit-bit is secured, and will eventually, on occasions when no such trifle has been placed on the string, still tug at it, and produce the familiar sounds. Then will be the time for impregnating the mind of the fish with the necessity of pulling the string whenever it desires food. Place the insect in the water, apart from the string. Probably the next time it hungers for luxuries, it will again pull the string. Of course, should the fish become dilatory in this respect, the original process of attaching the insect to it must be resumed; but it has transpired that when once the ring has been responded to promptly, it has been continued. This is a far less objectionable way of rendering an aquarium interesting than by inserting electric lights within the interior of the fish, and making them transparent. I am determined to experiment personally in this undoubtedly patience-trying business, for I am convinced that not only instinct, but reason, guides the fish in its performance.



NO. 6.—A MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

Here comes a description of the trick to which I referred when writing just now concerning the transformation picture. An opaque glass bottle is filled with water in the direct view of the spectators; yet when it is reversed, without having been corked, it still retains its contents. The accompanying drawing (a sectional sketch) explains the simple contrivance used. In the first half of the illustration a funnel is shown inserted in the bottle. It has pushed downwards a valve, hinged on a spring, and situated at the bottom of the neck. The short black line indicates it. After the bottle has been filled, and the funnel withdrawn, the valve springs upwards, and,



NO. 5.—A BELFRY FOR FISH.

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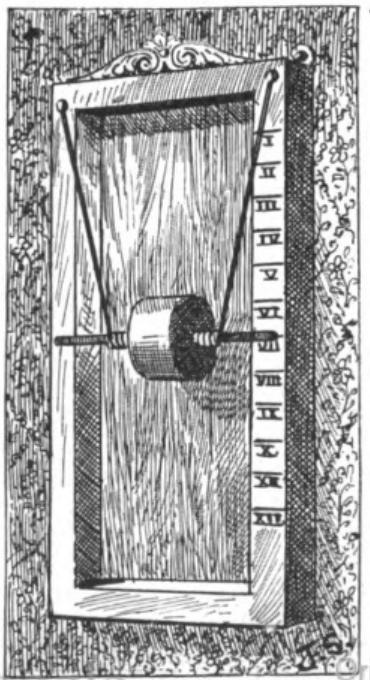
consequently, prevents the water from returning when the bottle has been reversed. In order to show that water is actually within the bottle, it is only necessary to insert a bent tube, as shown in the right-hand half of the drawing, and give a preliminary suck at its lower end, when all the contents will be withdrawn.



NO. 7.—A GHOST IN A CANDLE.

I turn to a clever contrivance, shown in my next drawing, invented by a man as a rather peculiar surprise for a friend. He made that friend a present of some coloured wax candles, one of which contained the affair shown. The receiver was very fond of having a few candles of the coloured kind placed about his drawing-room, in candelabra, and was intensely surprised one night when one of those which he had thankfully accepted from his friend exploded with a loud "bang," after having burnt down about half-way, and revealed to view a miniature ghost, with outstretched arms, which had issued from the remaining portion of the candle. To say that the man was puzzled by so extraordinary an apparition is to incompletely describe his feelings. I wonder how the reader would accept such a crisis. I know that I should have been *very much* astonished. Yet the effect was produced in an exceedingly simple manner, as can be understood by examining the drawings. The lower half of the candle really consisted of a thin cardboard case, containing a spring and a small "ghost" with spring-arms, which would fly apart immediately upon being released from their bondage. A small portion of gunpowder, separated by a disc of paper from the head of the "ghost," completed the apparatus. The outside of the cylinder was waxed to appear as but the continuation of the candle. When the flame burnt to the powder it naturally caused it to explode, and simultaneously with the discharge the spring forced the little image upwards. This device would make an effective toy, I am inclined to think, as the cylinder could be used as often as required, by fixing a half-candle properly to the top of it and concealing the join.

Of curious clocks so much has been said at various times that I felt inclined to omit the next illustration; but perhaps it may interest some readers, and for that reason I crave for it a place of honour in these columns. A small circular box, partitioned into several compartments, was suspended by two strings to an ordinary frame, backed by a wood panel. The hours were indicated along one side of the frame. The interior divisions took a similar form to those used in water wheels, and in each, at alternate ends of those divisions, was a very small hole. Water was sealed up in one compartment, and would be uppermost when the drum was at the top of the panel. It would slowly trickle into the next compartment below it, in front, and, on account of the leverage exerted by its weight, the drum would gradually revolve downwards. It was rewound to the top when another journey was necessitated. There is a very similar invention in the South Kensington Museum, I believe. I am given to understand that at a very remote date they were comparatively popular. What a primitive method when compared with the elaborate forms of mechanism now employed to denote time!

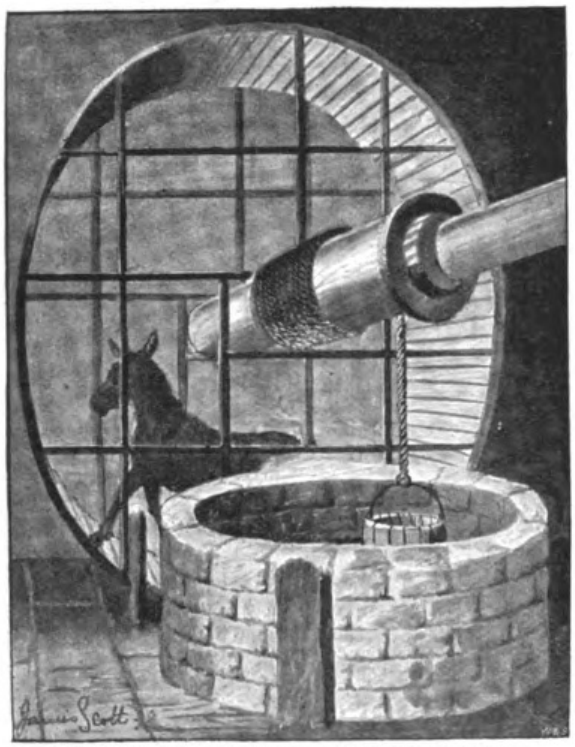


NO. 8.—A WATER CLOCK.

I believe that the custom of utilizing dogs for the purpose of turning spits, and thereby roasting huge joints of meat or game, is now an obsolete one; but the practice of applying the services of a donkey to the kind of work conveyed in my next drawing is, I believe, still in vogue at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

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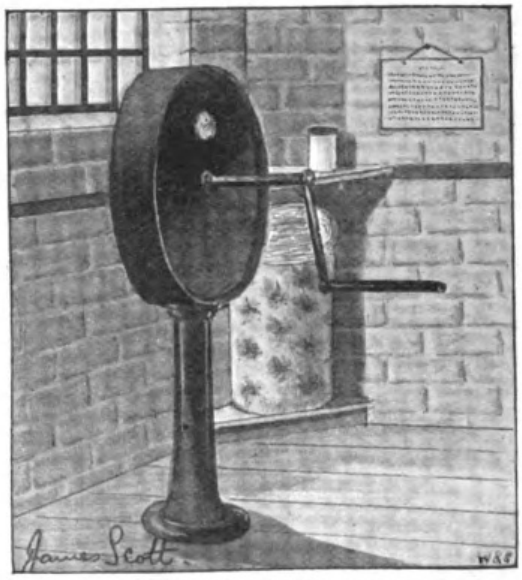
The forbearing animal is inserted within a huge wheel having a suitable footway, and his attempted progress, instead of carrying him forward, has the tantalizing effect (to him, no doubt) of merely causing the wheel to revolve. The wheel is connected to an immense crank, around which winds a rope



NO. 9.—THE DONKEY WHEEL, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

bearing a bucket, which dips into the water contained in a well 200ft. deep and 12ft. across its mouth. An interesting fact in connection with this well is that when a pin is allowed to fall upon the surface of the water, which is at a distance of about 180ft. from the top of the well, the sound caused by its contact is distinctly audible.

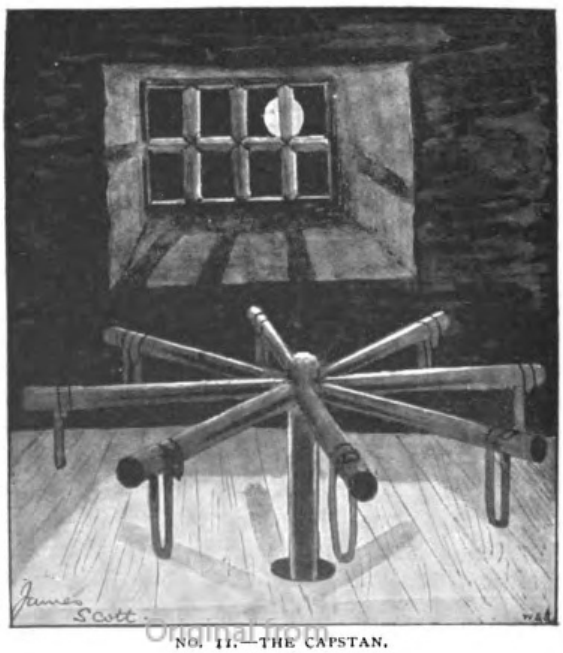
I will now give the reader an idea of what two devices, which still stand in some gaols, are like, although I must point out that the punishment itself has long been discontinued. The crank, No. 10, was an article devised to weary the limbs of the fellow sentenced to undergo its treatment. The labour consisted of turning the handle several hundreds of times daily, and the enormous amount of energy thus exercised was absolutely wasted, as no other return than the punishment of the criminal was secured. A glass-covered dial fitted into the iron drum registered the number of revolutions, so that there was no available way of deceiving the authorities in the matter. The interior consisted of a large



NO. 10.—THE CRANK.

amount of unoiled machinery, and the long handle testifies to the obnoxious desire of the inventor, for it must be apparent that to turn so large a handle, the movement must have burdened every muscle in a man's body.

The capstan, depicted in No. 11 drawing, was an equally peculiar device, and it was necessary to employ sixteen men in connection with it, eight of whom handled the poles whilst the remaining half of the number were belted to the straps (shown dangling from the poles), and occupied a position midway between their fellows. The punishment consisted of walking round and round the central upright, meanwhile pushing and pulling the poles,

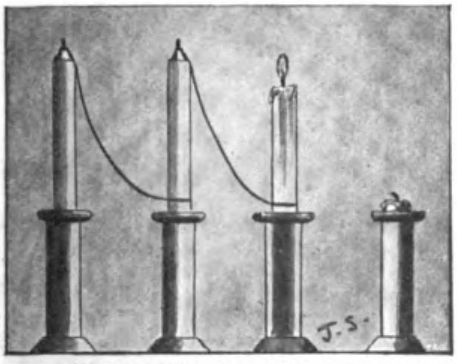


NO. 11.—THE CAPSTAN.

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according to the respective tasks of the men. In connection with the matter, I am much indebted to the Chaplain of Oxford Prison for informing me, in a recent reply to a query addressed by me, that the object of the contrivance was to pump water from the adjacent river into tanks situated beneath the Anglo-Saxon tower which contains it. I am also told by him that its use was abolished on account of the splendid opportunity it afforded prisoners for indulging in the forbidden pleasure of talking; and one can well understand that the heavy tramp of sixteen men in close proximity to each other was capable of drowning the sound of a whispered conversation only audible to the strained ears of those engaged upon the monotonous task of propelling the apparatus.

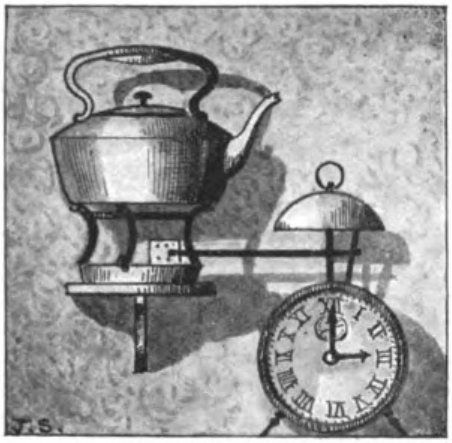
It may be a relief to turn now to more cheerful subjects, and, perhaps, by way of contrast with the last article enumerated, the simplicity of the twelfth device illustrated by me may appear more vivid. Certainly it was an artful scheme for providing means of illumination during the night, notwithstanding the fact that it entailed the use of a large number of candlesticks. The sketch is almost self-explanatory; but, maybe, a few additional words will not prove unnecessary. Who the originator of the arrangement was, I am unable to say. I have heard it



NO. 12.—SELF-LIGHTING CANDLES.

imputed to a poet, who desired less interruption during his night work, preferring, very reasonably, to be able to write down his inspirations continuously, instead of being frequently called upon by necessity to light a fresh candle. Pieces of twine were fastened from one candle to its nearest fellow, and so on; and then one ignited. When its flame reached the loop of twine, the latter naturally caught fire, and a tongue of flame would creep up to the adjoining candle, lighting it in the manner desired. The scheme is a pretty example of the brilliancy of simplicity in idea, as compared with the complicated arrangements often devised to secure simple results.

I end my present paper with a drawing of an invention which is calculated



NO. 13.—AN AUTOMATIC KETTLE-BOILER.

to conjure up the delight experienced by indulging in a hearty breakfast at the termination of a sound and refreshing sleep—a very rare blessing, I believe. A few years ago there was publicly exhibited an invention fulfilling identical purposes to those expected from the device I now refer to, but which differed from it in that it was worked by electricity, whereas the one depicted in my thirteenth drawing was controlled by a purely automatic action. One end of a stiff wire was connected to the hammer of the alarum; and to its opposite extremity was attached a receptacle for a few matches, which engaged with a roughened surface situated immediately in contact with a spirit-saturated asbestos tank. At whatever hour the clock was timed to ring the bell, the violent to-and-fro motion of the hammer caused the matches to be rubbed against the material prepared for them, and consequently they ignited and set fire to the spirit, which, in its turn, boiled the water contained in the kettle, thus rendering great service to the aroused owner, who was in a position to make his tea, coffee, or cocoa as soon as he had dressed himself.

I find it far more pleasant to speak of serviceable outcomes of ingenuity, than by dwelling, as I did a few months ago, on notoriously nonsensical schemes.

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The Ladies of Queen Victoria's Court.

FROM the very earliest times, Queens and Princesses, whether regnant or consort, have had about their persons a select number of men and women to give them attendance and companionship. When Her Majesty ascended the throne she found the Court in bad repute, but she soon made it a model, as regarded dignity and purity, for every other Court in the world.

Naturally, at the first—the Queen being only a few days over eighteen at her accession—her Court was mostly chosen for her, but at the present day she has, while adhering to strictly constitutional conduct, selected herself all save those of the highest rank, and even amongst these there is less change in practice than is in theory required.

The question of changing her ladies at the same time as her Ministers gave rise to a sensational incident, called at the time "The Bedchamber Intrigue." Two years after her succession Sir Robert Peel had been sent for to form a Ministry in succession to that of Lord Melbourne. Sir Robert had an interview with Her Majesty, and thought that everything had been settled. It was but reasonable that the great ladies of the Whig Party, who were in close and constant intercourse with Her Majesty, and who might be supposed to influence her, should not be the wives or daughters of leading members of the Opposition. Sir Robert Peel therefore considered that, when he told the Queen that all ladies of aid above the rank of Lady of the Bedchamber must resign, he was acting in a constitutional and reasonable manner. The change which he required was, he imagined, a matter of course, and high constitutional authorities shared his views. Lord Melbourne, however, who had much influence with the girl-Queen, advised Her Majesty to the contrary. It was set about by the Melbourne party that Peel wished to remove all her ladies and the friends of her youth. As a matter of fact, Peel had no such desire, while as to "the friends of her youth," the ladies thus designated had been scarcely known to the Queen before their appointments some two years previously. At all events, public opinion was on the side of the Queen when she wrote to Sir Robert Peel, and informed him that she would not consent to any changes among her ladies. On this Sir Robert Peel abandoned all attempts to form a Ministry, and Lord Melbourne remained in office. When, in 1841, Lord Melbourne again resigned, Prince Albert arranged with Peel that only those ladies who were nearly related to the leaders of the Whig Party should send in their resignations if requested to do so by the new Premier. On this footing matters have continued ever since.



THE LATE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.
From a Photo. by Mackintosh & Co., Kelso.

THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES, who is always a Duchess, is a State officer, and attends the Queen on every State occasion. She enjoys precedence over every lady about the Court, and when in residence or on a visit to Her Majesty, presides at the Household table. She looks over and passes the Queen's personal bills, *i.e.*, those for dress, toilet requisites, bric-à-brac, etc., which are sent in to her from the Robes Office.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.*

Susanna Stephania, Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, is the only daughter of the late General Sir James Charles Dalbiac, K.C.H. She married in 1836 the sixth Duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1879. In 1865 she was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and in the same year a member of the Royal Order of

* The Duchess has, unfortunately, died since the above was written.

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Victoria and Albert, and she is at the present time acting as Mistress of the Robes.

The parents of the Duchess were so much attached to each other that, during several campaigns, Mrs. Dalbiac, herself a soldier's daughter, accompanied her husband, then commanding the 4th Light Dragoons. On one occasion she nearly paid for her conjugal devotion with her life. The following extract from the journal of Captain Tompkinson, 16th, published in "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere," by the Viscountess Combermere and Captain W. W. Knollys, gives an account of the incident, which occurred on the night before the Battle of Salamanca: "Dreadful thunder an hour after dark. The greatest number of the horses of the 5th Dragoon Guards ran away over the men sleeping at their heads, by which eighteen men in the brigade were wounded. . . . By each flash we saw the columns of infantry marching to their ground for the night. Colonel and Mrs. Dalbiac, of the 4th Dragoons, were sitting down on the ground in front of the brigade. We had just time to carry her under a gun, which stopped the horses and saved them both."

With courage undaunted by this narrow escape, Mrs. Dalbiac the following afternoon, with a heart full of dread as to the fate of her husband—for the cavalry had been hotly engaged—wended her way over the corpse-strewn plain in search for him. Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, thus writes of her: "The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers and endured the privations of two campaigns with the patent fortitude which belongs only to her sex. In this battle, forgetful of everything but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, trembling yet irresistibly impelled forward by feelings more imperious than horror, more pressing than the fear of death."



THE DOWAGER LADY CHURCHILL.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

THE LADIES OF THE BEDCHAMBER

are always the wives or widows of peers. Only one Lady of the Bedchamber is in waiting at a time. She is always in readiness to attend, when required, Her Majesty in her drives. The Lady in Waiting attends all State ceremonies, and presides at the Household table when the Mistress of the Robes is not present.

The Dowager Lady Churchill.

Jane, Dowager Lady Churchill, is the daughter of the second Marquis of Conyngham, and grand-daughter of the first Marquis, the favourite of George IV. In 1849 she married the second Baron Churchill, D.C.L., Prince of the Holy Roman Empire—he died in 1886—who, by the female line, was descended from the great Duke of Marlborough. The founder of his branch of the Spencer family was his father, Lord Francis Spencer, youngest son of George, third Duke of Marlborough. Lord Francis was created Baron Churchill in 1815. The second Baron Churchill was in early life in the diplomatic service, and for many years commandant of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1854 Lady Churchill was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and has held that office ever since. She is a member of the Third Class of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert.

Lady Southampton.

Ismania Catherine, Dowager Lady Southampton, is a daughter of Walter Nugent, Esq., a Baron of the Austrian Empire. This is a branch of the Nugents, Earls of Westmeath, founded by Laval Nugent, who, born in 1777, went to Austria in 1789. At the age of seventeen he entered the Austrian Army. So rapid was his rise that in 1809 he was made a Major-General. Soon after, being second Plenipotentiary at a congress preceding the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise with Napoleon, he refused to sign certain conditions insisted on by the Emperor

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of the French. In consequence of this event he fell into disgrace, and proceeded to England, where he was admitted into the English Army with the rank of Major-General, which he exchanged shortly afterwards for that of Lieutenant-General. After having been employed on certain diplomatic missions, he was sent on active service; and, in conjunction with Admiral Freemantle, drove the French out of Illyria and captured Trieste. Apparently, in 1814, he entered the service of Naples, for in 1815 he aided in the defeat of Murat, and afterwards became Captain-General of the Neapolitan Army. In 1820 he re-entered the Austrian Army, and was promoted to the rank of General in 1838. In 1848–9 he served in Hungary, and also in Italy under Radetzky, being given the bâton of Field-Marshal for his achievements. Ten years later he took part in the war between Austria and France and Italy. He died in 1862 a Count and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, a Magnate of Hungary of the First Class, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. In 1862 she—Ismania Nugent—married, as his second wife, the third Baron Southampton—the first peer was a grandson of the second Duke of Grafton—who died in 1872. In 1878 Lady Southampton was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She is in possession of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.



LADY SOUTHAMPTON.
From a Drawing by J. Swoboda.

Lady Ampthill.

Emily Theresa, Lady Ampthill, is the third daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K.G., well known as an eminent statesman. In 1868 she married the first Baron Ampthill, G.C.B., Ambassador at Berlin from 1871 to 1884, in which year he died. Lord Ampthill was a brother of Lord John Russell, afterwards Earl Russell, the celebrated statesman. Lord Ampthill was raised to the peerage in 1881 for his eminent diplomatic services. In 1885 she was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.

The Countess of Mayo.

Blanche Julia, Dowager Countess of Mayo, is the third daughter of the first Lord Leconfield, and widow of the sixth Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India. He, when in 1872 he was visiting the convict establishment in the Andaman Islands, met with his death under the following tragic circumstances. He had finished his inspection, and was, in the dusk of the evening, returning to the boat which was to convey him to the ship. Suddenly an Afghan convict, who had managed to conceal himself, rushed forward and stabbed Lord Mayo mortally in the midst of his suite. In 1874 she was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. Lady Mayo is in possession of Third Class of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. The



LADY AMPTHILL.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

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latter Order is only conferred upon Princesses of the Royal House of England, on the wives or female relatives of Governors-General of India, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, of the Secretaries of State for India, and of the Princes of India.



THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Viscountess Clifden.

Eliza Horatia Frederica, Viscountess Clifden, is the second daughter of the late Frederick Charles William Seymour, Esq., a great-grandson of the first Marquis of Hertford. She married first, in 1861, the third Viscount Clifden, who died in 1866; and secondly, in 1875, Sir Walter George Stirling, who succeeded his father as third baronet in 1888. Lady Clifden was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen in 1867, and in 1872 became an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. She is a member of the Order of Victoria and Albert. Her husband, Sir Walter Stirling, was formerly in the Royal Artillery, in which he rose to be Captain. In 1866 he was appointed Governor to Prince Leopold, and in the same year Extra Groom of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. He held the office of Governor to Prince Leopold till His Royal Highness attained his majority in 1874.



VISCOUNTESS CLIFDEN.
From a Photo. by G. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.

The Dowager Duchess of Bedford.

Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Earl De La Warr, by the youngest daughter of the third Duke of Dorset. The first Baron De La Warr distinguished himself in the wars of Edward III., and the first Earl—raised to the dignity of Earl in 1761—was a general officer. The Duchess married, in 1844, the ninth Duke of Bedford, K.G., who was, at one time, a Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards. She was appointed Mistress of the Robes in 1880, which office she held till 1883, when she resigned and was made an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber. The Duchess is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.

THE WOMEN OF THE BEDCHAMBER,

with the exception of some of the "Extra" ladies, who have been previously Maids of Honour, and, of course, of those entitled by birth or marriage to the prefix of "Honourable," do not enjoy that title. They must be always ready to attend Her Majesty, but they are not required to be in residence. They are, however, sometimes invited to Court.

The Hon. Lady Hamilton-Gordon.

Caroline, the Hon. Lady Hamilton Gordon, is the daughter of the late Sir J. F. W. Herschel, D.C.L., first Baronet. He was the eldest son of Sir William Herschel, the

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THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

great astronomer, and himself a man of the highest scientific eminence. She married, in 1852, General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton-Gordon, K.C.B., son of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen; he died in 1890. Sir Alexander Gordon's military career was passed in the Grenadier Guards, and during the Crimean Campaign he served in the Quartermaster-General's Department at headquarters. He was an officer of great ability and distinction. He was Equerry to the Prince Consort 1846–54, Extra Equerry to His Royal Highness from 1854 to 1861, and Honorary Equerry to the Queen from 1861. For several years he sat as M.P. for Aberdeenshire. In 1855 she was appointed Bedchamber Woman to the Queen. She is decorated with the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class.



THE HON. LADY HAMILTON-GORDON.
From a Photo. by herself.

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THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.

Nina Maria, the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson (of Pitfour), is a daughter of the first Viscount Bridport. She married, in 1861, Lieut.-



THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

Colonel George Arthur Ferguson, Grenadier Guards—with which regiment he served in the Crimea—of Pitfour, Aberdeenshire. She was made a Bedchamber Woman to the Queen in 1877, and is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class. It may be mentioned that in this lady's veins flows the blood of three heroes: Hood, Wellington, and Nelson; and that her father, who is Lord of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, is also Duke of Bronté, whose mother was a niece of the great Nelson.

LADY ELIZABETH P. BIDDULPH.

Lady Elizabeth Philippa Biddulph is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, a

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distinguished Admiral. She married first, in 1860, John Adeane, Esq., of Ledbury, Hereford. In 1870 he died, and in 1877 she married, secondly, Michael Biddulph, Esq., M.P. She was Bedchamber Woman to the Queen from 1873 to 1877, when she was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman. She has the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class.



LADY ELIZABETH BIDDULPH.
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes.

THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY.

Magdalen, widow of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D., nephew of the first Duke of Wellington, and brother of Earl Cowley, Dean of Windsor, who died in 1882, was married to him in 1856. She was the daughter of the sixth and last Baron Rokeby, who, as an ensign in the 3rd Guards, was present when a lad of seventeen at the Battle of Waterloo, and took part in the defence of Hougemort. Forty years later Lord Rokeby, as Lieutenant-General, commanded the 1st Division in the Crimea. He subsequently held command of the Home District. In 1882, Mrs. Wellesley was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Queen. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class.



THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY.
From a Photo. by Numa Blanc, fils, Cannes.

MRS. GEORGINA TOWNSHEND WILSON

is a daughter of the late James Hope-Vere, Esq., of Craigie Hall, near Edinburgh, and Blackwood, County Lanark, and sister of the late Jane Marchioness of Ely. She married Lieutenant-Colonel Townshend Wilson, late Coldstream Guards. When the Marchioness of Ely died, having been a Lady of the Bedchamber from 1856 to 1884, when she became Extra Lady of the Bed-chamber, the Queen, out of compliment to her memory, appointed Mrs. Townshend Wilson Extra Bedchamber Woman to Her Majesty.



MRS. GEORGINA TOWNSHEND WILSON.
From a Photo by J. Thomson.

THE HON. LADY BIDDULPH.

Mary Frederica, Hon. Lady Biddulph, eldest daughter of the late Frederick C. W. Seymour, Esq., cousin of the fifth Marquis of Hertford, married in 1857 General Right Hon. Sir Thomas Myddleton Biddulph, P.C., K.C.B., Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, who died 1878. She was formerly Maid

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THE HON. LADY BIDDULPH.
From a Photo. by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

of Honour, and is now Extra Bedchamber Woman to Her Majesty and Lady in Waiting to Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class.

THE HON. HARRIET PHIPPS.

The Hon. Harriet Lepel Phipps is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Sir Charles Beaumont Phipps, K.C.B., Keeper of the Queen's Privy Purse. She was appointed a Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1862, and afterwards a Woman of the Bedchamber. She has the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert of the Fourth Class. Her father was the brother of the first Marquis of Normanby, to whom he was Private Secretary—first when Lord Normanby was Governor of Jamaica, and afterwards when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland — and served for some years in the Scots Fusilier Guards, which he left on being appointed Private Secretary to the late Prince Consort. He was after a time promoted to the position of Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, and created a K.C.B. (Civil Division). Sir Charles, in his youth, was an occasional contributor of no little merit to works like "The Keepsake," "The Bijou," "The Annual," etc.



THE HON. HARRIET LEPEL PHIPPS.
From a Photo. by Byrne, Richmond.



THE HON. EMILY CATHCART.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

THE HON. EMILY CATHCART.

Emily Sarah Cathcart (Hon.), daughter of the late General Hon. Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman, was first a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and in 1880 was appointed Extra Woman of the Bedchamber. She is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Fourth Class. Her father, Sir George Cathcart, had seen much service in his youth as *aide-de-camp* to his father, Lord Cathcart, who was Military Commissioner

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to the Allied Armies in 1813–14. In later years Sir George Cathcart commanded at the Cape of Good Hope, and gained the battle of Berea over the Basutos in 1852. Hardly returned from South Africa, he was sent out to the Crimea in command of the Fourth Division, with a dormant commission in his pocket to succeed Lord Raglan, in the event of his being killed or disabled, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the East. He was a man of dauntless courage, which caused his death at Inkerman. Thinking that he perceived an opening for a tactical success, he descended from the heights with about 400 men of the 20th Regiment and drove back the Russians in his front. Suddenly he found that 700 or 800 Russians were in possession of the heights which he had just quitted. The 20th had been dispersed by the fight in the valley, but fifty men having been collected, he proceeded to storm the height. A few cut their way through the opposing foe, a few were killed, while the remainder, having exhausted their cartridges, fell back under the brow, where they were, though only fifteen yards distant, under cover from the enemy's fire. Cathcart, himself regardless of personal consideration, quitted this cover to see personally what could be done. The next instant he fell dead from the saddle, shot through the heart.

The Hon. Caroline Cavendish.

Caroline Cavendish (Hon.), the daughter of the late General the Hon. Henry Cavendish, third son of the first Earl of Burlington, by a sister of the first Earl of Durham, was appointed Maid of Honour to Her Majesty in 1847, and Extra Maid of Honour in 1881, which office she retained till 1894, when she was made an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber.



THE HON. CAROLINE CAVENDISH.
The Shaftesbury Photographic Studio, Shaftesbury.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR

are very different in every respect from their predecessors in the Court of Queen Elizabeth. These young ladies used to take light breakfasts of beef and ale, and their Royal Mistress, when angry, would sometimes box their fair ears. Neither do they follow the example of the Maids of Honour of James I.'s Queen Anne of Denmark, and get drunk on the occasion of masques. Still less have they the good fortune to draw pay as subalterns of cavalry, as did "the beautiful Molly Lepel," Maid of Honour to George II.'s wife, Queen Caroline, and afterwards wife of Lord Hervey. The lovely Molly, who was the daughter of Brigadier Lepel, was, we are told, at one time a Cornet of Horse.

The Maids of Honour of Queen Victoria are all young ladies of good family, who are selected by Her Majesty herself. On being appointed they receive, and enjoy for life, the courtesy title of "Honourable." They are in constant attendance on Her Majesty, two at a time, and reside at Court during their turn of waiting.

A Maid of Honour, on being married, receives a wedding gift of £1,000. A few years ago, it happening that several Maids of Honour married after a very short connection with the Court, a rule was laid down that the £1,000 in question should not be given unless the Maid about to marry had held her appointment for a certain number of years.

The Hon. Ethel H. M. Cadogan.

Ethel Henrietta M. Cadogan (Hon.) is the daughter of the Hon. Frederick William and Lady Adelaide Cadogan, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, who commanded the allied cavalry at Waterloo. She was appointed Extra Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1876, and Maid of Honour in 1880. Miss Cadogan's father was Admiral,

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fourth Earl of Cadogan, C.B., who was descended from the celebrated General who had served in the campaigns of William III. and Marlborough, being for some time Quartermaster-General to the latter, and who died in 1726. He was created Earl of Cadogan, Colonel of the 1st Guards, General Commanding in Chief, and Master General of the Ordnance.



THE HON. ETHEL H. M. CADOGAN.
From a Photograph.

THE HON. FRANCES M. DRUMMOND.

Frances Mary Drummond (Hon.) is the daughter of the ninth Viscount Strathallan. She was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1872. The Strathallans are descended from a branch of the very ancient and illustrious family of Drummond, originally of Hungarian origin. The arms, which comprise "three bars wavy," are traditionally supposed to represent the waves of the sea over which the Drummonds sailed when they came from Hungary to Scotland. The Barony of Maderty dates back to 1609, and the Viscounty of Strathallan to 1686, both of Scotland. The Viscount of Strathallan of that day, having taken part in the rising of 1745, was attainted. His titles were, however, restored to the family in 1834, the attainder then having been removed.

THE HON. EVELYN L. MOORE

is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Canon Edward Moore, Rector of Frittenden, Kent, son of the Rev. J. Moore, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of Wrotham, Kent, by a daughter of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch. Miss Moore



THE HON. FRANCES DRUMMOND.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.



THE HON. EVELYN L. MOORE.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

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was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in April, 1881.

The Hon. Bertha Lambart

is the seventh daughter of the late Gustavus William Lambart, Esq., of Beau Pare, Co. Meath, D.L., J.P., Secretary of the Order of St. Patrick—he was formerly Major of the Royal Meath Militia, and was State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1858–9 and 1874–5—by Lady Frances C. Lambart, a daughter of the second Marquis of Conyngham. Miss Lambart was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in January, 1890.



THE HON. BERTHA LAMBART.
From a Photo. by Walery & Co.

The Hon. Mary Florentia Hughes

is the second daughter of Hugh Robert Hughes, of Kinmel, by Lady Florentia, daughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth. She was



THE HON. MARY FLORENTIA HUGHES.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell, Sloane Street.

appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in July, 1891. Mr. Hughes is the representative of an ancient Welsh family. His ancestors held the hereditary office of bearer of the Prince of Wales's Coronet, which coronet was placed on the Prince's head at his coronation after he had been anointed by the Bishop of Bangor. Miss Hughes's father, who was a cousin of the second Lord Dinorben, is Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire.

The Hon. Aline Majendie

is the only daughter of Lewis A. Majendie, Esq., of Hedlingham Castle, Essex, M.P., D.L., J.P., and of Lady Margaret Majendie, second daughter of the twenty-fifth Earl of Crawford. She was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1894.

The Hon. Mary E. Byng.

The Hon. Mary E. Byng is the eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry William John Byng, son of the second Earl of Strafford, by the late Lady Agnes Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey.



THE HON. ALINE MAJENDIE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

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Miss Byng's mother was the late Countess Henrietta, daughter of Count Christian Danneskiold-Samsoe. Colonel Byng was Page of Honour to Her Majesty, and afterwards entered the Coldstream Guards, and served in the Crimea as A.D.C. to General Bentinck. In 1872 he was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, which office he held till 1874, when he became Equerry to the Queen. Colonel Byng is heir presumptive to his brother, the third Earl of Strafford. Their grandfather was the distinguished soldier, Sir John Byng, who at Waterloo commanded the second brigade of the Guards, and afterwards, on the severe wound of General Cooke, succeeded to the command of the division. He, who died a Field-Marshal, was created in 1835 Baron and in 1847 Earl of Strafford. This branch of the Byngs are descended from Robert, son of the first Viscount Torrington, and uncle of the unfortunate Admiral Byng who was judicially murdered. Miss Byng was appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen in 1894.



THE HON. MARY E. BYNG.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

The Hon. Judith Harbord.

Judith Harbord (Hon.), daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield, was appointed Maid of Honour to Her Majesty in 1894. Lord Suffield was formerly Lord of the Bedchamber to the Queen, 1868–72, and Master of the Buckhounds from 1886; Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales from 1872. Lady Suffield, who is a daughter of the late Henry Baring, Esq., and sister of the first Baron Revelstoke, has been Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales from 1873.

The "waits," as they are called, or the periods of attendance, are regulated by the Queen, and are often arranged to suit the convenience or health of the ladies concerned. The "wait" of a Lady of the Bedchamber ranges from twelve days to a month, and they have each from two to three "waits" a year.

The Women of the Bedchamber are in waiting from three to four times in the year, and their "waits" range from twelve to thirty days at a time.

The Maids of Honour are in waiting three or four times a year, the period of waiting being generally about four weeks.

There are a certain number of Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber, Women of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honour. These receive no salaries, and, as a rule, perform no duties. Occasionally, however, they are called into waiting to fill a temporary vacancy, etc. For instance, the Hon. Emily Cathcart, Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, is in the list of "waits" for the current year. The Extra Ladies of the various classes are ladies who for some reason or other have resigned their appointments.



THE HON. JUDITH HARBORD.
From a Photo. by H. Mace, Cromer.

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The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

V.—HOW THE BRIGADIER TOOK THE FIELD AGAINST THE MARSHAL MILLEFLEURS.

MASSENA was a thin, sour little fellow, and after his hunting accident he had only one eye, but when it looked out from under his cocked hat there was not much upon a field of battle which escaped it. He could stand in front of a battalion, and with a single sweep tell you if a buckle or a gaiter button were out of place. Neither the officers nor the men were very fond of him, for he was, as you know, a miser, and soldiers love that their leaders should be free-handed. At the same time, when it came to work they had a very high respect for him, and they would rather fight under him than under anyone except the Emperor himself, and Lannes, when he was alive. After all, if he had a tight grasp upon his money-bags, there was a day also, you must remember, when that same grip was upon Zurich and Genoa. He clutched on to his positions as he did to his strong box, and it took a very clever man to loosen him from either.

When I received his summons I went gladly to his head-quarters, for I was always a great favourite of his, and there was no officer of whom he thought more highly. That was the best of serving with those good old generals, that they knew enough to be able to pick out a fine soldier when they saw one. He was seated alone in his tent, with his chin upon his hand, and his brow as wrinkled as if he had been asked for a subscription. He smiled, however, when he saw me before him.

"Good day, Colonel Gerard."

"Good day, Marshal."

"How is the Third of Hussars?"

"Seven hundred incomparable men upon seven hundred excellent horses."

"And your wounds—are they healed?"

"My wounds never heal, Marshal," I answered.

"And why?"

"Because I have always new ones."

"General Rapp must look to his laurels," said he, his face all breaking into wrinkles as he laughed. "He has had twenty-one from the enemy's bullets, and as many from Larrey's knives and probes. Knowing that you were hurt, Colonel, I have spared you of late."

"Which hurt me most of all."

"Tut, tut! Since the English got behind these accursed lines of Torres Vedras, there has been little for us to do. You did not miss much during your imprisonment at Dartmoor. But now we are on the eve of action."

"We advance?"

"No, retire."

My face must have shown my dismay. What, retire before this sacred dog of a Wellington—he who had listened unmoved to my words, and had sent me to his land of fogs! I could have sobbed as I thought of it.

"What would you have?" cried Massena, impatiently. "When one is in check, it is necessary to move the king."

"Forwards," I suggested.

He shook his grizzled head.

"The lines are not to be forced," said he. "I have already lost General St. Croix and more men than I can replace. On the other hand, we have been here at Santarem for nearly six months. There is not a pound of flour nor a jug of wine on the country-side. We must retire."

"There is flour and wine in Lisbon," I persisted.

"Tut, you speak as if an army could charge in and charge out again like your regiment of hussars. If Soult were here with thirty thousand men—but he will not come. I sent for you, however, Colonel Gerard, to say that I have a very singular and important expedition which I intend to place under your direction."

I pricked up my ears, as you can imagine. The Marshal unrolled a great map of the country and spread it upon the table. He flattened it out with his little, hairy hands.

"This is Santarem," he said, pointing.

I nodded.

"And here, twenty-five miles to the east, is Almeixal, celebrated for its vintages and for its enormous Abbey."

Again I nodded; I could not think what was coming.

"Have you heard of the Marshal Millefleurs?" asked Massena.

"I have served with all the Marshals," said I, "but there is none of that name."

"It is but the nickname which the soldiers have given him," said Massena. "If you had not been away from us for some months, it would not be necessary for me to tell you about him. He is an Englishman, and a man of good breeding. It is on account of his manners that they have given him his title. I wish you to go to this polite Englishman at Almeixal."

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"HANG HIM TO THE NEAREST TREE."

"Yes, Marshal."

"And to hang him to the nearest tree."

"Certainly, Marshal."

I turned briskly upon my heels, but Massena recalled me before I could reach the opening of his tent.

"One moment, Colonel," said he; "you had best learn how matters stand before you start. You must know, then, that this Marshal Millefleurs, whose real name is Alexis Morgan, is a man of very great ingenuity and bravery. He was an officer in the English Guards, but having been broken for cheating at cards, he left the army. In some manner he gathered a number of English deserters round him and took to the mountains. French stragglers and Portuguese brigands joined him, and he found himself at the head of five hundred men. With these he took possession of the Abbey of Almeixal, sent the monks about their business, fortified the place, and gathered in the plunder of all the country round."

"For which it is high time he was hanged," said I, making once more for the door.

"One instant!" cried the Marshal, smiling at my impatience. "The worst remains behind. Only last week the Dowager Countess of La Ronda, the richest woman in Spain, was taken by these ruffians in the passes as she was journeying from King Joseph's Court to visit her grandson. She is now a prisoner in the Abbey, and is only protected by her——"

"Grandmotherhood," I suggested.

"Her power of paying a ransom," said Massena. "You have three missions, then: To rescue this unfortunate lady; to punish this villain; and, if possible, to break up this nest of brigands. It will be a proof of the confidence which I have in you when I say that I can only spare you half a squadron with which to accomplish all this."

My word, I could hardly believe my ears! I thought that I should have had my regiment at the least.

"I would give you more," said he, "but I commence my retreat to-day, and Wellington is so strong in horse that every trooper becomes of importance. I cannot spare you another man. You will see what you can do, and you will report yourself to me at Abrantes not later than to-morrow night."

It was very complimentary that he should rate my powers so high, but it was also a little embarrassing. I was to rescue an old lady, to hang an Englishman, and to break up a band of five hundred assassins—all with fifty men. But after all, the fifty men were Hussars of Conflans, and they had an Etienne Gerard to lead them. As I came out into the warm Portuguese sunshine my confidence had returned to me, and I had already begun to wonder whether the medal which I had so often deserved might not be waiting for me at Almeixal.

You may be sure that I did not take my fifty men at haphazard. They were all old soldiers of the German wars, some of them with three stripes, and most of them with two. Oudet and Papilette, two of the best sub-officers in the regiment, were at their head. When I had them formed up in fours, all in silver grey and upon chestnut horses, with their leopard skin shabracks and their little red panaches, my heart beat high at the sight. I could not look at their weather-stained faces, with the great moustaches which bristled over their chin-straps, without feeling a glow of

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confidence, and, between ourselves, I have no doubt that that was exactly how they felt when they saw their young Colonel on his great black war-horse riding at their head.

Well, when we got free of the camp and over the Tagus, I threw out my advance and my flankers, keeping my own place at the head of the main body. Looking back from the hills above Santarem, we could see the dark lines of Massena's army, with the flash and twinkle of the sabres and bayonets as he moved his regiments into position for their retreat. To the south lay the scattered red patches of the English outposts, and behind the grey smoke-cloud which rose from Wellington's camp—thick, oily smoke, which seemed to our poor starving fellows to bear with it the rich smell of seething camp-kettles. Away to the west lay a curve of blue sea flecked with the white sails of the English ships.

You will understand that as we were riding to the east, our road lay away from both armies. Our own marauders, however, and the scouting parties of the English, covered the country, and it was necessary with my small troop that I should take every precaution. During the whole day we rode over desolate hill-sides, the lower portions covered by the budding vines, but the upper turning from green to grey, and jagged along the skyline like the back of a starved horse. Mountain streams crossed our path, running west to the Tagus, and once we came to a deep strong river, which might have checked us had I not found the ford by observing where houses had been built opposite each other upon either bank. Between them, as every scout should know, you will find your ford. There was none to give us information, for neither man nor beast, nor any living thing except great clouds of crows, was to be seen during our journey.

The sun was beginning to sink when we came to a valley clear in the centre, but shrouded by huge oak trees upon either side. We could not be more than a few miles from Almeixal, so it seemed to me to be best to keep among the groves, for the spring had been an early one and the leaves were already thick enough to conceal us. We were riding then in open order among the great trunks, when one of my flankers came galloping up.

"There are English across the valley, Colonel," he cried, as he saluted.

"Cavalry or infantry?"

"Dragoons, Colonel," said he; "I saw the gleam of their helmets, and heard the neigh of a horse."

Halting my men, I hastened to the edge of the wood. There could be no doubt about it. A party of English cavalry was travelling in a line with us, and in the same direction.



"I HASTENED TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD."

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I caught a glimpse of their red coats and of their flashing arms glowing and twinkling among the tree-trunks. Once, as they passed through a small clearing, I could see their whole force, and I judged that they were of about the same strength as my own—a half squadron at the most.

You who have heard some of my little adventures will give me credit for being quick in my decisions, and prompt in carrying them out. But here I must confess that I was in two minds. On the one hand there was the chance of a fine cavalry skirmish with the English. On the other hand, there was my mission at the Abbey of Almeixal, which seemed already to be so much above my power. If I were to lose any of my men, it was certain that I should be unable to carry out my orders. I was sitting my horse, with my chin in my gauntlet, looking across at the rippling gleams of light from the further wood, when suddenly one of these red-coated Englishmen rode out from the cover, pointing at me and breaking into a shrill whoop and halloa as if I had been a fox. Three others joined him, and one who was a bugler sounded a call which brought the whole of them into the open. They were, as I had thought, a half squadron, and they formed a double line with a front of twenty-five, their officer—the one who had whooped at me—at their head.

For my own part, I had instantly brought my own troopers into the same formation, so that there we were, hussars and dragoons, with only two hundred yards of grassy sward between us. They carried themselves well, those red-coated troopers, with their silver helmets, their high white plumes, and their long, gleaming swords; while, on the other hand, I am sure that they would acknowledge that they had never looked upon finer light horsemen than the fifty hussars of Conflans who were facing them. They were heavier, it is true, and they may have seemed the smarter, for Wellington used to make them burnish their metal work, which was not usual among us. On the other hand, it is well known that the English tunics were too tight for the sword-arm, which gave our men an advantage. As to bravery, foolish, inexperienced people of every nation always think that their own soldiers are braver than any others. There is no nation in the world which does not entertain this idea. But when one has seen as much as I have done, one understands that there is no very marked difference, and that although nations differ very much in discipline, they are all equally brave—except that the French have rather more courage than the rest.

Well, the cork was drawn and the glasses ready, when suddenly the English officer raised his sword to me as if in a challenge, and cantered his horse across the grassland. My word, there is no finer sight upon earth than that of a gallant man upon a gallant steed! I could have halted there just to watch him as he came with such careless grace, his sabre down by his horse's shoulder, his head thrown back, his white plume tossing—youth and strength and courage, with the violet evening sky above and the oak trees behind. But it was not for me to stand and stare. Etienne Gerard may have his faults, but, my faith, he was never accused of being backward in taking his own part. The old horse, Rataplan, knew me so well that he had started off before ever I gave the first shake to the bridle.

There are two things in this world that I am very slow to forget, the face of a pretty woman, and the legs of a fine horse. Well, as we drew together, I kept on saying, "Where have I seen those great roan shoulders? Where have I seen that dainty fetlock?" Then suddenly I remembered, and as I looked up at the reckless eyes and the challenging smile, whom should I recognise but the man who had saved me from the brigands and played me for my freedom—he whose correct title was Milor the Hon. Sir Russell Bart.!

"Bart.!" I shouted.

He had his arm raised for a cut, and three parts of his body open to my point, for he did not know very much about the use of the sword. As I brought my hilt to the salute he dropped his hand and stared at me.

"Halloa!" said he. "It's Gerard!" You would have thought by his manner that I had met him by appointment. For my own part I would have embraced him had he but come an inch of the way to meet me.

"I thought we were in for some sport," said he. "I never dreamed that it was you."

I found this tone of disappointment somewhat irritating. Instead of being glad at having met a friend, he was sorry at having missed an enemy.

"I should have been happy to join in your sport, my dear Bart.," said I. "But I really cannot turn my sword upon a man who saved my life."

"Tut, never mind about that."

"No, it is impossible. I should never forgive myself."

"You make too much of a trifle."

"My mother's one desire is to embrace you. If ever you should be in Gascony——"

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"Lord Wellington is coming there with 60,000 men."

"Then one of them will have a chance of surviving," said I, laughing. "In the meantime, put your sword in your sheath!"

Our horses were standing head to tail, and the Bart. put out his hand and patted me on the thigh.

"You're a good chap, Gerard," said he. "I only wish you had been born on the right side of the Channel."

"I was," said I.

"Poor fellow!" he cried, with such an earnestness of pity that he set me laughing again. "But look here, Gerard," he continued, "this is all very well, but it is not business, you know. I don't know what Massena would say to it, but our Chief would jump out of his riding-boots if he saw us. We weren't sent out here for a picnic—either of us."

"What would you have?"

"Well, we had a little argument about our hussars and dragoons, if you remember. I've got fifty of the Sixteenth all chewing their carbine bullets behind me. You've got as many fine-looking boys over yonder, who seem to be fidgeting in their saddles. If you and I took the right flanks we should not spoil each other's beauty—though a little blood-letting is a friendly thing in this climate."

There seemed to me to be a good deal of sense in what he said. For the moment Mr. Alexis Morgan and the Countess of La Ronda and the Abbey of Almeixal went right out of my head, and I could only think of the fine level turf and of the beautiful skirmish which we might have.

"Very good, Bart.," said I. "We have seen the front of your dragoons. We shall now have a look at their backs."

"Any betting?" he asked.

"The stake," said I, "is nothing less than the honour of the Hussars of Conflans."

"Well, come on!" he answered. "If we break you, well and good—if you break us, it will be all the better for Marshal Millefleurs."

When he said that I could only stare at him in astonishment.

"Why for Marshal Millefleurs?" I asked.

"It is the name of a rascal who lives out this way. My dragoons have been sent by Lord Wellington to see him safely hanged."

"Name of a name!" I cried. "Why, my hussars have been sent by Massena for that very object."

We burst out laughing at that, and sheathed our swords. There was a whirr of steel from behind us as our troopers followed our example.

"We are allies," he cried.

"For a day."

"We must join forces."

"There is no doubt of it."

And so, instead of fighting, we wheeled our half squadrons round and moved in two little columns down the valley, the shakos and the helmets turned inwards, and the men



"THE SHAKOS AND THE HELMETS."

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looking their neighbours up and down, like old fighting dogs with tattered ears who have learned to respect each other's teeth. The most were on the broad grin, but there were some on either side who looked black and challenging, especially the English sergeant and my own sub-officer Papilette. They were men of habit, you see, who could not change all their ways of thinking in a moment. Besides, Papilette had lost his only brother at Busaco. As for the Bart. and me, we rode together at the head and chatted about all that had occurred to us since that famous game of ecarté of which I have told you. For my own part, I spoke to him of my adventures in England. They are a very singular people, these English. Although he knew that I had been engaged in twelve campaigns, yet I am sure that the Bart. thought more highly of me because I had had an affair with the Bristol Bustler. He told me, too, that the Colonel who presided over his court-martial for playing cards with a prisoner, acquitted him of neglect of duty, but nearly broke him because he thought that he had not cleared his trumps before leading his suit. Yes, indeed, they are a singular people.

At the end of the valley the road curved over some rising ground before winding down into another wider valley beyond. We called a halt when we came to the top; for there, right in front of us, at the distance of about three miles, was a scattered, grey town, with a single enormous building upon the flank of the mountain which overlooked it. We could not doubt that we were at last in sight of the Abbey that held the gang of rascals whom we had come to disperse. It was only now, I think, that we fully understood what a task lay in front of us, for the place was a veritable fortress, and it was evident that cavalry should never have been sent out upon such an errand.

"That's got nothing to do with us," said the Bart.; "Wellington and Massena can settle that between them."

"Courage!" I answered. "Piré took Leipzig with fifty hussars."

"Had they been dragoons," said the Bart., laughing, "he would have had Berlin. But you are senior officer: give us a lead, and we'll see who will be the first to flinch."

"Well," said I, "whatever we do must be done at once, for my orders are to be on my way to Abrantes by to-morrow night. But we must have some information first, and here is someone who should be able to give it to us."

There was a square, whitewashed house standing by the roadside, which appeared, from the bush hanging over the door, to be one of those wayside tabernas which are provided for the muleteers. A lantern was hung in the porch, and by its light we saw two men, the one in the brown habit of a Capuchin monk, and the other girt with an apron, which showed him to be the landlord.



"FOR MERCY'S SAKE, SPARE ME!"

They were conversing together so earnestly that we were upon them before they were aware of us. The innkeeper turned to fly, but one of the Englishmen seized him by the hair, and held him tight.

"For mercy's sake, spare me," he yelled.

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"My house has been gutted by the French and harried by the English, and my feet have been burned by the brigands. I swear by the Virgin that I have neither money nor food in my inn, and the good Father Abbot, who is starving upon my doorstep, will be witness to it."

"Indeed, sir," said the Capuchin, in excellent French, "what this worthy man says is very true. He is one of the many victims to these cruel wars, although his loss is but a feather-weight compared to mine. Let him go," he added, in English, to the trooper, "he is too weak to fly, even if he desired to."

In the light of the lantern I saw that this monk was a magnificent man, dark and bearded, with the eyes of a hawk, and so tall that his cowl came up to Rataplan's ears. He wore the look of one who had been through much suffering, but he carried himself like a king, and we could form some opinion of his learning when we each heard him talk our own language as fluently as if he were born to it.

"You have nothing to fear," said I, to the trembling innkeeper. "As to you, father, you are, if I am not mistaken, the very man who can give us the information which we require."

"All that I have is at your service, my son. But," he added, with a wan smile, "my Lenten fare is always somewhat meagre, and this year it has been such that I must ask you for a crust of bread if I am to have the strength to answer your questions."

We bore two days' rations in our haversacks, so that he soon had the little he asked for. It was dreadful to see the wolfish way in which he seized the piece of dried goat's flesh which I was able to offer him.

"Time presses, and we must come to the point," said I. "We want your advice as to the weak points of yonder Abbey, and concerning the habits of the rascals who infest it."

He cried out something which I took to be Latin, with his hands clasped and his eyes upturned. "The prayer of the just availeth much," said he, "and yet I had not dared to hope that mine would have been so speedily answered. In me you see the unfortunate Abbot of Almeixal, who has been cast out by this rabble of three armies with their heretical leader. Oh! to think of what I have lost!" his voice broke, and the tears hung upon his lashes.

"Cheer up, sir," said the Bart. "I'll lay nine to four that we have you back again by to-morrow night."

"It is not of my own welfare that I think," said he, "nor even of that of my poor, scattered flock. But it is of the holy relics which are left in the sacrilegious hands of these robbers."

"It's even betting whether they would ever bother their heads about them," said the Bart. "But show us the way inside the gates, and we'll soon clear the place out for you."

In a few short words the good Abbot gave us the very points that we wished to know. But all that he said only made our task more formidable. The walls of the Abbey were forty feet high. The lower windows were barricaded, and the whole building loopholed for musketry fire. The gang preserved military discipline, and their sentries were too numerous for us to hope to take them by surprise. It was more than ever evident that a battalion of grenadiers and a couple of breaching pieces were what was needed. I raised my eyebrows, and the Bart. began to whistle.

"We must have a shot at it, come what may," said he.

The men had already dismounted, and, having watered their horses, were eating their suppers. For my own part I went into the sitting-room of the inn with the Abbot and the Bart., that we might talk about our plans.

I had a little cognac in my *sauve vie*, and I divided it among us—just enough to wet our moustaches.

"It is unlikely," said I, "that those rascals know anything about our coming. I have seen no signs of scouts along the road. My own plan is that we should conceal ourselves in some neighbouring wood, and then, when they open their gates, charge down upon them and take them by surprise."

The Bart. was of opinion that this was the best that we could do, but, when we came to talk it over, the Abbot made us see that there were difficulties in the way.

"Save on the side of the town there is no place within a mile of the Abbey where you could shelter man or horse," said he. "As to the townsfolk, they are not to be trusted. I fear, my son, that your excellent plan would have little chance of success in the face of the vigilant guard which these men keep."

"I see no other way," answered I. "Hussars of Conflans are not so plentiful that I can afford to run half a squadron of them against a forty foot wall with five hundred infantry behind it."

"I am a man of peace," said the Abbot, "and yet I may, perhaps, give a word of

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counsel. I know these villains and their ways. Who should do so better, seeing that I have stayed for a month in this lonely spot, looking down in weariness of heart at the Abbey which was my own? I will tell you now what I should myself do if I were in your place."

"Pray tell us, father," we cried, both together.

"You must know that bodies of deserters, both French and English, are continually coming in to them, carrying their weapons with them. Now, what is there to prevent you and your men from pretending to be such a body, and so making your way into the Abbey?"

I was amazed at the simplicity of the thing, and I embraced the good Abbot. The Bart., however, had some objections to offer.

"That is all very well," said he, "but if these fellows are as sharp as you say, it is not very likely that they are going to let a hundred armed strangers into their crib. From all I have heard of Mr. Morgan, or Marshal Millefleurs, or whatever the rascal's name is, I give him credit for more sense than that."

"Well, then," I cried, "let us send fifty in, and let them at daybreak throw open the gates to the other fifty, who will be waiting outside."

We discussed the question at great length and with much foresight and discretion. If it had been Massena and Wellington instead of two young officers of light cavalry, we could not have weighed it all with more judgment. At last we agreed, the Bart. and I, that one of us should indeed go with fifty men under pretence of being deserters, and that in the early morning he should gain command of the gate and admit the others. The Abbot, it is true, was still of opinion that it was dangerous to divide our force, but finding that we were both of the same mind, he shrugged his shoulders and gave in.

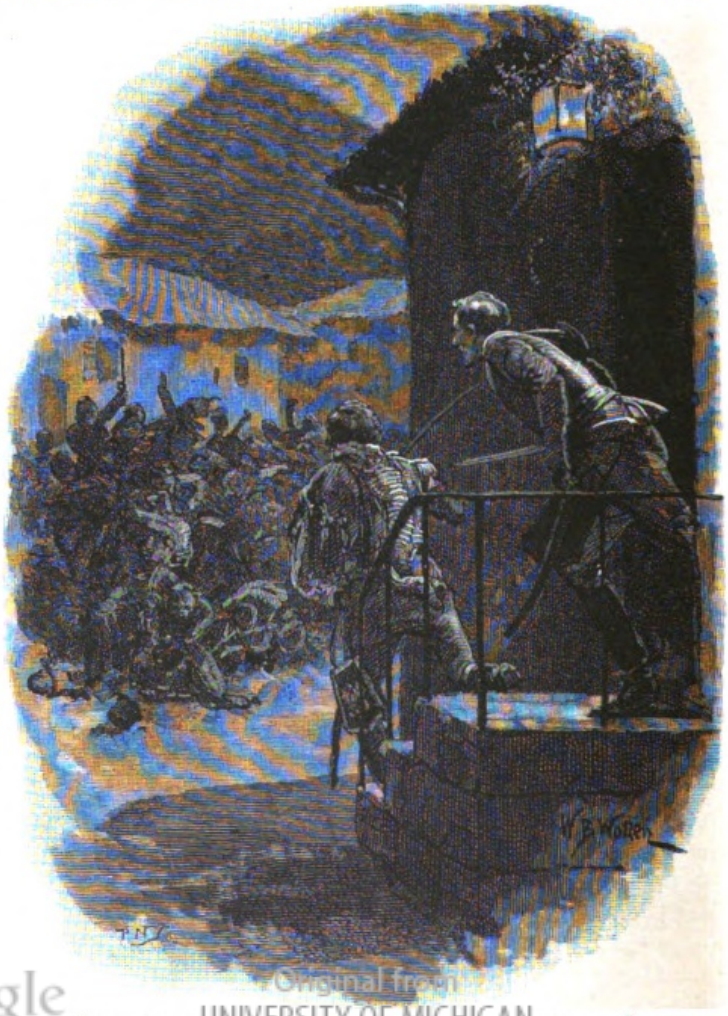
"There is only one thing that I would ask," said he. "If you lay hands upon this Marshal Millefleurs—this dog of a brigand—what will you do with him?"

"Hang him," I answered.

"It is too easy a death," cried the Capuchin, with a vindictive glow in his dark eyes. "Had I my way with him—but, oh, what thoughts are these for a servant of God to harbour!" He clapped his hands to his forehead like one who is half demented by his troubles, and rushed out of the room.

There was an important point which we had still to settle, and that was whether the French or the English party should have the honour of entering the Abbey first. My faith, it was asking a great deal of Etienne Gerard that he should give place to any man at such a time! But the poor Bart. pleaded so hard, urging the few poor skirmishes which he had seen against my four-and-seventy engagements, that at last I consented that he should go. We had just clasped hands over the matter when there broke out such a shouting and cursing and yelling from the front of the inn, that out we rushed with our drawn sabres in our hands, convinced that the brigands were upon us.

You may imagine our feelings when, by the light of the lantern which hung from the porch, we saw a score of our hussars and dragoons all mixed in one wild heap, red



"HUSSARS AND DRAGOONS ALL MIXED IN ONE WILD HEAP."

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coats and blue, helmets and busbies, pomelling each other to their hearts' content. We flung ourselves upon them, imploring, threatening, tugging at a lace collar, or at a spurred heel, until, at last, we had dragged them all apart. There they stood, flushed and bleeding, glaring at each other, and all panting together like a line of troop horses after a ten-mile chase. It was only with our drawn swords that we could keep them from each other's throats. The poor Capuchin stood in the porch in his long brown habit, wringing his hands and calling upon all the saints for mercy.

He was indeed, as I found upon inquiry, the innocent cause of all the turmoil, for, not understanding how soldiers look upon such things, he had made some remark to the English sergeant that it was a pity that his squadron was not as good as the French. The words were not out of his mouth before a dragoon knocked down the nearest hussar, and then, in a moment, they all flew at each other like tigers. We would trust them no more after that, but the Bart. moved his men to the front of the inn, and I mine to the back, the English all scowling and silent, and our fellows shaking their fists and chattering, each after the fashion of their own people.

Well, as our plans were made, we thought it best to carry them out at once, lest some fresh cause of quarrel should break out between our followers. The Bart. and his men rode off, therefore, he having first torn the lace from his sleeves, and the gorget and sash from his uniform, so that he might pass as a simple trooper. He explained to his men what it was that was expected of them, and though they did not raise a cry or wave their weapons as mine might have done, there was an expression upon their stolid and clean-shaven faces which filled me with confidence. Their tunics were left unbuttoned, their scabbards and helmets stained with dirt, and their harness badly fastened, so that they might look the part of deserters, without order or discipline. At six o'clock next morning they were to gain command of the main gate of the Abbey, while at that same hour my hussars were to gallop up to it from outside. The Bart. and I pledged our words to it before he trotted off with his detachment. My sergeant, Papilette, with two troopers, followed the English at a distance, and returned in half an hour to say that, after some parley, and the flashing of lanterns upon them from the grille, they had been admitted into the Abbey.

So far, then, all had gone well. It was a cloudy night with a sprinkling of rain, which was in our favour, as there was the less chance of our presence being discovered. My vedettes I placed two hundred yards in every direction, to guard against a surprise, and also to prevent any peasant who might stumble upon us from carrying the news to the Abbey. Oudin and Papilette were to take turns of duty, while the others with their horses had snug quarters in a great wooden granary. Having walked round and seen that all was as it should be, I flung myself upon the bed which the innkeeper had set apart for me, and fell into a dreamless sleep.

No doubt you have heard my name mentioned as being the beau-ideal of a soldier, and that not only by friends and admirers like our fellow-townsfolk, but also by old officers of the great wars who have shared the fortunes of those famous campaigns with me. Truth and modesty compel me to say, however, that this is not so. There are some gifts which I lack—very few, no doubt—but, still, amid the vast armies of the Emperor there may have been some who were free from those blemishes which stood between me and perfection. Of bravery I say nothing. Those who have seen me in the field are best fitted to speak about that. I have often heard the soldiers discussing round the camp-fires as to who was the bravest man in the Grand Army. Some said Murat, and some said Lasalle, and some Ney; but for my own part, when they asked me, I merely shrugged my shoulders and smiled. It would have seemed mere conceit if I had answered that there was no man braver than Brigadier Gerard. At the same time, facts are facts, and a man knows best what his own feelings are. But there are other gifts besides bravery which are necessary for a soldier, and one of them is that he should be a light sleeper. Now, from my boyhood onwards, I have been hard to wake, and it was this which brought me to ruin upon that night.

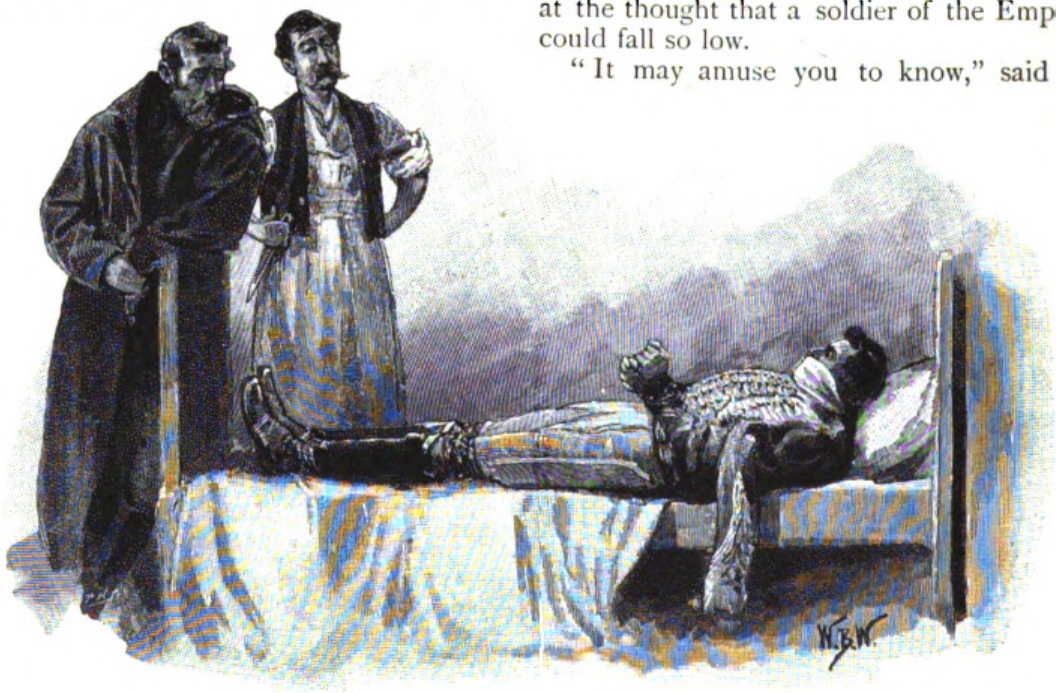
It may have been about two o'clock in the morning that I was suddenly conscious of a feeling of suffocation. I tried to call out, but there was something which prevented me from uttering a sound. I struggled to rise, but I could only flounder like a hamstrung horse. I was strapped at the ankles, strapped at the knees, and strapped again at the wrists. Only my eyes were free to move, and there at the foot of my couch, by the light of a Portuguese lamp, whom should I see but the Abbot and the innkeeper!

The latter's heavy, white face had appeared

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to me when I looked upon it the evening before to express nothing but stupidity and terror. Now, on the contrary, every feature bespoke brutality and ferocity. Never have I seen a more dreadful-looking villain. In his hand he held a long, dull-coloured knife. The Abbot, on the other hand, was as polished and as dignified as ever. His Capuchin gown had been thrown open, however, and I saw beneath it a black-frogged coat, such as I have seen among the English officers. As our eyes met he leaned over the wooden end of the bed and laughed silently until it creaked again.

"You will, I am sure, excuse my mirth, my dear Colonel Gerard," said he. "The fact is, that the expression upon your face when you grasped the situation was just a



"I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU TO KEEP IN HIS GOOD GRACES."

little funny. I have no doubt that you are an excellent soldier, but I hardly think that you are fit to measure wits with the Marshal Millefleurs, as your fellows have been good enough to call me. You appear to have given me credit for singularly little intelligence, which argues, if I may be allowed to say so, a want of acuteness upon your own part. Indeed, with the single exception of my thick-headed compatriot, the British dragoon, I have never met anyone who was less competent to carry out such a mission."

You can imagine how I felt and how I looked, as I listened to this insolent harangue, which was all delivered in that flowery and condescending manner which had gained this rascal his nickname. I could say nothing, but they must have read my threat in my eyes, for the fellow who had played the part of the innkeeper whispered something to his companion.

"No, no, my dear Chenier, he will be infinitely more valuable alive," said he. "By the way, Colonel, it is just as well that you are a sound sleeper, for my friend here, who is a little rough in his ways, would certainly have cut your throat if you had raised any alarm. I should recommend you to keep in his good graces, for Sergeant Chenier, late of the 7th Imperial Light Infantry, is a much more dangerous person than Captain Alexis Morgan, of His Majesty's foot-guards."

Chenier grinned and shook his knife at me, while I tried to look the loathing which I felt at the thought that a soldier of the Emperor could fall so low.

"It may amuse you to know," said the Marshal, in that soft, suave voice of his, "that both your expeditions were watched from the time that you left your respective camps. I think that you will allow that Chenier and I played our parts with some subtlety. We had made every arrangement for your reception at the Abbey, though we had hoped to receive the whole squadron instead of half. When the gates are secured behind them, our visitors find themselves in a very charming little mediæval quadrangle, with no possible exit, commanded by musketry fire from a hundred windows. They may choose to be shot down; or they may choose to surrender. Between ourselves, I have not the slightest doubt that they

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have been wise enough to do the latter. But since you are naturally interested in the matter, we thought that you would care to come with us and to see for yourself. I think I can promise you that you will find your titled friend waiting for you at the Abbey with a face as long as your own."

The two villains began whispering together, debating, as far as I could hear, which was the best way of avoiding my vedettes.

"I will make sure that it is all clear upon the other side of the barn," said the Marshal at last. "You will stay here, my good Chenier, and if the prisoner gives any trouble you will know what to do."

So we were left together, this murderous renegade and I—he sitting at the end of the bed, sharpening his knife upon his boot in the light of the single smoky little oil-lamp. As to me, I only wonder now as I look back upon it, that I did not go mad with vexation and self-reproach as I lay helplessly upon the couch, unable to utter a word or move a finger, with the knowledge that my fifty gallant lads were so close to me, and yet with no means of letting them know the straits to which I was reduced. It was no new thing for me to be a prisoner; but to be taken by these renegades, and to be led into their Abbey in the midst of their jeers, befooled and outwitted by their insolent leaders—that was indeed more than I could endure. The knife of the butcher beside me would cut less deeply than that.

I twitched softly at my wrists, and then at my ankles, but whichever of the two had secured me was no bungler at his work. I could not move either of them an inch. Then I tried to work the handkerchief down over my mouth, but the ruffian beside me raised his knife with such a threatening snarl that I had to desist. I was lying still looking at his bull neck, and wondering whether it would ever be my good fortune to fit it for a cravat, when I heard returning steps coming down the inn passage and up the stair. What word would the villain bring back? If he found it impossible to kidnap me, he would probably murder me where I lay. For my own part, I was indifferent which it might be, and I looked at the doorway with the contempt and defiance which I longed to put into words. But you can imagine my feelings, my dear friends, when, instead of the tall figure and dark, sneering face of the Capuchin, my eyes fell upon the grey pelisse and huge moustaches of my good little sub-officer, Papilette!

The French soldier of those days had seen too much to be ever taken by surprise. His eyes had hardly rested upon my bound figure and the sinister face beside me before he had seen how the matter lay.

"Sacred name of a dog!" he growled, and out flashed his great sabre. Chenier sprang forward at him with his knife, and then, thinking better of it, he darted back and stabbed frantically at my heart. For my own part, I had hurled myself off the bed on the side opposite to him, and the blade grazed my side before ripping its way through blanket and sheet. An instant later I heard the thud of a heavy fall, and then almost simultaneously a second object struck the floor—something lighter but harder, which rolled under the bed. I will not horrify you with details, my friends. Suffice it that Papilette was one of the strongest swordsmen in the regiment, and that his sabre was heavy and sharp. It left a red blotch upon my wrists and my ankles, as it cut the thongs which bound me.

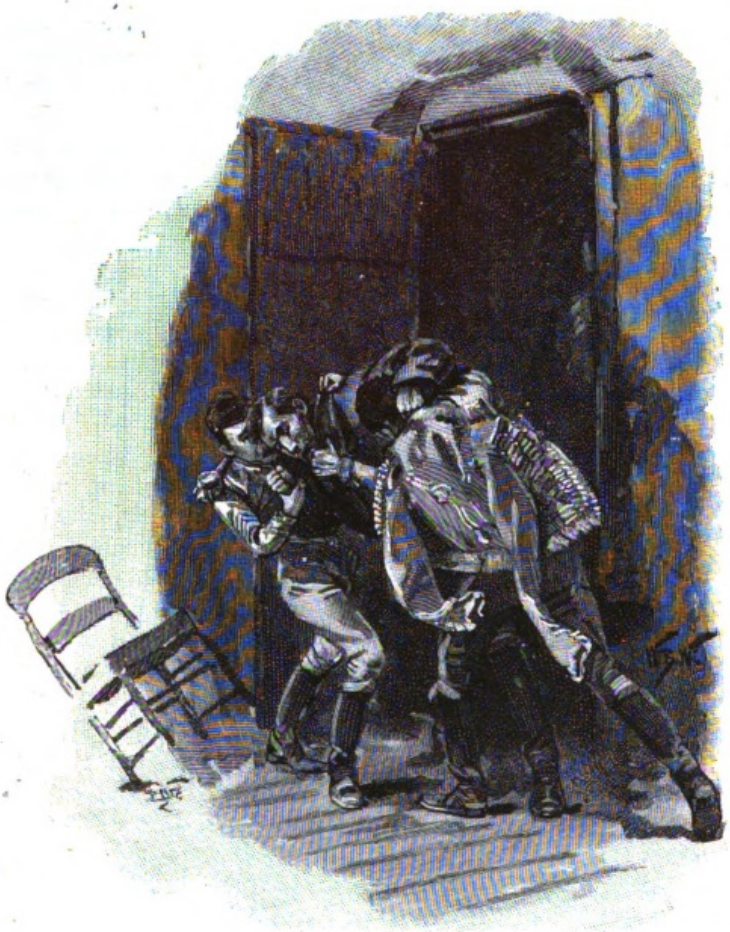
When I had thrown off my gag, the first use which I made of my lips was to kiss the sergeant's scarred cheeks. The next was to ask him if all was well with the command. Yes, they had had no alarms. Oudin had just relieved him, and he had come to report. Had he seen the Abbot? No, he had seen nothing of him. Then we must form a cordon and prevent his escape. I was hurrying out to give the orders, when I heard a slow and measured step enter the door below, and come creaking up the stairs.

Papilette understood it all in an instant. "You are not to kill him," I whispered, and thrust him into the shadow on one side of the door; I crouched on the other. Up he came, up and up, and every footfall seemed to be upon my heart. The brown skirt of his gown was not over the threshold before we were both on him, like two wolves on a buck. Down we crashed, the three of us, he fighting like a tiger, and with such amazing strength that he might have broken away from the two of us. Thrice he got to his feet, and thrice we had him over again, until Papilette made him feel that there was a point to his sabre. He had sense enough then to know that the game was up, and to lie still while I lashed him with the very cords which had been round my own limbs.

"There has been a fresh deal, my fine fellow," said I, "and you will find that I have some of the trumps in *my* hand this time."

"Luck always comes to the aid of a fool," he answered. "Perhaps it is as well, other-

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"DOWN WE CRASHED."

wise the world would fall too completely into the power of the astute. So, you have killed Chenier, I see. He was an insubordinate dog, and always smelt abominably of garlic. Might I trouble you to lay me upon the bed? The floor of these Portuguese tabernas is hardly a fitting couch for anyone who has prejudices in favour of cleanliness."

I could not but admire the coolness of the man, and the way in which he preserved the same insolent air of condescension in spite of this sudden turning of the tables. I dispatched Papilette to summon a guard, whilst I stood over our prisoner with my drawn sword, never taking my eyes off him for an instant, for I must confess that I had conceived a great respect for his audacity and resource.

"I trust," said he, "that your men will treat me in a becoming manner."

"You will get your deserts—you may depend upon that."

"I ask nothing more. You may not be aware of my exalted birth, but I am so placed that I cannot name my father without treason, nor my mother without a scandal. I cannot *claim* Royal honours, but these things are so much more graceful when they are conceded without a claim. The thongs are cutting my skin. Might I beg you to loosen them?"

"You do not give me credit for much intelligence," I remarked, repeating his own words.

"*Touché*," he cried, like a pinked fencer. "But here come your men, so it matters little whether you loosen them or not."

I ordered the gown to be stripped from him and placed him under a strong guard. Then, as morning was already breaking, I had to consider what my next step was to be. The poor Bart. and his Englishmen had fallen victims to the deep scheme which might, had we adopted all the crafty suggestions of our adviser, have ended in the capture of the whole instead of the half of our force. I must extricate them if it were still possible. Then there was the old lady, the Countess of La Ronda, to be thought of. As to the Abbey, since its garrison was on the alert it was hopeless to think of capturing that. All turned now upon the value which they placed upon their leader. The game depended upon my playing that one card. I will tell you how boldly and how skilfully I played it.

It was hardly light before my bugler blew the assembly, and out we trotted on to the plain. My prisoner was placed on horseback in the very centre of the troops. It chanced that there was a large tree just out of musket-shot from the main gate of the Abbey, and under this we halted. Had they opened the great doors in order to attack us, I should have charged home upon them; but, as I had expected, they stood upon the defensive, lining the long wall and pouring down a torrent of hootings and taunts and derisive laughter upon us. A few fired their muskets, but finding that we were out of reach they soon ceased to waste their powder. It was the strangest sight to see that mixture of uniforms, French, English, and Portuguese, cavalry, infantry and artillery, all wagging their heads and shaking their fists at us.

My word, their hubbub soon died away when we opened our ranks, and showed whom we had got in the midst of us! There

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was silence for a few seconds, and then such a howl of rage and grief! I could see some of them dancing like madmen upon the wall. He must have been a singular person, this prisoner of ours, to have gained the affection of such a gang.

I had brought a rope from the inn, and we slung it over the lower bough of the tree.

"You will permit me, monsieur, to undo your collar," said Papilette, with mock politeness.

"If your hands are perfectly clean," answered our prisoner, and set the whole half-squadron laughing.

There was another yell from the wall, followed by a profound hush as the noose was tightened round Marshal Millefleurs' neck. Then came a shriek from a bugle, the Abbey gates flew open, and three men rushed out waving white cloths in their hands. Ah, how my heart bounded with joy at the sight of them. And yet I would not advance an inch to meet them, so that all the eagerness might seem to be upon their side. I allowed my trumpeter, however, to wave a handkerchief in reply, upon which the three envoys came running towards us. The Marshal, still pinioned, and with the rope round his neck, sat his horse with a half smile, as one who is slightly bored and yet strives out of courtesy not to show it. If I were in such a situation I could not wish to carry myself better, and surely I can say no more than that.

They were a singular trio, these ambassadors. The one was a Portuguesé caçadore in his dark uniform, the second a French chasseur in the lightest green, and the third a big English artilleryman in blue and gold. They saluted, all three, and the Frenchman did the talking.

"We have thirty-seven English dragoons in our hands," said he. "We give you our most solemn oath that they shall all hang from the Abbey wall within five minutes of the death of our Marshal."

"Thirty-seven!" I cried. "You have fifty-one."

"Fourteen were cut down before they could be secured."

"And the officer?"

"He would not surrender his sword save with his life. It was not our fault. We would have saved him if we could."

Alas for my poor Bart.! I had met him but twice, and yet he was a man very much after my heart. I have always had a regard for the English for the sake of that one friend. A braver man and a worse swordsman I have never met.

I did not, as you may think, take these rascals' word for anything. Papilette was dispatched with one of them, and returned to say that it was too true. I had now to think of the living.

"You will release the thirty-seven dragoons if I free your leader?"

"We will give you ten of them."

"Up with him!" I cried.

"Twenty," shouted the chasseur.

"No more words," said I. "Pull on the rope!"

"All of them," cried the envoy, as the cord tightened round the Marshal's neck.

"With horses and arms?"

They could see that I was not a man to jest with.

"All complete," said the chasseur, sulkily.

"And the Countess of La Ronda as well?" said I.

But here I met with firmer opposition. No threats of mine could induce them to give up the Countess. We tightened the cord. We moved the horse. We did all but leave the Marshal suspended. If once I broke his neck the dragoons were dead men. It was as precious to me as to them.

"Allow me to remark," said the Marshal, blandly, "that you are exposing me to a risk of a quinsy. Do you not think, since there is a difference of opinion upon this point, that it would be an excellent idea to consult the lady herself? We would neither of us, I am sure, wish to over-ride her own inclinations."

Nothing could be more satisfactory. You can imagine how quickly I grasped at so simple a solution. In ten minutes she was before us, a most stately dame, with her grey curls peeping out from under her mantilla. Her face was as yellow as though it reflected the countless doubloons of her treasury.

"This gentleman," said the Marshal, "is exceedingly anxious to convey you to a place where you will never see us more. It is for you to decide whether you would wish to go with him, or whether you prefer to remain with me."

She was at his horse's side in an instant. "My own Alexis," she cried, "nothing can ever part us."

He looked at me with a sneer upon his handsome face.

"By the way, you made a small slip of the tongue, my dear Colonel," said he. "Except by courtesy, no such person exists as the Dowager Countess of La Ronda. The lady whom I have the honour to present to

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you is my very dear wife, Mrs. Alexis Morgan —or shall I say Madame la Marèchale Millefleurs?"

It was at this moment that I came to the conclusion that I was dealing with the cleverest, and also the most unscrupulous, man whom I had ever met. As I looked upon this unfortunate old woman my soul was filled with wonder and disgust. As for her, her eyes were raised to his face with such a look as a young recruit might give to the Emperor.

"So be it," said I, at last; "give me the dragoons and let me go."

They were brought out with their horses and weapons, and the rope was taken from the Marshal's neck.

"Good-bye, my dear Colonel," said he. "I am afraid that you will have rather a lame account to give of your mission, when you find your way back to Massena, though, from all I hear, he will probably be too busy to think of you. I am free to confess that you have extricated yourself from your difficulties with greater ability than I had given you credit for. I presume that there is nothing which I can do for you before you go?"

"There is one thing."

"And that is?"

"To give fitting burial to this young officer and his men."

"I pledge my word to it."

"And there is one other."

"Name it."

"To give me five minutes in the open with a sword in your hand and a horse between your legs."



"HER EYES WERE RAISED TO HIS FACE."

"Tut, tut!" said he. "I should either have to cut short your promising career, or else to bid adieu to my own bonny bride. It is unreasonable to ask such a request of a man in the first joys of matrimony."

I gathered my horsemen together and wheeled them into column.

"Au revoir," I cried, shaking my sword at him. "The next time you may not escape so easily."

"Au revoir," he answered. "When you are weary of the Emperor, you will always find a commission waiting for you in the service of the Marshal Millefleurs."

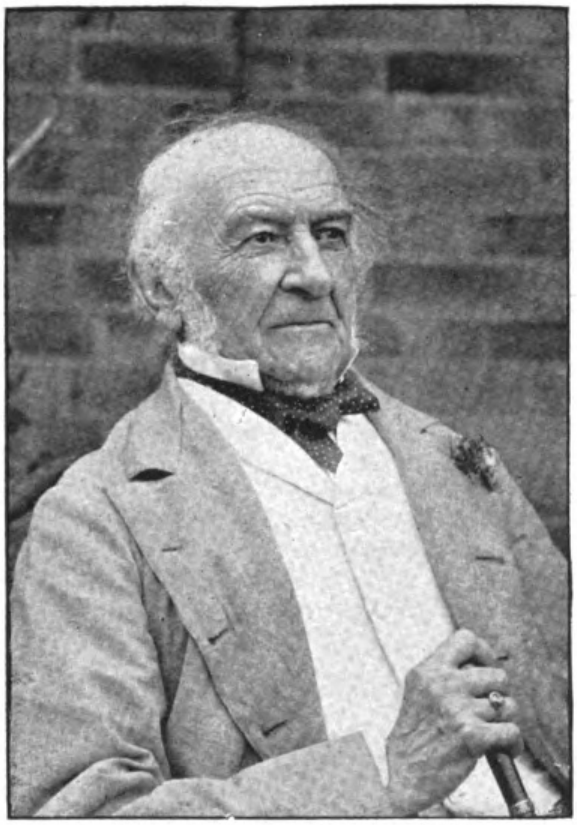
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Notable Families.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

I.—THE GLADSTONE FAMILY.

NOW, when Mr. Gladstone's familiar figure has deserted the benches of the Commons, we all, as Englishmen, be we Liberals or Conservatives, Unionists or Radicals, admire him as a man, as a great English statesman, as a kind husband and loving father, whose descendants have been intrusted with the bearing of a name that will ever remain a shining light in the history of this country. Through the kind assistance of one member of Mr. Gladstone's family, we have the privilege of publishing here a complete set of portraits of his twenty-two direct descendants, with the addition of a few facts regarding them.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond, Surrey.

The old people of Hawarden well remember an interesting double event which occurred on July the 25th, 1839, when Miss Catherine Glynne and Miss Mary Glynne, both known for their singular beauty and lovableness of character, were married respectively to Mr. W. E. Gladstone and the late Lord Lyttelton. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's golden wedding was observed locally on the 25th of July, 1889, by the erection of a fountain in Hawarden Village.

This wedding was eventful for Hawarden, for, at the invitation of his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, who never married, Mr. Gladstone made it his home. Hawarden was chosen because Mr. Gladstone had no call for residence elsewhere, except, perhaps, at his father's estate, Fasque, in Kincardineshire, where he paid regular visits with his family until Sir John Gladstone's death in 1851.

Mr. Gladstone's brother-in-law, the late Sir Stephen R. Glynne, then owner of the Hawarden Estate and Castle, had very early to face the changes and chances of life. His agent of the day, to whom everything was intrusted, brought, by rash speculations in iron, the estate to the verge of ruin, which it will yet take generations to repair. Mr. Gladstone was able to give great assistance in meeting this crisis. He himself also purchased properties in the vicinity, but, as is well known, he made over all his own property to his eldest son, not long after that son had succeeded by will Sir S. R. Glynne at his death, in 1874. The castle and grounds belong, however, to Mrs. Gladstone for life.

This surrender of his property in land so many years ago was only characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's general principle in favour of devolving property and responsibility on the younger generation, not when death compels, but when a sense of propriety commends it. Thus Mr. Gladstone himself has long ago divided his living for the most part among his children, while at the same time setting aside a large sum for the founding and endowment of St. Deiniol's Library and Hostel.

It has often been one of his most grateful expressions that his children have never caused him, except by illness or death, a moment's anxiety; and he has, therefore, been able to see his way to make them all independent many years before his old age set in.

One of Mrs. Gladstone's gifts has been an intuitive knowledge in matters of health and nursing; in fact, though Mrs. Gladstone has the greatest respect for doctors and nurses, she is herself an excellent doctor and nurse combined. Husband, children, and scores of friends and relations have had the benefit

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From a] MRS. CATHERINE GLADSTONE. *[Photograph.*

of her skill and care. It must be said that in this respect, notwithstanding her present strength of constitution, she never remembered to take much care of herself. Another gift is seen in the way in which by influence and organizing power, by contempt for red tape and by ready resource, she has established and carried forward, for many years, valuable institutions by simple means and methods; the Orphanage and the Little Home, both of which are near, or, rather, at, Hawarden Castle, are an example of this. Here she has spent much of her time, and latterly encouraged her grandchildren to do the like. In other words, Mrs. Gladstone is everybody's friend, and has an unlimited capacity for entering, with real sympathy, into the sorrows of all with whom she comes in contact.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Gladstone, with his blended gifts of tender feeling and sense of justice, has never had favourites in his own family. Circumstances would bring him in contact much more with some than with others of the circle, but he always made it unmistakably felt that his heart and mind were equally large and equally ready for all.



THE LATE MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

The Gladstones are said to be a very argumentative family amongst themselves. Be this as it may, there have *never* been any serious differences of thought or feeling between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and their sons and daughters, even on those subjects of politics and religion which are productive of differences in so many families.

Mr. Gladstone's direct descendants number twenty-two in all, and their portraits, with notes, follow here in chronological order:—

FIRST CHILD.—WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, who married, in 1875, the Hon. Gertrude Stuart, daughter of Lord Blantyre; was born June 3, 1840; and died July 4, 1891. He was M.P., 1865–85; a Lord of Treasury, unpaid, 1869–74. He studied at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. At Eton he showed himself pre-eminent in Latin and Greek verse, and excelled in football and "fives." A great lover and student of ecclesiastical music, he set the music at Hawarden Church for many years, and often played the organ himself. He was close friends with nearly all the leading musicians —Oakeley, Ouseley, Stainer, Elvey, Wesley, Parrott, etc. He was devoted to his estate and country life, being for many years a regular attendant at the Board of Guardians. He also took an active part in all parish affairs, was a most considerate and wise landlord, and died in the prime of life and good health, of an illness probably resulting from a former accident. As an intense lover of the mountains, especially Swiss and Welsh, he knew every stone of Snowdonia. He was distinguished for daring, combined with an excellent and cool judgment. On one occasion he fell into a crevasse on the Titlis, but was saved by the rope worn by the party of four, consisting of Mr. Charles Parker (late M.P. for Perth), the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, and a friend. This, however, is not the accident referred to above. There is a beautiful memorial tablet of solid

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alabaster in Hawarden Church, by the organ. It reads as follows :—

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE,

Born June 3rd, 1840.

Uniting the single-heartedness of childhood to the full development of his mental powers and to high accomplishment, he closed in perfect peace a life of love and service to God and man on July 4th, 1891. Placed by his father and mother.



MASTER WILLIAM G. C. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

Their three children are William Glynne Charles, born 1885; Evelyn Catherine, born 1882; Constance Gertrude, born 1883. It need not be said with what tender fondness Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone look upon the three children of their eldest son, whose happy and useful life was cut short by unexpected and early death. Especially since retiring from public life, Mr. Gladstone has seen much of them, and delights in their frequent visits to the Castle. Little Will is but ten years old, but he bids fair to follow in his father's and in his grandfather's steps. He has a remarkable blending of fun and seriousness; he is very fond of adventure, riding, and rural sports; but he has a much deeper vein also in his character. For eleven years more he will be a minor, and his mother, who devotes herself entirely to her children (though she also proves a most capable trustee, with an almost intuitive knowledge of people and things), is his sole guardian. The beautiful inheritance of Hawarden passed to him at his father's death in 1891, it having been willed to him (as already stated) by his uncle, Sir Stephen Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's brother. Mrs. Gladstone alone survives of the two sisters and brothers (the Rev. Henry Glynne, whose daughters are Mary, living still at Hawarden, and Lady Penrhyn), having outlived Sir Stephen Glynne, who died in 1874. Of the two daughters, Evelyn and Constance, the older may be said to take after her great-grandmother, the previous Duchess of Sutherland (so intimately known to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone), and the younger one more after her grandfather, Lord Blantyre. Both are full of life and energy.



MRS. AGNES WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.

SECOND CHILD.—AGNES, born 1842 (Mrs. Wickham), married 1873. Wife of the present Dean of Lincoln, for twenty years Head Master of Wellington College.



THE MISSES EVELYN AND CONSTANCE GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

Their children are: Catherine Mary Lavinia, born 1875; William Gladstone, born 1878; Lucy Christian, born 1878; Margaret Agnes, born 1879; Edward Stephen Gladstone, born 1883. Catherine, called Katie, is the eldest grandchild, and Mrs. Gladstone had the pleasure of seeing her grow up and of presenting her to the Queen two years ago. William, the eldest grandson, in his early days at school (at Temple Grove and Winchester, where, as head of his house, he

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is now completing his school life before entering the University), was known to stand up, against the vast majority of



[From a] MISS CATHERINE WICKHAM. [*Photograph.*

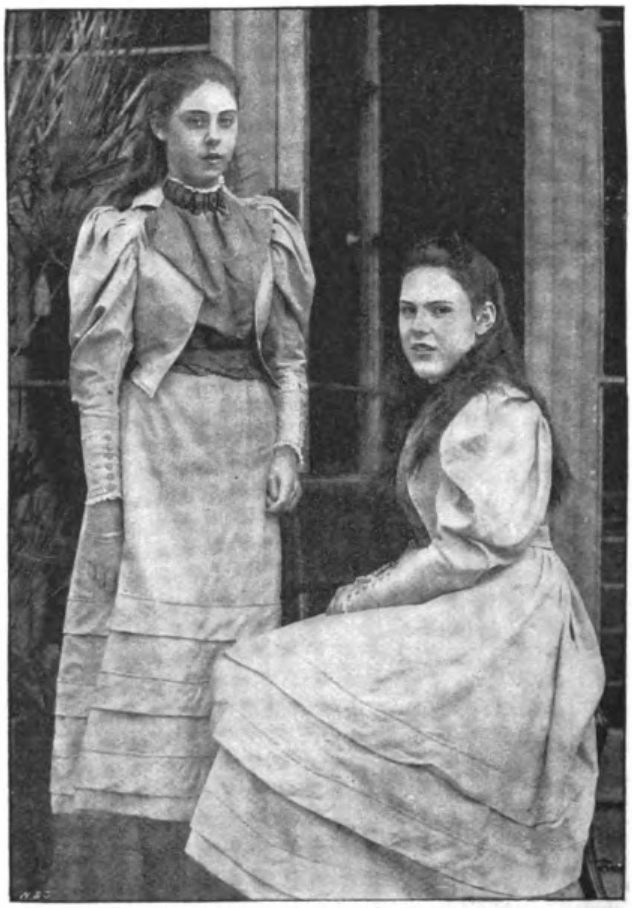
his schoolfellows, for Liberalism and his grandfather. This, no one will gainsay, means a good deal in a schoolboy. Christian and Margaret are now completing their education at St. Andrews, N.B. Little Edward is a charming blend of spirit and gentleness,



MR. W. G. WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by G. Hadley, Lincoln.

and a general favourite wherever he goes.

THIRD CHILD. — STEPHEN EDWARD. Born 1844. Four



THE MISSES MARGARET AND CHRISTIAN WICKHAM.
From a Photograph.



MASTER E. S. G. WICKHAM.
From a Photo. by Walton & Adams, Reading.

years Curate of S. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth, under Dean Gregory. He became Rector of Hawarden in 1872, and married, in 1885, Miss Annie C. Wilson, Liverpool, daughter of Dr. Wilson.

Their children are Catherine, born 1885; Albert Charles, born 1886; Charles Andrew, born 1889; Stephen Deiniol, born 1892; Edith, born 1895. Catherine is (so far) the only Catherine Gladstone (her grandmother's name) amongst Mr. Gladstone's direct descendants. Albert

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THE REV. STEPHEN E. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by J Thompson, Grosvenor Street, S. W.



MISS CATHERINE GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.



MASTER CHARLES ANDREW GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

Charles is the constant and devoted companion of his elder sister, and both are very fond of books. Charles Andrew was so called after the great physician, Sir Andrew Clark, for many years the beloved and trusted medical attendant of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and all their family. It is not too much to say that he was one of the very few who were the most intimate friends of Mr. Gladstone. This little boy was Sir Andrew Clark's godson. Stephen Deiniol was so called after the patron saint and founder of Hawarden Church,



MASTER ALBERT C. GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.



MASTER STEPHEN DEINIOL GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

first Bishop of Bangor about 550 A.D. Mr. Gladstone has also called his library and hostel after this name. Edith is Mr. Gladstone's youngest grandchild. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attended her baptism in the parish church when she was three days old, just before going abroad last January.

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EDITH GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by G. Watmough Webster.

FOURTH CHILD. — JESSIE CATHERINE, born July 27, 1845; died April 9, 1850. A lovely and precious child, of whose last illness Mr. Gladstone wrote, from hour to hour, a very full and close account in a private diary, which still exists as a monument of fatherly anxiety and affection, showing how he followed with the utmost keenness every least turn in the painful illness which resulted in the first, but not the last, death within the number of his own children. Mr.



JESSIE CATHERINE GLADSTONE.
From a Painting in Hawarden Castle.

Gladstone bore the little body (Jessie was not yet five years old) to Fasque, and placed it in the vault of the little Episcopal chapel built by his father, where he also was present at the interment of so many others near and dear to him, especially his parents, two sisters, eldest brother, and others.

FIFTH CHILD. — MARY, born 1847. Married to the Rev. Harry Drew. They have one child, namely, Dorothy Mary Catherine, born in 1890. Mrs. Drew has almost always lived with her father and mother, and her marriage has made no difference in this. The birth of little Dorothy was the addition of a sunbeam in the house and home of the old people. The child's bright and intelligent ways, her quaint talk, her romantic appearance and bare feet are



MRS. MARY DREW.
From a Portrait by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

amongst the characteristics which make her so well known and loved.

SIXTH CHILD.—HELEN, born 1849. For many years connected with Newnham College, Cambridge, where she has latterly been head of one of the two halls; we have already had the pleasure of publishing this lady's



DOROTHY DREW.
From a Photo. by Faulkner, Baker Street, W.

photographs at different ages in THE STRAND MAGAZINE a short time ago, together with a short biographical sketch.

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MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

SEVENTH CHILD.—**HENRY NEVILLE**, born 1852. He married the Hon. Maud Ernestine, daughter of Lord Rendel. Mr. H. N. Gladstone is a merchant of London and Calcutta, and formerly spent some ten years in India, hard at work. His father thought from early times that he showed the business capacity which distinguished his grandfather, Sir John Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone has always had a high respect for the merchant life, as giving opportunity for the development and exercise, under discipline, of some of the noblest qualities in human nature.

EIGHTH CHILD. — **HERBERT JOHN**, born 1854. The Right Hon. Herbert J. Gladstone, M.P., is, as all know, a familiar figure in politics. He is a most devoted son and uncle. A short account of his life and his portraits at different ages have already appeared in our July number.



MR. H. N. GLADSTONE.
From a Photograph.

To wind up this interesting record of one of our greatest families, it will be interesting to give a little story which refers especially to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's children. One day it was arranged to give the children a treat, with an intended picnic tea and bonfire in the old castle. Sir Stephen Glynne, of all men the most generous and noble-hearted, freely allowed the public to use the castle and park, but did not permit picnics and fires in the old castle. It was then planned to play a practical joke on the fond uncle, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were made partners in the plot. They were to take Sir Stephen Glynne for a walk in the direction of the old castle, where a fire had been lit. He soon saw the smoke in the trees and was much perturbed, and advanced with his companions to see who dared to break his rules. There, to be sure, was the fire, and the kettles by it, and, ensconced under the ruins, a party of children and older folk, looking like gipsies, enjoying a well-spread tea on the grass. Sir Stephen Glynne was horrified, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone advised him to go up to the party, thinking he would recognise his nephews and nieces and their nurses. They were so well disguised, however, that, on coming up and strongly remonstrating with the head of the party (the nurse, a sturdy Scotchwoman, who stuck to her guns in the parley), he failed to see the joke. His dismay was much increased when, on looking at the well-spread tablecloth, he saw his own china and other materials, but what could he do with such a brazen-faced lot? It was then that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone told him to look more closely at the faces, and so at last he discovered the little game, and heartily joined in the consequent merriment.



THE RT. HON. HERBERT J. GLADSTONE, M.P.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

[We hope to publish in an early number the portraits of Lord Salisbury's Family.]

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AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY MINNIE MORTIMER.

I.

"AND may I not fight the Prussians, papa? I am strong enough, I know—and a big boy, too!"

"Hush, hush. What idle talk is this? Fight the Prussians? A fine idea! What could a little boy like you do in a great war? Tut, tut, child, don't talk nonsense. Come, drill your soldiers!"

Here Captain Etienne Maury picked up some miniature wooden soldiers, which were lying scattered about the floor, and proceeded to place them side by side—bolt upright—on the table. But his little son did not appear to be interested in the toys—Etienne could see that the child's lips were quivering, and that his large, blue eyes were filling with tears. Then, drawing him gently to his side, Maury caressed him tenderly.

"What is the matter, my little Pierre? There, now, don't cry—why, that is not manly!"

"I want—I want"—began Pierre, between his sobs—"I want to fight the Prussians!"

"Well, well, never mind—you shall become a soldier all in good time," replied his father. Then he turned to the child's mother, who was busily preparing the midday meal: "What do you think of our son? Is he not promising? He has ambition, eh?"

Madelon said nothing, but shrugged her shoulders and glanced at her husband and sighed. Since war had broken out between France and Germany, she had not seen him until to-day—when it chanced that the general commanding the district had ordered Maury's regiment to Harville to meet an expected attack of the Prussian advanced guard, on the march to Paris. Captain Maury, on learning that his duty brought him near his home for the first time since the terrible reverse of Sedan, was naturally overjoyed at the prospect of embracing his wife and children, who were no less delighted when the long-absent one sent them a message from camp that he had obtained leave of absence for a few hours, and would soon clasp the dear ones in his arms. Until the outbreak of hostilities, the married life of the young officer had been one of unclouded happiness. He was devotedly attached to his sweet and gentle wife, whilst his love for their two children amounted almost to idolatry. Little Pierre we have already seen; let us now briefly describe his sister, Dorothée, the boy's junior by nearly two years.

Dorothée was tall for her age. She was not what is called pretty, but her face indicated intelligence and perhaps self-will. Her large, sad eyes might have belonged to one of much greater age and experience, who had seen scarcely aught but the dark side of life, rather than to a little girl of scarcely seven years. But Dorothée was a strange child, and by no means easy to comprehend. She had few companions or playmates of her own age, and showed no interest in the favourite fancies of other children.

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Her walks were usually taken alone, and her greatest pleasure was to seek out a solitary nook, where she often remained alone for hours, absorbed in some weird fairy tale or story of enchantment. When her father had returned home so unexpectedly after his long absence, Dorothée's delight was unbounded for the first few moments of his presence; but if the truth must be told, she soon withdrew quietly into a corner and gave herself up to her thoughts. She understood but vaguely why "papa" had been away so long—and hitherto had made no effort to penetrate the mystery of "fighting the Prussians," of which she had heard so much during his protracted absence. But now she suddenly became curious to know what it all meant. Why should her father fight the Prussians? Why could he not leave such pugnacious proceedings to other men, and stay at home?

"Papa," said she, "will the Prussians kill you?"

Etienne, who had been carefully aiding Pierre to arrange his soldiers in their little box, glanced at Dorothée with contracted brow.

"I cannot say, darling," he replied, slowly. "I hope that God will spare me to you many years."

"What a question to ask of your father!" exclaimed Madelon, indignantly—alarmed at the bare idea of losing her husband.

"Well, why can't papa stay here—why should he fight?" demanded the little one.

"Don't talk of things you do not understand, child," returned her mother. "Come and drink your soup—you are certainly growing too curious—that is an ugly fault!"

And Dorothée, with a wondering look, drew her chair up to the table and began her meal in silence.

Outwardly, she appeared to be cold and unconcerned. Inwardly, her little heart was troubled about "papa." Would he die? He had remained unharmed as yet, but perhaps the Prussians would kill him before long! No, she would not ask him again—she did not like to. Should she climb upon his knee and tell him how much she loved him? No—she was too proud to betray her feelings. Her question: "Will the Prussians kill you?" had certainly damped her parents' spirits. Dorothée could see that her father was troubled, and that her mother appeared anxious—why, there were even tears in her eyes! "It is all my fault," thought the little girl, and she felt sorry and ashamed, but dared not admit the fact.

"Papa will never love me again," she mused, sadly; "perhaps he doesn't want me here—he will forget all about Dorothée—and he won't kiss me 'good-bye' before he leaves us." Then the child quietly stole away, and crept softly upstairs. Throwing herself upon the cot in her own little room, she sobbed bitterly for a long time, until at last, exhausted by her grief, she fell fast asleep.

II.

When Dorothée awoke, she was surprised to find that the daylight had faded, for the room was wrapped in darkness. She was in bed, too—and clothed in her night-dress.

"Mamma must have undressed me," thought she. Then she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Why, papa has surely gone! And I never bade him good-bye. Ah, but that is my own fault."

She sprang from her bed, and groping her way towards the door opened it softly. How silent everything seemed! They must have gone to bed. Yes, she could hear heavy breathing proceeding from her mother's sleeping-room.

"Then it is late," thought Dorothée.

At that moment, a neighbouring church clock began to strike the hour. The child listened attentively. It was eleven o'clock. She returned to her room, lit the candle on the mantelshelf, and softly drew aside the window curtains. Peering into the street below, she could just discern that all was dark and silent.

"So papa has gone, without saying good-bye to me. Why didn't he come and wake me? Perhaps I shall never see him again—the cruel Prussians may kill him."

Tears filled her eyes. She turned and picked up a little picture of her father, and pressed it to her lips.

"Oh, that I could really kiss him!" sighed Dorothée.

Struck by a sudden impulse, she gently closed the curtains and commenced to dress herself hastily.

This occupied but a few minutes. Then mounting a chair, she unhooked her hood and cloak, which hung upon the door. Carefully placing the miniature in the bosom of her dress, she extinguished the light, and with many precautions crept downstairs and left the house, after unbolting the street door with some difficulty.

Dorothée had made up her mind to find "papa," at all hazards, and to press a kiss upon his lips.

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On she hurried through the darkness. Though she knew where her father's regiment was encamped, she was ignorant of the way thither.

"My good angel will surely guide my steps," thought the child, while onward she wandered—she knew not where. At length Dorothée found herself in the open country, apparently in a field, hedged in with waving bushes, which sighed and moaned in the night breeze. She did not dream that she was but a few yards from where the French had pitched their tents.

Suddenly the little girl heard stealthy footsteps behind her. A fear which she could not account for seized her, and spying a bush close by, she crouched behind it, trembling from head to foot. She peered cautiously through its branches and beheld a tall, dark figure approaching. As it drew nearer, she quickly noted that it was a man, and resembled her father in stature—so much, indeed, that she sprang forward, crying out in glad tones :—

"Papa, papa, c'est toi ! c'est toi !"

Dorothée rushed eagerly into the arms extended to her, but drew back surprised and disappointed, when a stranger's voice addressed her :—

"What art thou doing here at this time of night, little one ?"

His tone was gruff, though not unkindly. The child hesitated a moment.

"Who are you ?" she asked, at length ; "a soldier ! like papa ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And do you belong to papa's regiment ?" she demanded.

The other muttered to himself something in a language unintelligible—to Dorothée, and then replied :—

"Most assuredly."

"Please take me to papa, then, because I want to kiss him good-bye. You see," she continued, sadly, "I was asleep when he left us, and he forgot all about me, I know."

"Oh, I don't think so," returned the stranger. "Why do you wish to kiss him ? You love him so dearly—eh ?"

"Yes," eagerly assented Dorothée, "and if I don't see him to-night, perhaps I shall never kiss him again."

"Eh ? What's that ? Well, and pray, why not ?"

"Because the Prussians may kill him !"

The other stroked the child's soft cheek—he was troubled evidently, for he shook his head sadly and murmured :—

"Poor little one—poor little one !"

Dorothée burst into tears.

"There now, don't cry," he continued. "I advise you to run home as fast as you can."

"No, no, I want to find papa—I must kiss him. Oh, monsieur, I beseech you to take me to him !"

"That is impossible. For I have an important message to deliver in quite another direction—and I must hasten there at once. The duty of a soldier, you know, is to obey. Now listen : Run home quickly and let *me* bear the kiss to your father. I shall return to the spot where he is stationed, early to-morrow morning—and therefore can easily deliver your message of love. Come, what do you say to that ?"

"If you will promise," began Dorothée, reluctantly.

"Yes, yes ; you may trust me. What is your father's name ?"

"Etienne Maury.'

"Describe him."

"Why, you know him, don't you ?"

"Well—no; you see, I am a stranger in his regiment comparatively, and I haven't yet had time to look about me and to recognise the different faces."

"I have a picture of him," said Dorothée.

"Good ! Give it to me—or lend it, and I will show it to your father to-morrow."

"And will you kiss him for me ?"

"That, I promise."

The soldier then lifted the child in his arms, and she entwined her own around his neck ; then, softly kissing his cheek, she said :—

"Take care of papa ; don't let the Prussians kill him."

Again she pressed her lips to his cheek—and felt that it was wet with tears.

"Why do you cry ?" she asked.

"Poor little one !" he replied, in a broken voice ; "tell me, what is your name ?"

"Dorothée."

"Then, dear little Dorothée, run home quickly. Do you know your way ? Where do you live ?"

The child told him.

"Part of the distance lies in my direction, so you may come with me."

Clasping her still in his arms, the soldier strode on, and when they drew near the town he placed her gently on her feet, and left her.

He continued his way with a heavy heart, and carrying the miniature.

"What is to be done ?" he asked himself. "It is my duty to report their whereabouts.

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"TAKE CARE OF PAPA."

Perhaps, though, one of my comrades may save me the unpleasant task. Poor little one! She did not guess into whose hands she had fallen, nor that she had unconsciously betrayed her father and his companions. No, no, I must inform my commander—besides, I have promised to deliver his child's kiss to this Maury. What!—to my enemy? Well, for all that, I will endeavour to prove true to my word. 'Take care of papa; don't let the Prussians kill him.' Poor child! poor child!"

He passed his hand across his eyes, for they were moist with tears. You can guess now that this soldier was an enemy to the French—in fact, a Prussian. He and several of his comrades had been sent hither by one of the German commanders as spies. A division of the invading army was near at hand, and the general in command had given orders to reconnoitre the French detachment encamped in the vicinity, with the intention of attacking them the next morning at dawn. Fritz Grau—the soldier with whom we have become acquainted—had arranged with his fellow-scouts that each should choose a different direction, and meet at midnight at the spot where they were about to part. He did not dream that such speedy success would fall to his dangerous mission, and when Dorothée had unconsciously given him the information he required, he was delighted. But afterwards he became touched to the heart, especially when the child had said:—

"Take care of papa; don't let the Prussians kill him."

"I will take care of him—God grant!" he exclaimed, at length.

When he met his comrades at the agreed rendezvous one of their number hailed him as follows:—

"Grau—all is well! The French are discovered, thanks to myself!"

"Excellent on your part!" ejaculated Fritz, but he did not inform them of his adventure—and was secretly thankful that another should bear the information he had obtained at the risk of his life.

The German spies, after having exchanged a few whispered words, went their way in silence, each engrossed with his own thoughts. Meanwhile, Dorothée had arrived home safely, finding, to her joy, that the door had not been closed during her absence. She entered the house softly, and creeping to her room, went silently to bed—but did not fall asleep until daylight.

III.

EARLY the following morning, the French were surprised by the enemy. Fritz Grau, it must be mentioned, had managed to take a hasty glance at the photograph, when Maury's every feature became speedily impressed on his mind. He had then hidden the picture about his person.

The skirmish proved fierce indeed, and promised to end disastrously for the French, attacked by overwhelming numbers. They saw this, but did not lose heart. Grau, being in the foremost ranks, searched intently amongst the French soldiers nearest his gaze, hoping to perceive Maury, but he did not, much to his disappointment. At last, however, he discovered him in the thickest of the fray, fighting desperately. The recognition was instantaneous. He saw that the young officer was making havoc among the Prussians, of whom several had already fallen by his hand. After some time, Fritz

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managed to advance a few paces nearer Etienne. At this juncture Maury mortally wounded Grau's nearest comrade. The brave Frenchman was now in his (Fritz's) power — the Prussian could have shot him then and there, but he thought of Dorothée and spared him, though only to fall the next instant—yes, shot down by Maury! As he fell, never to rise again, Etienne could see that he wished to speak with him. He hesitated a moment, then he knelt beside the dying man.

"Bend down," murmured Grau, faintly; "there is but short time for an explanation. I wish to give you a message of love from your little daughter, Dorothée. Last night she pressed a kiss for you upon my cheek—I have promised to deliver it."

Wonderingly, Maury allowed the Prussian to carry out his desire, the desire of his child, too.

"Ah, I am satisfied. Unbutton my coat—your picture is hidden there; I must return it you."

Etienne obeyed the dying soldier, and drew the photograph from its hiding-place. There was no time to ask the questions which hung upon his lips—the Prussian was dying. The next instant, he fell back lifeless, and Maury reverently closed the eyes of the dead, breathing a prayer for the departed soul.

At noon, the French troops marched joyfully back to the town. The Prussians had suffered a complete repulse, and had lost half their men, while the other side had incurred comparatively little loss. Etienne was among the victorious throng, with not even so much as a scratch. But his thoughts were more with Fritz than with the glory of victory. He was puzzled somewhat, and longed to see his little daughter again—more than any other member of his family.

When Etienne Maury at last returned home, he gathered from Dorothée the story of her meeting with the soldier. She told him all—and was astonished when her father informed her that the stranger was a Prussian.

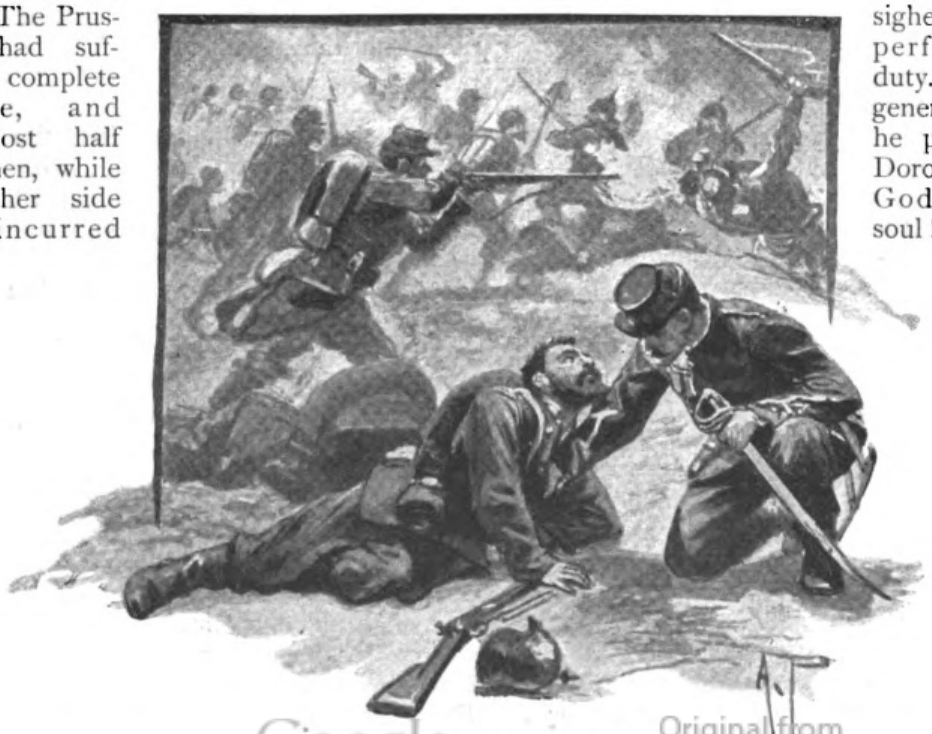
"But no enemy, papa," she said; "he faithfully kissed you for me, as he promised, and gave you the photograph. You will love me a little more now, won't you?"

Etienne did not answer, but he folded the child in his arms and covered her with caresses.

"Pierre and Dorothée shall receive an equal share of papa's love," he answered, at length. Then he continued: "My little daughter perhaps is not aware that she betrayed her father to the Prussians?"

"Did I?" she exclaimed, with wide-opened eyes.

"There, never mind, you are too young to understand such serious things." He had guessed that Fritz was a spy. "Poor fellow!" he sighed, "he only performed his duty. His was a generous heart: he proved it by Dorothée's kiss. God rest his soul!"



"ETIENNE OBEYED THE DYING SOLDIER."

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

DUMB BELLS.

ONE night early in the last Session of the Rosebery Parliament a breathless messenger brought news to the Serjeant-at-Arms that the bells would not ring. It happened that an important division, on which the fate of the Government depended, was within measurable distance. The House of Commons and its precincts are connected by an elaborate system of electric bells, commanded from the seat of the principal doorkeeper. When a division is called he touches a knob and, lo! in the smoking-room, dining-room, tea-room, library, along all the corridors, upstairs and downstairs, there throbs the tintinnabulation of the bells.

This phenomenon is so familiar, and works with such unerring regularity, that members absolutely depend upon it, absenting themselves from the Chamber with full confidence that, as long as they remain in the building, they cannot miss a division. The only places in the Palace at Westminster frequented by members of the House of Commons which the electric bells do not command are the bar and the galleries of the House of Lords. On the few occasions when attractive debate is going forward in the other Chamber, drawing to the audience a contingent of members of the House of Commons, special arrangements are made for announcing a division. A troop of messengers stand in the lobby like hounds in leash. At the signal of a division, they set off at the top of their speed, racing down the corridor, across the central lobby, into the Lords' lobby, and so, breathless, bring the news to Ghent.

In an instant all is commotion in the space within the House of Lords allotted to the Commons. The time between signalling a division and closing the doors of the House of Commons against would-be participants is, nominally, two minutes. This is jealously marked by a sand-glass which stands on the clerks' table. When it empties, the doors are locked, the Speaker puts the question for the second time, and only those within hearing may vote. Two minutes is a somewhat narrow space of time for the double event of the race of the messengers to the door of the House of Lords and the rally of legislators to the door of the House of Commons. The always-waiting crowd of strangers in the lobby are on such occasions much astonished to find tearing along—some handicapped by years or undue weight of flesh, most of them out of training and breath—a long string of legislators.

From any of the ante-chambers of the House of Commons the race can be comfortably done under the stipulated time. But when electric bells fail, the situation becomes serious. With such majorities as the late Government commanded, the acci-



THE RUSH FROM THE LOBBY.

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dent of half-a-dozen or a dozen of their supporters missing the call might, as it finally did, lead to defeat and dissolution. Happily, on the occasion here recorded, notice of the failure had been duly conveyed to the Serjeant-at-Arms. In order to avoid catastrophe, the police and messengers were specially organized. Each man had his appointed beat. When the signal was given he was to run along it, roaring "Division! Division!". It was rather an exciting pastime, but it succeeded, and the Ministry were for the time saved.

CUTTING THE WIRES.

When workmen arrived on the scene and traced the accident to its source, it was discovered that the central wire had become disconnected. It was evidently an accident, but it suggests possibilities which certainly on one occasion were realized. It happened in the earliest days of Irish obstruction. A little band, under the captaincy of Mr. Parnell, fought with their backs to the wall against the united Saxon host. All-night sittings were matters of constant occurrence. About this time the St. Stephen's Club was opened, and the Conservative wing cheerfully availed themselves of the opportunity of varying the monotony of long sittings by going across to dine. A special doorway opened out from the club on to the underground passage between the Houses of Parliament and the Metropolitan District Railway Station, which the Committee of the House of Commons, before whom the Company's Bill came, insisted upon as a condition of passing it. The club dining room was connected with the House of Commons by an electric bell, an extension of the system which called to divisions members within the precincts of the House. A series of experiments demonstrated that the division lobby could be reached in good time if the summons were promptly answered.



"DIVISION!"

One night, towards the close of a fighting Session, the Irish members moved an amendment to the passing of the Annual Mutiny Bill. They loudly protested their intention of sitting all night if necessary to delay, if it were not possible to defeat, the Government Bill. In view of this prospect, a good dinner, leisurely eaten at the St. Stephen's Club, promised an agreeable and useful break in the sitting. Just before eight o'clock the Gentlemen of England trooped off to the club. They were not likely to be wanted for the division till after midnight. If by accident a division were sprung upon the House, the bell would clang here as it did in the Commons' dining-room, and they would bolt off to save the State.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

Nothing happened. They ate their dinner in peace and quietness, and, strolling back about half-past ten, were met at the lobby door by the desperate Whip, who, in language permitted only to Whips and the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, reproached them with their desertion. They learned to their dismay that soon after eight o'clock the Irish members had permitted the debate to collapse. Ministers, grateful for the deliverance and assured of a majority, made no attempt to prolong it. The bells clanged along the corridors and through all the rooms. The Irish members mustered in full force. Ministerialists trickled in in surprisingly small numbers. It was no business of the Liberal Opposition to help the Government on this particular issue. They had gone off comfortably to dinner. The Ministerial Whips had in hand, dining in the House, sufficient to make a quorum. Presently the St. Stephen's contingent would come rushing in, and all would be well.

Mr. Hart Dyke whipped his men into the lobby. The face of Mr. Rowland Winn grew stonier and stonier as he stood at the top of the stairway waiting for the hurried tramp of the diners-out. But Sister Anne saw no one coming, and just managed to get back herself before the doors closed. Ministers had a majority, but it was an exceedingly small one.

Investigation revealed the curious fact that the bell wire running along the underground

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passage between the House and the St. Stephen's Club had been cut. Of course, it was never—at least, hardly ever—known who did it.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Richard Doyle, familiarly known as "Dicky," was, at least, once present at a debate in the House of Commons. The occasion was fortunate for posterity, since it chanced upon the night of the maiden speech of the late Sir Robert Peel, son of the great Commoner, whose last wish it was that he might "leave a name remembered by expression of good-will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow."



THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL (AFTER RICHARD DOYLE).

Dicky Doyle, after a fashion still common to his brethren and successors on the *Punch* staff, was accustomed to illustrate his private correspondence with pen-and-ink sketches. In a letter dated from 17, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, March 27th, 1851, Doyle sent to Lady Duff Gordon a sketch of the then new member for Tamworth, which, by the courtesy of Mr. Fisher Unwin, F. C. G. is permitted here to reproduce. The letter will be found, with much other interesting matter, in Mistress Janet Ross's "Three Generations of Englishwomen."

HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

"Through the kindness of the Speaker," Doyle writes, "I have been permitted every evening almost during the 'Aggression' debates to sit in that part of the House of Commons devoted to the peers and foreign Ministers. Under which of these denominations I passed it is impossible for me to decide, but we will suppose it was a diplomatic 'poor' relation from Rome. In this distinguished position I heard the speeches of Sir James Graham with delight, of Mr. Newdegate with drowsiness, of Mr. Drummond with shame mingled with indignation, of the new Sir Robert Peel with surprise and contempt. This (the sketch) is what the last-named gentleman is like. How like his father, you will instantly say. His appearance created in the 'House' what Miss Talbot's did in the fashionable world, according to Bishop Hendren, a 'sensation'; and when he rose to speak, shouts of 'New member!' rose from every side, and expectation rose on tiptoe, while interest was visible in every upturned and outstretched countenance, and the buzz of eager excitement prevailed in the 'first assembly of gentlemen in the world.' There he stood, leaning upon a walking-stick, which from its bulk you would have fancied he carried as a weapon of defence, young and rather handsome, but with a somewhat fierce and, I would say, truculent look about the eyes; hair brown, plentiful, and curly, shirt collar turned down, and, O shade of his father! a large pair of moustaches upon his Republican-looking 'mug'!!! He has a manly voice and plenty of confidence, and his speech made up by its originality what it wanted in common-sense, and was full of prejudice, bigotry, and illiberal Radicalism, while it lacked largeness of view, and was destitute of statesmanship."

That is to say, the new member differed entirely from Doyle on the subject under discussion. Whence these remarks which show that, in the matter of political criticism, things did not greatly differ in the Exhibition Year from the manner in which they run to-day.



THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

HIS PARLIAMENTARY CAREER.

Sir Robert Peel was elected member for Tamworth in 1850, and had not been in the House many months when he made his maiden speech. To the end he succeeded in sustaining that interest of the House of Commons which the shrewd, if prejudiced, observer in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery noted forty-four years ago. There was a time when Sir Robert promised to sustain in the political and Parliamentary world the high reputation with which his name had been endowed by his illustrious father. He was promptly made a Lord of the Treasury, and

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in 1861 Lord Palmerston promoted him to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Robert was always original, and he asked to be relieved from this post for a reason Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley will contemplate with amazed interest. There was not enough for him to do, he said, and he must needs clear out.

He sat for Tamworth through an uninterrupted space of thirty years. The wave of Radical enthusiasm that brought Mr. Gladstone into power in 1880 swept away Sir Robert Peel and many others, whose Liberalism was not sufficiently robust for the crisis. For four years he was out of Parliament. But his heart, untravelled, fondly turned to the scene with which his family traditions and the prime of his own life were closely associated. In 1884 he returned as member for Huntingdon, to find fresh lustre added to the name of Peel. His brother had, in the previous month, been elected Speaker, and the House was already beginning to recognise in him supreme ability for the post.



MR. ROCHFORT MAGUIRE.

I have to this day a vivid recollection of the play of Sir Robert's lips and the twinkle in his eye when Sir Erskine May, then still Chief Clerk, brought him up in the usual fashion to introduce him to the Speaker. Sir Robert bowed with courtly grace, and held out his hand with respectful gesture towards his new acquaintance. One mindful for the decorum of Parliamentary proceedings could not help being thankful when the episode was over. There was something in Sir Robert's face, something in his rolling gait as he approached the Chair, that would not have made it at all astonishing if he had heartily slapped the Speaker on the shoulder, or even playfully poked him in the ribs, and observed, "Halloa, old fellow! Who'd have thought of finding you here? Glad to see you!"

"IT SMELLS AN ENGLISH NAME."

That Sir Robert was not to be warned off from the use of colloquialisms by seriousness of surroundings was often proved during the latter portion of his Parliamentary career. On the historic night in the Session of 1878, when the House of Commons was thrown into a state of consternation by a telegram received from Mr. Layard, announcing that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople, Sir Robert Peel airily lectured the House in general, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright in particular, for "squabbling about little points." A bolder and better remembered passage in his speech occurred to him when discussing a vote in Committee of Supply on account of a so-called work of art just added to the national store by the sculptor Boehm. Sir Robert's peculiar pronunciation of the word, his dramatic sniffing of the nostrils as he looked round, and his exclamation, "Boehm? Boehm? It *smelis* an English name," immensely delighted an after-dinner audience.

TWO SERVICES AT ST. MARGARET'S.

The last time I saw Sir Robert Peel was at St. Margaret's Church, on the occasion of the wedding of his niece, the Speaker's daughter, to Mr. Rochfort Maguire. He came in late and stayed for awhile, looking upon the scene from the top of the aisle. His bright face, upright figure, and general bearing gave no premonition of the fact that three weeks later, to the very day, St. Margaret's Church would be filled again, partly by the same congregation, and once more the occasion closely connected with the Peel family history. But now the wedding chimes were hushed; the funeral bells took up the story, telling how, at that hour, in the parish church where his father had worshipped and where he had himself slumbered through long sermons in schoolboy days, the second Sir Robert Peel was laid to his final rest.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Many years ago, on an Atlantic steamer outward bound, I made the acquaintance of a notable man. It was at the time when, long before South Africa had become Tom Tiddler's ground, cattle ranches were a booming market for the English speculators. My friend, who was, of course, a Colonel, had commenced life as a cowboy, and had gradually acquired flocks and herds till he became rich beyond the dreams of avarice. He was a man of distinguished appearance, of gentlest manner, and, as I soon learned, of most chivalrous nature. But so deeply ingrained were his cowboy habits, so recently applied the veneer of

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civilization, that in the course of conversation—and on some subjects his talk had all the freshness and charm of a little child—he interpolated a prolonged and fearsome oath.

"Ex-cuse," he said, when these fits came over him, bowing his head and speaking in gentlest tones. Then he went on talking with his musical drawl till suddenly he stumbled into another pitfall of bad language, coming out again with bowed head, sweet smile, and his long-drawn, plaintive, "Ex-cuse."

One thing he told me of his first appearance in civilization befell him on his first visit to Chicago. Putting up, as became a man of his wealth, at the best hotel in the city, he was struck with the magnificence of the dining saloon, with its rich, soft, thick carpets, its massive chandeliers, its gilt pillars, and its many mirrors. Seeing another large room leading out of the one in which he stood at gaze, the Colonel advanced to explore it—and walked right into a mirror, smashing the glass and cutting himself. He had never in his life seen anything of that kind. The delusion was complete, broken only with the shivered glass.

A SPECTRE GUEST.

I thought of my friend the Colonel the other night at the house of a well-known Amphitryon. It was an evening party, at which Royalty was present in unusual muster. A brilliant company had gathered to meet them, many of the women fair, and most of the men bravely attired in Ministerial, Court, naval, or military uniforms. At midnight the room in which a sumptuous supper was spread was crowded. At one table stood a well-known member of the House of Commons, in animated conversation with a group of friends. Bidding them good-night, he turned to leave the room, and strode straight up to a mirror that covered a wall at one end.

He halted abruptly as he observed a man walking with rapid pace to meet him. He stood and looked him straight in the face, the other guest regarding him with equal interest. The hon. member, the pink of courtesy, slightly bowed and moved a step to the right to let the new-comer enter. By an odd coincidence (not uncommon in these encounters) the stranger took exactly the same direction, and there they stood face to face again. With a smile and another bow, the hon. member moved smartly to the left.

Never shall I forget the look of amazement reflected in his face as, staring into the glass, he discovered that the stranger had once more made a corresponding movement and stood before him.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, in faltering tones.

Whether the sound of his own voice broke the spell, or whether he saw the lips of his *vis-à-vis* moving and recognised his identity, I do not know. The truth flashed upon him, and with rapid step he made for the door in the corner at right angles with the mirror and disappeared.

AN IRISH PEERAGE.

As to a story told me by an Irish member with reference to a peerage (which, by the way, in discoursing on the subject I did not name), G. S. writes from County Antrim :—

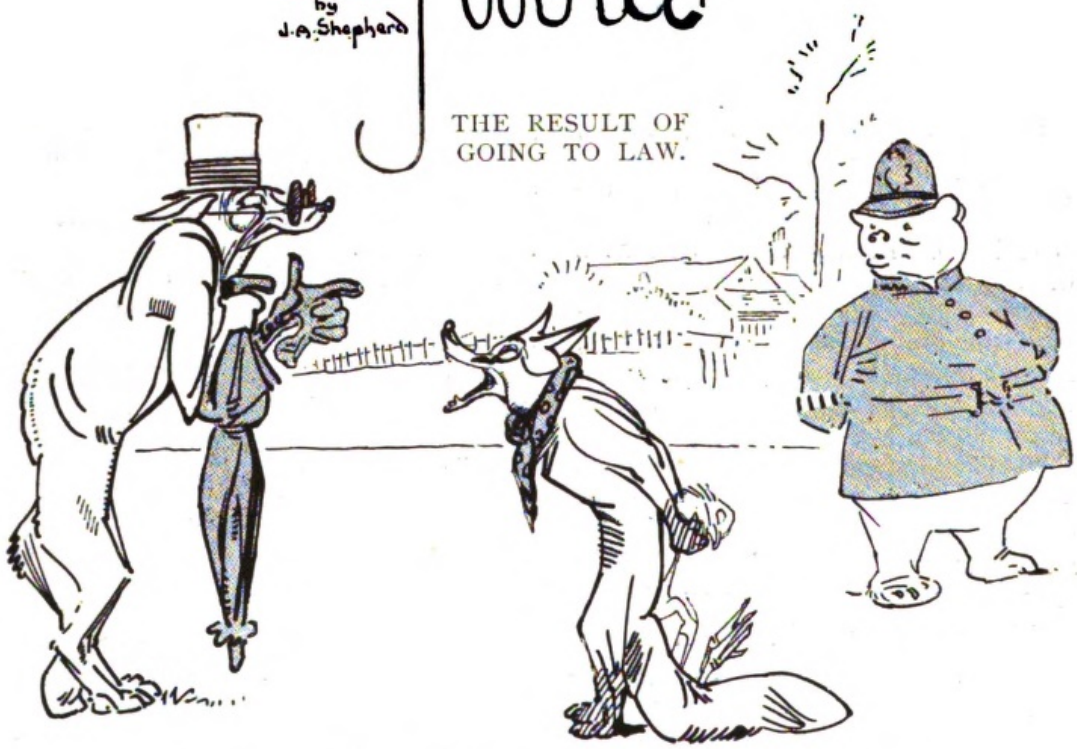
"My father spent his youth very near Woodlands, now Luttrellstown, Lord Annally's place in County Dublin. I often heard him speak of Luke White, the bookseller, father to the first Lord Annally, and as to his accumulation of wealth. The report current at that time was that he found in a book not bank-notes but a lottery ticket, which came out a prize for a large sum. A small document like this would be more likely to escape notice than a number of bank-notes. This Luke White kept, among his other avocations, a lottery office in Dublin, and, probably, made large profits by it : at any rate, he left his four sons well off. Three of them were Colonels of Irish Militia regiments and members of Parliament. The youngest of these three Colonels, Henry White, was created first Baron Annally. Hoping you will excuse the liberty in sending you these few particulars."

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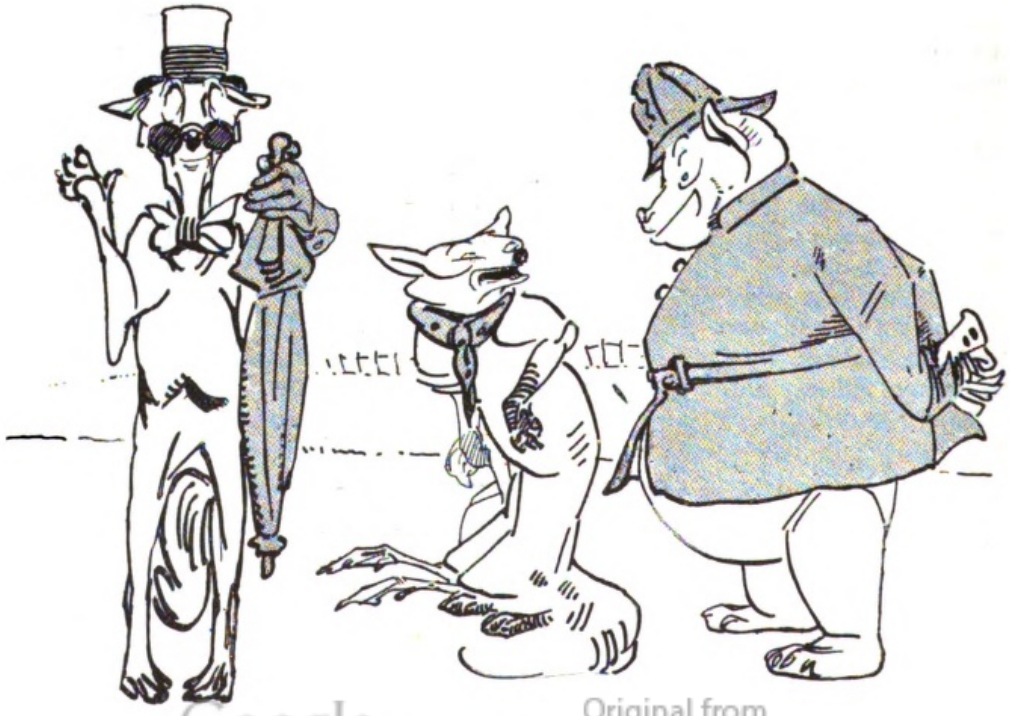
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

THE RESULT OF GOING TO LAW.



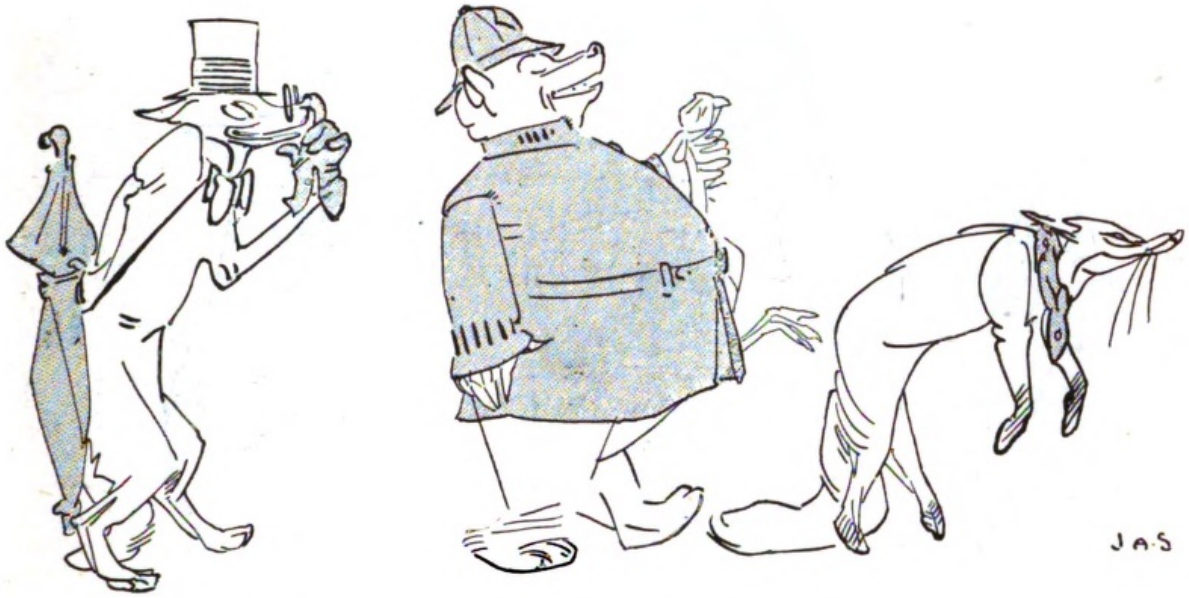
1.—THE WOLF ACCUSED THE FOX OF STEALING A PULLET FROM HIS LARDER—



J.A.S

2.—AND GAVE HIM IN CHARGE ON THE SPOT.

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3.—ACCORDINGLY, THEY PROCEEDED TO THE POLICE-COURT—

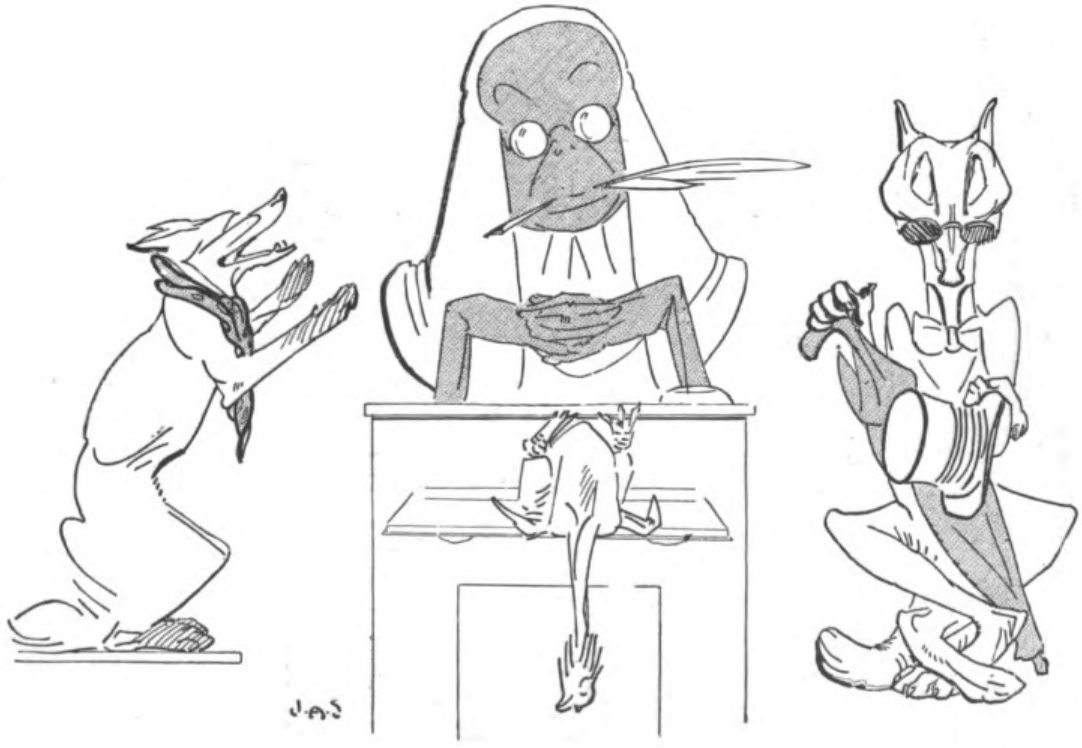


CASE WAS TRIED BY MR. JUSTICE AFE.

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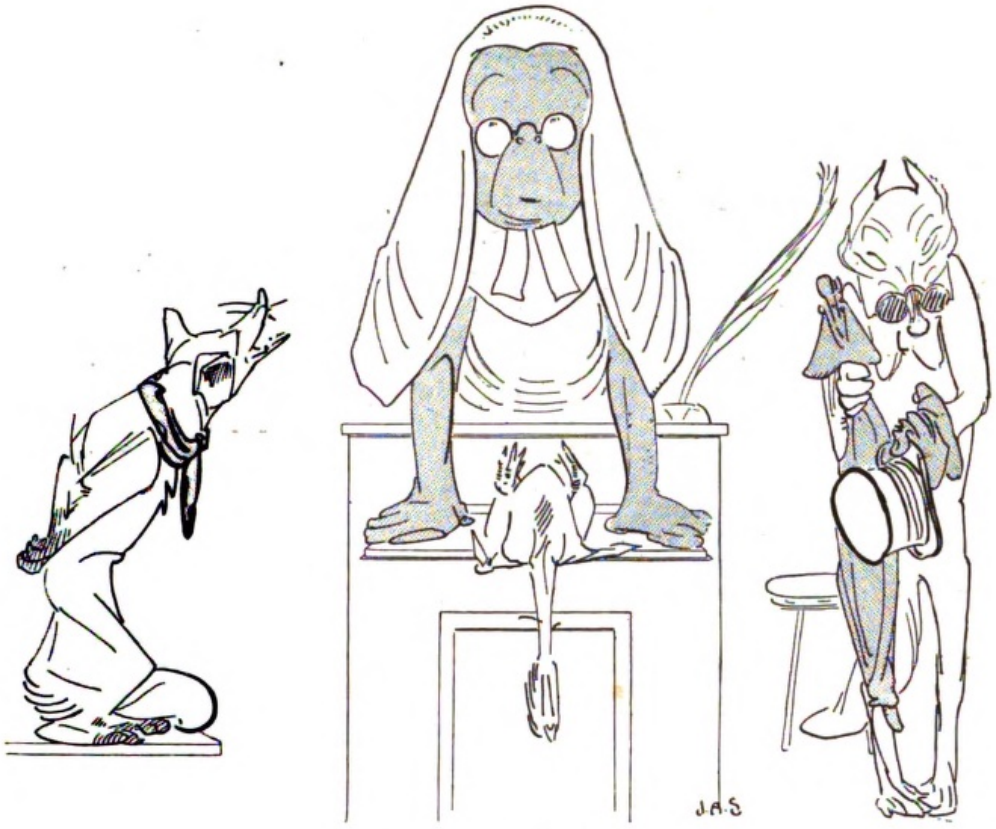


5.—FIRST, THE WOLF GAVE HIS VERSION OF THE MATTER—



6.—AND THEN THE FOX FOLLOWED WITH A PLEA OF INNOCENCE.

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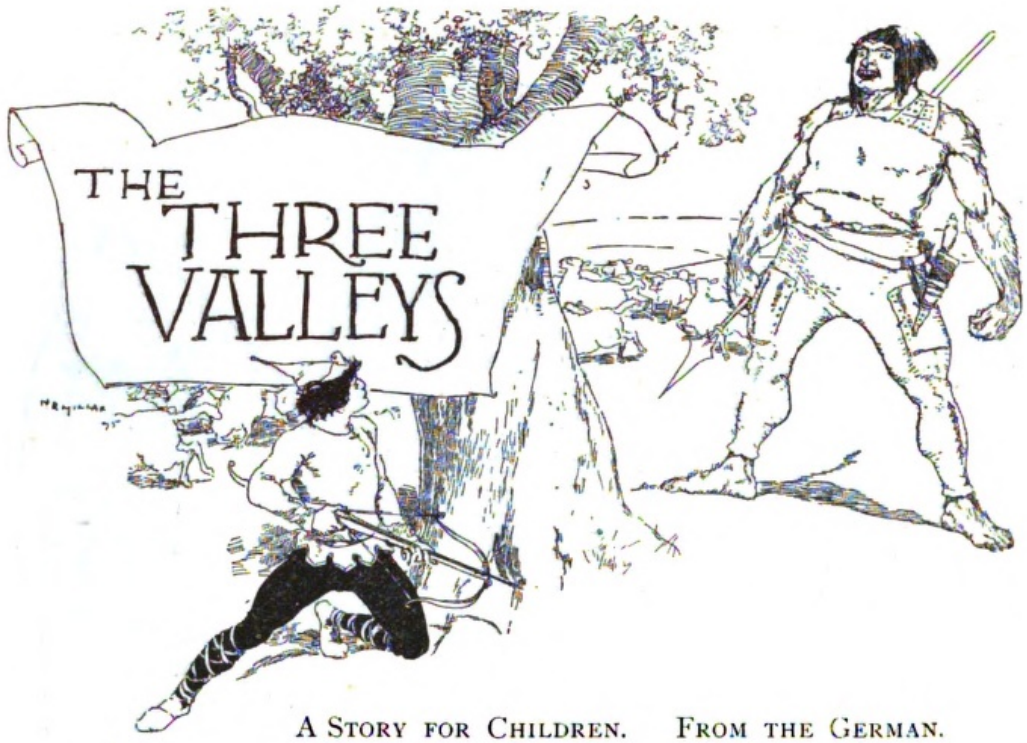


7.—MR. JUSTICE APE CONDEMNED THE WOLF TO PAY COSTS FOR BRINGING A FALSE CHARGE, AND INFORMED THE FOX THAT HE WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE HANGING AS A THIEF—



8.—WHILE HE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE PULLET AS HIS OWN FEE.

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN. FROM THE GERMAN.

IN olden days there lived a Count, who had many castles and estates, and a most beautiful daughter, but no one would associate with him, for it was rumoured he was in league with the Evil One; indeed, from time to time one or other of his servants most mysteriously disappeared.

The last who disappeared was the shepherd. One evening he did not return to the castle. Search was made for him throughout the village, but in vain; no trace of him could be found. After this no one would enter the Count's service as shepherd; but at last, a bold, handsome youth presented himself; he had travelled far as a soldier, and cared nothing for evil spirits. The Count immediately engaged him, and said he could take the sheep to feed wherever he liked, only he must never go into the three valleys to the east of the castle. For a time all went well; the young man drove the sheep into the rich meadows around the castle as his master had ordered, and led a very comfortable life. But he was always thinking of the three valleys, and being a brave youth who did not fear evil spirits, he one day took the cross-bow and bolts he had used when soldiering, put a new string to his bow, and said, as he struck his rusty spear against the ground:—

"I will see who will venture to harm me in the three valleys; it will fare badly with him, I think."

Going towards the east, he soon arrived with his sheep in the first valley, where he found beautiful meadows in which he could safely leave his flock. He looked carefully around, but, except the butterflies fluttering to and fro, and the humming of the bees, there was neither sound nor movement. Then he sat down beneath an oak and began to play on his pipe; suddenly, in the wood near, arose a crashing and cracking as if some mighty animal were breaking through the bushes, and, before our shepherd could fix a bolt in his cross-bow, a powerful giant stood before him and cried:—

"What are you doing here with your grass-eaters, destroying my meadows, you insolent fellow? You shall answer for this."

He did not wait for an answer, but threw his spear with fearful force at the shepherd, who saved himself by springing behind the oak, into which the spear sank so deep that the point stuck out on the other side. Then, fixing a bolt into his cross-bow, the shepherd took aim, and struck the giant so skilfully in the centre of the forehead that he fell with a deep groan to the earth. Before he had time to rise, the shepherd bounded forward and ran his spear through his adversary's neck, nailing him to the ground, and his spirit soon fled. The shepherd took the giant's sword and armour, and was about to return home, when in an opening of the forest he saw a stately castle. The doors were wide open;

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he entered. In the spacious hall stood a stone table on which was a cup covered with a silver plate bearing these words :—

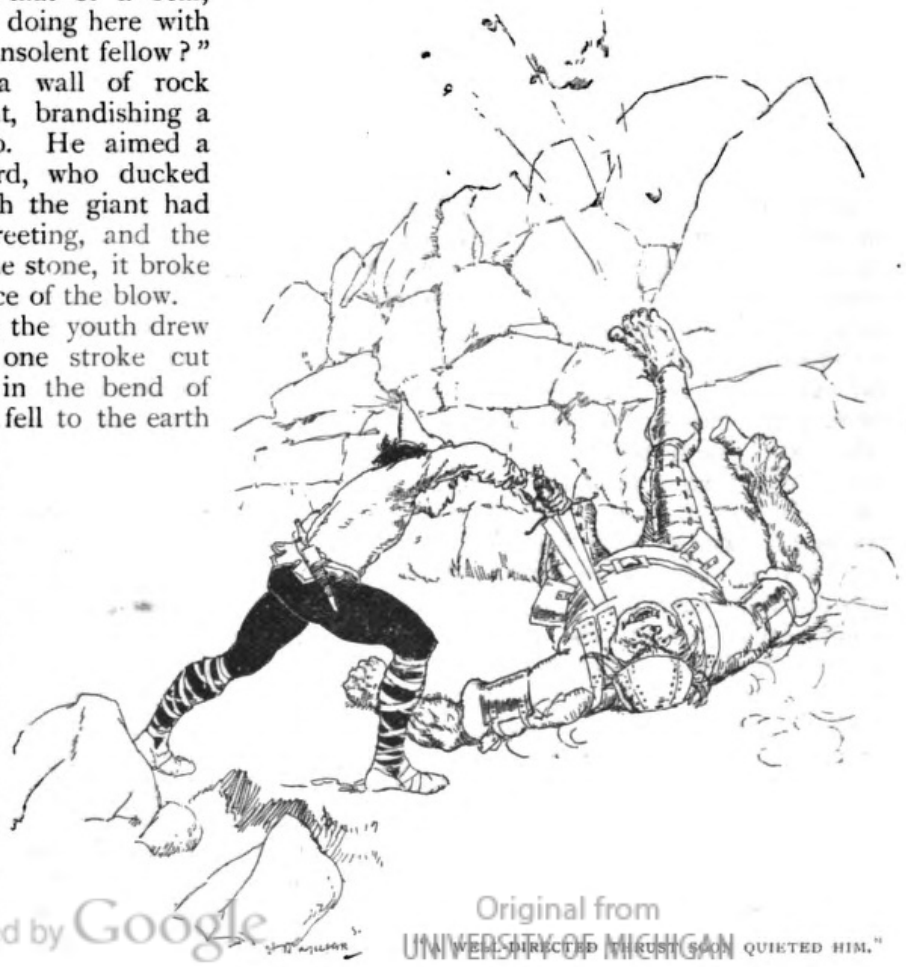
Who drinks of this cup
Shall overcome the Evil One.

The young man had no confidence in the words or the drink, and left the cup untouched. He laid the dead giant's armour in the hall ; then, taking the key of the door with him, he returned home with his flock, and went to rest without mentioning his adventure to anyone. The next day he tended his sheep on the mountain slopes surrounding the castle, but the second day he could not rest ; so, girding on the sword he had taken from the dead giant, he started with his flock for the second valley, in hopes of fresh adventure. Here also were beautiful pastures, if possible richer and more luxuriant than in the first valley ; the flowers breathed forth their fragrance, the birds sang sweetly, and through the meadows meandered a stream clear as crystal, by whose bank the shepherd lay down to rest. He was just thinking that all adventure and danger were past when an enormous block of rock fell on the ground near him, and a voice rough and wild, like that of a bear, said : " What are you doing here with your grass-eaters, you insolent fellow ? " And from behind a wall of rock stepped a mighty giant, brandishing a ponderous stone club. He aimed a blow at the shepherd, who ducked behind the rock which the giant had thrown as his first greeting, and the club descending on the stone, it broke in pieces from the force of the blow.

Quick as lightning the youth drew his sword, and with one stroke cut through the sinews in the bend of the giant's knee, who fell to the earth with a loud roar. He struck out wildly with his fists, but a well-directed thrust through the heart soon quieted him. The shepherd left him lying there, and turned towards the wall of rock ; here he found a massive door concealed amongst the thicket. Through this he passed, and entered a hall-like cavern, in which, at a stone manger, stood a snow-white horse ready saddled, and over the manger was engraved this saying :—

Who springs on this white horse
Shall overcome the Evil One.

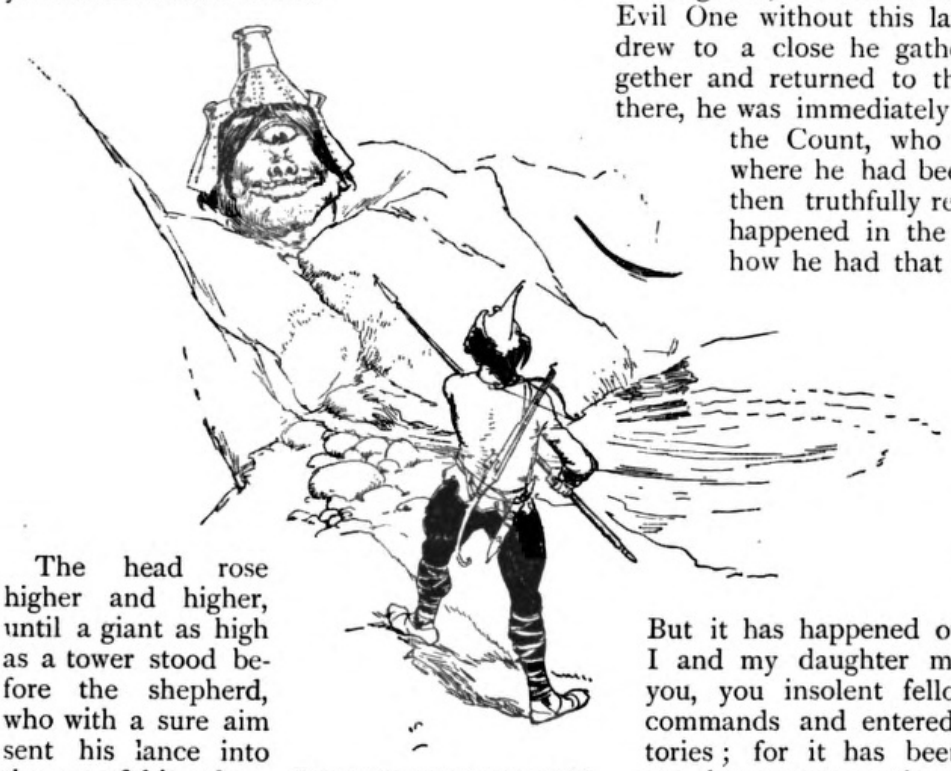
Now, the shepherd thought : " I am strong enough to take care of myself, and I do not want to overcome the Evil One, he has always left me in peace ; but I will remember that here stands a fine horse on which I can ride forth into the wide world." He threw fresh oats into the manger, shut the door, and returned home. The next few days he remained very quiet, lest his movements might have been observed ; then, as no one questioned him, he one fine morning drove his sheep into the third valley. Beautiful meadows glittered in the sunshine ; from a hill of rock a waterfall plashed down, forming a small sea in which sported innumerable fish. The shepherd looked carefully around, searched under every bush, but found nothing. No sound was heard save the continued plash, plash, of the cool water. The day was very sultry, and the shepherd was just preparing for a bathe in the fresh, clear water, when from out a ravine near the sea appeared a horrible human head, with one



"WELL-DIRECTED THRUST SOON QUIETED HIM."

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eye, as large as a plate, in the centre of the forehead, and a voice loud as the roll of thunder shouted: "What do you want here, you insolent earth-worm?"



"WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?"

The head rose higher and higher, until a giant as high as a tower stood before the shepherd, who with a sure aim sent his lance into the eye of his adversary. The monster, thus blinded, groped wildly about with his hands, in hopes to strangle his enemy, but he only seized an oak which he tore up by the roots, and threw it high into the air. Now the victory was easy, for though the giant could no longer be hurt by cuts and thrusts, which slipped off from his body as from a mossy stone, the shepherd soon found other means. He mocked and insulted the blind giant, and by the sound of his voice drew him ever nearer and nearer to the sea, at the side where the cliff overhung the water. At last he sprang for a moment on the edge of the precipice, and gave a loud, mocking cry, then silently concealed himself behind a tree. The giant, deceived by the shout, pursued him eagerly, lost his footing, and fell heavily into the sea.

Then the shepherd went down into the ravine from which the monster had appeared. Here lay a meadow full of beautiful flowers, in the midst of which rose a spacious mansion, built of the trunks of trees. The shepherd entered the hall and saw a mighty spear, on whose shaft these words were cut:—

Who throws this lance
Shall overcome the Evil One.

He seized the spear, but his arms were too weak to raise it, and he wearily laid the mighty weapon back in the corner; at the same time he thought, since he had conquered three giants, he could surely overcome the Evil One without this lance. As the day drew to a close he gathered his sheep together and returned to the castle. Arrived there, he was immediately summoned before the Count, who asked him angrily where he had been. The shepherd then truthfully related all that had happened in the three valleys, and how he had that day slain the giant as tall as a tower.

"Woe to you and to me," replied the Count, with pale lips. "I heard the giant's cries of rage, and hoped you were paying for your disobedience with your life. But it has happened otherwise, and now I and my daughter must suffer because you, you insolent fellow, disobeyed my commands and entered the giants' territories; for it has been made known to me that to-morrow the mighty lord of the giants, the Prince of the Infernal Regions, will appear, and demand my daughter or me as a sacrifice; but before that you, you miserable fellow, shall suffer all the agonies of torture, as a punishment for bringing me into this trouble.

"Seize him!" he cried to the servants who were standing in the entrance-hall. His command was at once obeyed, when the Count's daughter, who had listened with glowing cheeks to the shepherd's story, threw herself on her knees and implored for delay.

"Dearest father," she cried, "should you not rather endeavour to make use of this brave youth for our deliverance than put him to the torture? He has overcome three giants; surely he will be able to vanquish the Prince of the Infernal Regions."

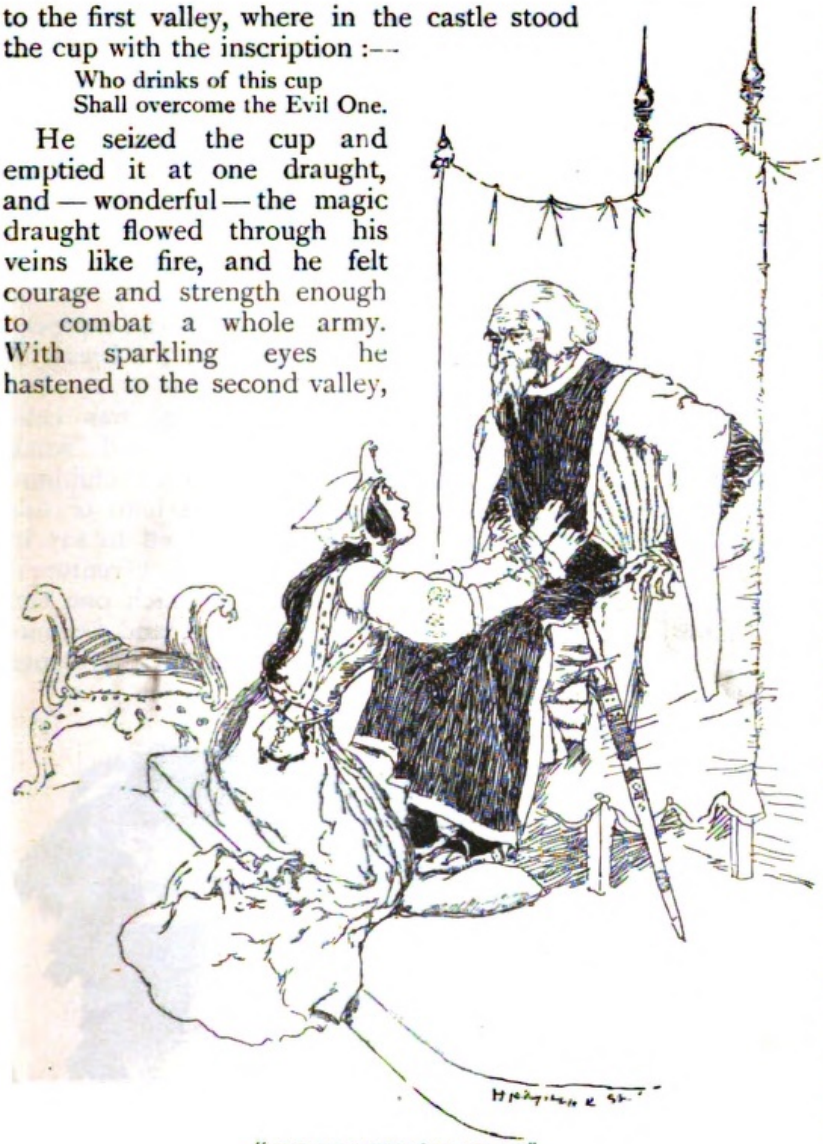
The Count remained for a few moments in deep thought, and then acknowledged that his daughter's suggestion was both good and clever. He asked the shepherd if he were willing to expiate his crime by a combat with the Evil One, and the young man, with a grateful look at his deliverer, at once agreed. With the first dawn of morning he rose from his couch, for he now recalled the words about overcoming the Evil One, and hastened

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to the first valley, where in the castle stood the cup with the inscription :—

Who drinks of this cup
Shall overcome the Evil One.

He seized the cup and emptied it at one draught, and — wonderful — the magic draught flowed through his veins like fire, and he felt courage and strength enough to combat a whole army. With sparkling eyes he hastened to the second valley,



"SHE IMPLORED FOR DELAY."

mounted the white horse, who greeted him with a joyful neigh, and then galloped as if in flight to the third valley, in which stood the mighty lance. Yesterday he could scarcely move it; to-day, with one hand, he swung it high over his head, as if it had been a small arrow.

By sunrise he was again at the Count's castle, waiting eagerly for what would happen, but the day passed and no one appeared. The sun had sunk to rest, and the moon had just risen in all her splendour, when in the north of the heavens was seen what appeared to be a dark storm-cloud. With the speed of lightning it approached the castle, and a voice, as of a bassoon, sounded from out the cloud: "Where are my propitiatory sacrifices?" At the same time a gigantic eagle, with greenish-grey wings, like the storm-cloud, hovered high over the castle, ready to swoop down on his prey. Then the young man set spurs into his white horse, and shaking his lance high above his head, cried with a loud voice: "There are no sacrifices here for you, you robber! Begone instantly, or you shall feel my arrows!" On hearing these words, the eagle swooped down with a wild cry, before the shepherd could take his cross-bow, and the young man would certainly have perished had it not been for his presence of mind and the strength and activity of his steed. A touch with the spur, and it flew swift as the wind under a very old and thickly leaved linden tree, whose branches hung down almost to the ground, so that the eagle could only break in through the side.

This the bird at once attempted, and it caused his death, for his outspread wings became entangled in the branches, and the brave rider, with one powerful blow of his sword, severed the head from the body. But, oh, horror! instead of blood there came forth from the headless body of the eagle a huge serpent, who, with wide-open jaws, approached the shepherd and tried to enfold him in the rings of its flexible body. By a skilful movement, it encircled the horse and rider, and crushed them until the young man thought he should be pressed into the body of his steed, but the horse pressed himself so close against the tree that the head of the serpent came round on the other side of the trunk, and thus it was hindered from harming the shepherd with its poisonous bite or breath. One stroke of the shepherd's sharp dagger, and the body of the serpent fell in two pieces to the ground; the horse immediately trampled on the head. But the hinder part of the serpent swelled and swelled, the cut became a frightful mouth, which spurted out smoke and flames, while from the rings of the serpent's body grew forth claws and wings, and at last a horrible monster in the form of a

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dragon threw itself on the shepherd, whose strength had already begun to fail through the dreadful pressing of the serpent. But in his greatest need a saving thought occurred to him—he turned his horse round: it broke through the branches of the linden tree into the open field, and sped with its rider to the nearest stream, in whose waters they both cooled themselves. The dragon snorted after them, spitting forth fire and smoke. But as the head of the serpent, from whose body the dragon had grown, had been destroyed, there was no deadly poison in its breath, and the rider was safe from the flames through bathing in the stream. So he rode boldly towards the approaching dragon with lance in rest, and tried to approach it from the side; but all his blows glanced off from its scaly body as from a coat of mail. Suddenly it occurred to him to thrust his lance down the monster's throat. He turned his horse and spurred him straight towards the dragon, and thrusting his lance through the smoke and flame, stuck it right into the creature's throat. He was obliged to leave his lance, for his horse, singed by the fiery breath of the dragon, bounded far to one side; but the monster did not attempt to follow them, the lance had stuck deep into its body. It struck wildly with its tail on the ground, until the earth burst, then it shivered and fell over, first on its side, then on its back, a stream of fire poured forth from its wide-open jaws, and with the flames its life passed away.

Thus was the combat ended and the Evil One subdued. Joyfully the shepherd rode back to the Count and his daughter, and told them all that had happened. The Count, embracing him, said, "You are our deliverer, to you I owe my life and all that I possess: take the half of whatever is mine, or choose from it whatever pleases you."

The shepherd gazed earnestly into the eyes of the Count's lovely daughter, and replied:—

"I know of nothing, sir Count, in the whole world which is dearer to me than your daughter. Give her to me for my wife, if she be willing."

The Count smiled. "Are you willing, my child?"

"I love him more than words can express," said the maiden, and sank on the breast of the shepherd.

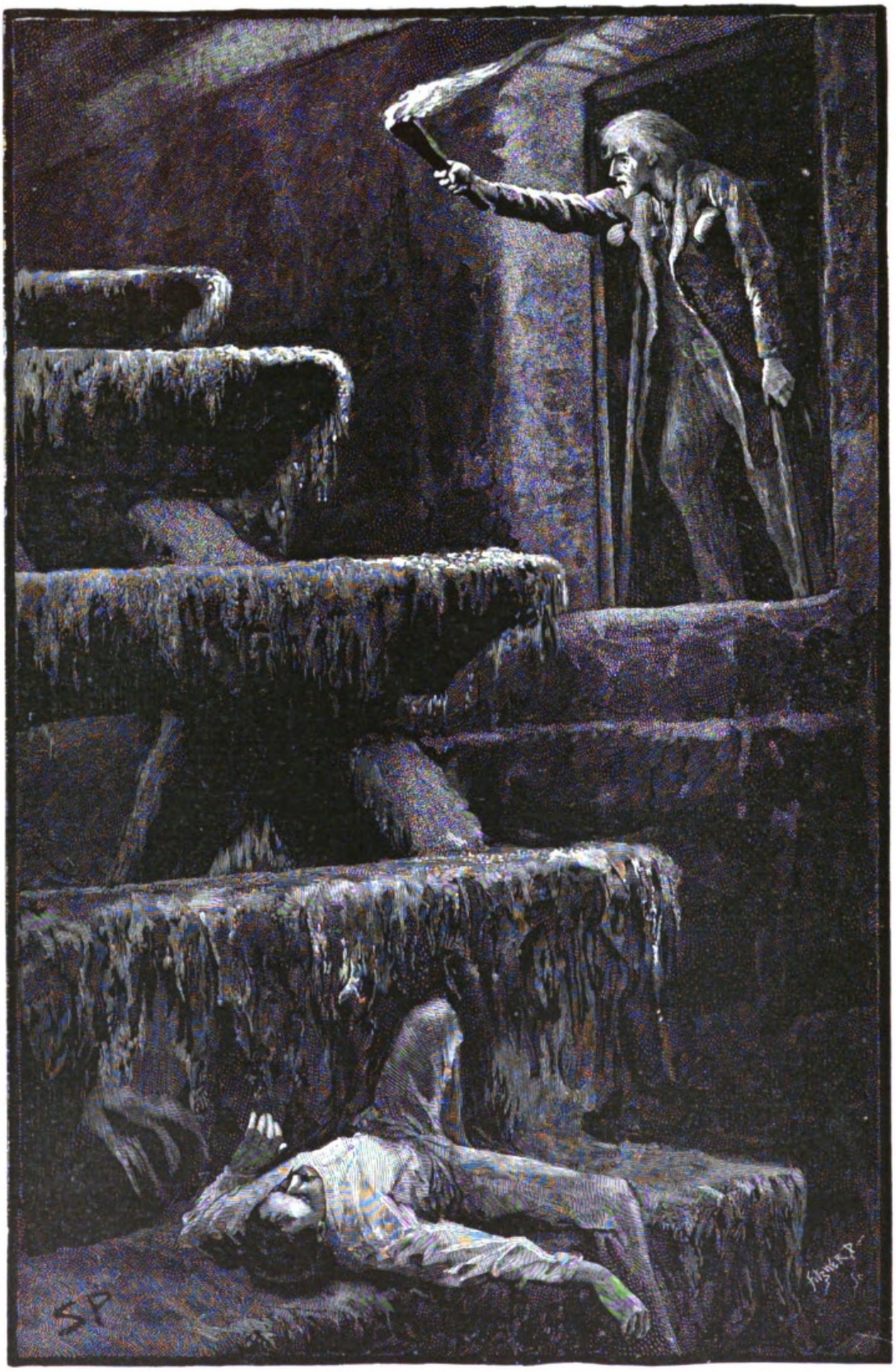
The next day the marriage was celebrated with great splendour, and when Heaven had blessed their union with children, and these were grown up, the hero of this story, a shepherd no longer, used to say to his sons when telling them of his adventures: "There are three things by which one can subdue giants and evil spirits, and become great: courage, perseverance, and presence of mind."



"WITH THE FLAMES ITS LIFE PASSED AWAY."

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"I LOOKED UP AND SAW THE CRIPPLE."

(See page 249.)

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The Cripple at the Mill.

By Max Pemberton.

THE thunderstorm, which had followed me all the afternoon, promised to burst about the hour of sunset. Away to the west, the rolling vapours steamed up in fantastic shapes; there were mountains of sullen black cloud lying low in the remoter valley. The river itself took the colour of ink; the distant woods upon which the sun still fell were all lit with rich and changing colours, in fine contrast to the black and gloomy picture so near to me. I began to hear that distinct throb of the little waves which is a prelude to storm; the wind whistled hauntingly in the willows; the grasses bent to the fitful blasts; even my canoe went careering onward, as though anxious to bring me to shelter.

Supper and bed! The words had a pleasant ring for a man who was ten miles from anywhere. I had been making a tour of the rivers of France, and having come down the Seine to my great content, had struck through the canals into the River Loire. Thence I was looking to reach the Saone, and ultimately the Rhone. Until this June day of which I write, my trip had been all that I had hoped. The perpetual sunshine, the perfect rest, the exhilaration of the exercise, the solitude, the sweetness of the rivers, had blotted London from my memory. My old canoe, bought years ago at Toronto, had been my best friend. My luggage would not have filled a decent trunk. Two suits of thick flannels served all purposes. My levée dress was a mackintosh; my morning toilet, a sweater and a pipe. And I was happy; happy, I think, beyond any oarsman that ever cut himself adrift from his fellows, and made holiday alone.

Supper and bed! They seemed far off, indeed. I was ten leagues from Nevers, and the surrounding country was as flat as the Fens. Not the vestige of a house could I see.

It was now near to being quite dark. Ugly flashes of forked lightning struck across the western sky; the wind moaned warningly; there was foam upon the wavelets. With the hope that I might yet come upon a haven, I dug my paddle into the water furiously, and the rush of waves from my bows was like music to my ears. The greater speed carried me swiftly to the point where the stream swung round sharply to the eastward. I passed a great clump of bushes, all covered with wild clematis, and then I saw the girl.

A prettier apparition never was. She sat upon the bank, weaving white moon-daisies into her hair, which fell over her shoulders almost to her waist. She wore no shoes or stockings, and, for the matter of that, her feet were in the water to her ankles. What her age was I make no pretence to tell. I remember only that her exceedingly well-shaped face and great dark eyes gave me the notion that she was very young, and her dress was fittingly picturesque, consisting only of a short skirt of scarlet, and an old black and gold bodice with white sleeves such as we look for with the typical gipsy of opera. Her feathers, however, had long since lost their fineness. The gold lace was wofully faded; the sleeves were scrupulously white, but much torn; there were buttons wanting. None the less was the effect singularly pleasing, and the face of the girl one to attract apart from her environment.

The moment she saw my canoe, this wild creature ceased to play with the daisies in her lap, and began to stare at me. Not a muscle did she move; not a word escaped her. But her eyes were a wonder to see, and the little hands were dainty enough to call for a painter's admiration. I paused for a moment, silent in praise. Then I spoke to her with all the French I could muster.

"I am caught by the storm, little one; can you direct me to any shelter?"

She looked at me with increasing amazement, but gave me no answer. I might have been addressing a statue. I threw a franc to her. It fell almost upon her right hand, but she made no motion to pick it up; nor did she look at it, continuing instead to search me with those lustrous eyes of hers.

"There is no house here," said she, speaking at last with a very pleasant voice.

"But where do you live?" I persisted, in surprise.

"I live at the White Mill," she answered, unconcernedly.

"And where is the White Mill?"

"What eyes you have," she now cried, gaily; "the White Mill is through the trees there."

I must have been blind. When I looked for the spot she indicated, I saw the shape of a tumble-down structure showing through the trees of a scanty copse. It was not half a mile from where I was.

"Oh," said I, at the discovery; "that's where you live, is it? And is your mother there?"

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"'YOU WISH TO GO TO THE MILL?' SHE ASKED."

She shook her head.

"Or your father?"

She answered me as before.

"Then who takes care of you?" I asked, angry at her obstinacy.

"My uncle, Maître Chalot."

"Then he will give me a bed. Sapristi, the rain is coming down already. We shall be drenched, little one. Run on and tell your uncle I am about to make his acquaintance."

She did not move; but the look of amused curiosity in her eyes passed to one of startled surprise.

"You wish to go to the mill?" she asked.

"Certainly, I wish to go; why should I not?"

"Because," she answered, slowly, "because—no one goes to Maître Chalot."

"Then all the more reason to give him company."

"Oh! but—but——"

"But what, pretty child?"

She had now started to her feet, and had snatched up the franc, which she slipped into the breast of the faded bodice. I thought for a moment that she was going to plead with me; but when she had stood for some time with the wild look in her eyes, of a sudden she ran away swiftly towards the old house, and I was alone.

"A pest on it," said I, "the little witch is mad."

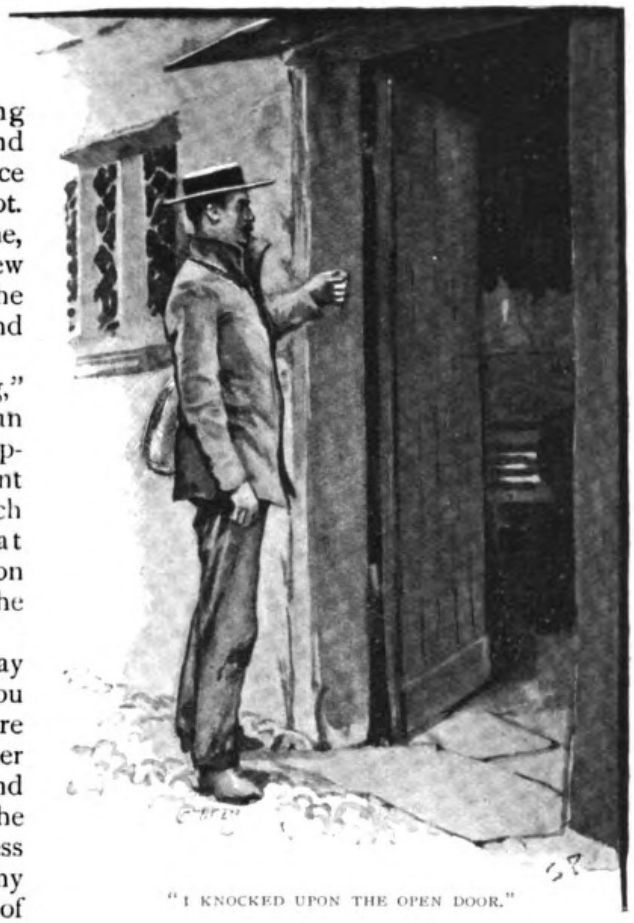
Mad or sane, it was not a situation to call for serious debate. Wild gusts of wind now howled in the valley. A heavy darkness had come down with the storm. The rain and hail cut the face. The willows bent like whips. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud in paths of blinding light. The rattle of the thunder was like the roar of unnumbered batteries. Determined to find a haven at any cost, and sublimely indifferent to the relations between Maître Chalot and his neighbours, I set down to my work, and, wet and weary as I was, the canoe flew onward to the mill.

The house proved on better acquaintance to be just as decrepit and decayed as I had thought when first I saw it. Scarce a pane in any lattice was uncracked. The thatch struggled raggedly over the eaves. One wing of the building had sunk upon its foundations and yawed away from its fellow. The high chimney above the mill had long since had a quarrel with the perpendicular. The walls were often bulging and split. The door of the parlour—for there was no such luxury as a hall—had lost a hinge. A mangy dog of all known breeds lay asleep on a heap of dirty straw in the yard. I saw that the place was built upon the bank of a little stream here flowing swiftly into the main river; and must once have been a prosperous mill. But that, I judged, was years ago.

I left my canoe in the mill-pool, then whipped into ripples by the storm; and, regardless of the fact that water streamed out of my flannels, I knocked upon the open door of the kitchen. There was a fire burning brightly in a stove, and stew-pans warming on the copper top. The whole interior was ridiculously clean for such an environment, and in spite of the warnings of the little witch, I began to congratulate myself upon

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the adventure. In the same moment I heard someone hobbling across the flags, and then was face to face with Maître Chalot. I was sure it was he, and at the first view of him I saw that he was a cripple, and went on crutches.



"I KNOCKED UPON THE OPEN DOOR."

"Good evening," said he. "You are an Englishman, I suppose, and you want shelter? Well, such as I have is at your disposal. Mon Dieu, listen to the thunder."

He led the way into his cottage—you could not call it more — without another word; and I found myself sitting at the fire in a hopeless endeavour to dry my clothes. The witch of the river was not to be seen, however, and the storm now beat so violently without, and the darkness was so intense, that the old man hobbled to a cupboard and set a lamp upon his table. The light of it added to my surprise. It showed me the features of one who might well have been an abbé. Never had I seen such a gentle-looking old fellow. Silky white hair streamed upon his forehead; his face was the face of a Greek; his mouth like the mouth of a tender woman; his eyes kindly; his voice gentle. And this was the man of whom the neighbours made a hermit, and against whom my little friend had suggested cautions. What a farce!

When he had placed the lamp upon the table, Maître Chalot made haste to apologize for his shortcomings and to set supper.

"I have nothing but bread and wine to offer, monsieur," said he, hobbling about upon his crutches with surprising agility; "but such as I have, I give with all my heart. It was different when my wife was alive—but she died ten years ago. And there is no woman's hand in this house now. God be merciful to me, I am quite alone!"

"One moment," said I, feeling myself moved to pity at his obvious distress. "I met a young girl on the river's bank half a mile from here. She declared she was your niece!"

When I said this, a swift look of hatred passed over his striking face. He brought down his fist with a bang upon the table so that the glasses he had set danced again.

"My niece she is," cried he, "and with such am I visited for my sins. Oh, she is a lazy creature, monsieur — she is a waif and stray who will come to mischief. Heaven forgive me for saying it. Never was good known of her. She will not go to school; she will not work at home. She is a plague to me. Even the clergy speak of her from the pulpit, saying, 'Be warned by Fifine of the mill.' What a misfortune for you to speak with her."

I said nothing in answer to his appeal; but his words seemed to be confirmed by the absence of the girl when we sat down to his poor supper, and afterwards to pipes in the settle. The crisis of the storm had now passed, but the wind still howled dismally in the river valley, and roared under the eaves of the old house with a sound as of human moaning and distress. Yet not a sight of the girl had I seen, and I began to be anxious about her.

"Tell me," said I, filling my glass with the revoltingly sour Bordeaux he offered to me, "where is Fifine now?"

"God knows," cried he, "everywhere—anywhere. She is like a Will-o'-the-wisp. Do not trouble your head about her. I never do—she is not worth a thought."

He turned the subject deftly, going on to tell me that others of my own countrymen had passed down the Loire recently, seeking to reach the Saone, and that two of them had stayed in his house.

"You English," said he, "how gay you are. To row about in boats no bigger than that—oh, it is droll. And not to care if you have

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a pillow for your head or a dinner to eat! *Ma foi!* what a nation!"

He laughed at the humour of the thing, and poured me out another glass of the sour wine. He was just about to resume the subject when we both heard a heavy, dull sound as of hammering, a sound which appeared to come from a room next to our own; and at this he sprang up upon his crutches and hobbled away to listen. In the minute that I was alone I heard a sharp cry like the cry of a girl who had been struck, but it was not repeated, and when the old man came back to me he was still smiling.



"HE POURED ME OUT ANOTHER GLASS OF THE SOUR WINE."

"What a night," said he, apparently in explanation; "what a wind! Did you hear the dog yelping? I have shut him in the cellar. Holy Mother, I would not turn a cur away in such a storm."

"Then what about your niece?" asked I, beginning to feel some slight distrust of him in spite of myself.

"She is in bed," said he, looking at me sharply. "Oh, never fear, she can take care of herself. If anyone suffers, it will not be Fifine."

I knew not what to think, what to say in answer to him. I could have sworn that I had heard a child cry out; and yet here was this smiling old cripple appearing to be the spirit of all benevolence and good. The thing was becoming a mystery. I recalled again the pitiful, dazed look of the girl; I remembered her startled exclamation when I had proposed to go to the mill. And I could not drive it out of my mind that I was quite alone with this saintly cripple; that there was no other house within many miles of his. These things, I say, occurred to me, and yet it is not to be thought that I feared the man. After all, he was old and lame; I was young, and had the strength of perfect health. I knew that I could take him up with one hand, if need be, and pitch him out of his own window. Nevertheless, a certain indefinable sense of dread came upon me once or twice while I sat in that gloomy kitchen. The dim light casting bands of black shadow upon the damp-stained wall; the sob of the wind about the gables; the reddening fire glowing upon the face of my host; the tick of the clock so plainly to be heard; the knowledge of the loneliness of the marshes without, contributed to the impression. I began to feel that the very atmosphere of the room was oppressive; the company of the man unbearable. Talk as much as he might, I could not find it in me to reply to him; and nine o'clock had scarce been struck upon his crazy old clock when I said that I would go to bed.

He found the suggestion a good one.

"Without doubt, you have come far and are tired," said he. "I am distressed to offer you such a poor bed, but it is my best. It was different when my wife lived. Oh, monsieur, what a woman she was. So clean, so neat—such an example. God rest her soul."

As he said this, he produced a tiny brass lamp and lit it. Then he held it aloft and began, very dexterously, to pitch himself forward upon his crutches, leading me down a dark passage towards the yawing gable. He went so fast that I was some paces behind him as he reached the angle of the passage,

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and in this moment I was conscious of a light step behind me. I turned quickly, and found myself almost touching the face of the girl Fifine. But the look in her eyes was one I shall never forget.

"Well, pretty child," said I, in a whisper, "what do you want?"

"I—I want to tell you," she said, gasping for her breath—"don't go—don't sleep—you were kind to me. Oh, don't listen to him. He will——"

What more she would have said I can't for the life of me tell, for that moment the old man called out, and she vanished like a sunbeam.

The passage was now quite dark, save for a ray of moonlight which fell through a tiny lattice high above me; and with the girl's words ringing unpleasantly in my ears, I began to grope my way back to the kitchen. There, at any rate, I could see the danger that menaced me. But in that dark place I knew not what might come. A hundred fears, a hundred possibilities, leapt into my mind. Uncertain, half-convinced, puzzling still upon the enigma, I had taken half-a-dozen steps towards the room I had left, when the light of the man's lantern flashed again at the far end of the passage, and he called to me:—

"Your room is quite ready, monsieur."

He stood waving the light, and I, in turn, paused and looked at him. For the thought had come to me suddenly: what if the girl should have been set to this work; what if it was her design to drag me back to the kitchen? I asked myself: were there other men in the house beside the cripple? What was the sound of hammering I had heard. Why had someone cried out? It seemed to me even in the face of the child's warning that I should fare better if I kept my fears to myself and did not come openly to a statement of them. That would give me time at any rate, and I could look but to my own wits for the rest. As well might a man have cried out for help in the cellars of the Inquisition as in that lonely house.

"This way, monsieur; *peste*, how dark it is, but there are no steps. Permit me to go first with the lantern."

With these words the cripple raised the light so high that its rays were cast upon my face. To have hesitated longer would have been to have brought the thing immediately to a head. Had I known what I know now, I would have taken this course; but in my uncertainty, I thought it better to follow him, and keeping at his heels, I turned the angle of the passage and came to my bedroom. It was a small panelled apartment, with so tiny a window that a dog scarce could have entered through it. A low and very plain iron bedstead, a worn and tattered mat, a tin washstand, and a big deal cupboard furnished it. The place was both bare and dirty, and smelt strongly of damp. A shudder ran through me when the man set down the lamp and again began to apologize for putting me in such a place. But I was anxious to be quit of him; and with a curt word, I sent him about his business.

Directly I was alone, I seemed able to breathe again. How it was I know not, but the very company of that lame man set all my nerves twitching. Now, however, I was rid of him, and scarce had his step died away in the passage before I was at work. Instinctively, I felt that my very life depended upon what I could do in the next ten minutes. As a first thought I turned to the door and examined it. It wanted both lock and key; in fact, it swung loose upon its hinges and was worth no more than a door of paper. The idea that I would bar it with the heavy wardrobe was entertained for a moment, only to be rejected as quickly. Two men could not have moved that cumbrous contrivance; and when I had assured myself of this, I bethought me of the bed. What if I drew the bed across the opening, and so slept with the knowledge that any-one passing into the room must pass over me? It was a good notion, but I put it aside when I remembered what a cabined den I was in. Better far to creep out to the river again—better anything than the gloom and chill and silence of that reeking chamber. And this at last I resolved to do, coming to believe, as I reasoned it out again, that the girl was my friend, the cripple my enemy.

Firm in this purpose, I pushed a chair against the door and sat upon the bed. I had taken off my coat in my endeavours to move the wardrobe, and now I sat in my shirt-sleeves, having first got my pocket-book which contained my money and thrust it into my belt. My knapsack lay upon the chair at the door, but I did not open it; meaning, when half an hour had gone, to crawl down the passage and make a bolt for it. For the first time in the history of my travels, I began to curse my folly in refusing to carry a revolver. Until that time I had laughed at those who did so, but I laughed no more. Nay, as I sat there, starting at every whisper of the wind and creak of the boards, I remembered that a pistol might

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have saved my life—and for my life I knew that I must fight.

Ten minutes, perhaps, had passed of the half-hour which I had set myself, when the little lamp flickered and went out. The light that now came down from the lattice showed me that the storm had broken, and that the moon was struggling through the clouds. But for the most part, the room was in utter darkness. I could not see my hand before my face; I feared to move from my bed lest any trap should be set for me. Once I thought I heard the sound of dripping water; the howl of the dog in the yard struck up weird and chilling; but these done with, the old silence fell, a silence so profound that I could hear the ticking of my watch as it lay in the pocket of my coat. At last I determined to bear with it no longer, and, well or ill, to leave that dreadful vault. It was as if the whole place were filled with ugly shadows, with the spirits of the murdered dead who haunted it. The temptation to cry out was unbearable. I seemed to feel that a face looked into mine, that dead men come to life were breathing upon me with warm breath.

With my nerve thus shattered and my hands almost trembling, I snatched up my knapsack and my coat, and pulled the chair from the door. A stream of light flooded the room at the action, and I found myself, to my amazement, face to face with Maître Chalot. So great was the surprise of it, to see him standing there with his lantern raised and his smiling face, that the words I would have spoken stuck upon my lips. Nor was he at all abashed by my confusion.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," said he; "I am distressed beyond words to wake you, but I had forgotten to point out the other door in your room, which I beg you to avoid. It is an old affair, opening above the mill-wheel which once was the pride of this place. I beg of you let me show it, lest any mischance should befall you."

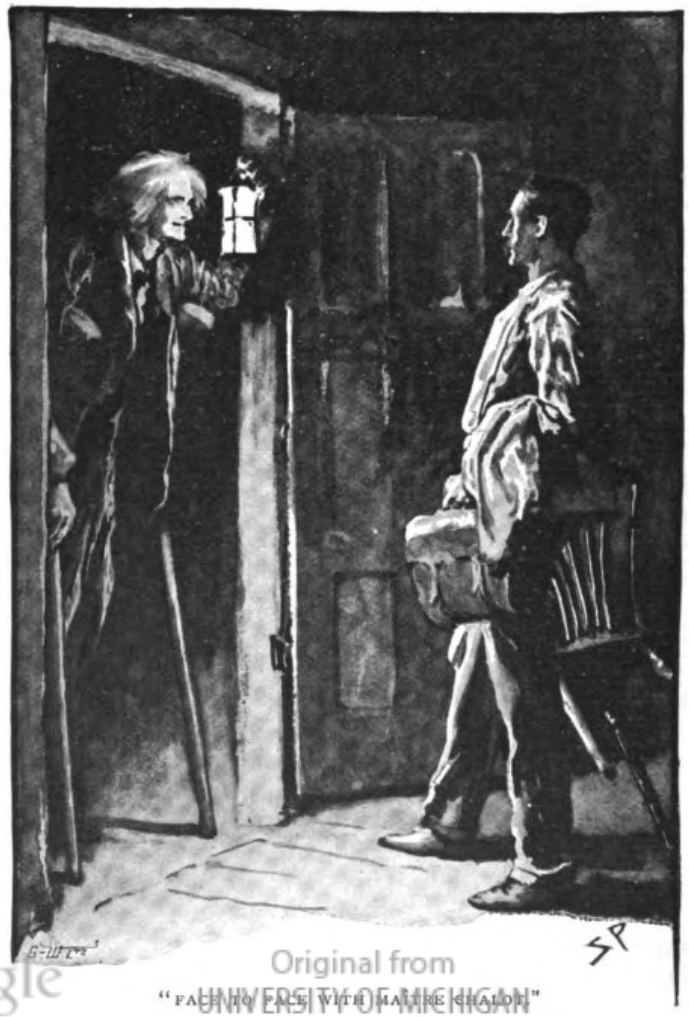
He gave me no time to say aye or no, and quite put off my guard, I watched him hobble across the room, and open a panel in the wall. A rush of noxious air streamed into the apartment as he did so, and his lamp came near to being extinguished.

"Look for yourself, monsieur," said he, resting back upon his crutches, and waving the lamp with his hand, "what a dirty place it is. Oh, that I must ask you to sleep above such a thing. But what would you? I have no other room."

While he had been speaking I had taken two strides towards the hole. His words were fair; his attitude defied suspicion. A cripple, leaning back upon his crutches, with his hands above him: what harm could he do to me? I saw that he was helpless, but none the less I kept back from him, quelling the curiosity which would have led me to gaze into the pit.

"Will you not look, monsieur?" he asked again, when I hesitated. "It is the old mill-wheel, but the sluice runs no longer. Ah! what a place this was when the water made music all the day."

He said this, and the words were hardly out of his lips when the crisis came. I suppose that I had taken another step towards him, led on by his chatter. Be that as it may, while I was beginning to assure myself once more that he was honest, and that the



"FACE TO FACE WITH MAÎTRE CHALOT."

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girl had lied, he astounded me by dropping back upon his crutches, and falling heavily to the floor. The lamp fell with him, extinguishing itself as it dropped. We were in utter darkness, and he lay at my feet, moaning most dismally.

"*Mon Dieu*, monsieur," he now cried, "help me up, for pity's sake. I have broken my leg. Oh, what pain I suffer."

His cries were horrible, and without a thought of any treachery, I put out my hand to help him. No sooner had he gripped it, however, than a shudder ran over my body, and the whole of the man's purpose was revealed to me. For his grip was like a grip of iron; it crushed my hand until I thought that the fingers were broken; it threatened to pull my arm from its socket; the pain of it was agonizing. Struggle as I would, the cripple drew me down to him; I felt his breath warm upon my face; I could hear him gnashing his teeth in the struggle; the blows I rained upon his head might as well have been struck on a ball of stone; he had the strength of a maniac, the cruelty of a beast. And presently he had got both his arms around me, and I was pressed up against his chest, while his left hand fixed itself upon my throat and clutched me like a collar of steel.

Long minutes seemed to me in my agony to pass as the pair of us struggled on the floor of that horrible, vault-like chamber. Over and over we rolled; again and again he forced me towards the foul pit which the open door had revealed; again and again, with some terrible effort, I dragged him backward. At one moment lying beneath him gasping for my breath, seeing strange lights before my eyes, hearing the sound as of heavy wheels rolling in my ears, in the next I was above him, striking him with all my force, beating his face until I could feel the blood upon my hands. But he had the strength of ten men; his arms were like wire ropes; I knew that he was wearing me out. At the last, when he had fixed his teeth in my arm, and had almost blinded me with his nails, I dropped limp in his arms, and I remember only that he rolled me over and over, and that I fell with a low cry upon my lips into the darkness of the pit.

Weak as I was, the fall did not stun me. I had looked in the terrors of imagination to go straight down until I struck the filthy water he had called me to see; but I fell no more than five feet, and lay, gasping for my breath, upon that which appeared to be a board covered with slime and mud. But the dread of the place was no less horrible; the conviction that I had not many minutes to live no less strong. Stinking odours of weed and ooze almost stifled me; the intolerable darkness was broken only by one ray of light which struggled through a gap in the slates high above me; the patter of rats in the slimy gutter was very plainly audible; I felt that I should die in the place; that my grave was to be there. The thought was an agony beyond anything I could conceive.

To tell all that I suffered as I lay in the darkness of that well—my strength gone, my face cut and bruised, my fingers crushed, my head on fire—is beyond any art of mine. I know only that I would have preferred death in any shape to the inconceivably repulsive suggestions of the pit; would have ended my life there and then had it been in my power. Minutes passed, and I was afraid even to move a hand lest I should roll from the place whereon I rested to the unknown dangers of the dark water below. The trickle of the stream as it swelled slowly through the tunnel, the sport and splash of the rats, the patter of rain upon the roof, were the only sounds I heard. The light was so faint that even the shape of the well was hidden from me. The silence in the room above was absolute.

How long I lay wondering where my body would be when day broke I shall never know. Hours seemed to pass and find me still upon that refuge. A dreamy sense, coming of weakness and the desire to sleep, crept over me. The scampering rats no longer set my brain burning. I was content to rest and wait for death. And in this new mood of my exhaustion I heard the trap above me open of a sudden, and the pit was lighted with a very blaze of light. I looked up and saw the cripple poised there upon his crutches, a flaming torch in his hand. For a minute he stood like some human vulture; his eyes outstanding, his face still bloody. Then he closed the trap with a snap, and I was alone with the darkness. But his torch had shown me where I lay, and the mystery of my prison was no longer hid from me.

I had fallen, as it proved, upon a palette of the mill-wheel itself, a wheel now shattered and broken and firmly jammed upon its axle. High above me was the sluice-gate, through the cracks of which the water dribbled; before me was a tunnel, leading as I surmised to the river. But all the walls around bore the slime of centuries upon

them; the water below me was like ink; fantastic masses of dirty weed hung from the wood of the wheel; the air was heavy with evil odours; and of possibility of escape I saw none. No acrobat could have scaled those slippery walls; or, scaling them, could have found any hole through which to drag his body. I had heard the cripple bolt and bar the trap; of other way, save the way of the tunnel, there was no sign. And I felt that sooner than face the horrors of that, I would die a hundred deaths.

It may be, if no other impulse had come, that I had carried out this intention of despair and remained lying upon the palette of the wheel until the end of it. It was only with a shudder that I could look down to the tunnel. The very suggestion that I should face it and risk all in an attempt to swim to the river chilled me to the marrow. And yet as the minutes went, the words, "That is your only hope," kept ringing in my head and would not be denied. I answered them with a low cry of mental pain; I prayed to God that death might come to me in any shape but this.

There was now a little more light in the pit. I knew that the dawn had broken, and fell to watching a ray of the sunshine which shone upon the dark pool. For many minutes I watched it in the determination that, whatever should be, I would think no more of the tunnel. The process became interesting, as little things will when great dangers press upon us. I observed the line of the water and the angle at which the beam fell. I looked again and, with a sudden overwhelming despair, I marked a change.

The water was rising in the pit!

With what eagerness I watched that line in the next ten minutes no pen may tell. Inch by inch, from brick to brick, the stream mounted. I saw the dark mass begin to swirl in the tunnel; the sound of rushing water struck upon my ears; the splash of the rats ceased. While the light became stronger minute by minute, and searched more deeply the recesses of the pool below, I beheld the rising line of the river as a man might behold the sword which presently is to strike him.

The water rose. It had touched my feet now. I felt it swilling about my ankles, cold and chilling. The eddies of the pool had almost become rapids. A murmur as of a subterranean river thundering grew louder every instant. The wheel shook and trembled so that I could scarce hold to it. Despair, fear of death, more than all fear of the tunnel, searched my very bones. Though I knew that I must die, that many minutes could not pass before the filthy water choked me, nevertheless I clung to the wheel as though it were my only haven; clung to it while all around the current foamed, and the eddies swirled, and the air was damp with the spray; clung to it until, with a great crash and sound of tearing, it flung me from my hold, and I was sucked down into the pit with the river roaring in my ears and the darkness of the tunnel upon me.

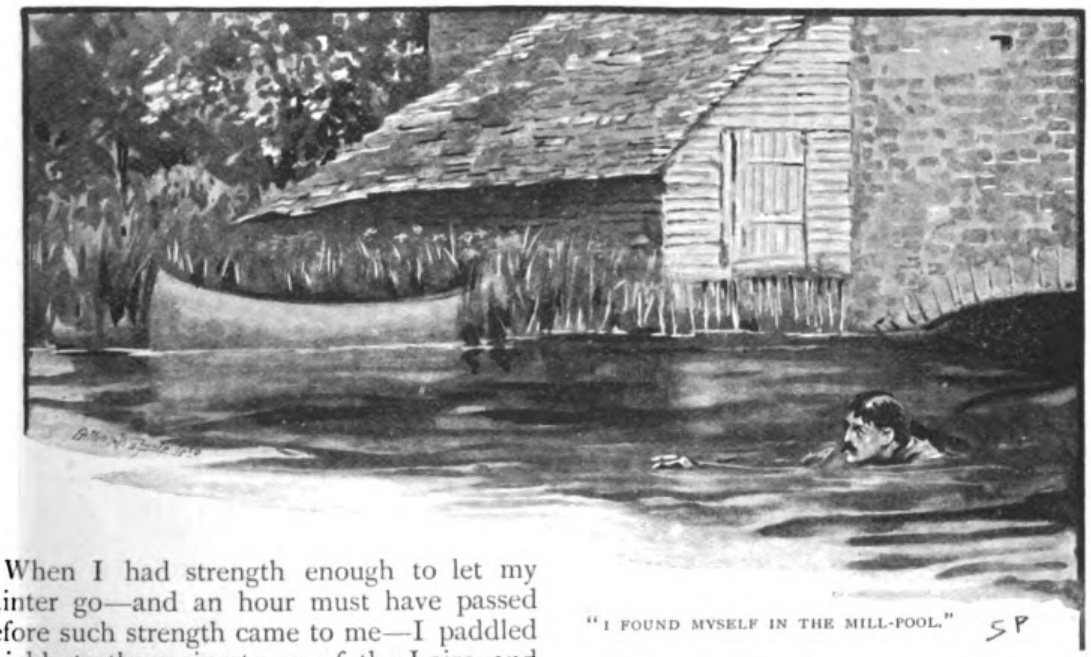
Until this moment I do not think that any word but one had escaped me during all the intense mental suffering of the night; but I remember that as I fell from the wheel, a second loud cry, in which all my overwhelming misery seemed to find expression, burst from my lips. After that I almost lost consciousness, while the current hurled me headlong into the utter darkness of the tunnel. Now gasping for my breath, now plunged deep down, with the waters foaming over my face, now cut by the jagged stones, I was swept onward to the river—onward until my body struck heavily upon some obstacle, and I found myself, I know not how, with my hands upon an iron bar and my head above the water. For a moment I welcomed the support, clung to it as to life itself. Then, as the nature of it and its meaning made itself plain to my burning brain, I thought that here, indeed, was the crisis, here in truth the place of my death.

The tunnel was barred by an iron grating!

For what cause this obstacle was so placed, unless it was to prevent the mud silting up into the pool above, I do not pretend to know. But I can never forget the moments I spent beating upon it with my hands, tearing at its bars, feeling myself crushed by the weight of water upon me, fighting in very despair as a man will fight for his life. All around me the current thundered, flowing over my shoulders, running from my face, streaming from my hair. The spray went near to choking me again and again. The darkness was intense; the air fetid. I knew that I was to die, and yet my whole soul revolted against the thought that my grave should be there in that unspeakable pit. The very confinement, the vault-like arch of bricks; the sense of the utter hopelessness of my situation, only drove me to new efforts. I fought at the grating as at some human opponent who stood in my path; I pressed upon it until my arms were torn and bruised; I felt my strength ebbing, a horrid dizziness coming upon me; and still I held myself above the waters.

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This growing weakness, the knowledge that moments scarce could pass before the end must come, awakened me to my supreme effort. I got my foot upon the tunnel's bed; and with both hands gripping one of the bars, I drew myself back, having the design to throw all my weight upon the grating. To my inexpressible amazement, the bar, which would yield to no pressure *in the direction of the river*, came away in my hands as I forced myself back from it. The whole grating, rotting in its frame of brick, fell with the bar. The stream, gathering new force with the removal of the obstacle, now carried me forward like a match. The waters seethed and roared around me; I was buried deep beneath them, dashed headlong against the slimy walls, hurled onward to the very depths of the vault. And then, in a moment, the scene passed. The inky blackness of the current changed to a golden green; the roar of the stream passed from my ears; I knew that the sun was shining above me; I raised my arms and, striking upward, I found myself in the mill-pool, with my own canoe not ten yards from my hand.



"I FOUND MYSELF IN THE MILL-POOL."

When I had strength enough to let my painter go—and an hour must have passed before such strength came to me—I paddled quickly to the main stream of the Loire, and fled the White Mill as a man flees a pestilence. Not a sign of the cripple or of the girl, Fifine, could I see. Even the cur no longer howled upon the heap of dirty straw. A suggestive stillness reigned in all the house. It were as if no human thing had entered it for centuries.

Upon an island half a mile from the house I changed my flannels. Nothing, strange to say, had been touched of the few necessaries I carried in the canoe, but the cripple had seized my pocket-book as we struggled together upon the floor, and I concluded that he had also my watch, unless it was that I had left it in the pit. But no money would have tempted me back to that house. The very thought of it chilled my blood and made my nerves quake. I had paddled a couple of miles, perhaps, and had come near to a little village lying hid in a pretty wood, when to my great surprise I saw the girl Fifine sitting upon the river's bank.

She was crying bitterly; but when I would have spoken to her, she fled to the woods and was instantly lost to sight. It was only when many months had passed that I learnt from a neighbouring abbé how much I owed to her. She had broken the cog-wheels of the mill-sluice with a hammer, while I supped with Maître Chalot, and so maimed them that the water but half-filled the tunnel. I owe it to her alone that I was not drowned like a dog. At Roanne, I wired to England for money, borrowing meanwhile of the priest, who heard my tale with little amazement.

"The man has long been suspected," said he; "but what can we do? He is probably on his way to Paris by this time."

Such an argument was quite unanswerable. The French police appreciated it—and did nothing.

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLIII.—"THE NEW ROMEO AND JULIET."

I.—ROMEO: MR. J. FORBES ROBERTSON.

By Harry How.

IT has, for a long time past, been a mystery to many people why Mr. Forbes Robertson has not launched out as a manager on his own account. He has long been recognised as a very fine actor, and a man possessing gifts as great as they are varied. The time, however, seems to be now ripe.

Although I have met Forbes Robertson on several occasions, it was not until very recently that the enjoyable task was allotted to me of spending a day with him, and following him as he unfolded the pages of his artistic career.

Immediately you enter his house in Bedford Square, you are impressed with the fact that it is the abode of a man who loves his art. The finest and purest examples of etching and engraving decorate the entrance-hall and the walls of the staircase leading to his studio upstairs. The dining-room is entirely given up to family portraits, all painted by Forbes Robertson; for he was an exceedingly clever artist before he became an actor. Here hang portraits of his father and mother, his sister and his little niece, and his brothers. His brothers are able to cry out with Wordsworth, "We are seven," for the new *Romeo* is the oldest of eight.

It is, however, in his study upstairs that one begins the better to breathe the man. The walls are covered with sketches and paintings done by himself: Miss Ellen Terry, painted in 1878; Miss Mary Anderson, to whose *Juliet* he played *Romeo*; and a striking canvas of Madame Modjeska, with whom he also played the youthful lover which Shakespeare drew.



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.
From a Copyright Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

Tubes of paint and innumerable brushes are scattered about on a delightfully untidy table near the easel, for the actor has not altogether forgotten his old love. He still finds recreation in the palette and brush, his hand has not altogether lost its cunning; for lying amongst a heap of papers were many ideas for costumes in the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum. Mr. Robertson designed all the dresses himself. You will also find a design for the gold casket which was recently presented to Sir Henry Irving, by the actors and actresses of Great Britain, in token of the knighthood which was recently conferred upon him by Her Majesty. A huge case of golf clubs in a far corner speaks of the actor's favourite pastime.

But what impresses the visitor most of all are the numberless little suggestions of the great respect which the actor has for religion. Tiny statuettes of saints fill up odd corners, and are set out along the mantelpiece. There are a dozen rosaries hanging up near a cabinet, whilst immediately over the mantelpiece hangs a crucifix; and not only is the crucifix in the study alone, but it is to be found in many other rooms in the house; yet Forbes Robertson is not a Roman Catholic. I have special reason for referring to this, and the reason will be told in its proper place in this article.

Forbes Robertson sits down at his desk by the window. It is a gloriously bright day; and he opens the window to permit the singing of a hundred birds to be the better heard in the study. Indeed, my talk with the actor had for its accompaniment the sweetest of music; and the free notes of the tiny members of the feathered tribe

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seemed to heighten the impression which one gained on looking quietly for a few moments at Forbes Robertson. He was engaged in turning over the pages of his diary. I lit a cigarette. One had only to contemplate the actor to realize the *Romeo*. His face is of a distinctly classical type, a little weary-looking, perhaps, at times, yet thoroughly manly and perfectly romantic. He possesses a magnificent voice, whether at the theatre or at home; though, in speaking to you in his study, whilst his voice maintains all its mellowness, it becomes gentler; but the fine tones are always there.

His life has been a very practical one, yet full of interest. When I sought to lead him on to refer to anything in which he was the hero, he played nervously with his hands and tried to evade the question. He is sincerely modest, and as he looks back upon his life he does so very quietly, and seems inclined to slur over those passages for which he should be given the highest acknowledgment, and seeks to give the credit to anybody but himself.

Forbes Robertson is a comparatively young man for the position which he now occupies. He was born in London on January 16th, 1853.

"I first went to a preparatory school," he said, as he lit a cigarette, "after which I went to the Charterhouse. The Charterhouse was then in the City. I did not come much into contact with the old fellows from whom Thackeray took his Colonel Newcome, but I used to see them in chapel in their long black gowns, which used, in some degree, to fascinate me. You know, when one is a lad, one seldom thinks of the winter of life; but there was one old fellow there in my day with a long white beard and hair of pure silver, and a grand face, whom I could never look upon without becoming thoughtful. I am afraid, however, that the impression would quickly fade away after I had passed him about a dozen yards.

"Old Madison Morton was there—old Morton who wrote 'Box and Cox' and 'Done on Both Sides,' in which the irrepressible *Brownjohn* makes love to the fascinating *Lucy Whiffles*.

"Amongst my schoolfellows were a trio who have since become well-known actors, namely, Cyril Maude, Fred Kerr, and Charles Allan. A son of Leech, the caricaturist, was also there. He was exceedingly clever at pen-and-ink sketches, particularly at drawing horses. Poor fellow, he was drowned at sea in '75!

"No, I have never acted at school, though they had yearly theatricals."

It was at school, however, that young Robertson found that he had a love for drawing. Curiously enough, the drawing master's name was Robertson, too, and possibly this might have led the teacher to take a greater interest in the taught. Young Robertson would give up his half-holidays to play with the pencil. He was particularly fond of sitting in the old quarters of the ancient Charterhouse, which dated back to the time before Henry VII. The architecture here was particularly attractive to the lad; he would sit and sketch within its precincts for hours.



From a] THE STUDY. [*Photograph.*

He remained three years at the Charterhouse.

I was just lighting another cigarette, and, reaching to the mantelpiece for a match, for a moment I examined a beautiful rosary which was hanging near by. Forbes

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Robertson looked across at me, and smiling thoughtfully, said :—

"I suppose you are wondering, but you are quite mistaken!"

He crossed to the window and looked out for a moment or two. Then he sat down, and suddenly said, pointing again to the rosaries and the crucifix above the mantelpiece: "All those are the outcome of the happiest, and, if I may say so, the most beautiful, days of my life.

"When I was nine years old, and during my old Carthusian days, all my holidays were spent with an old priest near Rouen. His name was Victor Godfroi, the curé of Notre Dames de Bon-Secours and the builder of the magnificent church on the hill outside Rouen, of which he was curé for many years. I remember my father and mother taking me there, and I was invited by the old curé to go and lunch with him. I was very much impressed with him as he sat at the head of the great dining table, surrounded by brother priests. Indeed, I may say that the quiet and solemn way in which they said and did everything, in my youthful mind produced a feeling of awe, and when the curé asked me to come to lunch again the next day, I replied, quite nervously, 'Well, thank you, some other time.' But I soon found my—well—almost fright entirely disappear under their gentle kindness. Here began the start of what was to influence my whole life. It was a most beautiful place, such a charming house in the midst of a most beautiful garden, along the gravelled paths of which the black-robed priests walked silently about.



M. LE CURÉ DE BON-SECOURS.
From a Photo. by Witz et Cie., Rouen.

"For five years I spent nearly half my time there, meeting hundreds of priests, and sketching the country and the church.

"I used to assist in the services of the church, and I have carried every sort of banner and cross, and swung the censers. I learnt to love M. le Curé de Bon-Secours; he was almost a saint; he spent nearly all his money on the church, and I was never happier than when with him. I once had an idea to fast as he did before mass. I did; and, unfortunately, when kneeling, about half way through the service, I fainted. The nuns took me out and asked me if I wanted anything to eat. They gave me food, and I fear I must admit that I never fasted again!

"I wish I could possibly describe to you what a great advantage all this was to me. I found the life led by these people so thorough and sincere. I grew to be very fond of them; and to give you some idea of how it influenced my after-life, I sent two of my sisters to this place, where there was a very fine girls' school kept by nuns, and they became Catholics. Yet through all these years the old priest never asked me to become a Catholic, though the Archbishop of Rouen once sent for me and asked: 'Are not your people afraid of your becoming a Catholic?'

"In my quiet moments my mind often goes back to those never-to-be-forgotten five years of perfect and simple pleasure.

"I remember one adventure we had there. A long, subterranean passage led from the presbytery to the church, and the servants used to bring me my robes, and I used to put them on and walk through this near cut. One night I was awakened by a terrible noise. I jumped out of bed and opened my door, and there stood an old priest in a long overcoat, with a great pistol in his hand, crying out: 'There are robbers in the church!' On proceeding to a lower landing, I passed a number of other priests and men-servants who had been awakened at the alarm. We all formed a procession, armed with anything we could lay our hands on. We were certainly ready for the fray! When the servant who carried the lantern got to the cellars, he gave in, and turned back frightened. I do not want, in any way, to

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pose as a youthful hero, but I took up the lantern and led the way. Up the passage we went. On emerging from it into the chapel, we saw the robbers cutting away at the



MADAME MODJESKA.
From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

stained-glass windows, in order to gain an entry to rob the chapel. We gave chase, and a very muddled chase it was: old men, young men, with myself and the lantern in front, tumbling over one another, over pieces of timber, and I know not what. At last we had to give it up and retire. Next day a gendarme came along, and, as the leader of the party, severely cross-examined me as to whether I could give him any information. He filled up scores of pages of a huge note-book, measured foot-prints, and did everything else to seek a clue, but we never found the robbers.

"That was the only really exciting scene that occurred in the pages of my little history whilst there; save, perhaps, when the great scourge of cholera broke out. Everywhere you went you would meet a funeral procession, yet, strange to say, not a single one of the priests or myself caught the scourge.

"It was intended that I should become a painter," continued Mr. Robertson. "When sixteen I was sent to Hetherley's, in Newman Street, to make drawings with a view to becoming a student at the Royal Academy. I really wanted to become an artist—my father and mother's influence over me at this time was very considerable. I moved in artistic circles, which was a great benefit to me; and both Madox Brown and Rossetti seemed to take a great interest in my work. I often used to go out to Rossetti's house at Chelsea, and take my drawings to him, and he would look at them and say very many encouraging things. He was one of the most sympathetic men I have ever met. I sat to him once for a figure of 'Love,' which appears in his picture of 'Dante's Dream,' now in Liverpool. He was a very eccentric man. I remember asking him once how he managed to get so many beautiful women into his pictures. His reply was as amusing as it was characteristic, 'Ah!' he said, 'I make a point of standing at the window on a wet day, and if I see a particularly pretty girl coming along, I go out into the street and explain that I am an artist; will she come in and sit to me? Sometimes she will, and sometimes she screams. Then there is nothing left for me to do but to run and shut the door quickly!' Poor Rossetti! I can see him now, very wild-looking, with his dark, sad face.

"I got into the Academy somewhere about 1870, and I came into contact with nearly every painter of note of that day. Here are some of my studies."

The actor took from a drawer beneath the desk a huge portfolio of sketches. One by



MISS ELLEN TERRY.
From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

one we went through them, and I could not help noticing the almost tender way in which Forbes Robertson handled these artistic recollections of his early days. They were

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mostly studies of figures; one in particular he drew my attention to. It was unfinished.

"Now, tell me, tell me," he said, quite excitedly, "what do you think of that head and shoulders?"

I told him I considered it perfect.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, apparently gratified, "I did not do it; Sir John Millais worked for twenty minutes on that head and shoulders, and that is why I have not finished the sketch.

"I came into contact with nearly every painter of note of that day: O'Neil, Pettie, Orchardson, Frith, Faed, E. M. Ward, Sant, Sir Frederick Leighton, Stacy Marks, and what very few people can say—poor Fred Walker. Walker always struck me as being more afraid of us than we of him. When I first got into the painting-room my easel was next to Sam Waller's, whose pictures are so well known through engravings. Charles Landseer was the curator in the Antique School; he was always very grave, and spoke little. We always thought that he composed his jokes when visiting the students. Tom Landseer was also with us. He was very deaf, and his want of memory would sometimes prevent him from hearing his own tone and remembering it, whilst at one moment he would talk very loud, and at another in a low whisper.



MISS MARY ANDERSON.
From a Painting by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

"They were very happy days at the Academy. Some of the students were typical ones; wearing the long, straight hair, which turned up at the ends and never curled, and the velvet jacket, and smoking long pipes. We were all going to be Presidents, we were perfectly satisfied about that! Well, I saw the failures there, too—men struggling on and on. There was one man who had been there thirty years, and when I left he was still working on, on, on!"

Amongst Mr. Robertson's fellow-students were Frank Dicksee, Alfred Gilbert, Waterhouse, and Hamo Thornycroft. The young men used to adjourn to a very favourite chop-house (Snow's). Now the Academy student has his regular club-house, and evening dress has supplanted the velvet coat. They were great singing and reciting days; the young students would adjourn to one of their homes, and singing and speeches would go up to the accompaniment of pipes and beer. Mr. Robertson was recognised as the actor, and he treated his audiences to such pieces as "The Raven," and what he now refers to as "other morbid things!" He frankly confesses that though he worked very hard he did not make painting pay, only selling three or four pictures a year. He received £5 for his first picture, and has had as much as £15 for a head. During the last year he was at the school he painted a few portraits. He remained at the Academy for three years.

It was the influence of the late Mr. W. G. Wills that was instrumental in securing Mr. Robertson his first theatrical engagement.

At the mention of Wills' name we could not help remembering what a fine painter, as well as dramatist, he was, how thoroughly good-natured and Bohemian. We thought of his money-box, the famous receptacle for cash which he always kept at the disposal of anybody who was hard up. They had only to call at his house and help themselves.

Neither could we forget his tea-pot and cracked blue china cup. He invariably made his own tea; and we pictured him in his somewhat untidy studio in the neighbourhood of Earl's Court, watching it draw as he sat in his old dressing-gown and still more ancient smoking cap; and in imagination we looked again at his remarkable picture of "Ophelia."

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It is told of this picture that someone went up to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who was looking at it when the work was on exhibition, and asked: "Is that yours, Watts?"



"THE EARL OF LEICESTER" (Marie Stuart).
From a Photo. by Mayall, New Bond Street.

"No," replied the Royal Academician. "I wish to goodness it was!"

"I started at £4 a week," said the actor, "appearing in a good part at the Princess's Theatre, in 'Marie Stuart,' a play by Wills. Mrs. Rousby played the titular part. I remember leading her on to the stage on a white horse, and I thought it very fine. I need hardly tell you that all my fellow-students were there the first night; but I particularly requested them not to applaud, in case it might be mistaken for a claque. This engagement only lasted a few weeks, when I immediately joined a travelling company which had been organized by Charles Reade, and of which Miss Ellen Terry was a member. Reade was a very charming man; he gave me a commission to paint a picture, for I should tell you that I was still keeping up my painting. I was out with Reade for about five or six months, when I joined the stock company at Manchester to support Phelps—a company which included Fred Mervin, F. H. Macklin, and Charles Vandenhoff. Phelps as *Wolsey* was great. I played *Cromwell*.

"I have no hesitation in saying that Phelps practically taught me my business. Though it is generally considered that he was very blunt and sharp in his manner, I always found him most kind and encouraging; though outwardly hard at heart, he was really the kindest man I ever met. He literally instructed me. He once came down to rehearse 'The School for Scandal,' in which he played *Sir Peter Teazle*. The lady who was to play *Lady Teazle* thought she was particularly grand in the part, and being a beginner she gave herself a good many airs. She persisted in making all manner of suggestions to Phelps as to where it would be best for him to stand in the scene, and where for her. Phelps accepted all these proposals very quietly. She kept these little ideas of hers going all through the rehearsal. At last Phelps's umbrella began to stamp on the stage. 'I think, Mr. Phelps,' she said, 'if you were to stand there ——' 'Madam, at night I shall be here; where *you* will be, God only knows!'"

Mr. Robertson then went to the Gaiety, and appeared in a long series of the legitimate drama. The company included such names as Hermann Vezin, Arthur Cecil, Edward Righton, J. G. Taylor, John McClean, Mrs. John Wood, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Miss Furtado. An engagement followed at the Olympic, and Mr. Robertson appeared in "The Two Orphans" and "The Spendthrift," the latter a play by the late James Albery.

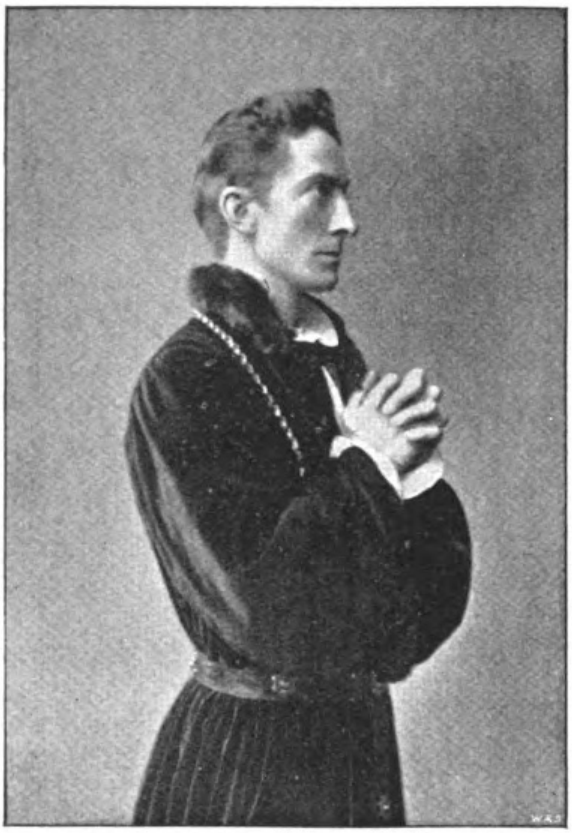
Mr. Robertson was exceedingly fortunate



"LEONTES" (Winter's Tale).
From a Photo. by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

in his engagements, playing in and out for four years every night without stopping. Engagements would end up on a Saturday

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"BUCKINGHAM" (Henry VIII.).
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

night, and on the following Monday he would be found at another house. It was hard work, but fine experience. During all this time Mr. Forbes Robertson never doubled a part. The first great impression he made was in a piece called "Coraine," by Robert Buchanan, produced at the Lyceum. The critics began to speak about him, and the managers to keep a watchful eye on him. His successs in "Coraine" gained for him a position in the original cast of "Dan'l Druce" at the Haymarket in 1876—a play full of character, in which Hermann Vezin played the blacksmith, *Dan'l*, and old Henry Howe was still fulfilling a part of the longest engagement on record—forty-four years at one house! Then came work at the Olympic, and an appearance as *Count Orlof*, in "Diplomacy," at the Prince of Wales's.

"Oddly enough," continued Mr. Robertson, "the last week of the run, Mr. H. B. Conway, who played *Julian Beauclerc*, met with an accident, and I took up his part; so you see I played it in the original run, and have played it twice since. My first original leading part was *Sir Horace Welby*, in 'Forget-Me-Not,' in August, 1879."

Mr. Robertson then appeared in "Duty" at the Prince of Wales's, and subsequently went to the Haymarket with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, playing *Sergeant Jones* in "Ours," *Lord Glossmore* in "Money," and *Krux* in "School." Then came the first holiday the actor had had for four years.

"I went down to Cornwall," he said, "and there met, in the same little hotel where I stayed, Madame Modjeska, her husband, and sister. The Rev. Mr. Jackson, the rector of the place, persuaded Madame Modjeska to give two or three scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet.' She asked me if I would help her by appearing as *Romeo*. I did, and this was the first time I had appeared in the character. We rigged up a platform in the rectory garden, and this was really the beginning of pastoral plays. Someone sent a chatty paragraph about the performance to the *World*, and people evidently considered it a happy thought, and copied it.

"After my holiday, I returned once more to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, playing in 'Forget-Me-Not' and a Dutch piece called 'Annemine.' Madame Modjeska opened at the Court in 1880, and I supported her once more in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' Modjeska was a very beautiful *Juliet*. I went on tour with her, and then to the Court to play *Claude Glenn* in 'The Parvenue.'



"LANCELOT" (King Arthur).
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

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"The year 1882 found me at the Lyceum as *Claudio* in 'Much Ado About Nothing.' I painted the church scene in Sir Henry Irving's brilliant production of Shakespeare's comedy. Once again I joined the Bancrofts at the Haymarket and appeared as *Lord Caryl* in 'Lords and Commons,' *Sir George Ormonde* in 'Peril,' *Captain Absolute* in 'The Rivals,' *Julian* in 'Diplomacy,' *Sir Charles Pommander* in 'Masks and Faces,' and assisted at the farewell performance of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on July 20th, 1885."

The infinite variety of parts which Mr. Robertson had played, and his brilliant conception of them, had gained for him a firm footing on the stage. He was the recognised *Romeo*. Hence he toured with Miss Mary Anderson in America, playing the last-named part, together with *Ingomar*, *Pygmalion*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte*. After an engagement at the Opera Comique, in a series of Old English comedies, he appeared with Miss Mary Anderson again at the Lyceum as *Leontes* in "The Winter's Tale." He spoke the first lines as *Orlando* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and appeared on the opening night at the Garrick Theatre in "The Profligate." His *Scarpia*, in "La Tosca," was a remarkably brilliant performance. He created *Captain Brandon* in "Dream Faces," and was in the original production of "Lady Bountiful." His rendering of *Buckingham* in "Henry VIII.," at the Lyceum, will not be readily forgotten by those who witnessed it. He remained at Sir Henry Irving's theatre for the run of the piece, and returned to the Garrick to play in "Robin Goodfellow," and in revivals of "Diplomacy," "Caste," and "Money." He was the original *Walter Forbes* in "Mrs. Lessingham." After touring with Miss Kate Rorke, he was engaged by Sir Henry Irving to create the part of *Launcelot* in "King Arthur." To many minds this is the finest thing that Mr. Forbes Robertson has ever done. It was perfectly picturesque, perfectly romantic, yet perfectly natural. He had to return to the Garrick Theatre to appear as *Lucas Cleeve*, in the first performance of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and this was his last appearance previous to his producing "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum.



"ROMEO" (Romeo and Juliet).
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Forbes Robertson is one of the quickest studies we have got. He believes in the early morning for studying parts, and has on several occasions become letter-perfect in the lines appertaining to a big character in two days.

It was just before leaving that I hinted that probably he had had one or two amusing experiences during his stage career. He had. He replied, merrily:—

"I am not likely, I think, to forget my experience at the Lyceum, and more funny incidents than those which happened on the first night have never, I believe, taken place on any stage. Of course I am speaking of a time when the theatre was not in Irving's hands. I can only tell you of two. The late Tom Meade (whom you remember was such a splendid ghost in 'Hamlet') was a member of the company. In a certain play he knew very little of his part; in fact, I do not think he knew it at all. At his first entrance he completely stuck, and in order to assist himself, with a view to getting some idea of the words, he walked down with a tragic stride to the footlights and said, 'Ah! here I am!' but the words would not come, so he walked back again. Still he could not remember, so he proceeded to walk once more to the footlights; and, with even greater emphasis than before exclaimed, 'Here I am!' and somebody in the gallery cried out, 'All right, Tom; we see you are! Get on!' In one part of the play, where he is judging

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someone who is brought up before him, in order to help himself to remember the text, he kept crying out: 'Oh, Paul!'—that was the name of the character—'Oh, Paul!' till at last the exclamation: 'Oh, Paul!' became so frequent that someone in the audience exclaimed in a very audible whisper: 'Oh, Paul! Paul, wherefore persecutest thou me?'"

II.—JULIET: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

By M. Griffith.

THE dramatic firmament of the present age is brilliant with stars of varying magnitude and power, foremost among them being Sarah Bernhardt, resplendent with the undying youth of genius, with her golden voice and serpent-like grace; Eleanora Dusé, small, pale-faced, but with dark, glorious eyes that would render the most commonplace woman irresistibly attractive; quiet, and so natural in her acting, that we overlook the consummate art of which it is the result. Then Réjane, that mistress of comedy, arch, with an impudence that smacks of the boulevards, coquettish or shrewish, a woman of the people, full of strong devotion or deep tenderness, that keeps her audience spellbound or sways them at will to smiles or tears. Modjeska, ever memorable as one of the sweetest of *Juliets*—girlish, or womanly, and dainty; her foreign accent enhancing the beauty of her impersonation. And last, but not least, our latest discovered star—the new *Juliet*—the winsome, haunting Mrs. "Pat" Campbell.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
From a Photo. by Mayall, 73, Piccadilly.

It was to interview this actress that I one day recently wended my way to Ashley Gardens, which is known to be a flat-land of celebrities, numbering among its hundred tenants, lawyers, journalists, composers, politicians, officers, and one actress. I remember seeing it stated in one journal that the "postal authorities" have a recognised formula for misdirected letters—"Gone away: try Ashley Gardens"—and it is a pretty sure find. However this may be, I was successful in finding out where Mrs. Patrick Campbell lived, and also in finding her at home. She received me most kindly, and seeing that I was *hors de combat* from a sprain of the right thumb, she very kindly said, "Let me write for you." For a moment I felt tempted to accept the offer, for what a novelty to the readers of The Strand Magazine would have been an interview with Mrs. Patrick Campbell written by herself. But a little reflection convinced me that the result, however interesting from its uniqueness, would be wofully meagre of its subject, for it is very difficult to get this clever lady to speak, much less to write, about herself.

"Are you really an Englishwoman?" was my first question.

"Yes, I think so," was the reply. "My father was English and my mother is an Italian; I was born in Kensington, and, with the exception of a year in Paris in order to study French, and the time I have spent touring, I have lived entirely in London."

"What induced you to adopt the stage? Was it necessity or choice?"

"Choice and the love of hard work. My husband," said

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THE DRAWING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell & Co., 164, Sloane Street, S.W.

she had gained some experience as a member of the Anomalies Amateur Dramatic Company, with which she had had opportunities of rehearsing and playing such parts as *Marie Graham*—originally created by Ada Cavendish—in Mark Quinton's "In His Power," and her first appearance as an amateur was when she played in this piece at Lower Norwood. Her other *rôles* at this time were *Alice Petherick*, in "Blow for Blow"; *Mirza*, in Gilbert's fairy comedy, "The Palace of Truth"; *Stella*, in "Buried Talent"; and *Millicent Boycott*, in the "Money Spinner."

Her first venture with the "Bachelor" company was at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in November, 1888, and this was the first time she had ever played on a regular stage. The second engagement was with Mrs. Bandmann Palmer's "Tares" Company, in which she played the part of *Rachel Denison* (first played by Miss Sophie Eyre). The Press noticed the talent of the young actress in very strong terms; it was said to be "a splendid conception, and that she had proved herself an actress of exceptional

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, "is of Scotch parentage, with a half Irish name, and soon after I was twenty-one he had to go abroad on business—and was away from me nearly seven years. Now I have told you my age," she added, laughingly.

"Yes, but it was not very difficult to guess it from your appearance, although some of the too clever critics described you as a 'middle-aged beauty.'"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell went on to tell me how lonely she felt during the absence of her husband, and how much she longed for some steady work; at last she got a friend who knew Mr. J. H. Macklin to obtain from him a letter of introduction to Mr. Harrington Bailey, on whom she called, and having paid her guinea entered her name on his books. The result of this was a twelve weeks' touring engagement as *Mrs. Lynn Loseby*, the leading part in Messrs. Hermann Vezin and Robert Buchanan's play, "Bachelors." She understood her part so well and acted it so creditably, that she had no difficulty in getting other engagements.

I must explain that previous to this



THE DINING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Kate Pragnell & Co., 164, Sloane Street, S.W.

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merit." When the tour was over, she joined Mr. Ben Greet and Miss Eweretta Lawrence, taking part in "Masks and Faces," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Kitty Clive," etc., and on her second tour with Mr. Greet she played lead in "Aladdin" and "The Hunchback." In the March of 1890 she had the joy of playing the latter part at a London theatre, for Mr. S. Hayes's annual *matinée* at the Adelphi Theatre, and, a little later, a *matinée* of "Buried Talent" was given at the Vaudeville, "*Stella* being charmingly acted by Mrs. Patrick Campbell," being the opinion expressed of her performance in a leading paper.

The young actress's next experience was a three months' tour with Mr. Ben Greet's Pastoral Play Company. Her *repertoire* included *Helena* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Rosalind* in "As You Like it," *Eglamour* in "Love in a Mist," and *Stella* in "Buried Talent"; both these latter parts she created. The company were invited to give their performance of "As You Like It" at Wilton, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's seat; it was a great success, and was repeated later at Ashridge, Great Berkhampstead, before the Earl and Countess Brownlow and many distinguished guests.

"No finer setting," said Mrs. Campbell, "for one of Shakespeare's masterpieces could be imagined than this fine park, overshadowed by grand old oaks, beeches, and elms, and carpeted with golden-tinted bracken; through the branches of the trees we occasionally caught sight of stately deer, and it was truly a lovely spot! Some of our supers on this occasion were gentlemen guests staying at Ashridge."

It was not difficult to picture the scene she described, and also to recall her *Rosalind*, for she played as one inspired, with a half arch, half pathetic coquetry, which was most bewitching. The late Earl of Pembroke described her *Rosalind* as "the best he had ever seen—not excepting Ada Réhan, admirable as she was—marvellous for the truthfulness of the light passages, and marvellous in the pathetic parts."

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, who had seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the pastoral plays at Wilton, encouraged her to give a *matinée* of "As You Like It" in London, so the Shaftesbury Theatre was rented for the occasion, and the performance given under the patronage of the Princess Christian, and a host of other representatives of rank and fashion. Mrs. Patrick Campbell looked handsomer than ever in her Grecian draperies of green and white, although many preferred her in the forest scene, in which she appeared in a tan leather jerkin, bordered with rich sable, the belt fastened by a finely cut steel buckle, the long soft boots, also tan; the rest of the dress being of emerald green velvet, with knots of rose colour. The success of this venture may be judged from the fact of her being immediately engaged by Messrs. Gatti for a new play which was about to be produced at the Adelphi, called "The Trumpet Call," by Messrs. Sims and Buchanan, and in this she played the part of *Astrea*, a picturesque gipsy, strolling actress and singer, and it was a splendid test of the power and versatility of the actress.



"ASTREA" (The Trumpet Call).
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Kensington.

Nearly all playgoers will remember the *contretemps* which occurred in one scene — the "Doss House"—which was sufficient to unnerve the most experienced actress. In the scene mentioned, Mrs. Patrick Campbell had to appear almost in rags, her skirt being of some thin black material with but scanty garments underneath. Owing to the carelessness of her dresser, the skirt became unfastened and dropped below her knees before she noticed it. Those who were

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present are never likely to forget the dignity and calm self-possession which she displayed in so trying a moment, nor the withering scorn of the glance she directed at one or two ill-bred persons who seemed to regard this mishap as an occasion for mirth. Gathering her dress quickly round her, she made her exit, and on her return played with more than her usual power and excellence.

"My next part," continued Mrs. Campbell, "was a great contrast to *Astrea;* it was *Elizabeth Cromwell*, in 'The White Rose,' a sweet, pathetic Puritan character. I next played *Tress Purvis* in 'The Lights of Home,' a fisherman's daughter; perhaps you remember it? After that came 'Black Domino,' in which I took the part of *Clarice Berton.* I created those four parts, all of which were studies of widely diverse characters. I ought to have mentioned that during the run of 'The Trumpet Call' I had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and was compelled to relinquish my engagement for six months, and my place was filled during my absence by Miss Claire Ivanova."

"Was it not while you were playing the part of *Clarice Berton* that Mr. Pinero saw you?"

"Yes, the death scene in the last act, I believe, impressed him; anyhow, I got the offer of the part of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, but to my great disappointment the Messrs. Gatti refused to release me, and it was assigned to Miss Robins; but ultimately the management agreed to let me go, and when Miss Robins heard of it she resigned this grand part without a murmur. Was it not a noble and generous act?"

It is at this point that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's marvellous dramatic career really starts. For a young, comparatively inexperienced, actress to be chosen to create a new and most difficult *rôle*, in this masterpiece of modern plays — one which was intended by its author to convey the moral, "That we are punished through the *good* that is in us, not through the bad, and, to prove his theory, that no man or woman is wholly good, or wholly bad"— was a signal, as soon as the cast was announced, for envious croakers to predict that the whole thing would be an ignominious failure. The result proved the wisdom of Mr. Pinero's choice.

When we recollect that a few years ago Mrs. Campbell was only the leading lady of a suburban amateur dramatic club, and that her whole stage experience only extends over a period of about five years, her present position goes far to prove that she has not yet attained the zenith of her artistic career, especially if we compare her rapid progress with that of the great Siddons, whose earliest appearance in London in 1775 was a failure, and who only achieved her first success after eight years' hard work in the provinces, on her reappearance in London in the year 1782.



From a Photo. by] "CLARICE BERTON" (Black Domino). *[Alfred Ellis.*

"Do you not think that the long run of pieces, especially for an actor or an actress who creates a *rôle* and becomes identified with the character, is harmful to their artistic progress?"

"It is said so, and perhaps French actresses have the advantage of us in that; it does seem difficult to disentangle oneself at once from a part that has become second nature, and to take up another totally different. It is a sort of transmigration business, is it not?"

"The critics ought to have thought of that when you played *Dulcie Larondie* in 'The Masqueraders.'"

"Yes; to start with, the part was not a congenial one, and you know I played the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* for three hundred nights without a break. It is difficult to

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"DULCIE LARONDIE" (The Masqueraders).
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

dissociate oneself from such characters at once. Talking about critics, one of my tradesmen the other day, when my lady secretary went to his shop to purchase something, inquired very kindly after my health, and said, 'Tell Mrs. Campbell not to mind the critics: the tradespeople all like her.' He also sent me a bottle of tonic, which he said might do me good."

"What did you open with when you joined Mr. Tree at the Haymarket?"

"'John-a-Dreams,' in which I played *Kate Cloud*. I enjoy any part that is full of human interest. Then followed another of Mr. Pinero's, 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,' which was a great success, and then I played *Fedora*."

"Have you any special liking for any particular *rôle*?"

"No, I like any part that is human," and Mrs. Campbell went on to say how kind and patient Mr. Pinero has been with her, and also spoke with great warmth of the thoughtful consideration with which she had been treated by both Mr. and Mrs. Tree. "This," she said, handing me a handsome silver ornament, "was given me with a bunch of orchids by Mrs. Tree on the first night of 'John-a-Dreams.' I forgot to tell you," she continued, "that when I was playing the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and after I had played it about a hundred times, one memorable evening, in the first act I quite forgot my part. My memory was a perfect blank, and no prompting availed me. I had at last to read my part all through the scene, but some who were in front said I had never played better."

Asked as to her future plans, Mrs. Campbell said that she was to have one of her dearest wishes fulfilled, and that was to play *Juliet*, Mr. Robertson being the *Romeo*. "That will be in September," she added, "and I am looking forward to it with great pleasure."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell looks much younger off the stage than she does on; she is tall, slender, and almost fragile-looking, with a very pale, delicate oval face, rendered more so by her dark hair and beautiful large eyes, both of which are inherited from her Italian mother. In temperament she is strongly emotional and highly nervous; the long, thin fingers seeming to have a language of their own, which is most expressive; her voice is low and very sweet, she speaks slowly, and the slight strange accent or intonation of some of her words is quaint and in keeping with her appearance. Taken altogether, her personality is very striking, and her style of dress is remarkable for its originality, her wardrobes being rich in the variety of the number of her gowns, which, in splendour of material and perfection of style, are unsurpassable.

The costume plays nearly as important a



"TRESS PURVISS" (The Lights of Home).
From a Photo by Martin & Sallnow.

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part in making the audience understand and enter into the individuality of a character as does the acting itself, and Mrs. Campbell is as well up in the mysteries of successful dressing as is the great Sarah Bernhardt. She seems to have a special love for fur, passementerie, and lace, from the rich guipure to the cobwebby, snow-white *dentelle* that would grace Titania's dainty form. Two of her cloaks, garments which are generally supposed to be most prosaic, were of ideal elegance. One of tan-cloth, with bands and collar of beaver, was lined with the richest velvet, the colour of Parma violets; the other was of thick white silk, lined with turquoise silk, and bordered with glistening passementerie. A lovely gown was one, worn in "The Masqueraders," of pale rose-pink brocade, embroidered with sprays of silver fern leaves, the skirt looped up on the left side over a petticoat of glittering silver embroidery. The long train was of rose satin on which silver ferns seem to have been thrown, the bodice low and crossed, and completed by a bow with long ends of silver embroidery.



"PAULA TANQUERAY" (The Second Mrs. Tanqueray).
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

As *Paula*, Mrs. Campbell looked superb in a dress of sunset-coloured satin with a deep flounce, edged with a band of net covered with gold-fish-scale sequins, bodice and epaulettes similarly adorned, and full sleeves of net glistening with sequins. Over this handsome gown was worn a gorgeous cloak of yellow satin, embroidered with gold, the lining and collar being of emerald velvet; while yellow ostrich feathers bordered the latter, and were continued in boa fashion down the front. Another cloak worn in the same play was of gold and white satin brocade, the capes of wide gold lace.

In "Fedora" one dress is of cloth of gold, the slippers being made of the same rich material. No description can do justice to such costumes, every one of which is the creation of an artist. I wish I could tell my women readers *what* artist; but, alas! Mrs. Campbell was deaf to all my adroit attempts at worming that secret out of her. Solomon in all his glory, or all the Indian Rajahs combined, could not surpass her in the splendour and beauty of her toilettes.

It is whispered that her *Juliet* gowns will set all London talking; but I have quite lost myself on the great dress question, and must return to matters of more general interest. I was introduced to two of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's pets, a stately and rather fat pug, rejoicing in the name of "She," and her adopted daughter, a rollicking, boisterous puppy, named "Humpa Dincka."

I made a liberal selection of portraits, and signified my wish to have them.

"What, all these!" said Mrs. Campbell. "What can you do with them all?"

"They will interest the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE," I said, and received a smiling assent.

Rarely could one meet with a more charming study than the subject of the present article, for it is human nature to admire and respect those who, *quelque soit leur métier*, surpass anyone else in anything they undertake.

The drawing-room in which we had our chat was a sunny, pleasant room, the colouring being mostly blue and white with a large bow window and cosy couches and chairs, a piano, and the thousand and one dainty trifles which go far to show the character of its owner. A little table devoted to silver curios numbered among them Handel's snuff-box and shoe-buckles; an old spy-glass in a velvet case, believed to be his also, and many valuable gifts. Mrs. Campbell also collects and considers among her choicest treasures rare copies of books, several being Morris's beautiful Kelmscott edition, in overlapping bindings of white

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vellum, tooled with gold, and tied with narrow green ribbon with gold tassels. An autograph album, a most exquisite example of the bookbinder's art, had been presented to her by the printers. A volume of poems, a gift from a well-known poet, bore the following dedication :—

To Mrs. Patrick Campbell,
A tribute to her incomparable art, and to her incomparable personality.

The walls of the drawing-room were covered with sketches, photos., and engravings, several being copies of Burne-Jones's paintings; a sketch in water-colour of Mrs. Campbell was the work of her sister; another by Mr. Phil Burne-Jones, symbolic of her name *Stella*, represented her gazing longingly at the stars, while from below she herself was regarded as a star. Other sketches were Ellen Terry as *Ophelia*, by Watts; "The Amber Witch," "The Happy Warrior," and Duret's "Saint Joseph," all in quaint green frames with black beading. Some old carved oak, a grandfather's clock, brass mounted escritoire, and a few good specimens of Flemish pottery, odds and ends of brocade, flowers and palms, completed the decoration of this room.

Mrs. Campbell has two children—a boy and a girl. In addition to her talents as an actress, she is a delightful hostess, a good conversationalist, and an accomplished musician, as was noticed by those who saw her in "Mrs. Tanqueray," the fragments she then played being the composition of her brother, who is a very clever musician.

It may be interesting to learn the opinion expressed of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's talent by an actress whose name at least is known to everyone — Mrs. Crowe — the Miss Bateman of "Leah" fame, whose father was at one time lessee of the Lyceum Theatre, and who introduced Mr. Irving to the London theatrical world. It is that she is "as great a genius as is now on the stage."

Another authority said: "Her creation of the part of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* would live in the history of dramatic triumphs." One of the most remarkable pictures in the Academy of last year was her portrait as *Paula Tanqueray*, by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. It represented her as she appeared on the stage illumined by the upward glow from the foot-lights. The passionate expression of an unutterable anguish and the pose of the figure are very pathetic and instinct with human interest. Mr. Solomon, when painting his picture, had a stage erected in his studio, lit in the same way as that of the St. James's Theatre. One of Mrs. Campbell's most valued souvenirs is her own copy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which is covered with pencil hints, suggestions, and memoranda, and is carefully preserved in a blue morocco cover. She commits her parts to memory usually by writing them out, a plan also pursued by Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Amy Rozelle.



"Mrs. Ebbsmith" (The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith).
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

Doubtless, Mrs. Campbell owes much of her fire and highly nervous sensitiveness to the southern blood that is in her veins. She is very ambitious, and a very hard worker, and if her health does not fail, she will—it may be safely prophesied—be not only one of the handsomest and most graceful women on the English stage, but also the greatest tragedienne. She has every natural advantage; the rest is only a question of time and experience.

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Gleams from the Dark Continent.

III.—THE HIDDEN EGYPTIAN SHIELD.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"BE patient, sahib," said Hassan, our guide, as he glanced into my companion's face, which indicated plainly enough the latter's vexation at the delay just then hindering our advance.

"Patient!" exclaimed Denviers. "How can you expect my stock of patience not to be exhausted under the circumstances? We ought to be fifty miles farther on our way than we are. For three days have we been kept dancing attendance on this petty African chief."

"The sahib is always in a hurry," commented Hassan, gravely. "Whether on the day's march, or listening to a story from his slave, it is ever the same—the end is what he seeks. Now, if it had been Allah's will for the sahib to be an Arab, he would consider the matter differently—for has not the Great Prophet declared that to chase time is to waste time; to avoid the rush of life is to travel with the wise?"

"I daresay he has," responded Denviers; "but if Mahomet had had to deal with this Kwembi, he might have changed his opinion and been as eager to get out of this part of Africa as we are."

"I certainly agree with you there, Frank," I said to Denviers; "for, of all the tax-gatherers we have had to deal with, Kwembi is, without doubt, the most exacting. We sent him the usual forced presents, and, as you are aware, he promptly and modestly demanded three times the amount of our offerings. No sooner did he get what he asked for than he declared we had some secret purpose in view in attempting to pass through his territory. You and I and Hassan have all tried to get an audience with Kwembi, but, so far, we have dismally failed."

"Kass," Denviers said to the leader of our Wadigo followers, who joined us as we stood discussing matters under the shade of a beautifully-foliaged makoondee tree, "we sent you to talk Kwembi's head man over, and to promise him a few yards of cloth if he succeeded in getting us an interview: what had he to say?"

"Kwembi refuses to allow an advance; he demands a good rifle—in return he will receive the white chiefs in his palace. After that ye may return, but not otherwise."

"So this petty chief, or King, as he styles himself, considers us as his prisoners?" commented Denviers. "If Kwembi delays us much longer we will try to force our way through his territory, which he will presently discover. As to the rifle, I hope he may get it."

"The sahib is making two great mistakes," Hassan interposed, gravely. "Kwembi is not a petty chief—he has a large number of men, well trained to fight with spear and shield. If that prove to be correct which Hassan, the unworthy latchet of the sahib's shoe, has heard, then the gift of a rifle will be well bestowed if it bring the sahibs into Kwembi's presence."

"What do you mean, Hassan?" Denviers asked, as he saw the Arab was evidently impressed with Kwembi's importance, by the earnest manner in which he urged the gift to be made.

"See!" cried Kass. "Kwembi already sends for an answer." As he spoke the Wadigo pointed to a number of natives advancing towards us.

"Give the rifle, sahibs," Hassan added; "to-day Kwembi only demands one; to-morrow he may desire three before letting us depart." The Arab stopped suddenly, for the natives had reached us and were forcibly repeating the chief's request, saying that he would not wait; we must send a definite answer at once.

The native who delivered Kwembi's message wore a scanty loin-cloth of leopard-cat skin, his arms being partly covered with interlacing strips of the same hide. About his neck was a loose chain of copper, twisted into curious shapes, while his black hair was raised into a head-dress in which several strings of beads were interwoven. In one hand he carried a heavy spear shod with iron, while in the other he held a wand of polished black wood, as a token that he was the King's messenger to us. His attendants, who were six in number, wore girdles and aprons made of antelope skin; about

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"KWEMBI'S MESSENGERS."

their necks were strings of black and scarlet beads; each wore bracelets and anklets of plaited and dyed grass, while to our great discomfort they carried native musical instruments, made of reeds, with the noise of which we were almost deafened.

I hurriedly sent Hassan into the hut which had been allotted to us, from which he returned bringing a rifle with him. Taking the weapon in one hand, I pointed with the other towards Kwembi's palace to indicate that the King's terms were accepted. Denviers offered little objection, since Hassan had excited his curiosity somewhat, and this addition to the hongo, or tax, which we had already paid, was, after all, as I successfully urged, only of small value.

Headed by the King's wand-bearer and musicians, we advanced to the palace, Hassan and Kass following as we passed through a double line of armed men drawn up to receive us. No sooner were we conducted into Kwembi's presence than we understood the full meaning of Hassan's words, as we stared in blank surprise at the scene before us.

The main apartment of Kwembi's palace was extremely lofty, its sloping, cone-shaped roof being thatched with reeds, while the sides were made of a material resembling rosewood, and upon them was hung a large number of weapons, mostly shields and spears, taken, so we concluded, from surrounding tribes when defeated in war. About the palace, and ranged on left and right of a daïs covered with skins, stood a number of the chief's warriors, the military bearing of whom won involuntary expressions of admiration from us as we hastily glanced at them while we stood, considerably astonished, before Kwembi and his native wife. The latter, although belonging to an African tribe, as the colour of her skin at once betrayed, was strikingly handsome in appearance. Clad in garments which suited a European rather than a native Queen, the richness of her robes and the splendid strings of pearls woven in the meshes of her luxuriant black hair were only equalled by her clear-cut features and dark, lustrous eyes. Yet the unexpected meeting with the Queen was less astonishing to us than the appearance of Kwembi, the chief. He had the garb of an Arab down to its minutest detail—but the spotlessly white turban which he wore was not lighter in hue than the chief's features, and, when he addressed a few words of welcome to us, which were, however, not over cordial, I could not help giving utterance to the thought which was uppermost:—

"Why!" I cried, "can it be possible that you are an Englishman?"

Kwembi answered gravely in the affirmative and whispered a few words to the Queen beside him. She held out her hand and, as Denviers bent over it, she said, in tolerably good English:—

"Why are these messengers of ours so careless? They reported the arrival of three Arab traders with their dependents; one of you only is an Arab——"

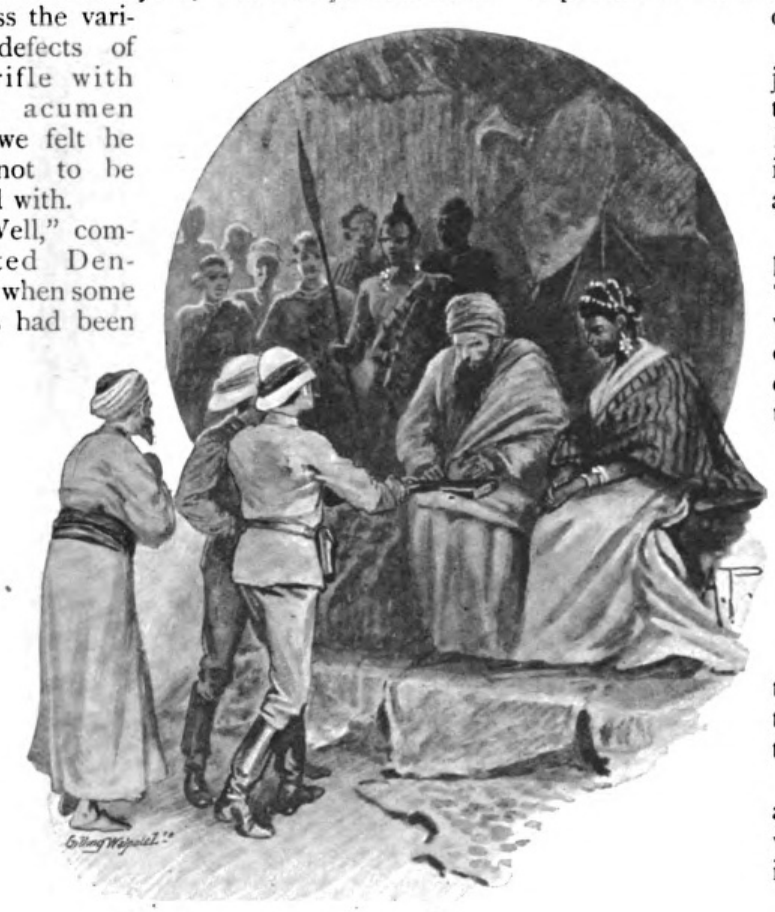
"He is our guide," explained Denviers; then, a little disconcerted at the great reserve which the so-called Kwembi adopted towards us, he added: "We have brought the rifle which you requested," and he held it out to

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the strange chief, who critically examined it and returned it immediately.

"Very suitable for a savage, I have no doubt," he said, coolly. "I should be very sorry to use it myself," and he proceeded to discuss the various defects of the rifle with such acumen that we felt he was not to be trifled with.

"Well," commented Denviers, when some stools had been placed for us before the daïs and made comfortable with some leopard-cat skins spread upon them; "you have already demanded a very heavy hongo, or tax, from us, and we thought your request for a rifle hardly fair. Now that we have discovered, to our surprise, that you are an Englishman, living as chief over this African tribe, we will give you a splendid rifle on condition that you permit us to pass through your territory—which, no doubt, you will readily allow."



"'VERY SUITABLE FOR A SAVAGE,' HE SAID."

Kwembi made no reply in the direct affirmative to this remark, but seemed to force our conversation into the most trivial channel that he could. Kass was sent to bring back a fine weapon from our small stock, and this, Kwembi, when the Wadigo returned, accepted with considerable alacrity, although he tried to appear indifferent to its value. Denviers importuned him to allow us to continue our advance; but, while Kwembi was willing enough to permit our return, he pointedly refused to accede to my companion's request.

"Why are you so much opposed to our expedition?" Denvers asked, vexed at the chief's obstinacy.

"What is your real object in wishing to pass through my territory?" Kwembi inquired, answering one question with another.

"I have already explained," replied Denviers. "Before starting on our way, we planned the route carefully; naturally enough, we wish to keep to it."

"Can you furnish me with any proof that what you say is true?"

"Why you mistrust your own countrymen so is more than I can understand," responded Denviers; "however, let this convince you that there is no secret object that we wish to carry out."

He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper stiffened with linen, and, unfolding it, held it out to Kwembi.

"The plan of your journey," commented the chief, as he scrutinized the red wavy line showing our route. "I see two peculiar marks upon it," he added, after a pause; "what are they intended to signify?"

"They show as near as possible the position of two places at which unexpected adventures have befallen us," I interposed. "That is all."

"Then you are not in search of the shield, to get which several Arab traders have fitted out expeditions of late, and, concealing their true object, have tried to get my permission to go through my territory?"

"We know nothing about it," Denviers answered, with a glance of surprise at me. "Surely the cause of your objection to our advance cannot be because of such a slight reason?"

"Wait!" Kwembi interrupted. "You are evidently speaking without knowledge of the rumour which has long been current among the Arabs, that I know more about this strange shield than I care to tell."

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The chief whispered something to his consort, who rose and passed into a side apartment of the palace, at the same time that, by a wave of his hand, Kwembi dismissed his savage guards.

"The Arabs I dare not trust, and to make another expedition in search of the shield, after what has already happened to me, is more than my nerves would bear. If you will solemnly promise to endeavour to recover it for me, I will allow you to go on your way, which, strangely enough, passes the spot where the shield is hidden. More than that, I will present you with this ring."

Kwembi drew from his finger a remarkable ring, which he held out to Denviers, who, after we had examined it curiously, returned it to the chief.

"It is yours," Kwembi continued, pressing it upon Denviers; "take it, and accept my terms."

"We will serve you in any way possible," my companion answered. "Do you fully realize the strange nature of your gift?"

Kwembi answered in the affirmative, and when Denviers had passed the ring to Hassan, to place with our other treasures, the chief continued:—

"You wonder how I came by it? Well, I found it in a tomb, and it answers exactly to the description of that once worn by Menes, the first King of Egypt."

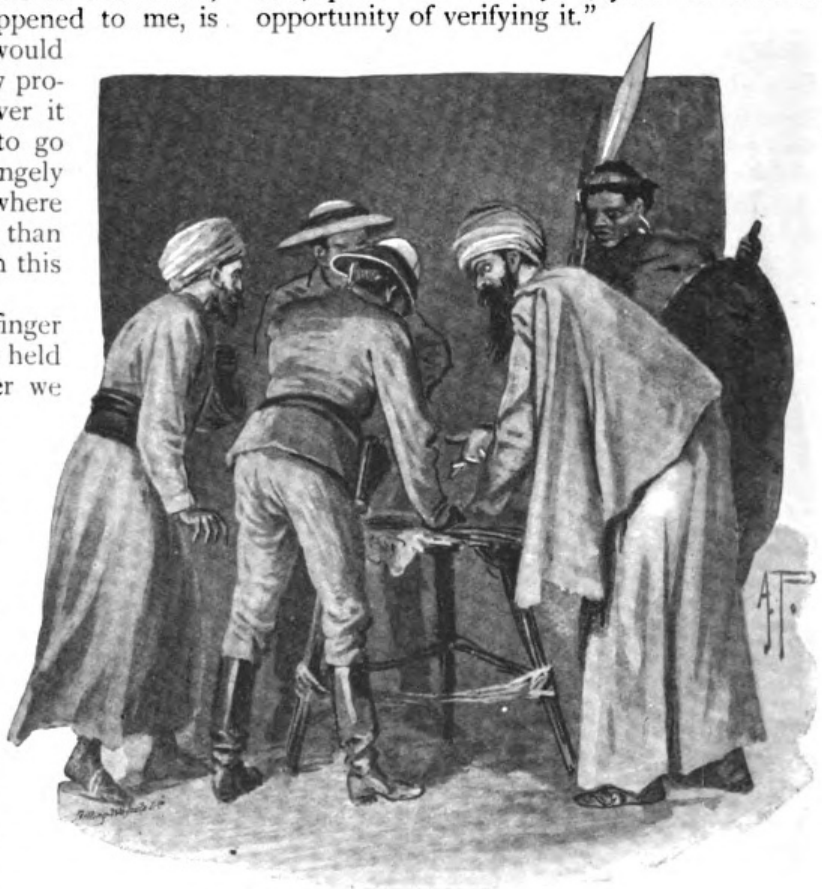
Denviers gave an incredulous whistle, then said, with a smile:—

"Of course, you don't expect us to believe your yarn? Our Arab guide often——"

"You need not believe it unless you like," Kwembi retorted; then, going towards the entrance of the palace, he gave some order. A minute afterwards some native women entered, bearing a table curiously constructed out of reeds.

When they had departed, Kwembi left us alone for a time, then re-entered and placed upon the table a discoloured and ragged sheet of parchment, which he unrolled as we gathered round it, and then we saw that it was covered with hieroglyphics.

"When first I found this parchment and became aware of what it contained," Kwembi continued, "I thought its narrative only the invention of some ancient Egyptian priest. Like you, I was incredulous; but listen, I will tell you what transpired in consequence of the discovery of this worm-eaten scroll, and, queer as the story is, you will have an opportunity of verifying it."



"LIKE YOU, I WAS INCREDULOUS."

When we had inspected the parchment to our satisfaction, Kwembi took it in his hand, and sat down upon his throne again. Denviers was invited to occupy the seat at the King's side, while Hassan and I rested upon the stools previously placed before the throne. Kass, holding his shield and spear, sank down on one knee, Wadigo fashion, whereupon Kwembi at once began his narrative, referring occasionally to the scroll at first; while, throughout the story, we listened attentively, the King's animated utterances impressing us that he, at all events, believed what was upon the parchment, and also that the singular termination to his adventure had no other solution than the one he gave us.

II.

"Of the events which led to the discovery of this parchment I shall only give you a very brief account," Kwembi began; "except to

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mention that, for several years, I and another Englishman devoted ourselves to research among the tombs of Meydum, in which, as you are doubtless aware, were found some extremely ancient sculptures. The success which followed our first efforts led us to visit many of the tombs which are to be found in the valley of that mysterious river—the Nile. It so happened that one day we discovered a sarcophagus and, among the treasures buried with the mummy of a woman which it contained, we found several strings of pearls. Some of these you no doubt observed adorning the hair of my consort when you first saw her on entering this palace. In addition to them we discovered the ring you now have, and which is minutely described in the hieroglyphics of this worm-eaten parchment, although, owing to the great age of the latter, here and there small fragments are missing, as well as some parts of it being difficult to clearly decipher.

"The events narrated in the parchment aroused our interest considerably, for some strange details concerning Menes, the Egyptian, are given upon it."

"There are many mythical stories told of this King," Denviers interposed. "Although this parchment may refer to Menes, it does not follow that the one who traced the hieroglyphics upon it witnessed the events recorded there. They may have been written hundreds of years after the occurrence took place, and possibly were put down upon hearsay."

"Menes," Kwembi continued, "was visited on one occasion by the Queen of a far country who was more lovely, if one may judge from this scroll, than the famous Cleopatra, destined, long after the great King passed away, to sit upon his throne. A wonderful journey was hers, for here I read that she crossed a sea then unknown, the primitive fleet of boats which hers headed being tossed for many days and nights upon the storm-swept waters. At last the mouth of the Nile stream was entered, and down the mystic river the Queen and her retinue passed. The wondrous scenes which opened out, as the current swept them on, charmed the eyes of the Queen as she stretched out her hand at times and plucked from the bank the blossoms of the mimosa. Yet fairer than anything there the Queen herself appeared, as well an attendant prince knew who sat at her feet and caught the glances of delight from her eyes, turned upon all else but him—her subject.

"A great festival was held to celebrate the Queen's visit, while Menes, smitten with love for the Queen, begged her to share his throne, which eventually she did. Among the many gifts bestowed by the Queen upon the Egyptian King when first she visited his land was a shield, curiously wrought in gold, inset in which was a three-headed serpent of magnificent brilliants, the eyes and darting tongues being of rubies. Beside the King one day, as he sat upon the throne, stood a slave who held the shield, while, at the feet of his bride, her favourite female slave rested, or at times let her fingers stray over the strings of a sweet-tuned lyre as she sang of the land whence Menes' Queen had come, and to rule which in her name a subject prince was set.

"Long before this time the chief prince who accompanied her had besought the Queen to be his—but was refused. No sooner did Menes obtain his bride than the disappointed suitor began to scheme against both King and Queen. With the object of stirring up a revolt in the far land, he begged to be sent to rule it, but Menes advised another to be chosen, and the thwarted prince prepared for revenge. He entered the audience-room of the palace with a weapon concealed upon his person; approaching Menes, he begged to whisper some strange news into the King's ear. Deceived by his friendly manner, Menes stooped down. On high the weapon flashed in an instant, but the bearer of the shield was too quick and caught upon it the descending blow. Quick as lightning strikes, the prince aimed a blow at the startled Queen! Before her the slave, who had been resting at her feet, but who had arisen when Menes was threatened with death, flung her own body, and as the weapon pierced her breast she gave one wild cry and fell dead! Down from the hand of its bearer fell the shield, and when he raised it the slave's life-stream had died it crimson.

"'Seize him!' cried Menes; then, as the hastily summoned slaves dragged the prince away, Menes led his Queen from the apartment. Next day the fate of the prince was announced to him. Never again could the eyes of Menes' bride look upon the shield stained with the blood of the one who had saved her life. The prince was thrust living into a sarcophagus, after being led fast bound to a remote tomb near the source of the Nile, and with him was buried the shield and the weapon he had taken life with. The female slave was embalmed and buried with the King's death gifts of pearls and a ring from

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his finger, while this parchment was placed in her tomb, that if in after ages the sarcophagus chanced to be opened, the memory of the slave's devotion to the Queen, even to death, might be recorded."

"And you found the tomb in which the body of the female slave was placed?" I asked, as Kwembi concluded that part of his story.

"That is the least astonishing part of what happened," he answered. "So convinced was my companion at the time that every word upon the parchment was true, that he persuaded me to join him in a search for the tomb of the prince with whom the shield was buried, which, from the description given of it, you will understand was of great value. Month after month we searched and tomb after tomb we found, till at last——"



"THE WEAPON FLASHED."

Kwembi broke off his story suddenly, and glancing into his face, I saw that he had turned ghastly pale, while the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead.

"You found at last——?" Denviers suggestively remarked, vaguely wondering at the agitation which had seized Kwembi.

"My story has a strange ending, one that you will hardly credit, yet I will endeavour to tell you as well as I can what happened," the chief continued. "Yes, we found the tomb of the nameless prince at last. Like most of the ancient burial places, it had an entrance chamber. Passing into this we saw the shaft at our feet. The two fellahs who acted as our servants lowered us in turn by a rope, and we found ourselves in a vault, whereupon we lit a torch and examined the place for the sarcophagus. Judge of our surprise when none was discovered! The event was so unusual that we discussed its meaning as we glanced into each other's face, lit up by the torch which I held. At last an idea occurred to my companion, who called up the shaft, in response to which an iron pick was let down at the end of our rope. Taking this implement, which long experience had taught him to handle deftly, he struck upon the sides of the vault. Hard and ringing was the sound each blow gave until, just as I was about to renew the torch, which was burning low, my companion cried:—

"'It is here! The sarcophagus has been walled in!' With excited blows he struck the wall, which yielded far more readily than we expected—but lower burnt the torch.

"In the surprise which the discovery roused in us we thought of nothing else save the one fact that the sarcophagus was placed on end, as we saw when the facing of stone was torn away.

"Lower, lower still, burnt the torch.

"Then the lid of the sarcophagus was wrenched away. I caught one glimpse of the mummy, saw the shield with the gems glittering in it, then, with a cry to my companion that the torch was going out, I dropped it as it singed my fingers. What happened then?" Kwembi asked, rising from his seat and covering his eyes, as if to shut out some scene which again rose before him. "What happened,

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you ask? *I saw the face of the mummy thrust into mine; we fell together, and two sets of bony fingers gripped me by the throat!* I could not cry out; for a minute my senses reeled with the horror of the thing, then I caught my weird assailant in turn, and we fought together upon the floor of the vault in the blind darkness, no sound from our lips escaping as we struggled for the mastery. At last I shook myself free, ran headlong to the foot of the shaft, wound the rope about my waist, and shouted to the fellahs to drag me up!

"No sooner did the men see my scared face and the marks of that fearful struggle which I bore, than they basely fled in terror; nor did I once after see them again. Suddenly a thought occurred to me — my companion! In securing my own safety I had forgotten him! I threw myself flat upon the ground and cried out to him, as I tried to pierce the gloom at the bottom of the shaft. No answer reached me — none! I called out again and again, but heard only the echo of my own voice ringing in the depths of the vault. Sick with horror, I ran from the place and wandered aimlessly about, but whether for days or weeks I cannot tell. I next remember waking, as if from a dream, to find a native woman bending over me, by whom I had been found, it appears, in a cave, such as there are in plenty in the land over which I rule. By chance she had discovered me there, and, so long, had been able to save me from the men of her tribe by keeping my presence unknown to them. When my strength was sufficiently restored, she urged me to return the way I came, but I refused. The dreadful event which had happened so completely unhinged my mind that I had no wish to live. In spite of her entreaties, I made my way to where the huts of her tribe were, and was promptly seized by two braves, who dragged me before the chief. For some time his tribe had been at war with another, and even as I stood before Haika in this palace a messenger came in saying that the chief's braves were being driven in.



"TWO SETS OF BONY FINGERS GRIPPED MY THROAT."

"More with the object of flinging away my life than any other, I promised Haika if he would spare me I would fight for him against the invading tribe. So often had he been tricked by Arab traders that he refused, but at last gave a reluctant consent. All that afternoon his vanquished braves came hurrying in, telling of the numbers slain in the recent battle. By means of the chief's headman — who, from frequent intercourse with Arab traders, managed to interpret my words — I volunteered to head a division of the braves if they were intrusted to me. Accordingly, when Haika drew up his men to defend his palace and the huts of the great village, I selected a number of them and led them away. The chief presented me with a rifle, which proved more serviceable than I expected; while a fortunate downpour of rain, which occurred that night, was considered a good omen. The natives persuaded themselves that the white man was lucky!

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"About two hours before dawn the enemy made the attack, Haika's braves resisting stoutly. Having made a wide detour with the men I led, we took the foes in the rear—before the sun had risen the enemy fled panic-stricken, and Haika's braves had won! Both sides suffered severely, as the blent heaps of the dying and dead plainly showed. Seeing a throng of braves gathered round one of the wounded, I pressed through them to find Haika lying there, clutching in his stiffening fingers his bloody spear. He seemed to recognise me; as I bent over him he feebly raised himself a little, motioned to me to take his weapon, and then fell back dead.

"'The chief has chosen the white man in his place!' the braves cried, and that day, on the field of battle, I was made chief of this tribe over which I now rule, and from which I would not go, for they are faithful to me, and I accept the strange fortune which is mine. She who found me in the cave has become my bride, while, so efficient in war are my braves now, that the power of five tribes dwelling about my territory has been completely broken. The Arab traders have several times endeavoured to get my consent to pass through this territory, for, somehow, the secret of that strange tomb has become known to them, although they do not know the exact position of the place concerning which they have put many unanswered questions to me. As to the shield, I dare not enter the tomb again in search of it; what I think about the nameless prince whose fingers wound themselves about my throat I can only hint. You look incredulous, but remember that the parchment declares he was not slain when thrust into the sarcophagus."

"You surely don't wish to persuade us that he has lived in that tomb since the time of Menes?" asked Denviers. "Our Arab guide, Hassan, as I have said, can spin a tolerably tall yarn at times, but yours——" and he laughed irreverently as he rose from the chief's side at the close of the story.

"In my opinion," Kwembi returned, "much of the mysterious lore of Ancient Egypt has been lost; who knows under what conditions the prince may have been immured there? As to whether the struggle of which I speak took place or not, let these marks testify." The chief unfastened the garment about his neck and showed several large lateral scars, then he added:—

"Now will you agree to my conditions? You accepted the ring of Menes; if you will swear to me to recover this shield which is mine by right of discovery, I will send a body of braves to join your followers. When you get possession of it you can send it back to me—on these terms you may continue your journey, otherwise you must turn back——"

"And if we fail to find the tomb?" Denviers interrupted.

"That will not happen; I will give you an exact description of its position," and Kwembi proceeded to do so.

"We will start at sunrise to-morrow," Denviers agreed, when everything was satisfactorily settled, and we were then conducted to a hut prepared for us, where we sat smoking and talking together till the night was advanced, Hassan and Kass seeing to the comfort of our followers.

When morning came we set out on our march, headed by the braves whom Kwembi appointed to go with us. At the end of the second week after leaving the chief's palace, we found ourselves at last within a short distance of the tomb. Leaving the encampment we had made, Denviers and I went forward, accompanied by Hassan and Kass with two of Kwembi's braves, who were to carry the shield if it were discovered.

III.

OFTEN as Denviers had discussed the subject with me, neither of us had conjectured rightly what the end of our adventure would be—so completely did it take us by surprise.

After making our way along a narrow path which wound up the precipitous, gloomy cliffs at the foot of which the White Nile flowed, we came to a narrow entry and, stooping down, we passed within. Hassan led the way holding a torch; following him, we found ourselves in a grotto, the roof of which rose high above our heads.

"The entry to the tomb, sahibs," the Arab cried, as we stood by his side and glanced at the fantastic shapes of the jagged projections from walls and roof. Denviers lit another torch, and, handing his rifle to Kass, motioned to Hassan to go on. The Arab cautiously advanced. After traversing a few yards he stopped.

"See! The way lies here," he exclaimed, pointing down a gloomy shaft, and without delay we descended, Kass remaining behind with the two natives, who lowered us in turn into the vault of which Kwembi had spoken.

We soon discovered that we were in no hastily prepared excavation. Pillars of granite supported the roof, sculptured with many a strange design. The walls upon which the

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flickering torchlight fell were painted—here, the half-obliterated face of a sphinx, inscrutable and stolid, looked away from the hands of suppliants held appealingly towards it; there, a great procession was limned, the central figure being a man, probably the prince, led into captivity or to death. At times a fallen pillar obstructed our way as on we passed, till we had gone fifty paces or more and the opposing wall was reached. Examining the latter as carefully as we had done the first, we saw no indication of a break in it such as we were led to expect. Slowly we turned and walked close to the third side.

"I hope the main object of our expedition is not doomed to disappointment," Denviers remarked. "Strange as this place is, it seems to me very likely——" He stopped suddenly, for Hassan, who was a few yards ahead, was seen to stoop down as if examining something upon the rocky floor.

"The sahibs' slave has found what they seek," he cried, and quickly we hastened to the spot. An excavation, rising to the height of seven feet, had been made in the wall, the material taken from which lay in a confused heap close by. Nor was that all we saw. An ancient sarcophagus, broken, lay in shattered fragments, mingled with pieces of decayed wood, once forming the inner casing of the mummy, flung down when the lid was wrenched off by Kwembi's companion.

Yellow as parchment, yet wonderfully preserved from the ravages of time, the mummy was; if cloths had once swathed it, none were there then, save the rotting fillet about its forehead; a strange glitter came from its face, for the latter had been gilded; its tangled hair was thick with dust. I touched the hand near me; it came off with part of the arm as my fingers closed upon it. Holding it near Denviers's torch, as we glanced curiously at it, a spark fell, and in a moment the hand and arm burnt away, filling the air with an odour of bitumen, and leaving a mere pinch of ashes behind.

"The shield," I whispered to Denviers, awed by the strange surroundings of our adventure; but, search as we did, we could not find it. Finally, we determined to examine the whole vault systematically, Denviers and I beginning from one of its oblong sides, Hassan from the other. The Arab's torch was visible to us for some minutes; then it disappeared, as we heard a cry from his lips to Allah and Mahomet.

We hastily passed across to the fourth side of the vault, where we found another excavation leading upwards, and in front of us we saw Hassan hurrying on with his torch held above his head. A ray of light soon lit the excavation from without; a minute after we had emerged upon the path which led to the tomb, but higher than we had previously gone. We heard a crash as of something striking the rock below, then again Hassan's excited cries rang upon our ears. We looked up and saw the Arab struggling upon a narrow shelve of rock with an opponent, whose matted hair and beard seemed as ragged as the vestiges of clothing upon his half-naked body. Swaying to and fro upon the giddy height, they clung to each other, fighting each for his life and the other's



"HE SWUNG HIMSELF ROUND AND THRUST HIS FOE HEADLONG BELOW."

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death. Each laboured to get his foe's back to the threatening void: we saw Hassan forced into that position, heard a fierce cry from his opponent, then, just as the Arab seemed to totter on the verge of the precipitous cliff, he swung himself round and thrust his foe headlong below! How it was done we never rightly understood, but as he fell the man caught at a projecting ledge, clung to it for one brief second, drew himself up with his hands, and with a mad cry ran into one of the orifices which honeycombed the cliff. Long as we sought for him we could not find the man; whether he was Kwembi's companion, and in the blind darkness had unknowingly fought with him, mistaking his comrade's clasp for that of the crumbling mummy, was more than we had an opportunity of discovering, although our conjecture was such. There was the excavation from the tomb into the open air—easily made in the soft rock with the implement of which Kwembi had spoken—to support our view, and the fact that the mind of one at least of the explorers had been shaken by that weird, mutual mistake!

"Sahibs," cried Hassan, making his way towards where we stood, forming hasty conjectures as to what had happened, "the Great Prophet guided Hassan's feet to enter the excavation. There he discovered one who barred his way, holding in his grasp the strange shield. When their Arab slave thrust his torch into the foe's face he turned and fled. Finding himself pursued, the man ran out upon the ledge of rock and flung this strange shield far below, then grappled with the dust of the sahibs' feet."

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers, as the Arab afterwards assisted us to secure the shield, which had, however, been dinted slightly in the fall, "the dust of the sahibs' feet, as you call yourself, had a narrow escape from being dashed to pieces."

"Allah and Mahomet preserved Hassan," our Arab gravely responded, as we fastened the shield to a spear, and placed the ends of the latter upon the shoulders of two of Kwembi's men, and bade them carry it to where our encampment was. "Surely it is his Kismet to be saved that he may serve the Englishmen and tell them from time to time of the wise sayings of the Great Prophet."

"We both hope so, at all events," Denviers replied, with a smile. "Kwembi shall hear of your share in recovering the treasure he first discovered; and when we are resting in our tent this evening you shall read us some more out of the Koran, or tell us a story."

"For Hassan to hear is for him to obey," said the Arab, with a profound obeisance, and we started for our encampment. To Kwembi we dispatched the shield, guarded by the natives, next day, while we set out once more upon our journey.



"HE FLUNG THE STRANGE SHIELD FAR BELOW."

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Calculating Boys.

THERE is no doubt that the power for mental calculation varies to a remarkable degree in different individuals, but it is not so much in adults as in children that the difference in the development of this particular faculty is so strikingly apparent, and many remarkable instances are recorded of children in whom it has developed itself in an extraordinary manner at a very early age. Among these, one of the most remarkable is the case of George Parker Bidder.

This boy was born in 1806, at Morton Hampstead, in Devonshire, on the borders of Dartmoor, where his father carried on a small business as a stone-mason. At the early age of four he showed a most extraordinary ability for calculation, which with slight assistance from an elder brother assumed quite phenomenal proportions. His peculiar talents soon attracted general attention, and his father found it a much more profitable employment to carry his son about the country, and exhibit him as the "Calculating Phenomenon," than following his trade. In this way young Bidder visited many parts of the country, astonishing the different people who came to see and question him, with the wonderful rapidity with which he was able to answer, without external aid of any description, the most difficult questions.

Of these the following are a few of the most extraordinary examples: If a flea spring 2ft. 3in. in every hop, how many hops must it take to go round the world, the circumference being 25,020 miles; and how long would it be performing the journey, allowing it to take 60 hops every minute without intermission? Answer: 58,713,600 hops, and 1 year 314 days 13 hours 20min.

The following question was solved by him in 40sec.: Suppose the ball at the top of St. Paul's Cathedral to be 6ft. in diameter, what did the gilding cost at 3½d. per square inch? Answer, £237 10s. 1d.

The following in 1min. 20sec.: Suppose a city to be illuminated with 9,999 lamps, each lamp to consume 1 pint of oil every 4 hours in succession, how many gallons would they consume in 40 years? Answer, 109,489,050 gallons.

Another curious question was: Suppose the earth to consist of 971,000,000 of inhabitants, and suppose they die in 30 years and 4 months, how many have returned to dust since the time of Adam, computing it to be 5,850 years? Multiply the answer by 99.

It is related that on one occasion the proposer of a question was not satisfied with Bidder's answer. The boy said the answer was correct, and requested the proposer to work the sum over again. During the operation Bidder said he was certain he was right, for he had worked the question in another way; and before the proposer found he was wrong, and Bidder right, he had solved the question by a third method.

But Bidder was not always content with being questioned only, but would sometimes puzzle his interrogators by a question of his own, and on one of these occasions he put the following:—

"A man found thirteen cats in his garden. He got out his gun, fired at them and killed seven. How many were left?" "Six," was the reply. "You are wrong," he said, "none were left. The rest ran away."

Whether or no he was the originator of this time-honoured joke, his biographers do not say.

During one of his exhibition tours, fortunately for the lad his performances attracted the attention of some eminent scholars, who, after making inquiries, subsequently undertook his education, and he was placed at a first-rate school at Camberwell, and afterwards



GEORGE PARKER BIDDER (AGE 8).
From a Painting by Miss Hayter.

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at Edinburgh, where he carried off the prizes given by the magistrates of that town for the study of higher mathematics.

Bidder was afterwards employed for a short time on the Ordnance Survey; but finally he decided to follow the profession of an engineer, in which his extraordinary gift would have ample scope. It was while thus employed that he became associated with Robert Stephenson and the Birmingham Railway, and in the construction of this he took a very active part.

Some years after he entered Parliament, and numerous stories are extant of his wonderful skill in detecting a flaw in some elaborate set of calculations, whereby he was often enabled to upset an opponent's case. Or, at other times, he would establish his own case by arguments based upon mathematical data, possibly only at the moment placed before him. It is said that on one occasion an opposing counsel asked that he might not be allowed to remain in the committee-room, on the ground that "Nature had endowed him with qualities that did not place his opponents on a fair footing."

After taking a leading part in many important engineering works, he died at Dartmouth, September 20th, 1878.

Another of these extraordinary children, between whom and Bidder honours were almost equally divided, was Zerah Colburn, born at Cabot, Vermont, United States, September 1st, 1804. Signs of his wonderful powers appeared at a very tender age. The discovery was accidentally made by his father, who was much surprised one day to hear him repeating the product of several numbers, although at the time he had received no other instruction than such as could be obtained at a small country school, whose curriculum did not include writing or ciphering. He thereupon proposed a variety of arithmetical questions to his son, all of which the child answered with remarkable facility and correctness. At the age of eight, the boy was able to solve most difficult questions by the mere operation of his mind. Many persons of the first eminence for their knowledge in mathematics made a point of seeing and conversing with him, and they proposed to him a great variety of questions to test his marvellous powers. Among them were the following:—

Give the square of 999,999. After hesitating a little, he replied 999,998,000,001, and observed that he produced this result by multiplying the square of 37,037 by the square of 27. He was then asked to multiply the answer twice by 49 and once by 25, a task which he accomplished successfully, though the answer consists of seventeen figures.

Name the cube root of 413,993,348,677. To this he gave the correct answer in five seconds. How many times would a coach wheel, 12ft. in circumference, turn round in 256 miles, and how many minutes in 48 years? To the first he replied in two seconds, 112,640; and to the second before the question could be written down, 25,228,800, and added that the number of seconds in the same period was 1,513,728,000. What are the factors of 247,483? To this he replied 941 and 263, which are the only factors.



ZERAH COLBURN (AGE 9).
From a Painting by T. Hull.

Various other questions of a similar nature respecting the roots and powers of very high numbers were indiscriminately proposed to him, and he always succeeded in giving the correct answers. He could tell the exact product arising from the multiplication of any number consisting of two, three, or four figures, by any other number consisting of a like number of figures; or if any number consisting of six or seven places of figures were proposed, he would determine, with equal ease and expedition, all the factors of which it was composed. This singular faculty therefore extended not only to the raising of powers, but also to the extraction of the square and cube roots of the numbers proposed, and this without the assist-

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ance of any visible aid in the form of pencil or paper.

Many persons tried to obtain a knowledge of the method by which he was enabled to answer with so much facility and correctness the questions put to him, but without success; for he positively declared that he was unable to tell how the answers came into his mind. That his process of operation was other than the usual mode of proceeding was evident, for he was entirely ignorant of the common rules of arithmetic at this time, and could not, it is stated, perform upon paper a simple sum in multiplication or division. But in the extraction of roots and the mentioning of factors, he gave the answers so promptly as not to admit of any lengthy operation taking place in his mind, when it would require, according to the ordinary method of solution, a very difficult and laborious calculation.

After exhibiting his powers in many parts of the United States, this child was brought to England in May, 1812, and exhibited at the "Exhibition Rooms" in Spring Gardens. During his stay in this country the Earl of Bristol, among others, took great interest in the boy's welfare, and sent him to Westminster School. Here he remained till 1819, when, unfortunately for the lad, he was removed, owing to his father refusing to comply with certain arrangements proposed by the Earl.

Colburn afterwards tried the stage as a profession, and was for a few months under the tuition of Charles Kemble; but his first appearance satisfied both himself and his instructor that he was not adapted for a theatrical career, and he finally became a master in an American University. In 1833 he published his autobiography, and from this it appears that his faculty of computation left him about the time he reached manhood. He died March 2nd, 1840.

In 1795 there was born, in Bilbao, a Spanish boy named Lacy, who also gave early demonstrations of his special powers, and at an early age was brought over to this country and exhibited here, creating no small stir by his wonderful performances in the calculating art.

A very singular instance of this curious development of the calculating faculty, and differing in several respects from those hitherto mentioned, is



M. M. J. R. LACY (AGE 9).
From a Painting by J. Smart.



JEDIDIAH BUXTON.
From a Painting by B. Killingbeck.

the case of Jedidiah Buxton, who, though he can hardly be termed an infant prodigy, is of sufficient importance in the same capacity to find a place among them.

This man was born in 1707, at Elmeton, in Derbyshire, where his father was schoolmaster. But, notwithstanding his father's profession, Jedidiah's education was so much neglected that he was not even taught to write. How he first discovered his extraordinary faculty for numbers he could never tell, and, unlike his fellow-calculators, he does not seem to have shown any startling development very early in life; for it was not till he had arrived at man's estate that his powers assumed anything like phenomenal proportions. But once started in this direction, his mind seems to have been engrossed with the subject, to the exclusion of all others, so that he frequently took no cognizance of external objects, except with regard to their numbers.

It seems to have been invariably his custom, if any space of time were mentioned in his presence, to repeat the time in minutes and seconds; if any distance, the number of hair's breadths. By this means he greatly increased his power of memory with regard to figures, and stored up in his mind many products for use as they might be called upon. So remark-

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able was his memory that, while solving a question, he could desist and resume the operation again where he had left off, even if it were a month after. His method of working was entirely his own, and he was not so much remarkable for his rapidity as for his invariable correctness.

He was once asked as a test of his powers: In a body whose three sides are 23,145,789 yards, 5,641,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubical eighths of an inch?—and after some time, although still continuing his work among a number of fellow-labourers, he signified that he was ready with the answer. Meantime his interrogator calculated it upon paper, and upon his taking out his pocket-book to take down the answer, Jedidiah asked which end he would begin with, for he was ready either way. His questioner chose the regular order, and, to his great surprise, found that in a line of twenty-eight figures he made no hesitation or the least mistake.

Two very remarkable things about this man were that he would suffer two people to propose different questions, one immediately after the other, and give each their respective answers, without the least confusion. He would also talk freely while working out his questions, as if it were no molestation or hindrance to him.

One of the most stirring events in his otherwise quiet and obscure life was a visit to London in 1754, when he was introduced to the members of the Royal Society, who asked him a number of questions, to prove his abilities, all of which he answered to their entire satisfaction and surprise. Beyond this he never left his birthplace, where he died in 1772.

Another boy, a German, named Christian Friedrich Heinecken, who was known as the "Infant of Lubeck," from the place where he was born in 1721, besides his remarkable faculty for numbers, is said to have known, at the age of one, all the principal events related in the Pentateuch, at two was well acquainted with the chief historical events of the Bible, and at three had a knowledge of universal history and geography, Latin and French. People came from all parts to see him, and the King of Denmark had him brought to Copenhagen in 1724, in order to assure himself of the truth of what he had heard regarding him. But shortly after this, little Heinecken was taken ill, when he predicted his own death, which took place in 1725, at the tender age of four.

Many other examples of these "freaks of Nature" are known, and among them may be mentioned one of a negro of Maryland, who, with no education whatever, possessed a wonderful power for numbers, and solved many difficult questions put to him. An account of his career appeared in the "Annual Register," 1788.

Being endowed by Nature with such extraordinary abilities, one naturally looks for some great mathematical work, or some startling discovery with regard to numbers, from these youths in after life, but in vain, for not one of them, with the exception of George Bidder, ever seems to have attained to anything of importance, or to have struck out any particular line for himself out of the ordinary beaten track; but rather, as time went on, they appear to have lost most of their marvellous power, or to have died before reaching an age when its practical application might have been made to serve some useful purpose.



CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HEINECKEN (AGE 3).
From a Painting by J. Harper.

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M.P.'s as Artists.

By William G. FitzGerald.

I

"THE House of Commons is a congregation of experts and specialists; there is hardly a single branch of industry, science, and art that is not represented in the 'mother of Parliaments.'" This is among the *obiter dicta* of Sir Richard Temple, and is amply demonstrated in this article—at least, in one respect.

It is right and proper that Sir Richard himself should have the place of honour in this interesting "gallery" of artistic members of Parliament. Perhaps, by the way, I ought in some cases to say ex-members; but the distinguished gentlemen who have so courteously placed themselves and their work at my disposal are for the most part such old Parliamentary hands that—if only for the latter reason—it would be, indeed, invidious to exclude them as not coming strictly within the scope of this article.



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Considerations of space compel me to suppress the awe-inspiring list of Sir Richard Temple's decorations and the details of his splendid Indian career; let it suffice to say that the genial baronet has governed altogether something like fifteen millions of Her Majesty's subjects. My task at Heath Brow, Sir Richard's beautiful home at Hampstead, was by no means a light one. There were about three hundred water-colour drawings to be inspected, executed by the indefatigable statesman in Central and Northern India; part of Western India; the Eastern and Western Himalayas; Tibet; the Khyber Pass region; the country near Afghanistan; the upper course of the Brahmapootra; Tenasserim and Siam; and all through Nepaul, east of the Himalayas.

In addition to this formidable collection, there were 120 oil studies, prepared during Sir Richard's travels in Egypt, Turkey, and the shores of the Mediterranean; Central Russia, the northernmost parts of Norway, the Canadian and American Rockies, the Yosemite Valley, and the Yellowstone National Park. In the latter wonderful region Sir Richard worked at an altitude of 11,000ft.

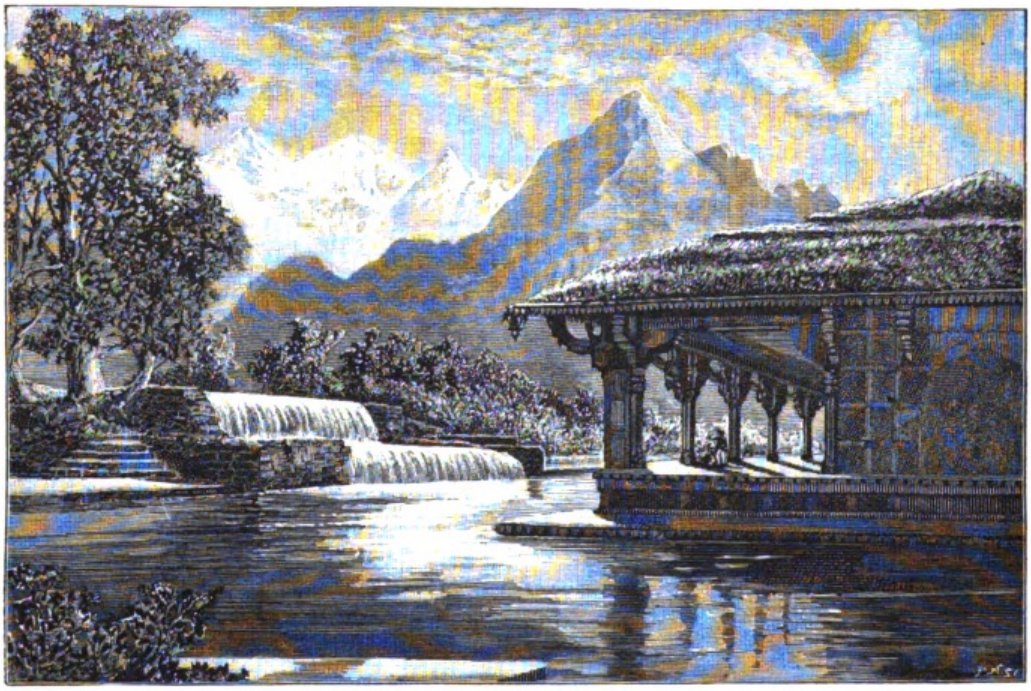
Speaking of his artistic work in India, Sir Richard said: "It gave me a knowledge of the country and peoples I had to govern; and thus directly helped towards my administrative success." And, in truth, he displayed amazing energy in getting about the country, riding forty or fifty miles before breakfast (sketching in the saddle), and using as mounts, besides horses, elephants, camels, and hill-ponies.

When even the latter hardy animals had to be discarded, owing to the wildness of the district, Sir Richard pursued his way on foot, and when he could no longer walk, he climbed. The first of Sir Richard Temple's beautiful water-colours reproduced here is a view of a Mogul palace on the border of Srinagar Lake, in Kashmir. I should say at once that these reproductions convey but a poor idea of the ineffable—almost unearthly—beauty of the scenes, glowing with colour and actually realizing the descriptions of the "Arabian Nights." This palace is in the Royal gardens called Shalimar, and is the very centre of the closing scene of the story of Moore's "Lalla Rookh." According to the imagination of the poet, the Feast of Roses was held in this very palace.

Sir Richard's descriptions were wholly admirable. He would pore over each picture in turn, going into the whys and wherefores in a delightfully explicit manner. Taking up the first, he gave a little architectural disquisition in his own inimitable style.

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"The great pillared veranda, with the huge pediments and massive stone walls, is entirely of black marble, called Sung-i-Moosa (Stone of Moses). Now, as regards the landscape. The waterfalls and the lake are wholly artificial, being formed by dams from the mountain streams. In the background



MOGUL PALACE, SRINAGAR LAKE, KASHMIR.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

are seen the snow-capped mountains belonging to the Himalayan Range at the back, or north, of Kashmir. The trees are the famous planes of Kashmir, spoken of in 'Lalla Rookh' as 'Chenars.' The flowering shrubs are lilacs; and the plants in the foreground are irises beginning to bloom. On the veranda are seen the Mohammedan attendants and Court servitors."

This picture was painted by Sir Richard in 1871. Having a month's holiday, he took Lady Temple to this gorgeously-lovely spot, knowing it to be one of the places in all India best worth seeing. The distinguished couple were taken across the lake in Royal barges.

"Ancient Buddhist remains at Erun, in the Saugor district; British territory; centre of India." It was in this wise that Sir Richard heralded the description of the second extraordinary picture reproduced here. Now, no one has ever accused the estimable baronet of frivolity; nevertheless, he related the story of this picture with such complacent glee that I feel constrained to give it in his own words: "The principal item is the Sacred Pig, known to his devotees by the more imposing appellation of Shiwla, the god of destruction. In this particular instance he is really a primeval rock. They scooped out the rock over the ground to form his legs; and, of course, the legs have their roots deep in the bowels of the earth. Having got thus far, they carved away the right-hand side of the rock so as to form his head, and then smoothed off his back, leaving a little upright space near the head for the ear. A little place was also left for the tusk, on which was carved the figure of a goddess, hanging on by her hand."

The approximate size of this monumental animal may be judged from the figures seated on a stone near him. These are Sir Richard's camp attendants; and the distinguished artist assures me that this time, at least, he depicted quite correctly the attitude of the natives, who were sketched while gossiping among themselves, never dreaming what their master was about. "Ordinarily," remarked Sir Richard, "these fellows would pose stiffly—ludicrously, in fact; but on this occasion they were unconscious and *dégagé*." And he laughed contagiously. Presently, he continued, gravely: "Behind the Pig are the remains of a Buddhist temple, along the side of which, and forming the background to the Pig, is a banyan tree. To the right of the Pig stands a pillar, with a finely-carved

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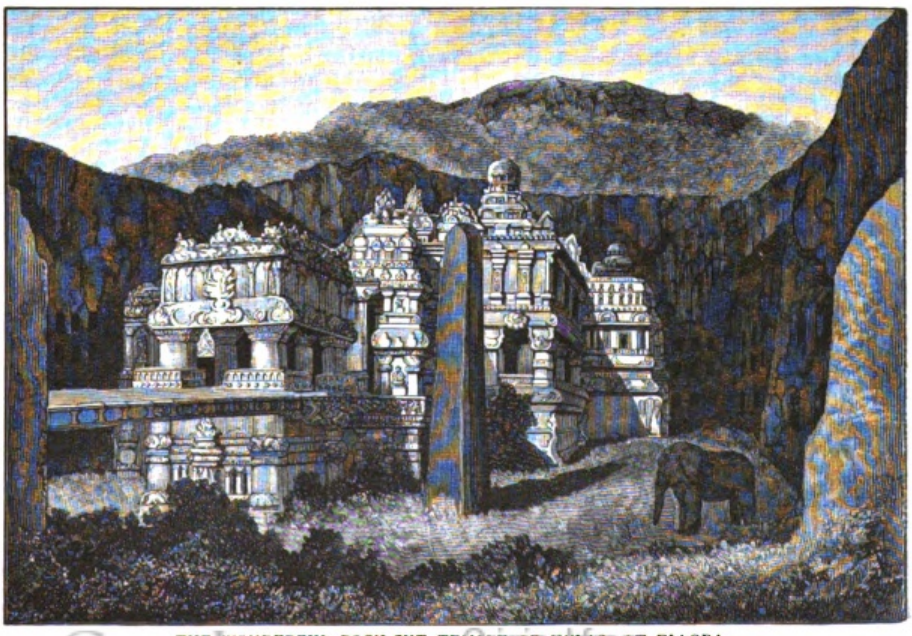
THE "SACRED PIG" AND OTHER REMAINS AT ERUN, INDIA.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

finial, on the top of which is seated Buddha, with a stone halo and sun rays around his head. Still farther to the right is another pillar, without a finial. The foreground is strewn with slabs and other remains, probably representing fallen temples."

This sketch was made one morning, during Sir Richard's annual riding tour through the country as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. His horses and camp were somewhere in the vicinity; and as far as he remembers, he rode over in the forenoon and sketched as long as he could bear the sun. At about mid-day a horse was brought for him, and he returned to the camp. His mounted escort carried the portfolio, while his paint-box reposed in his own capacious pocket.

The third picture reproduced shows the rock-cut Temple of Kylas (Sanskrit for "Paradise") at Ellora. Certainly, this is one of the little known wonders of the world. The temple is simply cut out from the solid flank of a mountain belonging to the Sautpura Range.

When this wonderful temple was quite finished, the architects turned their attention

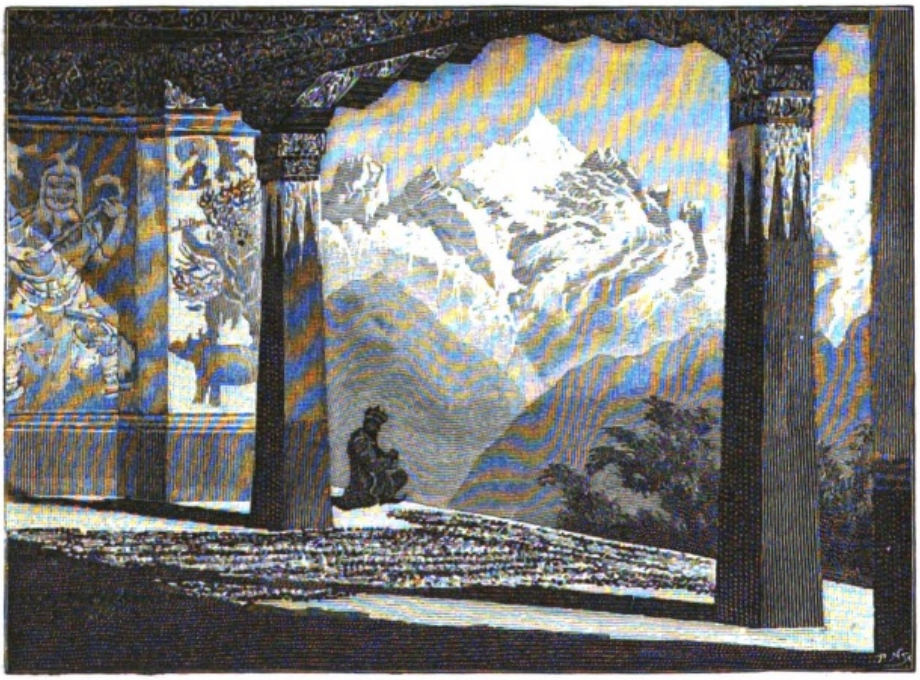


THE WONDERFUL ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF KYLAS, AT ELLORA.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

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to the surrounding surface of rock, out of which were duly excavated three rows of chambers, for the priests, monks, and attendants. It will be noticed that from the temple to one side of the surrounding rock the excavators left a passage, or causeway. Again, by the side of the temple they left a plain black obelisk, standing out in marked contrast to the brilliantly coloured temple. Near the obelisk they also left a stone elephant, exactly life-size, and from this the general scale may be gauged.

The environment of black rock forms a splendid background to this gorgeous temple; and at the time when Sir Richard's sketch was made—that is, during the rainy season—



GATEWAY OF BUDDHIST MONASTERY AT PAMIONCHI, IN SIKKIM.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

the oozing and running of water all over the rocks gave them a glossy jet colour. This sketch was made in 1862, when Sir Richard was dispatched by Lord Canning (then Viceroy of India) on a diplomatic mission to His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. Sir Richard naturally took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to see most of the magnificent things in the Nizam's dominions. The rock-cut temple was some hundreds of miles from the palace of this potentate, but Sir Richard was conveyed by mail-cart to the nearest bungalow, and he then rode over on horseback.

The next picture that figures here is the gateway of a Buddhist monastery in Pamionchi, Sikkim, east of the Himalayas.

"This," declares my accomplished informant, "is the finest and most ornate of the modern Buddhist monasteries. The exterior of the building is quite wonderful, the roof being formed of massive bamboo poles, arranged mushroom-wise, and supported by poles 70ft. or 80ft. high. This roof has, of course, to sustain the immense weight of snow in winter."

The massive wooden pillars seen in the illustration are painted reddish-brown, but blue predominates throughout, for, owing to the proximity of Tibet, the land of the turquoise, the natives have many facilities for manufacturing blues of a beauty not attainable in other lands. The painting on the wall is done by the fresco process, and the figures represent gods and the various powers of darkness. One of them, adorned with a blue skin, has endless flames lambent around his head, and carries lightning in his hand. Also, he is standing on a pig, which, I gather, is another and less concrete edition of the one previously referred to. The god of sacred music is also shown, fingering a guitar of unknown make. Above these interesting personages is squatted a little Buddha, in all the serenity and calmness of abstract wisdom.

Immediately beyond the carpeted floor, which is on the brow of an ascent, is the really sublime Himalayan background. Straight up in the centre shoots a peak far higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. I asked Sir Richard about the figure squatted on the edge of the platform. This, it seems, is a priest, counting his beads and saying his prayers. Sir Richard remembered the man quite well, and actually posed him for this picture—which, by the way, was painted in 1875, when Sir Richard was touring in Sikkim. I should explain that Sikkim then formed part of the territory

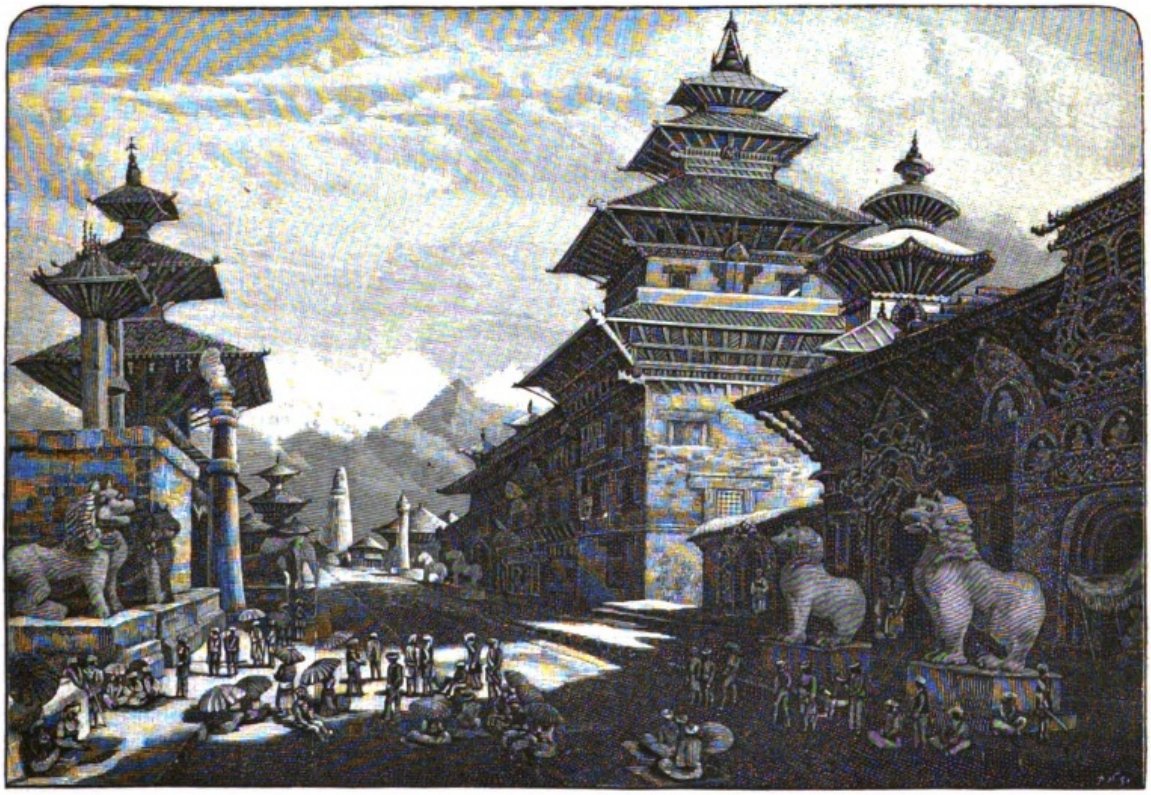
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under his control as Lieutenant-Govenor of Bengal.

The sketch was made in the summer season, these mountains being wholly inaccessible in tempestuous weather. Sir Richard and his staff made the ascent laboriously, spending a day and night with the monks, who have no prejudices about food, and entertained their guests right royally, the menu comprising, *inter alia*, "the best minced mutton with rice that I have ever tasted."

The last of Sir Richard Temple's pictures reproduced here is one that hangs in the dining-room at Heath Brow. It shows the Neopolis Temple at Patun, near the capital, Katmandoo, in the Nepaul Valley. Sir Richard believes he is almost the only European that has ever visited this weird and extraordinary district.

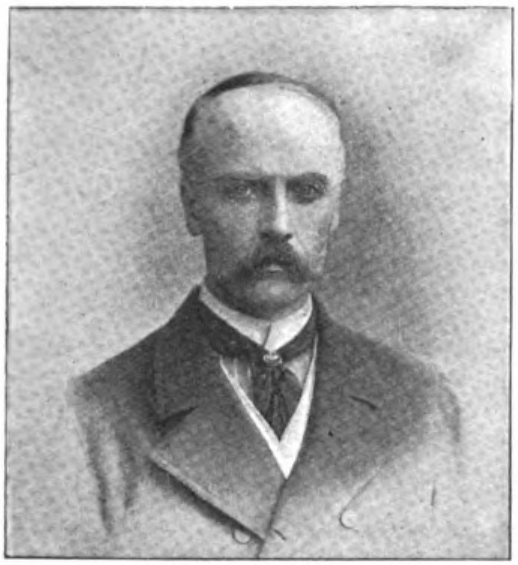
The style is unique among Hindu temples, simply because it is not Hindu at all, being borrowed from the Chinese. The central tower is built in compartments, and the finial is copper-gilt; the first compartment is also of copper-gilt, which takes bluish hues from verdegris under atmospheric influence. The roofs of the next three compartments are tiled, and the supports of the roof are of teak, light grey in colour from age. The sides are made of extraordinarily long bricks, enamelled pink; and the shields, emblazoning, and windows are of brass. The griffins standing on pedestals near the basement are of grey stone from the neighbouring mountains. Beyond are seen stupendous mountains—"a good 25,000ft. above the level of the sea." The figures in the foreground are the natives who visit the place to attend service at the temple; and they greatly add to the brightness of the scene. The soldiers standing about form part of the guard kept by the Government for the sacred place.



NEOPOLIS TEMPLE AT PATUN, NEAR KATMANDOO, NEPAUL.
From the Water-colour Drawing by Sir Richard Temple, Bart.

The sketch for this elaborate and glowing picture was made in 1875, when Sir Richard was Governor of Bengal. Nepaul was not under his jurisdiction, but, by the courtesy of the Nepaulese Sovereigns, he was taken for many unique excursions. Sir Richard was then staying with the British Resident at Katmandoo, and was driven over in the King's carriages, with his staff, to see the place shown in the picture. The versatile baronet found this subject so difficult that he thought it necessary to have the perspective tested by one of the engineer officers of his staff.

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COLONEL SAUNDERSON.
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

Now, my next appointment, on leaving Heath Brow, was with gallant, rollicking Colonel Saunderson, in Deanery Street, Park Lane. My cabman turned out of South Audley Street into this curious little thoroughfare with such a tremendous flourish (I was rather in a hurry), that an austere 'bus driver sarcastically inquired whether he "wanted to be broke up." He did not; and he said so in unmistakable language.

One may judge even from a photograph of Colonel Saunderson that he is every inch a fighter. As a *raconteur* I feel sure he is unrivalled in society, and abundant evidence of his artistic ability is here forthcoming.

Colonel Saunderson's electioneering experiences would make interesting and amusing reading, but their place, unfortunately, is not here. Those who know anything of politics, however, will infer a great deal from the fact that the gallant Colonel's political campaigns have almost invariably been conducted in the wildest parts of Ireland, where the constituents to be wooed are of the interesting type depicted here—a type supposed by intelligent people to exist only in the imagination of the bigoted caricaturist. I hinted that the portrait was possibly a little extravagant — even impossible. "Not a bit," was the cheery, vigorous rejoinder; "fellows like that are to be seen in our part in millions."

"This sketch is from life," the Colonel went on, "and I remember the man and the incident perfectly well. It was in North Armagh, and I was unopposed; therefore my constituents were pining for a common enemy, a fight on these occasions being absolutely essential. As no enemy, common or otherwise, could be found, they philosophically turned upon each other, rent each other, and broke each other's heads with



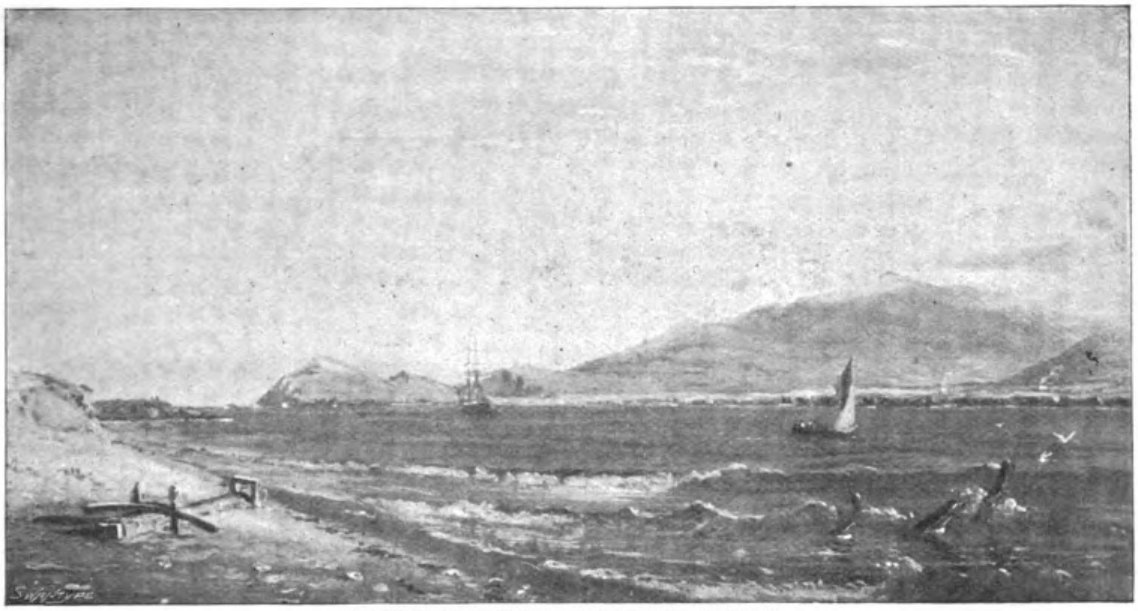
A DISSATISFIED CONSTITUENT OF THE COLONEL'S.
From a Sketch by Colonel Saunderson.

orthodox blackthorns and considerable enthusiasm. When the riot had subsided somewhat, I made a speech from the window of the court-house, and was frequently interrupted by the individual whose pen-and-ink portrait I have just given you. At last he could stand it no longer. 'Shet up, Sandtherson, ye're a bore,' he called out, with intense disgust. 'Me impoolses was wid ye,' he went on earnestly, 'till ye made yer



A "LIGHTNING CARICATURE."
From a Sketch by Colonel Saunderson.

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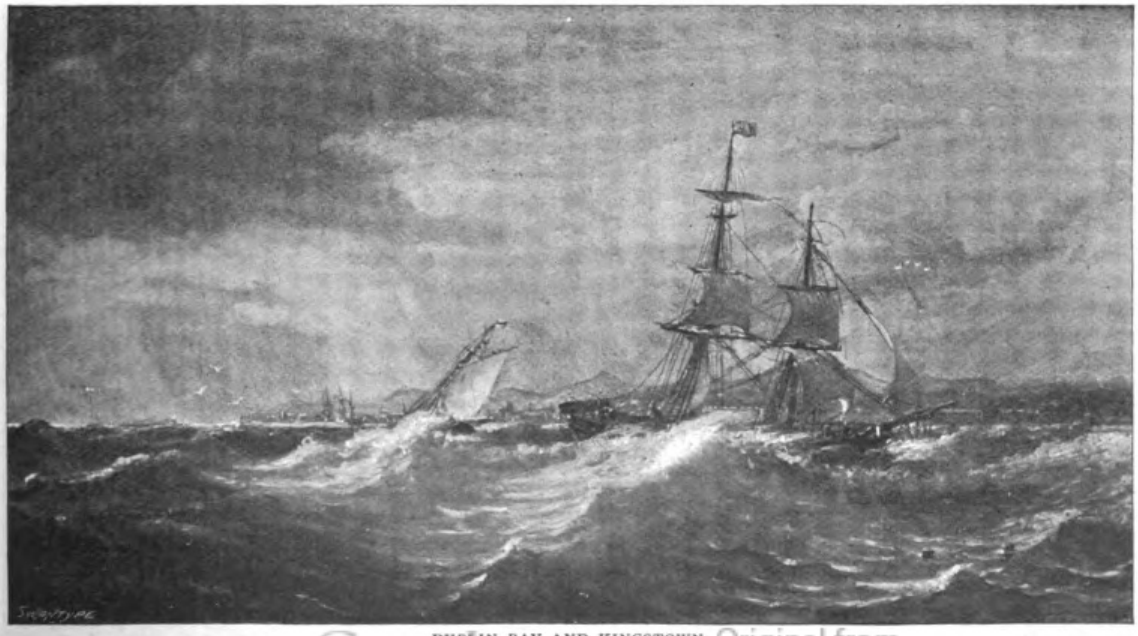
BRANDON MOUNTAIN AND SMERWICK HARBOUR.
From the Painting by Colonel Saunderson.

foo-poo.'" The "false step" referred to by this extraordinary Irishman is a political matter to which further reference is unnecessary. "So far as I remember the man," said Colonel Saunderson to me, "he was a unique and wonderful mass of rags."

The next drawing of the Colonel's was done specially for this article, and as it was finished while I waited, it may be described as a "lightning caricature" of Mr. Gladstone, duly signed by the artist. He worked at it diligently in his study while I examined his bicycle and the two oil-paintings that are also reproduced. "I want to give the Old Man the fierce expression I have so often seen him wear," remarked the Colonel, anxiously, as, putting aside his cigar, he plied with still greater diligence his pen and his *finger* alternately.

The two framed oil-paintings by Colonel Saunderson that are next reproduced are sea-pieces. The Colonel is fond of the sea, and is, moreover, a practical yacht and ship designer.

The subject of the first picture is "Brandon Mountain and Smerwick Harbour"; it was



DUBLIN BAY AND KINGSTOWN.
From the Painting by Colonel Saunderson.

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painted in 1868. On the coast to the left in the picture a large part of the Spanish Armada put in for shelter, in the hope of being well received by a Catholic people. "The interesting natives," remarked the Colonel, grimly, "promptly butchered them to a man." Colonel Saunderson prepared this picture from pencil and water-colour sketches done on the spot, and he then dashed off the whole thing in about three days. He pointed out to me that the waves in the foreground are somewhat smudgy. "This," he said, "happened in the following way: When the painting was finished, I put it on a chair to dry; and presently in came our old Scotch nurse with one of the babies in her arms. Not noticing that the picture was on the chair, she promptly sat on both, whereupon I sprang at her and dragged her roughly away, crying, 'You wretched woman; just look at what you've done!' The poor old girl thought I was out of my mind."



"A FELLOW OF ALL SOULS'."
From a Sketch by Mr. Curzon.

The Colonel went on to say that he made many sketches in this part of Kerry; and that the natives are fine people, "very pleasant, indeed, so long as you refrain from asking for rent. This they look upon as an impertinence which they feel justified in actively resenting."

The second oil-painting of Colonel Saunderson's depicts Dublin Bay and Kingstown. On the extreme left lies Dalkey Island, and the guardship is also shown. A pilot cutter, known by her flag, is gliding swiftly over the shallow sea; and it may be mentioned that in this part of the ocean there are very violent breakers far out from the shore. In the foreground is seen a collier brig running in before the wind. "She came into Dublin Bay with her sails blown away," remarked the Colonel; "but if I remember rightly, she managed to escape.



MR. NUGENT BANKES IN THE FIFTH FORM AT ETON.
From a Sketch by Mr. Curzon.

"Do you know," said Colonel Saunderson, as I rose to go, "I really believe that if I had worked hard I might in time have become a fifth-rate marine painter; but I didn't. The many daubs I have perpetrated in bygone years help, at any rate, to cover the nakedness of my Irish home." The gallant Colonel is over-modest. Even from the point of view of a professional artist, his oil-paintings reach a high standard of excellence.

The excessive modesty of distinguished M.P.'s was the greatest difficulty I had to contend with in preparing this article. The Hon. E. Blake "drew nothing — not even a long bow"; and Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry—to whom I looked for some piquant Irish sketches—"had never acquired the facility of drawing more than two straight lines, and those only across cheques." The Hon. George N. Curzon, our distinguished Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was afraid that his "sketches and caricatures—such as they are—are hardly of a character that invites or merits reproduction." Ultimately, however, Mr. Curzon yielded, and lent the light of his countenance—in a dual sense—to my "gallery."

I called by appointment at Mr. Curzon's house—a vast and truly palatial mansion in Carlton House Terrace, and was presently ushered across the immense marble-paved hall, into the presence of the brilliant young statesman.

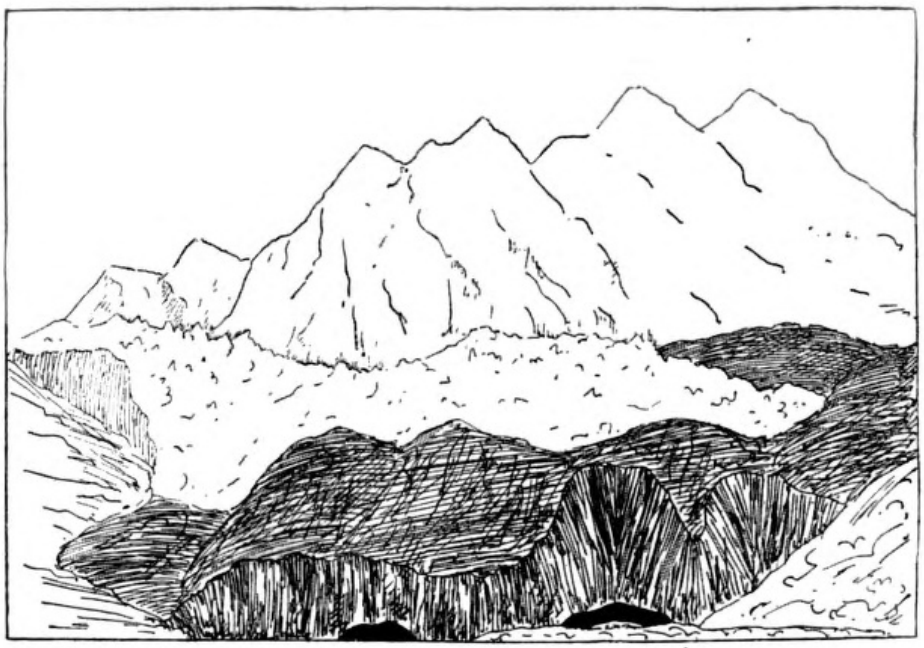
Mr. Curzon at once produced an old album wherein cuttings of all kinds were pasted—from poems, articles, and political speeches, to menus of famous banquets, and miscellaneous sketches by himself. One of these

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latter is reproduced here. The subject, Mr. Curzon tells me, is the Hon. and Rev. H. W. Bertie, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. The sketch is dated 1885; it was drawn during one of the meetings that were held for the purpose of discussing the business of the College, of which Mr. Curzon was also a Fellow. Mr. Bertie died last year at the age of eighty-five. "He was at Eton with Mr. Gladstone, you know," remarked Mr. Curzon; "and he was for ever reeling out anecdotes about that great statesman, whose political principles, however, were to him anathema." Here Mr. Curzon took a pen from his desk, and added a few finishing touches to the portrait, protesting the while that it was wholly unworthy of reproduction in THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The second sketch by our Foreign Under-Secretary is marked in the album, "G. Nugent Bankes, author of 'A Day of My Life at Eton,' etc.—1879." This caricature was drawn on a sheet of writing-paper during school hours at Eton, the subject being at that time in the fifth form with Mr. Curzon. "I think it a capital portrait," remarked Mr. Curzon; "the expression's quite excellent. I remember him as a fat little chap, whose feet didn't quite touch the floor as he sat in the form. It is a remarkable fact, though, having regard to the general appearance of Mr. Nugent Bankes in this sketch, that he was possessed of an inexhaustible fund of humour, and was, moreover, extremely clever. His book, called 'A Day of My Life at Eton,' had quite a remarkable sale, and was written while the author was yet a schoolboy at Eton."

As everyone knows, Mr. Curzon is one of the greatest living authorities on the East. After a conspicuously brilliant University career, he travelled in the remotest parts of the world for many years, one result of which was that he produced a monumental book on Persia, followed up with works on Central Asia, and on China, Japan, and the Korea. Naturally, therefore, I was extremely glad when Mr. Curzon hastily crossed his spacious study, and presently returned with the unique and valuable sketch reproduced here. In order that there should be no mistake about it, the eminent traveller placed the double sheet of cartridge paper on his desk, and wrote in pencil at the side: "The True Source of the River Oxus, in the Hindu Kûsh, done on the spot by G. N. C., Sept. 27th, 1894." Mr. Curzon assures me that the sketch has never before been published; and further, that no European has ever before penetrated to this remote spot. Immense mountains are seen in the background of the sketch; then comes the glacier itself, crinkled with huge bumps of ice; next come the moraine and débris, and then the sheer edge of the precipice, about 70ft. high. It will be seen that beneath the glacier are two caverns; the openings of these are about 6ft. high. Mr. Curzon tells me that, standing out a little way from the caverns, he could look right into the interior, where great masses of ice were being crushed together by the issuing waters.



THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER OXUS IN THE HINDU KÛSH.
From the Original Sketch by Mr. Curzon.

A tiny stream flows from each cavern, and both unite a few yards from their source. Mr. Curzon was sure that if he crept into either of the caverns, the water would not reach higher than his hips. We have not reproduced here a photograph of Mr. Curzon, as a complete set of his portraits will be found on page 306.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

IX.—THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN GASCOIGNE.

[This story is based on the results of a series of investigations made in France with the modified virus of malignant disease. There is every reason to believe, from the experience gained, that in this direction lies the future cure of maladies of this nature.]

IT has for some time seemed to me that in the treatment of many diseases the immediate future holds a great secret in its hands. This secret is becoming more, day by day, an open one. I allude to the marvellous success which has already attended the treatment of disease by the elaboration and discovery of new forms of inoculation of serotheropic virus. The following story may serve as a proof of this theory of mine. One evening at my club I came across an old college chum; his name was Walter Lumsden. He had also entered the medical profession, and had a large country practice in Derbyshire. We were mutually glad to see each other, and after a few ordinary remarks Lumsden said, abruptly:—

"I was in a fume at missing my train this evening; but, now that I have met you, I cease to regret the circumstance. The fact is, I believe your advice will be valuable to me in connection with a case in which I am much interested."

"Come home with me, Lumsden," I replied to this; "I can easily put you up for the night, and we can talk over medical matters better by my fireside than here."

Lumsden stood still for a moment to think. He then decided to accept my offer, and half an hour later we had drawn up our chairs in front of the cheerful fire in my study, and were enjoying our pipes after some port. The night was a chilly one, in the latter end of November. The wind was roaring lustily outside. It is under such circumstances that the comforts of one's own home are fully appreciated.

"You have done a good thing with your life," said Lumsden, abruptly. "I often wish I had not married, and had settled in London—oh, yes, I have a large practice; but the whole thing is somewhat of a grind, and then one never comes across the foremost men of one's calling—in short, one always feels a little out of it. I used to be keen for recent discoveries, and all that sort of thing in my youth, now I have got somewhat into a jog-trot—the same old medicines—the same old treatments are resorted to, year in, year out; but, there, I have not come to talk of myself."

"You want to give me particulars with regard to a case?" I said.

"Yes, an anxious case, too—it puzzles me not a little."



"LUMSDEN STOOD STILL FOR A MOMENT TO THINK."

"Have another pipe before you begin," I said.

"No, thanks; I don't want to smoke any more. Now, then, this is the story."

Lumsden had been leaning back in his chair taking things easy; he now bent for-

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ward, fixed me with two anxious eyes, and began to speak forcibly.

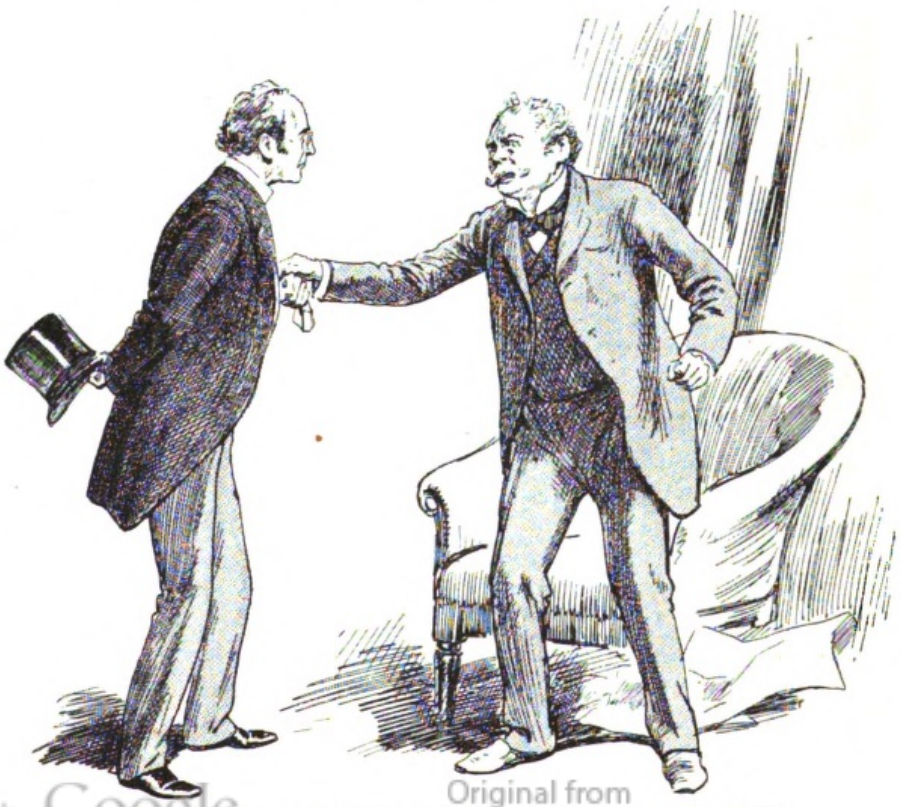
"The case, to put it briefly, is as follows," he said. "One of my best patients and staunchest friends in the parish of Wolverton is Sir Robert Gascoigne. He is a rich man; his people made their money in iron during the latter end of the last century. His great-grandfather bought a fine estate, which goes by the name of 'The Priory.' The old man strictly entailed the property, leaving it in every case to the eldest son of the house, and failing direct succession to a distant branch of the family. The present baronet—Sir Robert (the title was accorded a couple of generations ago)—is between fifty and sixty years of age. His wife is dead. There is only one son—a captain in an infantry regiment. Captain Gascoigne is now thirty years of age, as fine-looking a fellow as you ever met. For many years the great wish of Sir Robert's heart has been to see his son married. Captain Gascoigne came home two years ago on sick leave from India; he recovered his health pretty quickly in his native land, and proposed to a young lady of the name of Lynwood—a girl of particularly good family in the neighbourhood. Miss Helen Lynwood is a very handsome girl, and in every way worthy to be Captain Gascoigne's wife. His father and hers were equally pleased with the engagement, and the young couple were devoted to each other. Captain Gascoigne had to return to India to join his regiment, which was expected to be ordered home this year. It was arranged that he should leave the Army on his return—that the wedding was to take place immediately, and the young people were to live at 'The Priory.' All preparations for the wedding were made, and exactly a fortnight after the captain's return the marriage was to be solemnized. All the reception-rooms at 'The Priory' were newly furnished, and general rejoicing was the order of the hour. Let me see: what day is this?"

"The twenty-fourth of November," I answered. "Why do you pause?"

"I thought as much," said Dr. Lumsden—"this was to have been the wedding day."

"Pray go on with your story," I said.

"It is nearly told. Gascoigne appeared on the scene looking well, but anxious. He had an interview with his father that night, and the next day went to London. He stayed away for a single night, came back the next day, and went straight to see Miss Lynwood, who lives with her father and mother at a place called Burnborough. Nobody knows what passed between the young couple, but the morning after a hurried message arrived for me to go up at once to see Sir Robert. I found the old baronet in a state of frightful agitation and excitement. He told me that the marriage was broken off—that his son absolutely refused to marry either Miss Lynwood or anyone else—that he would give no reasons for this determination beyond the fact that he did not consider his life a healthy one, and that no earthly consideration would induce him to become the father of children. The whole thing is a frightful blow to the old man, and the



"I FOUND THE OLD BARONET IN A STATE OF FRIGHTFUL AGITATION."

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mystery of it is, that nothing will induce Captain Gascoigne even to hint at what is the matter with him. There is no hereditary disease in the family, and he does not look out of health. By Sir Robert's desire, I ventured to sound him on the subject. It seemed impossible to associate illness with him in any way. I begged of him to confide in me, but he refused. All I could get him to say was :—

"'An inexorable fate hangs over me—by no possible means can I avert it. All I have to do is to meet it as a man.'

"'Do you mean that your life is doomed?' I asked of him.



"DO YOU MEAN THAT YOUR LIFE IS DOOMED?"

"'Sooner or later it is,' he replied; 'but that is not the immediate or vital question. Nothing will induce me to hand on what I suffer to posterity. My father and Miss Lynwood both know my resolve.'

"'But not your reason for it,' I answered.

"'I prefer not to tell them that,' he replied, setting his lips firmly.

"'Have you seen a doctor? Are you positive of the truth of your own statement?' I ventured to inquire.

"'I have seen one of the first doctors in London,' was the reply. 'Now, Lumsden,' he added, giving me a wintry sort of smile, 'even an old friend like you must not abuse your privileges. I refuse to answer another word.'

"He left me, and returned to 'The Priory.' This conversation took place yesterday morning. I saw Sir Robert later in the day. He is completely broken down, and looks like a very old man. It is not only his son's mysterious conduct which affects him so painfully, but every dream and ambition of his life have been bound up in the hope that he could hand on his name and property to his grandchildren. Captain Gascoigne's unaccountable attitude completely crushes that hope."

"Why do you tell me this story?" I asked, after a pause.

"Well, with the vain hope that you may perhaps help me to get a clue to the mystery. Gascoigne refuses to fulfil his engagement on the ground that he is not in a fit state of health to marry. He refuses to tell his ailment. By what means can I get him to speak?"

"There is no way of forcing his confidence," I replied. "It seems to me that it is simply a matter of tact."

"Which valuable quality I don't possess a grain of," replied Lumsden. "I wish the case were yours, Halifax; you'd soon worm the captain's secret out of him."

"Not at all," I answered; "I never force any man's confidence."

"You possess a talisman, however, which enables you to effect your purpose without force. The fact is, this is a serious matter—Gascoigne looks miserable enough to cut his throat, the old man is broken down, and the girl, they tell me, is absolutely prostrated with grief."

"Do you think by any chance Gascoigne has confided the true state of the case to her?" I inquired.

"I asked him that," said Lumsden—"he emphatically said he had not, that his determination was to carry his secret to the grave."

I sat silent, thinking over this queer case.

"Are you frightfully busy just now?" asked Lumsden, abruptly.

"Well, I am not idle," I answered.

"You could not possibly take a day off and come down to Derbyshire?"

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"I cannot see your patients, Lumsden, unless they wish for my advice," I replied.

"Of course not, but I am on very friendly terms with Sir Robert. In fact, I dine at 'The Priory' every Sunday. Can you not come to Derbyshire with me to-morrow? As a matter of course, you would accompany me to 'The Priory.'"

"And act the detective?" I answered. "No, I fear it can't be done. If you can induce Captain Gascoigne to consult me I shall be very glad to give him my opinion. But I can't interfere in the case, except in the usual orthodox fashion."

Lumsden sighed somewhat impatiently, and did not pursue the subject any farther.

At an early hour the following morning he returned to Derbyshire, and I endeavoured to cast the subject of the Gascoignes from my mind. Captain Gascoigne's case interested me, however, and I could not help thinking of it at odd moments. The fact of the man refusing to marry did not surprise me, but his strange determination to keep his illness a secret, even from his medical man, puzzled me a good deal.

As I was not Gascoigne's doctor, however, there was nothing for it but to try and cast the matter from my mind. I did not know then that it was my fate to be mixed up in the affair to a remarkable degree.

On the following evening a telegram was put into my hand. I opened it and gave a start of surprise. It ran as follows:—

"*Sir Robert Gascoigne suffering from apoplexy. Wish to consult you. Come to 'The Priory' by the first possible train.—Lumsden.*"

Harris waited in the room while I read the telegram.

"The messenger is waiting, sir," he said.

I thought for a few moments, then took up my *A. B. C.*, found a suitable train, and wrote a hasty reply.

"*With you by nine to-morrow morning.*"

The messenger departed, and I went to my room to pack a few things. I took the night train into Derbyshire, and arrived at Wolverton Station a little after eight o'clock the next morning. A carriage from 'The Priory' was waiting for me, and I drove there at once. Lumsden met me just outside the house.

"Here you are," he said, coming up to me almost cheerily. "I can't say what a relief it is to see you."

"What about the patient?" I interrupted.

"I am glad to say he is no worse; on the contrary, there are one or two symptoms of returning consciousness."

"Why did you send for me?" I asked, abruptly.

"Well, you know, I wanted you here for more reasons than one. Yesterday Sir Robert's case seemed almost hopeless—Captain Gascoigne wished for further advice—I suggested your name—he knows you by repute, and asked me to send for you without delay."

"That is all right," I answered. "Shall I go with you now to see the patient?"

Dr. Lumsden turned at once, and I followed him into the house. The entrance-hall was very large and lofty, reaching up to the vaulted roof. A gallery ran round three sides of it, into which the principal bedrooms opened. The fourth side was occupied by a spacious and very beautiful marble staircase. This staircase of white marble was, I learned afterwards, one of the most remarkable features of the house. Sir Robert had gone to great expense in having it put up, and it was invariably pointed out with pride to visitors. The splendid staircase was carpeted with the thickest Axminster, and my feet sank into the heavy pile as I followed Lumsden upstairs. We entered a spacious bedroom. A fourpost bedstead had been pulled almost into the middle of the room—the curtains had been drawn back for more air; in the centre of the bed lay the old man in a state of complete unconsciousness—he was lying on his back breathing stertorously. I hastened to the bedside and bent over him. Before I began my examination, Lumsden touched me on the arm. I raised my eyes and encountered the fixed gaze of a tall man, who looked about five-and-thirty years of age. He had the unmistakable air and bearing of a soldier as he came forward to meet me. This, of course, was Captain Gascoigne.

"I am glad you have been able to come," he said. "I shall anxiously await your verdict after you have consulted with Lumsden."

He held out his hand as he spoke. I shook it. I saw him wince as if in sudden pain, but quick as lightning he controlled himself, and slowly left the room. The nurse now came forward to assist us in our examination. My patient's face was pallid, his eyes shut—his breath came fast and with effort. After a very careful examination I agreed with Lumsden that this attack, severe and dangerous as it was, was not to be fatal, and that in all probability before very long

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the old baronet would make the usual partial recovery in mild cases of hemiplegia. I made some suggestions with regard to the treatment, and left the room with Lumsden. We consulted together for a few minutes, and then went downstairs. Captain Gascoigne was waiting for us in the breakfast-room, a splendid apartment lined from ceiling to floor with finely carved oak.

"Well?" he said, when we entered the room. There was unmistakable solicitude in his tones.

"I take a favourable view of your father's condition," I replied, cheerily. "The attack is a somewhat severe one, but sensation is not completely lost, and he has some power in the paralyzed side. I am convinced from the present state of the case that there is no progressive hemorrhage going on. In short, in all probability Sir Robert will regain consciousness in the course of the day."

"Then the danger is past?" said the captain, with a quick, short sigh of relief.

"If our prognosis is correct," I replied, "the danger is past for the time being."

"What do you mean by 'the time being'?"

"Why, this," I replied, abruptly, and looking full at him. "In a case like the present, the blood centres are peculiarly susceptible to dilatation. Being diseased, they are soon affected by any change in the circulation—a slight shock of any kind may lead to more hemorrhage, which means a second attack of apoplexy. It will, therefore, be necessary to do everything in the future to keep Sir Robert Gascoigne's mind and body in a state of quietude."

"Yes, yes, that goes without saying," answered the son, with enforced calm. "Now, come to breakfast, doctor; you must want something badly."

As he spoke, he approached a well-filled board, and began to offer us hospitality in a very hearty manner. My account of his father had evidently relieved him a good deal, and his spirits rose as he ate and talked.

At Lumsden's earnest request I decided not to return to London that day, and Captain Gascoigne asked me to drive with him. I accepted with pleasure; my interest in the fine, soldierly fellow increased each moment. He went off to order the trap, and Lumsden turned eagerly to me.

"I look upon your arrival as a godsend," he exclaimed. "The opportunity which I have sought for has arrived. It has come about in the most natural manner possible. I am sincerely attached to my old patient, Sir Robert Gascoigne, and still more so, if possible, to his son, whom I have known for many years. Of course, it goes without saying what is the primary cause of the old baronet's attack. Perhaps you can see your way to induce Captain Gascoigne to confide in you. If so, don't lose the opportunity, I beg of you."

"I am extremely unlikely to have such an opportunity," I replied. "You must not build up false hopes, Lumsden. If Captain Gascoigne likes to speak to me of his own free will, I shall be only too glad to listen to him, but in my present position I cannot possibly lead the way to a medical conference."

Lumsden sighed impatiently.

"Well, well," he said, "it seems a pity. The chance has most unexpectedly arrived, and you might find yourself in a position to solve a secret which worries me day and night, and has almost sent Sir Robert Gascoigne to his grave. I can, of course, say nothing farther, but before I hurry away to my patients, just tell me what you think of the captain."

"As fine a man as I have ever met," I replied, with enthusiasm.

"Bless you, I don't mean his character; what do you think of his health?"

"I do not see much amiss with him, except——"

"Why do you make an exception?" interrupted Lumsden. "I have, metaphorically speaking, used magnifying glasses to search into his complaint, and can't get the most remote trace of it."

"I notice that his right hand is swollen," I answered; "I further observe that he winces when it is touched."

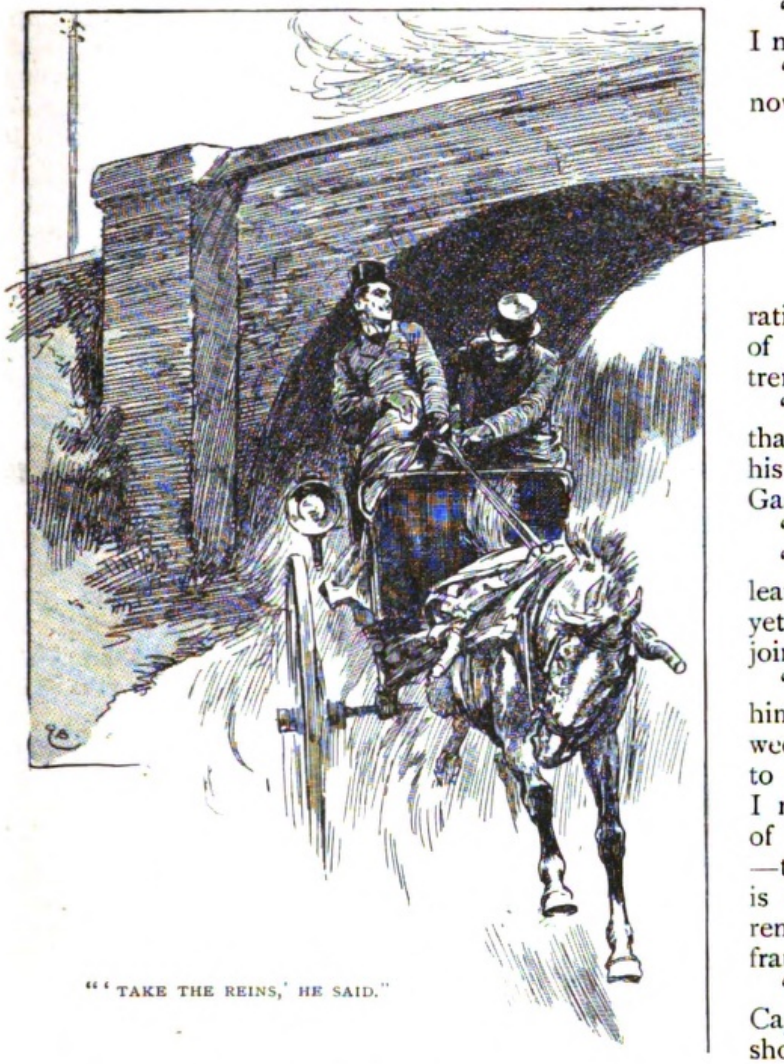
"Well, I never saw it," answered Lumsden. "What sharp eyes you have. The swollen state of the hand probably points to rheumatism."

"Possibly," I replied.

At that moment Captain Gascoigne returned to us. His dog-cart was at the door; we mounted, and were soon spinning over the ground at a fine rate. The mare the captain drove was a little too fresh, however; as we were going down hill, she became decidedly difficult to handle. We were driving under a railway-bridge, when a train suddenly went overhead, rushing past us with a crashing roar. The mare, already nervous, lost her head at this juncture, and with a quick plunge, first to one side and then forward, bolted. I noticed at that moment that Gascoigne was losing his nerve—he turned to me and spoke abruptly.

"For goodness sake, take the reins," he said.

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"'TAKE THE REINS,' HE SAID."

I did so, and being an old hand, for in my youth it had been one of my favourite amusements to break-in horses, soon reduced the restive animal to order. I turned then to glance at the captain—his face was as white as a sheet—he took out his handkerchief and wiped some moisture from his forehead.

"It is this confounded hand," he said. "Thank you, doctor, for coming to my aid at a pinch—the brute knew that I could not control her—it is wonderful what a system of telegraphy exists between a horse and its driver; in short, she completely lost her head."

"I notice that your hand is swollen," I answered. "Does it hurt you? Do you suffer from rheumatism?"

"This hand looks like rheumatism or gout, or something of that sort, does it not?" he retorted. "Yes, I have had some sharp twinges—never mind now—it is all right again. I will take the reins once more, if you have no objection."

"If your hand hurts you, shall I not drive?"

"No, no, my hand is all right now."

He took the reins, and we drove forward without further parley.

The country through which we went was beautiful, and winter as it was, the exhilarating air and the grand shape of the land made the drive extremely pleasant.

"It is your honest conviction that my father will recover from his present attack?" said Captain Gascoigne, suddenly.

"It is," I replied.

"That is a relief. I could not leave the old man in danger, and yet it is necessary for me soon to join my regiment."

"Your father will probably be himself in the course of a few weeks," I replied. "It is essential to avoid all shocks in the future. I need not tell you that an attack of apoplexy is a very grave matter—that a man once affected by it is extremely subject to a recurrence; that such a recurrence is fraught with danger to life."

"You think, in short," continued Captain Gascoigne, "that a further shock would kill Sir Robert?"

"Yes, he must on no account be subjected to worry or any mental disquietude."

I looked at the man at my side as I spoke. He was sitting well upright, driving with vigour. His face expressed no more emotion than if it were cast in iron. Something, however, made him pull up abruptly, and I saw a dark flush mount swiftly to his cheek. A girl was coming down the road to meet us; she was accompanied by a couple of fox-terriers. When she saw us she came eagerly forward.

"Take the reins, will you, doctor?" said Captain Gascoigne.

He sprang from the cart and went to meet the young lady. I guessed at once that she must be Miss Lynwood. She was a very slight, tall girl, with a quick, eager expression of face. Her eyes were dark and brilliant; the expression of her mouth was sweet but firm; her bearing was somewhat proud. I was too far away to hear what she said. Captain Gascoigne's interview with her was

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extremely brief. She turned to walk in the opposite direction; he remounted the dog-cart and suggested that we should go home. During our drive back he hardly spoke. When we reached "The Priory" I went at once to visit my patient, and did not see much of the captain for the remainder of the day. The sick man was making favourable progress, but I thought it well not to leave him until the following morning. Towards evening, as I was standing by the bedside, I was surprised



"MISS LYNWOOD."

to see Sir Robert suddenly open his eyes and fix them upon my face. Lumsden and Captain Gascoigne were both in the room. The old man looked quickly from me to them. When he saw his son a queer mixture of anxiety and satisfaction crept into his face.

"Dick, come here," he said, in a feeble voice.

Captain Gascoigne went immediately to the bedside and bent over his father.

"What's up, Dick? Who is that?" He glanced in my direction.

"I have come here to help to make you better," I said, taking the initiative at once. "I am a doctor, and your old friend Lumsden wished to consult me about you. I am glad to say you are on the mend, but you must stay very quiet, and not excite yourself in any way."

"No, no. I understand," said Sir Robert. "I have been very bad, I suppose? You have done it, Dick, you know you have."

"Pray rest, father, now," said the son; "don't think of any worries at present."

"Tut, boy, I can't rest—I'm a disappointed man, Dick—I'm a failure—this is a fine place, and it will go to the dogs—it is all your fault, Dick, and you know it. If you want to help me, you will do what I wish—get Helen here and have the marriage solemnized as quickly as possible. Oh, I know what I am saying, and I won't be silenced—there needn't be a fuss—everything is ready—the rooms furnished—the place in order. You can be married by special license—you know you can, Dick. I sha'n't rest in my grave until this thing is set right. You get Helen here and have the wedding by special license, yes, yes. There'll be no rest for me, Dick, until I know that you and Helen are—yes—that you and Helen are man and wife."

"Stay quiet, sir; stay quiet, I beg of you," said Captain Gascoigne, in a voice of distress.

"I can't while you are so obstinate—do you mean to do what I wish?"

The old man's tone was very testy.

"I will talk the matter over with you presently," was the reply; "not now—presently, when you are stronger."

There was something in the captain's voice which was the reverse of soothing. An irritable frown came between the patient's eyes, and a swift wave of suspicious red dyed his forehead.

"I must ask you to leave the room," I whispered to the younger man.

He did so, his shoulders somewhat bent, and a look of pain on his face.

"Has Dick gone for the license?" said Sir Robert, looking at Lumsden, and evidently beginning to wander in his mind.

Lumsden bent suddenly forward. "Everything shall be done as you wish, Sir Robert," he said. "Only remember that we can have no wedding until you are well—now go to sleep."

I motioned to the nurse to administer a

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soothing draught, and sat down by the bed to watch the effect. After a time the patient sank into troubled sleep. His excitement and partial delirium, however, were the reverse of reassuring, and I felt much more anxiety about him than I cared to show when I presently went downstairs to dinner.

"There is no immediate danger," I said to Captain Gascoigne, "but your father has evidently set his heart on something. He has a fixed idea—so fixed and persistent that his mind will turn to nothing else. Is it not possible," I continued, abruptly, "to give him relief?"

"In short, to do as he wishes?" said Captain Gascoigne. "No, that is impossible. The subject can't even be talked over," he continued. "Now, gentlemen," he added, looking from Dr. Lumsden to me, "I think dinner is ready."

We went into the dining-room, and seated ourselves at the table. A huge log fire burned in the grate. The massively-furnished room looked the picture of winter comfort; nevertheless, I don't think any of us had much appetite—there was a sense of tragedy even in the very air. After dinner, as we were sitting over wine, Dr. Lumsden's conversation and mine turned upon medical matters; Captain Gascoigne, who had been silent and depressed during the meal, took up a copy of the *Times* and began to read. Dr. Lumsden asked me one or two questions with regard to recent discoveries in preventive medicines. We touched lightly on many subjects of interest to medical men like ourselves, and I did not suppose for a moment that Captain Gascoigne listened to a word of our conversation. He rose presently, and told us that he was going to find out how his father was now. When he returned to the room, I was telling Lumsden of one or two interesting cases which I had lately come across in my hospital practice.

"I am certain," I said, "that inoculation with attenuated virus is to be the future treatment of many of our greatest diseases."

Captain Gascoigne had come half across the room. When I said these words he stood as motionless as if something had turned him into stone. I raised my head, and our eyes suddenly met. I observed a startled, interested expression on his face. Quick as lightning an idea came to me. I turned my eyes away and continued, with vigour:—

"Such inoculation is, without doubt, the future treatment for consumption. Even granted that Dr. Koch's theory has failed, there is every reason to hope that in that direction the real cure lies. The new anti-toxin treatment for diphtheria proves the same thing; even now there are not unknown cases where certain forms of cancer have been completely eradicated—in short, the poison eliminated from the body by means of inoculation."

"We medical men accept such theories very slowly," said Dr. Lumsden. "It will be many years before we can confidently employ them."

"Why not, if by so doing you can cure disease?" said Captain Gascoigne, abruptly.

We both looked at him when he spoke.

"Why not, if you can cure disease?" he repeated.

"Why not?" repeated Dr. Lumsden—"because we doctors dare not run risks. Why, sir, we should be responsible for the deaths of our patients if we attempted to use means of cure which were not proven, in short, established by long precedent."

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I can't attempt to argue with you. It is my firm belief, however, that the general run of medical practitioners are over-cautious. I allude, of course, to cases which are supposed under the ordinary treatment to be hopeless. Surely if the patient wishes to try the chance of a comparatively immature discovery, it is allowable for him to do so?"

"Such a case is uncommon," I replied; "as a rule, the sick man prefers to go upon the beaten track—in other words, does not trouble himself about the treatment of his disease, leaving it entirely to his doctor."

"How have you found the patient, captain?" interrupted Dr. Lumsden.

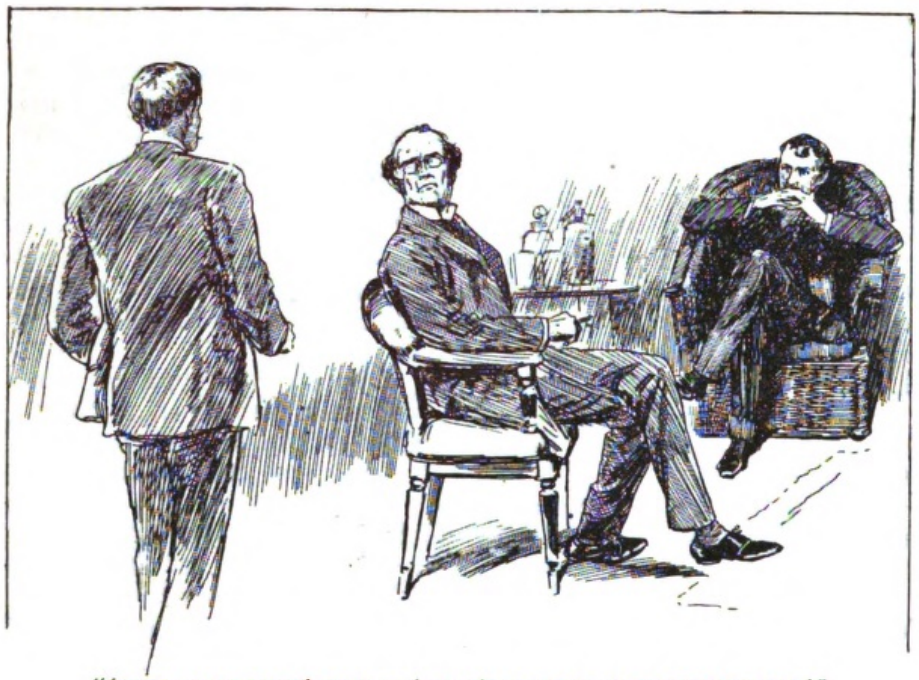
"Asleep, but restless—the nurse thinks there is an increase of fever."

"I will go and see for myself," I said, rising.

My conversation with Lumsden was broken up, and was not again resumed. We both spent an anxious night with the patient, whose case was the reverse of satisfactory. As the hours flew on, the restless wanderings of mind seemed to increase rather than diminish. The fixed idea of an immediate marriage for his son was again and again alluded to by the sick man. He was restless when Captain Gascoigne went out of the room. When he was present he was even more restless, calling him to his side many times, and asking him in strained, irritable tones if the special license had been applied for, and if Helen—as he called her—was in the house.

Towards morning the delirious and excited

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"'WELL, GENTLEMEN,' HE SAID, 'I CAN'T ATTEMPT TO ARGUE WITH YOU.'"

state of the patient became so alarming that I felt certain that if nothing were done to relieve him, fresh hemorrhage of the brain would set in. I went out of the room, motioning Captain Gascoigne to follow me.

"I fear," I said, "that the evident anxiety from which your father is suffering is acting prejudicially. In short, unless something can be done to relieve him, I must modify the favourable opinion which I have already given you of his case. Unless his mind is immediately relieved, he may have another attack before many hours have gone by. Such an attack will be, in all probability, fatal."

I looked hard at the captain as I spoke. He had folded his arms, and stood very erect facing me.

"What do you propose?" he said, abruptly.

"You have evidently given him distress," I said. "Can you not reconsider the position?"

He gave a short, irritable laugh. "Good heavens, doctor," he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I am man enough to accede to my father's wish, if it were possible? Can you not see for yourself that the present state of affairs is agony to me?"

"I am certain of it," I replied. "I must not urge you further. The fact is, Lumsden has told me something of your story. Only a very grave cause would make you refuse to fulfil your engagement with Miss Lynwood."

"You are right. The cause is very grave."

"You can't tell me what it is? It is possible that I might be able to counsel you."

"Thanks; but I am past counsel—the end is inevitable — unless, indeed — but, no—I must not bring myself to entertain hope. The person now to be considered is my father. You say, doctor, that if his wish in this matter is not gratified, he will die?"

"It seems extremely like it," I said. "He has evidently set his heart on your marriage — in his present diseased state the longing to see you married has become a mania."

"There is nothing whatever for me to do then," he said, "but to lie to him."

"I would scarcely do that," I exclaimed.

"Yes you would, if you were me. I must pledge myself; he must be saved. Not another word—my mind is made up."

He left me before I could expostulate further, and returned to the sick room. The old man's arms were flung out over the bedclothes—he was muttering to himself and pulling feebly at the sheets.

Captain Gascoigne went and sat down by the bed—he laid one of his hands on his father's, holding it firmly down.

"Listen to me," he said, in a low voice. "I have reconsidered everything. I alter my determination not to marry. I swear now, before Heaven, that if I live I will marry Helen Lynwood."

"Do you mean it, Dick?" said Sir Robert.

"On my honour, yes, father; I have spoken."

"Good boy—good boy; this is a relief. That queer scruple about your health is laid to rest, then?"

"Quite, father. If I live, Helen shall be my wife."

"You never told me a lie yet, Dick—you are speaking the truth now?"

"On my honour," said the soldier.

He looked his father full in the eyes. The sick man gave a pleased smile and patted his son's hand.

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"I believe you, Dick," he said; "I am quite satisfied—when can the marriage take place?"

"We need not fix a date to-night, need we?"

"No, no; I trust you, Dick."

"Perhaps, sir, you will try and sleep now—your mind being at rest."

"Yes, my mind is quite at rest," said the baronet—"Dick never told me a lie in his life—thank the Almighty for His goodness, I shall live to see my grandchildren about the old place—yes, I am sleepy—I don't want a composing draught—keep at my side, Dick, until I drop off. We'll have Helen here early in the morning—how happy she will be, poor little girl—I should like to see Helen as soon as I awake."

The patient kept on mumbling in a contented, soothed voice—all trace of irritation had left his voice and manner. In less than half an hour he was sound asleep. He slept well during the night, and in the morning was decidedly better—the anxious symptoms had abated, and I had every hope of his making a quick recovery.

One of his first inquiries was for Miss Lynwood.

"I am going to fetch her," said the captain.

I saw him drive off in the dog-cart. In about an hour and a half he returned with the young lady. I was standing by the patient's side when she came in. She was dressed in furs, and wore a small fur cap over her bright hair. The drive had brought a fresh colour to her cheeks—her eyes sparkled. She entered the room in the alert way which I had observed about her when I saw her for a moment on the previous day. She went straight up to the sick man and knelt down by his side.

"Well, dad," she said, "you see, it is all right."

I marvelled at her tone—it was brisk and full of joy. Had Captain Gascoigne told her the truth? Or had he, by any chance, tried to deceive this beautiful girl, in order more effectually to aid his father's recovery? Watching her more closely, however, I saw that she was brave enough to play a difficult part.

"Yes, Helen, it is all right," said the baronet. "Dick is well, and has come to his senses. That illness of his turned out to be a false alarm—he had an attack of nerves, nothing more. We'll have a gay wedding in a few days, little girl."

"You must get well," she answered, patting his cheek. "Remember, nothing can be done until you are well."

"Bless you, child, I shall be well fast enough. Your face and Dick's would make any man well. Where is that nurse? Why doesn't she bring me food—I declare I'm as hungry as a hawk. Ah, doctor, you there?" continued the baronet, raising his eyes, and fixing them on my face. "Remember, you didn't cure me. It was Dick's doing, not yours. Dick, bless him, has set the old man right."

I left the room abruptly. Captain Gascoigne met me on the landing.

"You play your part well," I said; "but what about the *dénoûment?*"

"I have considered everything," said the captain. "I shall keep my word. If I live I will marry."

I looked at him in astonishment. A glance showed me that he did not mean to confide further in me then, and I soon afterwards returned to town. Lumsden promised to write to report the patient's progress; and, much puzzled as to the ultimate issue of this queer story, I resumed my town work. I arrived in London early in the afternoon, and went immediately to visit some patients. When I returned to my own house it was dinner-time. The first person I met in the hall was Captain Gascoigne.

"Have you bad news?" I cried, in astonishment. "Is there a change for the worse?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort," was the reply. "My father mends rapidly. The fact is, I have come to see you on my own account. In short, I have made up my mind to consult you."

"I am right glad to hear it," I answered, heartily. "You must join me at dinner now, and afterwards we will go carefully into your case."

"I am anxious to catch the night mail back to Wolverton," said the captain; "but, doubtless, you can spare an hour to me after dinner, and that, I am sure, will be quite sufficient."

During the meal which followed, Captain Gascoigne was silent and *distrait*. I did not interrupt him with many remarks, but as soon as it was over we went straight to the point.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you what is up. I had made up my mind to carry my secret to the grave. The strange state of affairs at 'The Priory,' however, has induced me to break this resolve. I have a double reason for confiding in you, Dr. Halifax.

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First, because of what occurred last night—second, in consequence of some words which you let drop in conversation with Dr. Lumsden. These words seemed very strange to me at the time, but the more I think over them, the more anxious I am to talk further with you on the subject. In short, they have inspired me with the ghost of a hope."

"What is the matter with you?" I said, abruptly. "What is your malady?"

The captain had been seated—he now stood up.

"Help me off with this coat, doctor, if you will," he said.

I removed it carefully, but notwithstanding all my precautions I saw him wince as I touched his right arm.

"You notice this hand," he said, holding out his right hand as he spoke; "you noticed it the other day when I was driving?"

"Yes," I replied; "it is much swollen."

"It is. That could be set down to gout or rheumatism, could it not?"

"It could," I answered; "it has, doubtless, another cause."

"It has, Dr. Halifax. You shall examine my terrible disease for yourself—but first let me tell you what ails me."

He leant against the mantelpiece as he spoke—his face was very white. One or two beads of perspiration stood prominently out on his forehead. When he began to speak he looked straight at me with a frown between his eyes.

"God knows I never meant to whine about this to anyone," he said; "I meant to take it as a man—it was the state of the old governor and Helen's grief and her wonderful bravery that upset me. Well, here's the case. You must know that my mother died of cancer—the thing was hushed up, but the fact remains—she suffered horribly. I recollect her last days even now. I was a small boy at the time. The dread of cancer—of having inherited such a fearful disease—has haunted me more or less all my life. Two or three years ago in India I had a bad fall from my horse. I came down with great weight on my right shoulder. The stiffness and soreness remained for some time, and then they passed away. A year later the stiffness and soreness began to return—my shoulder-bone began to thicken—I could only move it with difficulty. I consulted some doctors, who set down the whole affection to rheumatism, and gave me ordinary liniments. The pain did not abate, but grew worse. The shoulder began to swell and soon afterwards the arm, right down, as you see, to my finger-tips. These painful symptoms set in about six months ago. I was expected home, and all the arrangements for my wedding were complete. I was seized, however, with forebodings. As soon as ever I landed in England, I went to see the well-known specialist for tumours, Sir John Parkes. He was not long in giving his verdict. It was concisive and conclusive. He said I was suffering from osteosarcoma of the shoulder—that the disease was advanced, that the removal of the entire arm and shoulder-bone might save my life, but the disease was in such a position involving the bones of the shoulder girdle, and having already invaded the glands, that the probabilities were almost certain that it would return. I had a bad quarter of an hour with the surgeon. I went away, spent the night in town, and quickly made up my mind how to act. I would break off my engagement and go from home to die. I shrank inexpressibly from my father or Miss Lynwood knowing the exact nature of my sufferings. It would be necessary to tell them that the state of my health forbade matrimony, but I firmly resolved that they should never know by what horrible disease I was to die. That is the case in brief, doctor."

"May I look at your shoulder?" I said.

I carefully removed the shirt and looked at the swollen and glazed arm and shoulder. There was little doubt of the accuracy of the great Sir John Parkes's diagnosis.

"Sit down," I said; "from my heart I am sorry for you. Do you suffer much?"

"At times a good deal—the effort to keep back even the expression of pain is sometimes difficult; for instance, in driving the other day—but, ah, you noticed?"

"I did—I saw that you winced—little wonder. Upon my word, Captain Gascoigne, you are a hero."

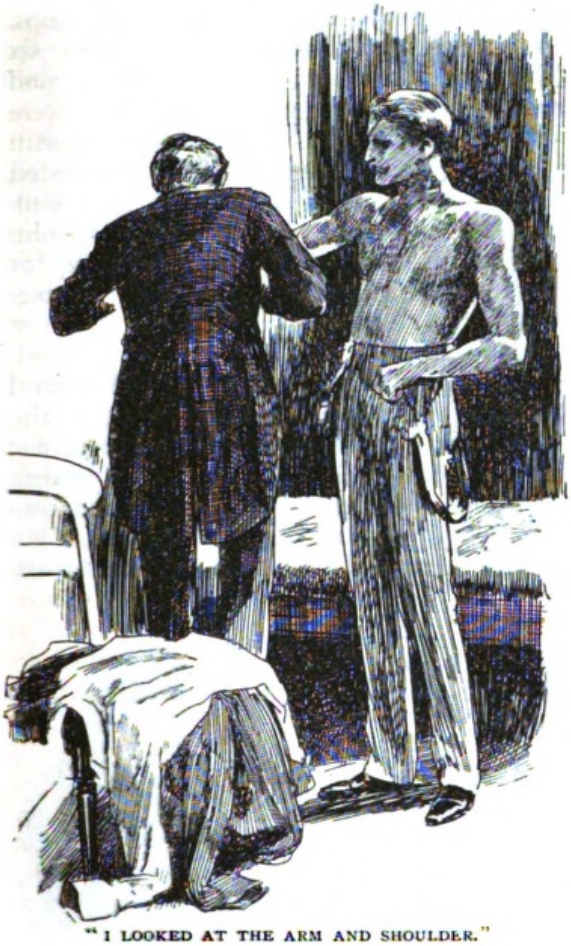
"Not that," he answered. "In some ways I am a coward. This thing humiliates me as well as tortures me. I have had the instincts of the animal ever since I knew the worst; my wish has been to creep away and die alone. After what occurred last night, however, matters have changed."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Can you not see for yourself what I mean? In a moment of extremity, I promised my father that I would marry Helen Lynwood, *if I lived*. You see for yourself that nothing will save me from the consequences of that promise except death."

"Still, I don't understand you," I answered.

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"I LOOKED AT THE ARM AND SHOULDER."

"I can soon make myself plain. Do you remember what you said to Lumsden about an immature discovery—a discovery which has been known to cure diseases such as mine? You both spoke of this discovery as in its infancy—never mind, I want you to try it on me."

"My dear fellow, you must be mad."

"Not at all; this is my last chance. It is due both to Helen and my father that I should take advantage of it. In a case like mine a man will submit to anything. In short, I have quite made up my mind. Whatever the risk, I am willing to run it. The treatment may kill me; if so, I am willing to die. On the other hand, there is an off chance that it may cure me—then I can marry Helen. There is not an hour to lose, doctor. When can you operate?"

"You astonish me more than I can say," I answered. "I almost wish you had never overheard my remarks to Lumsden. I only talked over the new treatment with him as one medical man would mention a possible discovery to another."

"But you believe in it?"

"I do believe in its ultimate success."

"It has been tried, has it not?"

"In France, yes."

"And with success?"

"I am given to understand that there has been success."

"That is all right—you will try it on me?"

"My dear fellow, I am inclined to say that you ask the impossible."

"Don't say that—in my extreme case, nothing is impossible; think the matter over, Dr. Halifax. Try and picture the horrible dilemma I am in. I am suffering from an incurable complaint—I have the prospect before me, at no very distant date, of a terrible and painful death. I am my father's only son—the property goes from the direct line if I die. In order to save my father's life I promised him to marry if I lived. There is, therefore, no thought for me of a prolonged life of ill-health. I must either get well quickly or I must die. Surely a desperate man may risk anything. The treatment which I beg of you to adopt is kill or cure, is it not? Then kill or cure me."

"The treatment which you beg me to adopt," I repeated, quoting his words, "is undoubtedly death from blood poisoning, if it does not effect its end of killing your disease, not you."

"I am willing to take the risk—anything is better than the present awful state of suspense."

"Does Miss Lynwood know of this?"

"She does—God bless her! I shrank from telling her the truth—I did not know what mettle she was made of. This morning, in my despair, I confided everything to her. You don't know what stuff she has in her. She bore the whole awful truth without wincing. She said she was with me in the whole matter—it is as much at her instigation as my own desire that I now consult you. We have both resolved to be true to my father, and to keep the promise wrung from me last night by his desperate state. If I live we will marry. You see for yourself that it must be a case of kill or cure, for I cannot run the risk of bringing children into the world in my present terrible state of health. You see the situation, do you not? My father is recovering, because his mind is relieved. Everything, in short, now depends on you. Will you, or will you not, help me?"

"I ought to say 'no,'" I answered. "I ought to tell you frankly that this is not a case for me—I ought, perhaps, to counsel you to put yourself into the hands of one of

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those French doctors who have already made this matter a special study—but——"

"But you won't," said Captain Gascoigne —"I see by your manner that you will give me the advantage of your skill and knowledge —your kindness and sympathy. On the next few weeks the whole future of three people depends. The thing will be easier both for Helen and myself, if you will be our friend in the matter."

"Can you come again in the morning?" I said. "I must think this over—I must make up my mind how to act."

"You will give me a definite answer in the morning?"

"I will."

Captain Gascoigne rose slowly—I helped him into his coat, and he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, I went to see a very able surgeon, who was a special friend of mine. I described the whole case to him—gave him in brief Sir John Parkes's verdict, and then asked his opinion with regard to the other treatment.

"It is a case of life or death," I said. "Under ordinary circumstances, nothing could save Captain Gascoigne's life—he is anxious to run the risk."

"As I see it, there is no risk," replied my friend.

"What do you mean?"

"The man will die if it is not tried."

"That is true."

"Then my opinion is—give him a chance."

"I agree with you," I said, rising to my feet. "I know you have studied these matters more carefully than I have. I will go to Paris to-morrow, and make all necessary inquiries."

In the morning, when Captain Gascoigne arrived, I told him the result of my interview with Courtland.

"In short," I said, "I am prepared to treat you by this new method, provided my investigations in Paris turn out satisfactory. I shall go to Paris by the night mail, returning again the following night. Let me see—this is Thursday morning. Be here by ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and I shall have further news for you."

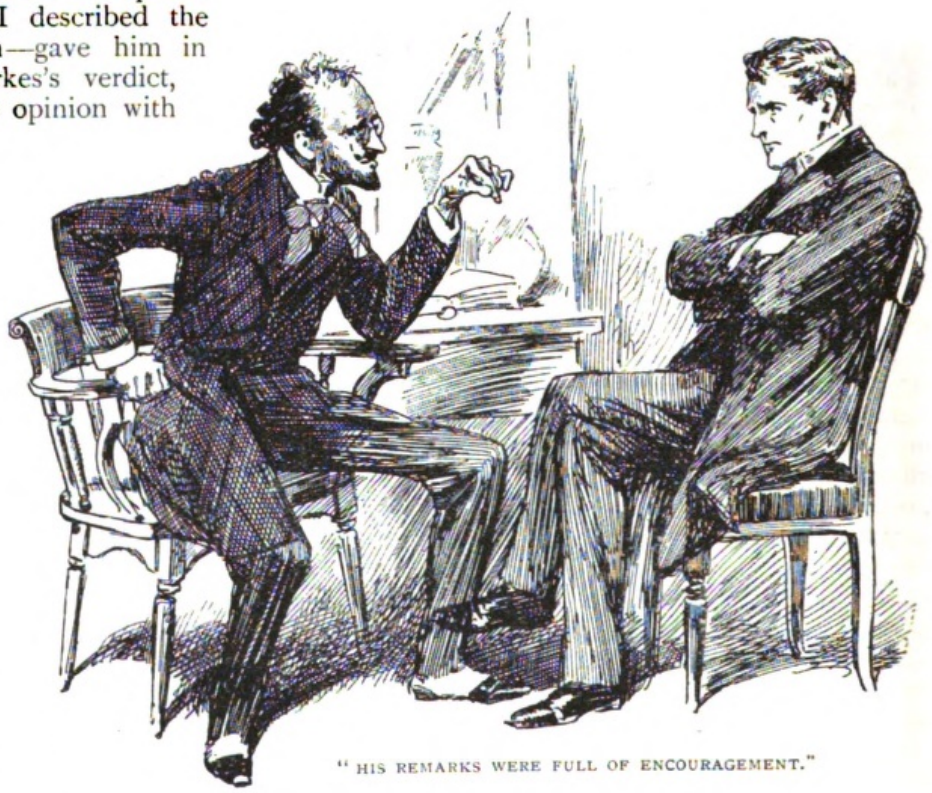
"I have no words to thank you," he said. "I am going back to Derbyshire now to see Helen, and to tell her what you have done."

"You must not build absolute hopes on anything until after I have seen the doctors in Paris."

"I will not."

He smiled as he spoke. Poor fellow, I saw hope already returning to his eyes.

I went to Paris—my investigations turned out satisfactory. I saw one of the leading doctors of the new school, and talked over the anti-toxin system in all its bearings. His remarks were full of encouragement—he considered *sérotherapie* as undoubtedly the future treatment for cancer—three cases of remarkable cure were already on record. He furnished me with some of the attenuated virus, and, in short, begged of me to lose no time in operating on my patient. Having obtained the necessary instructions and the attenuated virus, I returned to London, and prepared to carry out this new and most interesting cure. Captain Gascoigne arrived punctually to the moment on Saturday morning. I told him what I had done, and asked



"HIS REMARKS WERE FULL OF ENCOURAGEMENT."

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him to secure comfortable lodgings in Harley Street, as near my house as possible. He did so, and came back that evening to tell me of the result.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," I said. "I propose to begin the new treatment to-morrow morning. I shall inoculate you with the virus three times a day."

"How long will it be before the result is known?" he asked.

"I shall very soon be able to tell whether the new treatment acts as direct blood poison or not," I answered. "Your business now is to keep cheerful—to hope for the best—and to turn your thoughts away from yourself as much as possible. By the way, how is Sir Robert?"

"Getting on famously—he thinks that I have come up to town to make preparations for my wedding."

"Let him think so—I begin to hope that we shall have that wedding yet. And how is Miss Lynwood?"

"Well, and full of cheer—she has great faith—she believes in you and also in the new remedy."

"Well, Captain Gascoigne, if this succeeds, you will not only have saved your own life and that of your father, but will have added a valuable and important contribution to modern science."

He smiled when I said this, and shortly afterwards left me.

I began a series of inoculations the following morning. I introduced the attenuated virus into the shoulder—inoculating small doses three times a day. The patient required most careful watching, and I secured the attendance of my most trustworthy nurses for him. His temperature had to be taken at short intervals, and his general health closely attended to. The first day there was no reaction—on the second, the temperature rose slowly—the pulse quickened—the patient was undoubtedly feverish. I inoculated smaller doses of the virus, and these unfavourable symptoms quickly subsided.

In a week's time the treatment began to tell upon the arm—the pain and swelling became less, the arm could be moved with greater freedom, the hand became comparatively well. Captain Gascoigne appeared in every other respect to be in his usual health—he ate well, slept well, and was full of hope. I began to introduce larger doses, which he now bore without serious reaction of any kind. I had begged of Courtland to help me in the case, and he and I made interesting and important notes evening after evening.

From what I had learned from the French doctors, I expected the cure, if successful, to take about forty days. On the twentieth day the patient suffered from great depression—he suddenly lost hope, becoming nervous and irritable. He apprehended the worst—watched his own symptoms far too closely, and lost both appetite and sleep. His conviction at that time was that the cure would not avail, and that death must be the result.

"This inaction kills me," he said; "I would gladly face the cannon's mouth, but I cannot endure the slow torture of this suspense. I told you that in some respects I am a coward—I am proving myself one."

During these anxious few days all my arguments proved unavailing—Captain Gascoigne lost such hope that for a time he almost refused to allow the treatment to be continued. I watched over him, and thought of him day and night. I almost wondered if it might be best to send for Miss Lynwood, and one day suggested this expedient to the patient.

He started in irritation to his feet.

"Do you think I would allow the girl I love to see me in this condition?" he said. "No, no, I will fight it out alone. You said it would be kill or cure. I hope, doctor, that I shall face the worst as a soldier should."

"But the worst is not here," I answered. "If you would but pluck up heart, you would do splendidly. The cure is going well; there is every reason to hope that within three weeks' time you will be as well as ever you were in your life."

"Do you mean it?" he said, his face changing.

"I do—if you will but conquer your own apprehensions."

He looked at me. The colour dyed his forehead. He abruptly left the room.

My words, however, had turned the tide. In the evening he was more hopeful, and from that time his spirits rose daily.

"The chance of cure is excellent," I said to him one morning.

"The wedding can soon take place," was my remark a week later.

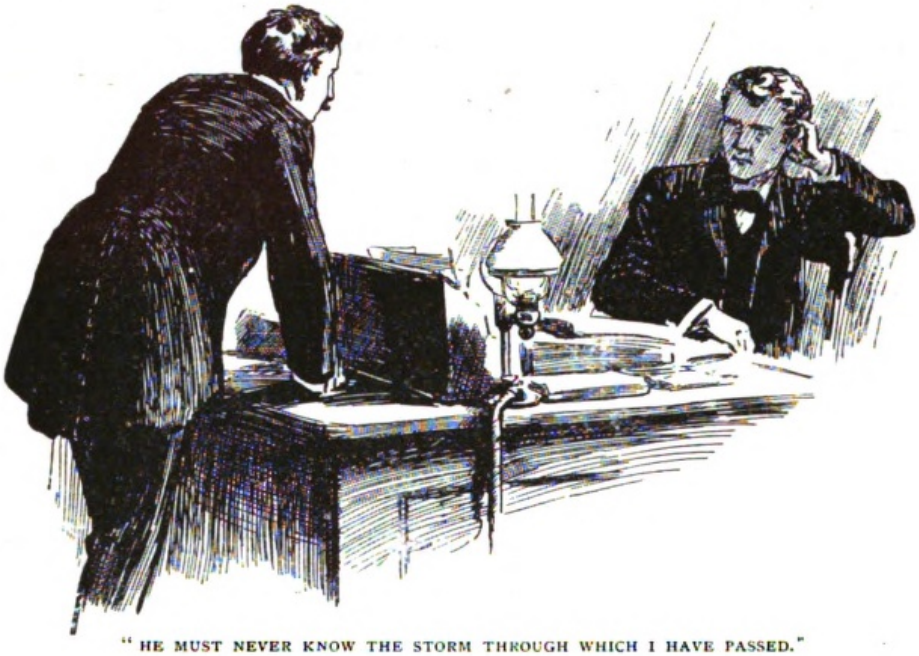
At last a day came when there was no tumour to treat. The arm and shoulder were once more quite well, nothing appeared of the disease but a comparatively harmless induration. I injected large doses now of the virus without the slightest reaction of any sort.

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One morning Captain Gascoigne came early to see me.

"I saw a look on your face last night which told me something," he said.

"What?" I asked.



"HE MUST NEVER KNOW THE STORM THROUGH WHICH I HAVE PASSED."

"That I am cured!"

"You are," I said.

"Quite, doctor?" he asked. "Is the poison quite eliminated from my system?"

"Wonderful as it is to relate, I believe that this is the case," I replied.

"Then I may safely marry?"

"You may."

"My children, if I have any, have no chance of inheriting the horrors which I have gone through?"

"It is my belief that the hereditary taint is completely eliminated," I answered.

"Good," he replied.

He walked abruptly to the window, and looked out. Suddenly he turned and faced me.

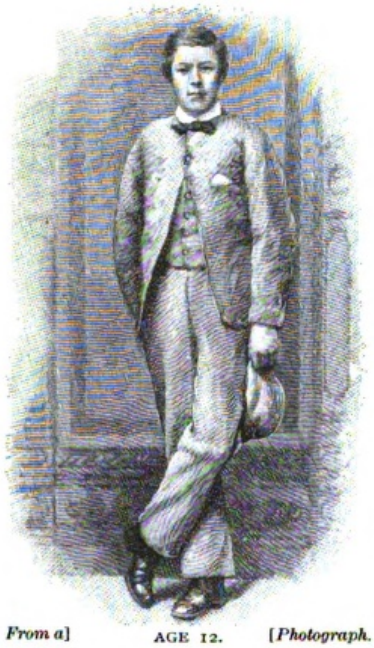
"My father is an old man," he said. "The illness through which he has passed will probably leave its sting as long as he lives."

"Probably," I answered.

"Then I have made up my mind. He must never know the storm through which I have passed. I promised him, when he was apparently dying, that I would marry Helen if I lived. Helen tells me that my mysterious absence from home during the last six weeks has puzzled and irritated him much. He has even threatened to come to town to look for me. I mean to put this suspense at an end in the quickest possible manner. I shall immediately get a special license—Helen will come to town if I telegraph to her. We can be married to-morrow morning. Will you attend us through the ceremony, doctor, and so see the thing out? We can then return to 'The Priory' and set the old man's fears at rest for ever. Will you come, doctor? You owe it to us, I think."

I promised—and kept my word.

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From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Alexander Flury, St. Moritz.

THE HON. SIR JOHN GORELL BARNES.

BORN 1848.

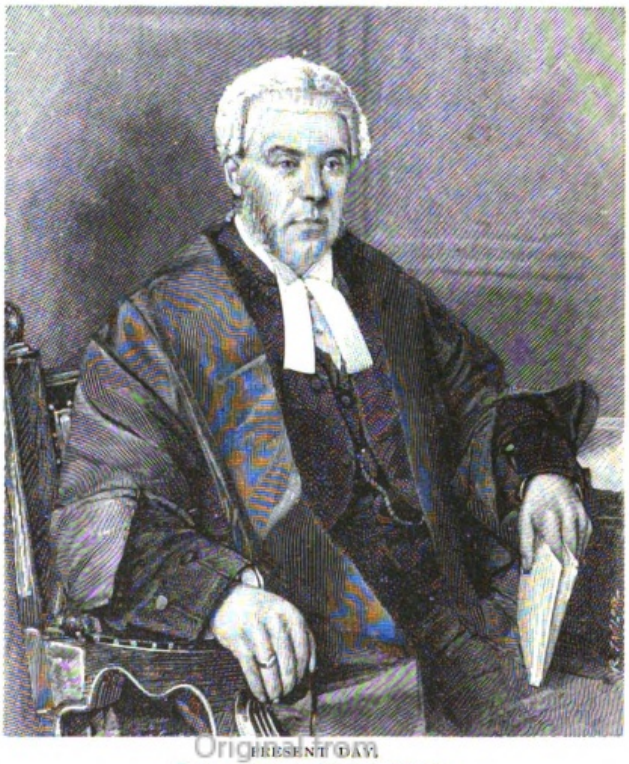
MR. JUSTICE BARNES, a Judge of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Divisions, was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1868 and his M.A. in 1871. He was called to the Bar in 1876; went on the Northern Circuit, and took silk in 1888. He was appointed judge in 1892, and received the honour of knighthood in the same year. Mr. Justice Barnes married, in 1881, the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Mitchell, Esq.



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Antonio Gorgato, Venice.



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by W. Farren, Cambridge.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

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AGE 5.
From a Photo. by Mayall, Regent Street.

THE HON. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P.

BORN 1859.

THE HON. GEORGE N. CURZON was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he made his mark as a speaker at the Union Society's debates, and afterwards as president of that famous club. He took his B.A. degree in 1884 and



AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

his M.A. in 1887, and was elected to the Fellowship at All Souls'. He has represented the Southport Division of Lancashire since 1886. He was Under-Secretary of State for India in 1891–92, and having travelled much in the East, is one of the first living authorities on Eastern topics. He has published "Russia in Central Asia," "Persia and the Persian Question," and "Problems of the Far East," 1894. He has just been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs by Lord Salisbury in his new Government. Some interesting pictures from his hand will be found on pages 288 and 289.



AGE 17.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by W. W. Winter, Derby.



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *Kay, Southport.*

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MISS LETTY LIND.

MISS LETTY LIND, one of the most charming of our young actresses, was born in Birmingham. She made her first appearance at six years of age as *Cinderella* at Hengler's Circus, in which character we see her in our second picture. She afterwards acted as *première danseuse* in a variety of pantomimes until twelve years old, and subsequently travelled with an entertainment until seventeen years of age. She was then engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, and played a number of small parts.



AGE 2.
From a Photo. by W. Baker, Birmingham.



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[W. & D. Downey.*



AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Letalle & Co., Birmingham.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

After having been on tour for some time, she accepted an engagement at the Gaiety, and has since remained under the management of Mr. George Edwardes, having, however, played incidental engagements with Sir Augustus Harris and in "Morocco Bound." She now takes the part of *Daisy Vane* in "An Artist's Model," at the Lyric Theatre.

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From a] AGE 14. *[Photograph.*

M. EDOUARD DETAILLE.

BORN 1848.

JEAN BAPTISTE EDOUARD DETAILLE, perhaps the greatest military painter of the day, showed at an early age a great inclination to that branch of art which has since made him famous the world over. Directly after the completion of his education he entered Meissonier's studio, whose favourite pupil he soon became. He sent his first picture to the Salon in 1867, but scored his first real success with the "Halte des Tambours," which was much praised and admired by critics and public alike. He served in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, during which campaign he picked up much of his thorough knowledge of soldier life. M. Detaille's pictures are so numerous that space will not allow of their being mentioned here, but "The Charge of the Ninth Cuirassiers at Morsbronn" and "Salute to the Wounded" are no doubt familiar to many. M. Detaille recently came to London, when he painted the portrait of the Prince of Wales, which was exhibited with great success at this year's Salon.



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Fred. Mulnier, Paris.



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Disderi, Paris.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by G. Blanc, Paris.

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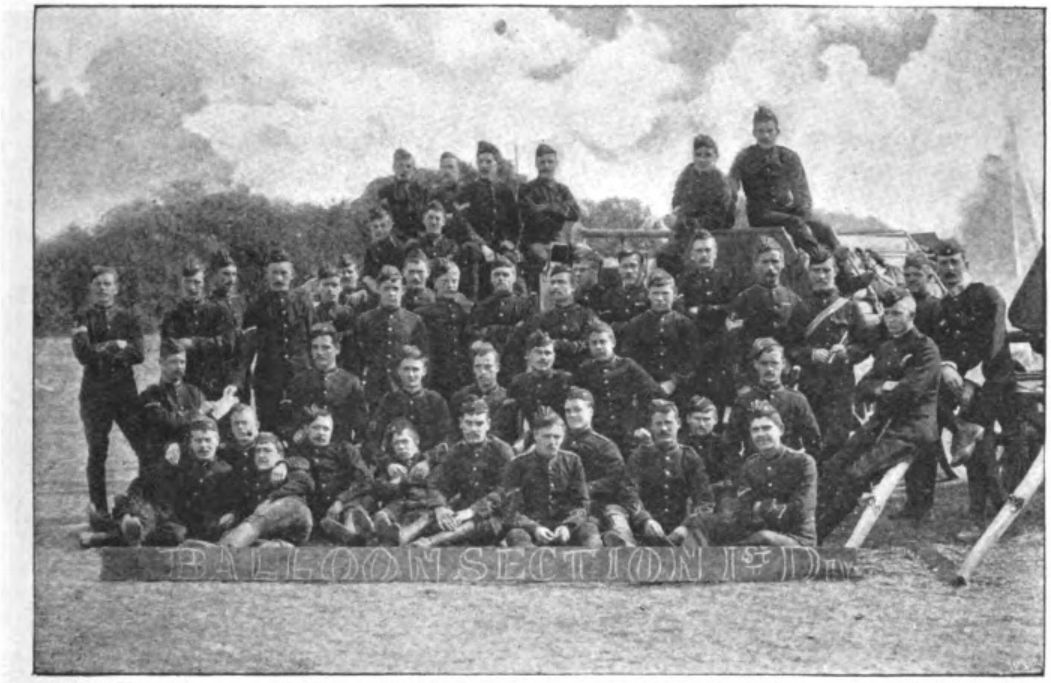
War Ballooning.

By Charles Knight.

THE next European war will be a strange and fearful thing; everyone seems pretty sure about that. Writers of fiction with strong imaginations and a smattering of military science are constantly producing forecasts of this fascinating subject. We learn that Mr. Maxim's guns will be very much to the fore; probably, also, Mr. Maxim's embryonic flying machines. Then we hear of messenger dogs, swarms of poisonous flies, and above all—in a dual sense—war balloons, whose mission it will be to drop charges of dynamite and things of that kind upon all and sundry whom it may be advisable to destroy.

All this leads up to the fact that we have a full-blown School of Ballooning at Aldershot, under the direction of Colonel Templer, whose name has for many years been associated with advanced military science, especially as regards the war balloon. The school at Aldershot is at present established in the Stanhope Lines, where large buildings have been erected on what was a few years ago nothing but a dangerous swamp. Colonel Templer is assisted in his very interesting work by Sergeant-Major Greener; and the accompanying group shows the entire staff of the first division of the Balloon Section when in the field, *i.e.*, these men work the balloon.

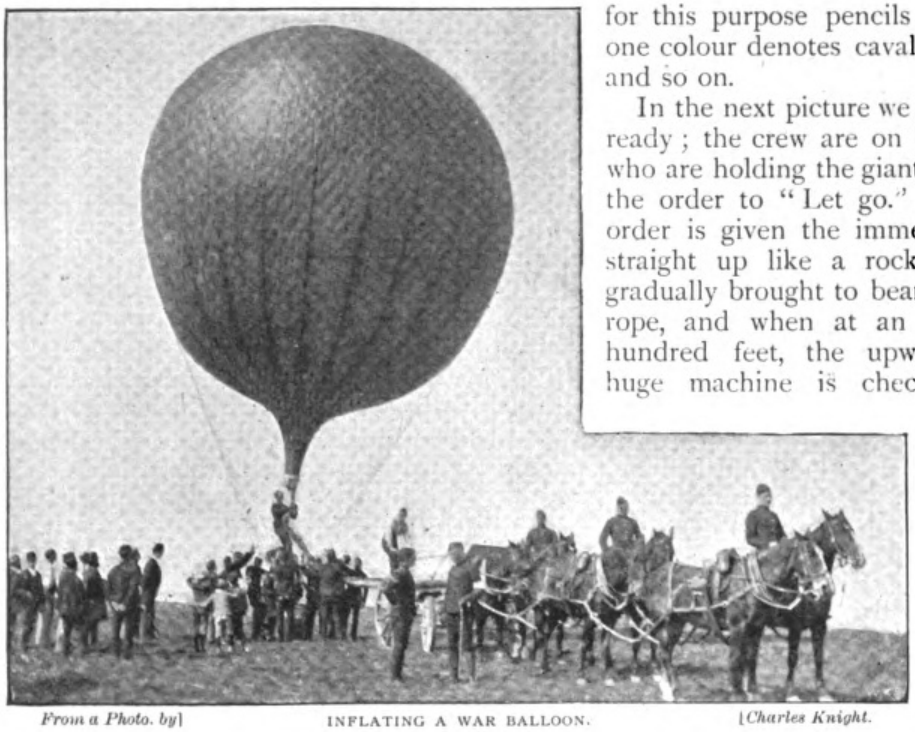
Without exception, these men are enthusiasts in their work, and although they are associated with what may be described as the most interesting and novel branch of the service, they themselves are by no means inflated. At any rate, there is very little doubt that the British taxpayer got his *quid pro quo*—and perhaps a little more—in return for last year's ballooning grant, which was rather less than £3,000.



From a Photo. by] STAFF OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE BALLOON SECTION. *[Charles Knight.*

Colonel Templer generates his own gas from diluted sulphuric acid and granulated zinc. The lifting power of the hydrogen generated in this way is much greater than that of ordinary coal gas, but then its cost is much more. When manufactured, the hydrogen is compressed at "100 atmospheres" pressure and stowed away, so to speak, into huge Siemens steel cylinders, each averaging about 90lb. in weight. Ten of these elongated tubes are placed for conveyance to the field of battle upon admirably

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From a Photo. by] INFLATING A WAR BALLOON. *[Charles Knight.*

contrived waggons, usually drawn by horses; of course, under certain conditions, the gallant Colonel could utilize the baggage train, of which he is so great an advocate.

It takes, as a very simple calculation will immediately show, two waggon loads of gas to inflate a balloon of 10,000 cubic feet capacity, such as is shown in the accompanying illustration. Here we have the working staff, with two lieutenants in command of the section, the waggon and its team, and, lastly, the inevitable crowd of curious onlookers, with the still more inevitable sprinkling of the small boy genus, without which no operation of the kind would be complete.

The man standing upon the car affixes one end of a screw nozzle to the mouth of a gas cylinder, while another of the engineers places the connecting tube to the nozzle of the balloon. The man on the car then gently turns on a very nicely constructed valve, which permits the compressed gas to leave the cylinder only at a very moderate rate. The balloon inflated, we will suppose that Lieutenant Hume and a brother officer are told off for the duty of reconnoitring the enemy's position. The two officers take with them a map of the surrounding country, on the scale of 2in. to the square mile. Of course, they are provided with field-glasses, and the moment they discern the enemy and are able to gauge his approximate strength, they make certain notes upon the map, using for this purpose pencils of various colours; one colour denotes cavalry, another infantry, and so on.

In the next picture we see that everything is ready; the crew are on board, and the men who are holding the giant captive are awaiting the order to "Let go." The moment this order is given the immense aerostat shoots straight up like a rocket, but pressure is gradually brought to bear on the connecting rope, and when at an altitude of several hundred feet, the upward course of the huge machine is checked, and it sways gently to and fro, while the skilful officers in the car anxiously scan the magnificent prospect of country far below them. The moment any definite information is obtained as to the enemy's movements, the map spoken of above is marked according to such information, and then placed in a canvas bag, to which a ring is attached in such a way that it glides swiftly down the rope to the ground, where a mounted orderly is in waiting. The

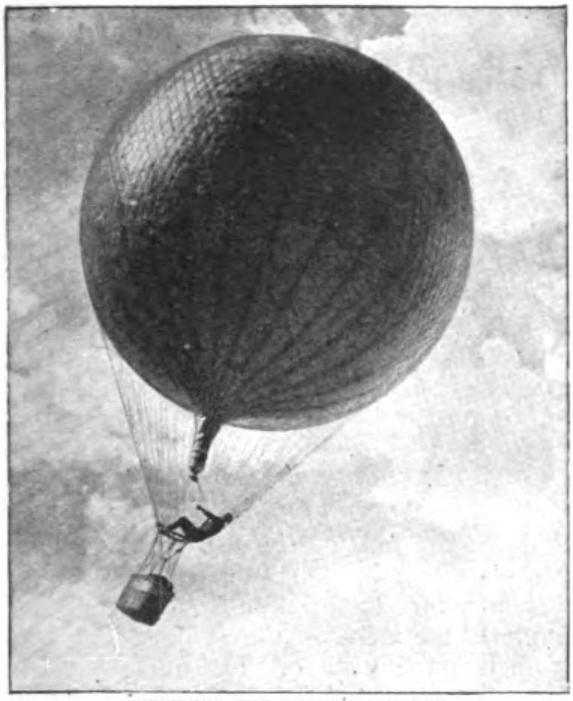


AWAITING THE ORDER TO "LET GO."
From a Photo. by Charles Knight.

orderly immediately gallops off with the very latest intelligence to the General in command.

The British war balloon has long since ceased to be manufactured from silk—though this material is even now generally used by professional parachutists and aeronauts for

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SURVEYING THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.
From a Photo. by Charles Knight.

their "envelopes." After many experiments, however, a perfectly impermeable material has been manufactured from ox-gut by a series of secret processes.

It is an interesting fact that in the manufacturing shed at Aldershot, women are employed in the making of the balloons, which are for the most part of a capacity equal to 10,000 cubic feet, and have when fully inflated a lifting power of something like 700lb.

There are at present in the store-room at Aldershot thirty-two fully equipped balloons, ready at an hour's notice to go on active service; and, what is more, if, in actual warfare, they are found as useful as they have been at the Army manœuvres, their actual value will not have been at all over-estimated.

The envelope of the balloon is inclosed in a net-work of very strong cord, which is fastened below the nozzle of the balloon to a stout hoop that supports the car. The cord is manufactured by a justly-celebrated firm of ropemakers in the north of England, from hemp specially grown in sunny Italy; and although it is so light that a section 100ft. long does not weigh a pound, and it is only about ¼in. in diameter, yet it will stand a strain of 500lb. without breaking. I have myself seen this cord practically tested by Sergeant-Major Greener on a dynamometer. The car of the war balloon accommodates a couple of men, and it is made of very strong wicker-work. It is 2ft. 3in. deep, the same in width, and 3ft. 6in. long. This car is fastened to the hoop above by very strong ropes; and, of course, for reconnoitring purposes, it is supplied with a grapnel, a captive rope, a photographic outfit, and many other articles that are carried in the common or Crystal Palace variety of balloon.

In the next illustration is seen the most direct and valuable mode of communication between the officers in the car of the war balloon and the forces below. I refer to telephonic communication. In the picture it will be seen that a light waggon carries the necessary electrical plant. On the occasion of my own visit to the scene of operations, I watched an orderly gallop up to this wonderful piece of portable mechanism, and he roared into the cart, as it were, "Any fresh information?"

The officer, with a truly astonishing quickness, gained most important news, receiving a reply which ran as follows: "There is a large body of cavalry on your right flank, behind the hill, deployed ready to charge the supports." This message came in an amazingly sharp and articulate voice—a veritable *viva-voce* message from the clouds.



From a Photo. by] PORTABLE RECEIVING-STATION OF THE AERIAL TELEPHONE. *[Charles Knight.*

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From a Photo. by] WAR BALLOON DIRECTING CAVALRY. *[Charles Knight.*

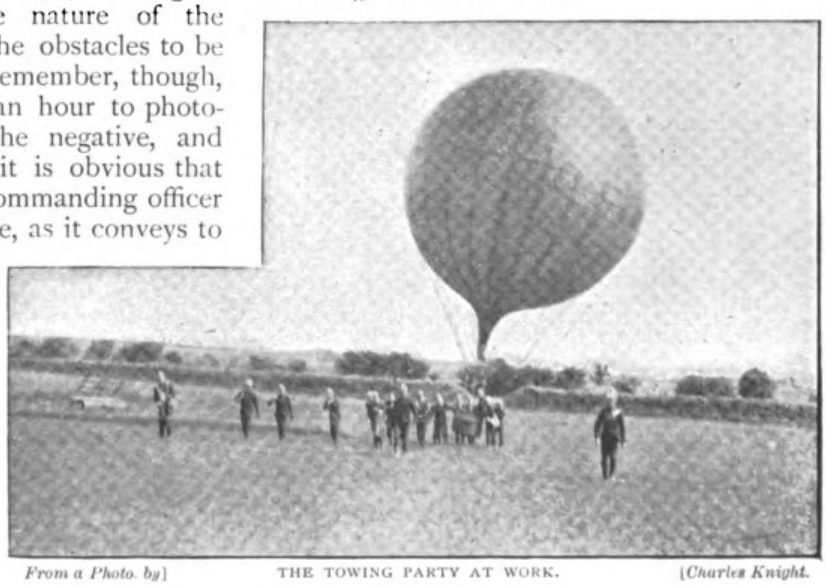
The accompanying reproduction shows the Aldershot war balloon "Talisman" reconnoitring at such an altitude as to command the entire radius of country over which the manœuvres are being conducted. It will be noticed that on the windward side the balloon is rather flat, instead of convex; this indicates that there is a vacuum, so it is coming down to be refilled. The body of cavalry seen is being wholly guided by instructions received from the "Talisman."

The system of reconnaissance by pencil-coloured maps dropped from the balloon at present holds the field against photography; but it must not be assumed that the camera is a wholly futile ally on the battlefield. As a matter of fact, most successful and valuable pictures are constantly obtained, showing in most beautiful detail the nature of the surrounding country and the obstacles to be encountered. You must remember, though, that it takes at least half an hour to photograph, develop and dry the negative, and print a proof; from which it is obvious that information given to the commanding officer by this means is a little stale, as it conveys to him rather where his opponent *was*, than where he is at the moment.

When the officers in the balloon have procured all the information possible regarding the movements of the enemy, the war balloon is brought down, and is towed into some sheltered valley by the men of the balloon section, as is seen in the last photograph reproduced here; then, of course, the balloon is placed under sentry protection. Not that much protection is needed, save, perhaps, from the derision of the small boy genus before referred to. I distinctly remember seeing a balloon-towing party followed by a troop of *gamins*, who, far from being impressed by the huge machine, gave tongue from time to time and implored the men to "tike it 'ome."

Such is the work of the captive balloon. There are times, however, when Sergeant-Major Greener and other officers release the captive and travel to different parts of the surrounding country at a speed of perhaps forty miles an hour. As one might imagine, however, this speed is hardly noticed by the occupants of the balloon.

At the Aldershot School of Ballooning, selected officers go through a course of instruction at appointed seasons; and, altogether, we may feel assured that we are well to the fore, as a nation, in the science of belligerent aeronautics.



From a Photo. by] THE TOWING PARTY AT WORK. *[Charles Knight.*

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A HERO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF E. DE AMICIS. BY ALYS HALLARD.

[Edmondo de Amicis, one of the most striking of Italian writers now living, was born at Oneglia in 1846, and educated at the University of Turin. At the age of seventeen he proceeded to the Military College at Modena, and then entered the army as a sub-lieutenant. He took part in the expeditions against the brigands in Sicily in 1866, and there gathered the practical experience which he afterwards turned to use in such thrilling yet pathetic stories as that which we now reproduce, and which is in all probability based on actual fact. In 1871 he quitted the army in order to devote himself entirely to writing, and has continued to produce a succession of stories which have given him a European reputation.]

IT was during the summer of 1861, when all Europe was stirred to indignation by the accounts of the terrible atrocities committed by the Italian brigands, that, one morning towards the end of July, soon after sunrise, a mounted rifleman was riding through a lonely valley in the province of Capitanata. He had started from San Severo in the night to take some message from his colonel to the commander of a marching regiment, and he now had this officer's answer hidden inside his tunic. The purport of the said answer was to the effect that at eight o'clock that same morning the regiment was going to make an expedition in search of a certain band of brigands said to be hiding in some secret caves of the mountains.

The messenger was a young man of some thirty years of age, tall and slight, with singularly intelligent eyes, pointed moustache, and that deep furrow between the eyebrows which is usually a sign of thoughtfulness. His general expression denoted a gravity beyond his years, and the large hat with pointed brim which he was wearing seemed to add to his somewhat melancholy appearance. His erect bearing and his alert movements attested to his vigour and energy. He had put his horse to a trot, and was riding along a winding pathway, looking first on one side of him and then on the other, gazing at the deserted pasturage, at the steep mountains, and the limpid sky, and hearing as he went along no other sound than that of his horse's feet and the clinking of his own sword.

Suddenly, just as he was passing between



"HE HAD PUT HIS HORSE TO A TROT."

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two high hedges, he saw a flash of fire and heard a detonation. He seized his pistols quickly and drew his horse up. The poor animal stumbled and fell, and at the same instant the soldier was himself seized by strong hands. A man had sprung out from amongst the bushes, followed quickly by a second, and then by a third. It was absolutely impossible either to parry the blows he received or to get his poor horse up. He himself was flung down on the ground in the struggle, and had only just time to fire at his adversaries, and during the volume of smoke which followed to crumple up the piece of paper he was carrying, and which contained the message, and put it in his mouth.

In another minute the brigands had bound his hands behind his back and strapped on to his shoulders his sword, cloak, and the baggage he had been carrying on his horse's back. They next dragged the poor dead beast to the other side of the hedge, endeavouring thus to leave no trace of the struggle which had taken place, and then pushing their wretched prisoner on in front of them they continued their way, by turns threatening, mocking, or swearing at him.

When they had walked for about half an hour across the fields, thinking that they were far enough off the beaten track not to run the risk of any surprise, they began to slacken their pace. They were just at the foot of the mountain, and there was no sign of any hut, cottage, or, indeed, any human habitation.

The rifleman, bent though he was beneath the heavy load he was carrying, showed no sign of either fear or anger. His face was pale, but otherwise there was no change; it was very evident that he had been perfectly prepared for any danger which might assail him on his perilous journey.

To fall into the hands of brigands in those days of ferocious retaliations meant certain death. The solemnity of this last hour of his life stamped itself upon the prisoner, and anyone who had looked that moment into his eyes would have felt that death was surely hovering near him. The brigand who was walking in front of him turned round every now and then and glanced at him with an expression of curiosity and distrust, whilst the one who was walking side by side with him, and who appeared to be the captain of the band, would look now at his prisoner and now at his companions, with a gleam of triumph in his cruel eyes.

"Stop a minute!" he said, suddenly; and then, hanging his gun over the shoulder of the rifleman, he continued, in a mocking tone: "Carry that for me."

"Ah, yes! and mine, too," said the second brigand, imitating his chief.

"Why don't you give him yours?" asked the captain, turning towards the third brigand, who was walking behind, and who looked younger than the others.

"I'd rather keep mine myself," he replied; "one never knows whether one may need it."

"Coward," muttered the chief, with a look of contempt; and then, turning to the prisoner, and laying his hand on his shoulder, he said: "My friend, will you kindly tell us where you were going when we had the good fortune to make your acquaintance?"

There was no answer, and the brigand, gathering a stick from the hedge, gave the rifleman two or three sharp cuts across his fingers. This took no effect, however, and the brigand threw away his stick and said, with a laugh:—

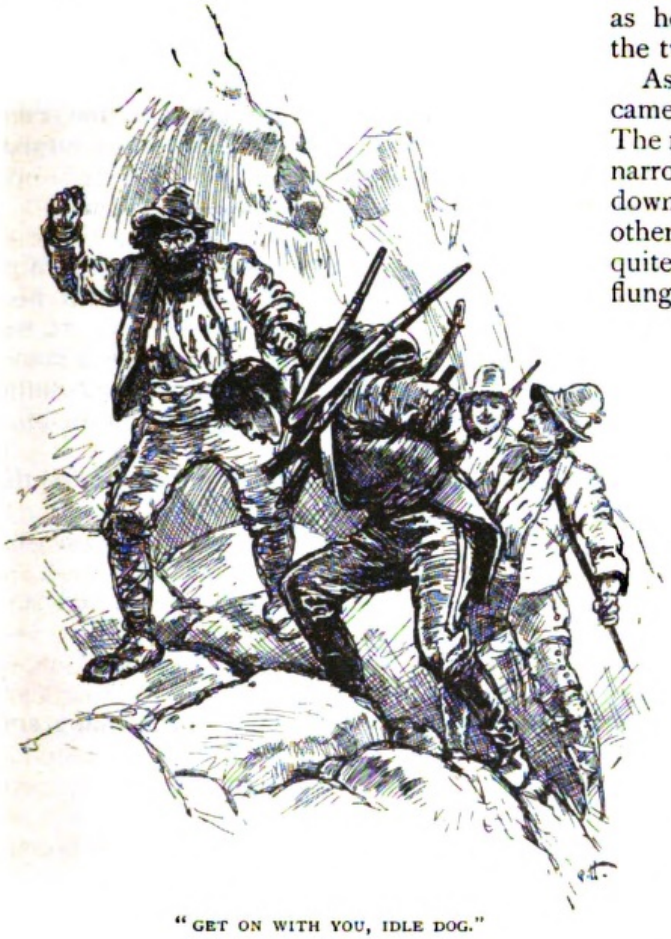
"Ah! you'll speak before you've finished, poor wretch. Others have tried that on, before you, and you will probably do as they did in the end. You are made of flesh and blood, and when you are hurt you'll cry out, never fear!"

With this he pushed the poor fellow brutally along a path which led beside a stream. They then crossed a bridge, turned round by a grassy slope, and began to mount a steep, narrow, rocky path up the mountain. The rifleman was nearly strangled by the straps of the guns, his hands were tied behind him, and his uniform was so heavy that he was bathed in perspiration. As he continued the steep ascent he kept stumbling and nearly falling on his knees, and every time the brigands would strike or kick him, shouting, in their cruelty:—

"Get on with you, idle dog! When you happen to capture any of us you tie us to your horses; so now it is your turn, my fine Piedmontese!"

Half-way up the mountain they halted, as they had arrived at their destination. In a certain spot where the rock had given way, and where huge blocks had rolled down and formed a kind of natural stronghold, was a hollow place, the rocky mountain forming a roof, and the brigands had made themselves here a hiding-place. They had filled up the gaps with huge stones and with bushes. Within the inclosure they had hollowed out niches to store their provisions, and they had also made some steps, from the top of which they had a view of the mountain slope.

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"GET ON WITH YOU, IDLE DOG."

The entrance to this hiding-place was a narrow opening just wide enough for a man to pass. On the outside there was nothing to betray that the place was inhabited, whilst when once inside, besides being a regular robbers' den, it was quite a fortified station. In the niches were glasses, pewter-cups, saucepans, knives, and loaves of bread; on the sharp edges of the rock were hung bags and bottles, in a corner was a heap of ashes and fire-brands, which were still smouldering, whilst here and there on the ground were heaps of straw and some rugs. All around, above and below, were rocks, great steep precipices, enormous masses which seemed to be hanging in the air, with here and there shrubs growing out of the crevices.

In the distance one could see the vast plain, and then beyond that other mountains. A man, who was standing on the top of the steps which the robbers had made in the interior of the cave, was looking out for them. His elbows were resting on the rock, and his face was almost hidden by two great stones, forming a kind of loophole. On catching sight of the prisoner, he clapped his hands with joy, and watched him eagerly as he advanced, struck at on each side by the two brigands.

As the little band approached, the sentinel came out to the entrance to welcome them. The rifleman was pushed brutally through the narrow opening with such force that he fell down in the middle of the cave, whilst the others followed him, swearing, shouting, and quite out of breath with their ascent. They flung down their hats, weapons, and bags, and sitting down on the stones began to wipe their foreheads.

"Well, we've brought one with us, at any rate," exclaimed the chief, turning towards the comrade who had been left in charge.

"Yes, and you've taken him alive, that's more. What about his horse, though?" he continued, glancing at the rifleman's spurs.

"Ah, don't mention that," answered the chief, sullenly. "Curse it, I hit the beast instead of the man," and in a few words he described their attack. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter; it was a master-stroke anyhow," and then approaching the prisoner he took stock of him and afterwards proceeded to relieve him of his cloak and sword. He examined his hat inside and out, and then, laughing, threw it into one of the corners. While the brigands were turning out the contents of his purse, the poor rifleman glanced from one to the other of his capturers with that slow, solemn gaze that one sometimes sees in the eyes of a dying person, whose thoughts seem to have soared away beyond this world and its cares.

The faces he saw certainly looked to him worthy of the place where they lived and the profession they followed. The chief was a man of some forty years old, short and stout, with shoulders which nearly touched his ears, and bow-legs. He was altogether a broad-set, powerful-looking man, and he made up in width for what he was wanting in height. He had black hair and a bushy beard, and, indeed, his face was so covered with hair that only a narrow piece of forehead and the top of his cheeks were visible.

The other two looked like brothers—they had the same narrow foreheads, fox-eyes, a mouth with thin, cruel lips, and a pointed chin. Both of them were short, slight, and sinewy. They, too, like their chief, had a sly, deceitful, demoniacal expression in their eyes—a sort of mixture of superstition and

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ferocity, of bold daring and of abject cowardice. They wore sugar-loaf hats, wide, open jackets, underneath which was a full sort of blouse-shirt, tied with a wide, blue sash.

The fourth brigand was younger-looking than the others, and had a more human-looking face. He was very short and had no beard.

"Now, then," said the captain, when he had emptied the purse of its contents, "let him take his rags off, and then when we've had a morsel of something to eat we'll see what is to be done next."

The two brothers approached the prisoner, and while the one unbound his hands the other held a dagger near his throat. When his arms were unbound they just fell loosely at his sides as the limbs of a corpse might have done.

"Off with the uniform!" said one of the brigands.

The rifleman seemed to hesitate a minute, and, frowning ominously, bit his lips. The youngest of the brigands looked at him sadly, and the captain called out:—

"As for you, get to your post!" and the young man, as though he had expected this order, mounted the steps to the sentinel's post of observation, and there, leaning his elbows on the rock and putting his face between the two huge stones, he remained immovable as a statue.

"Take off your uniform!" cried one of the brigands, raising his hand as though to strike the prisoner, whilst the captain called out:—

"Don't spare him if he is obstinate."

The soldier shuddered like a wounded man who fears to be touched, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, he took off his tunic himself. The brigands searched the pockets and felt about in the lining; they then searched the pockets of the prisoner's trousers, but evidently with no success, for one of them exclaimed, in a disappointed tone:—

"Nothing at all!"

"Put his chains on," said the captain, and the two brigands seized the unfortunate man, and fastening his hands together again behind him, chained him to a strong staple that had been driven into one of the walls. He was as pale as a corpse, and his teeth chattered in spite of himself. The brigands then fetched out some provisions from their stores and sat down to eat, only talking casually at intervals, as though their meal were their most important consideration now.

"And so there's been a skirmish at Cevignola?" said one of them.

"Yes; Salvator Codipiétro and the Piedmontese. Our friends were taken by surprise—seven captured."

"Shot?"

The brigand nodded.

"Madonna!" exclaimed the other, turning to speak to the rifleman. "Did you hear that—you? Well, you can be sure we will pay back what we owe. The day will come, never fear, when on every tree in the country will be seen hanging the dead body of a Piedmontese."

Hereupon he emptied his glass, and the other brigand began:—

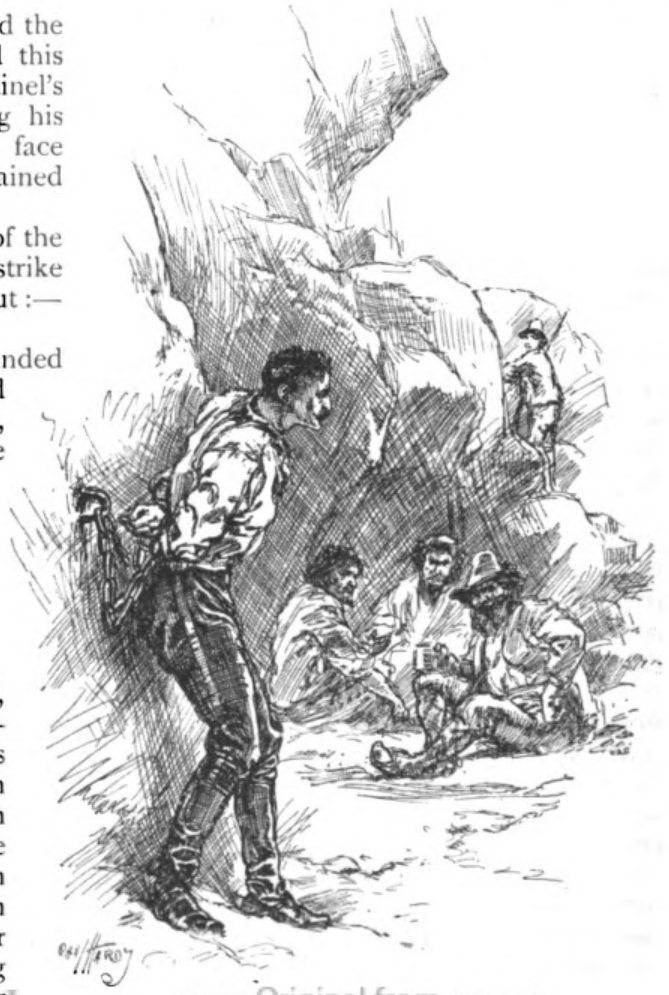
"Look at our prisoner," he said, in a jeering tone; "he is lost in thought!"

"What's on your mind?" asked the captain, twisting his moustache.

"He's thinking about his mother."

"Where did you leave her?"

All three turned towards him laughing, and



"'LOOK AT OUR PRISONER,' HE SAID."

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the wretched man, with haggard, dilated eyes, looked straight before him out at the mountains. The brigands laughed heartily at his distress.

"The best of it is that he does not utter a word. What's the meaning of that, now, do you suppose? Is it his pride?"

"No, no, it is his modesty!"

"Or fear?" suggested the chief.

The rifleman shook his head resolutely, and one of the brigands sprang to his feet.

"No, he isn't afraid? Well, we'll see for ourselves. Look here," he continued, addressing his companions, "he was probably on his way with some message, giving details about us, and we have lost a good deal too much time already. We'd better just make him tell his precious secret, whether he wants to or not."

The soldier started slightly at these words, and then drew his head up defiantly as though to show that he was ready for them. The three brigands planted themselves in front of him, and if at that moment they had noticed their sentinel they would have seen that he was trembling like a leaf and that his face was white with terror. He turned away slightly in order not to witness the scene, but the captain happened to glance at him and reminded him of his post, so that he was forced to keep his face in their direction.

"Now, then," said the captain to his victim, in a tone that admitted of no refusal, "where do you come from?"

The prisoner frowned, and, glancing at his interlocutor with an expression which denoted a will of iron, he did not attempt to answer. Without a word, the captain raised his clenched fist, and struck the prisoner a terrific blow on his cheek.

"Are you going to answer?"

The man bent his head a minute, for the blood was oozing out of his mouth, and then, looking steadfastly at the brigand with imperturbable pride, he made a sign of refusal. The captain bit his lips with anger, and with a forced smile, as he glanced at his men, he drew a knife from his pocket and placed the cold steel blade on the throat of the prisoner. He shuddered involuntarily, and the brigand said, cruelly, "Oh, don't be afraid, there is nothing to fear, nothing whatever."

As he said this he pressed the point of the knife and drew a line down the victim's body, from which the blood started and fell drop by drop to the ground.

"Ah! we shall see now!" laughed the chief, brutally, and the young sentinel hid his face in his hands.

"Are you going to speak?" asked the captain.

The rifleman looked at the blood, and then, lifting his head again, he gazed once more proudly and coldly at the wretch who had tortured him. The three monsters looked at each other more in surprise than anger this time.

"Do you want to die, fool?" howled the captain, at length. "Don't you see that you are here in our power, and quite alone, without a chance of anyone lifting a finger for you? Why, we could kill you or tear you to pieces like a dog! What are you trusting to? Do you imagine anyone will come here to rescue you? Speak, I say. Let us, at any rate, hear you say something."

The rifleman remained mute, and in a fury of baffled rage one of the brigands raised his dagger to strike him dead. The captain seized his arm and said:—

"No, that will not answer our purpose. We want him to tell us what I have asked him."

The monster then grasped a heavy gun, and let it fall with as much force as possible on to the prisoner's foot, so that it broke the bone. He uttered a cry of anguish, and his features contracted in a spasm of excruciating pain, but immediately mastering himself by a strong effort of will, he stamped on the ground with his wounded foot, and, lifting his head, cried out, "No!"

All three of the brigands then threw themselves on him, and would have torn him to pieces in their wild fury but that the young sentinel, made bold by the horrors he had just witnessed, cried out like one beside himself:—

"Kill him—kill him, for mercy's sake! Shoot him dead, but for goodness sake don't torture him like that!"

The brigands let go their hold of the prisoner, so stupefied were they at their companion's audacity. Their stupor, however, was of short duration; the captain stalked across to the daring young sentinel and, with a blow on the back of the neck, knocked his head against the rock wall. Half-stunned, he took up his old attitude, but as he glanced out to the mountain slope he started, and then leaned forward and kept his eyes fixed on what he saw there.

The chief did not, fortunately, bestow a second look on him, but, livid with rage, went back to the poor martyr, and, seizing him by the head with one hand he threatened

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him with the other, as he said, between his clenched teeth :—

"Listen, fool. It was an evil moment for you when you thought of defying me. You do not know me, but I can tell you I have tortured men who have had double your strength. You have no idea how I can make you suffer. I could go on martyrizing you until to-morrow, without killing you, but just leave you life enough to realize what suffering is. . . . I warn you not to try me any further. . . . You had better speak and answer my questions before my blood is up, as if once you drive me to extremities—why, it will be the worse for you."

Still there was no reply, and the brigands were now beside themselves. With a cry of rage and a ferocious look in their eyes, they rushed at the prisoner like three wild beasts, and cut at him with the points of their daggers, only stopping every now and then in their murderous work to tell each other to strike gently, for they feared lest the victim should escape them and be released by the merciful hand of Death.



"THEY RUSHED AT THE PRISONER LIKE THREE WILD BEASTS."

"For goodness sake, do not kill him," cried the young sentinel, terrified to death himself by the frightful scene, and looking now at the murderers and now out at the open country, and shouting in his anxiety to cover the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Wait, wait, I tell you! If you kill him, you will never know what he had to say. Try him again; look, he is making a sign that he will speak. You can kill him afterwards; I, myself, will stab him to the heart with my dagger. Ah! keep your knives off him, strike him only with your hands. Fools—do you not see that you are killing him?"

Without ceasing to shout, he looked once more outside—quite near the rocky entrance to the cave—and then, springing down from his post, his expression changing to one of ineffable scorn and indignation, he cried: "Cowards! cowards! three of you against a half-dead man!"

"Confound you!" shouted the chief, raising his dagger to strike the young sentinel.

"Too late!" exclaimed the other, in a transport of joy, and, pointing to the entrance, he said, "Look!"

Warned by these words, the two brothers, quick as thought, threw a cloak over their victim, whilst the captain snatched up his gun and advanced towards the mysterious enemy who was thus penetrating into his hiding-place.

There was a clang of weapons, a rush of heavy footsteps, the flash of bayonets, and then a whole band of riflemen entered, and, surrounding the robbers, quickly disarmed them. There was dead silence for a minute, then only broken by the heavy breathing of the panting soldiers.

"Help the poor dying man!" exclaimed the young sentinel, who, like his companions, had been seized, and was now kneeling on the ground, his hands under the bayonet of one of the riflemen.

"A dying man! Where is he?" demanded the captain of the new-comers, striding forward, and looking round the cave.

"There—there in that corner."

The soldiers looked, but could see nothing at first, coming in as they had done out of the broad daylight.

"Under that cloak," said the young sentinel, eagerly.

The captain, with the eyes of all his men

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fixed on him, advanced and lifted up the cloak. There was a cry of horror as the sight was revealed. The wretched prisoner was on his knees, his arms tied behind him, his face livid as Death itself.

"Release him instantly!" ordered the captain. "Give him something to drink."

Three riflemen rushed forward, unfastened the chains which bound the poor sufferer, and then, laying him gently down on the ground, supported his head whilst they held a cup of wine to his lips. The other soldiers, exasperated at what they saw, struck the brigands with the butt-end of their guns.

"Stop!" called out the captain, and then turning to the sentinel he said: "What can you tell us about this? Quick, speak."

The rifleman who was guarding the young sentinel let go his hold and the man stood up.

"When was this poor fellow taken? Tell the truth, mind, for you have not long to live."

"This man!" began the young brigand, in a terrified tone, for he was still trembling all over with horror—"this rifleman — they took him this morning—and brought him here—they wanted him to speak—and he would not—they all threw themselves on him like wild beasts — I saw it all — oh, heavens! oh, heavens!——"

"But who are you?" exclaimed the captain. "How is it you speak like that?" and then suddenly, an idea striking him, he lifted the young brigand's hat off his head.

"A woman!" burst from all the riflemen's lips in amazement.



"A WOMAN!"

"Yes, a woman!" she repeated, her eyes all wild and haggard. "They captured me a fortnight ago. They held their knives to my throat and made me come with them here. My hands are clean of all blood, though—I swear it. I had no choice but to come or be killed—tortured. I am from San Severo!"

"Why did you not at least kill one of these wretches—you could have shot one of them, surely?"

"I was afraid to—they would have tortured me, I tell you—you do not know what they are capable of. I thought to-day I should lose my reason when I saw it all — oh, heavens! But that man there is a hero; he has endured it all — and he would not tell them a word—not a word!"

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"Drag the cowards across to the feet of their victim," ordered the captain.

The riflemen dragged the three brigands across to where the wounded man was lying, his head now all bound up in a handkerchief. The captain of the troop leaned down towards the sufferer, and said :—

"You are saved now, and are amongst comrades. Courage! Your enemies are on the ground at your feet."

The sufferer tried to lift his head, and a faint smile played over his lips. He opened his mouth, and something black and white fell on the ground.

"Whatever is that?" exclaimed the captain.

"The colonel's answer!" replied the wounded man, faintly.

"To the Colonel of San Severo? The reply I gave you this morning?"

The rifleman nodded. The captain knelt down himself, and taking the man's hands in his, grasped them warmly. For a few minutes words failed him—he was too deeply moved to be able to trust his voice. Then turning round towards his men, he said :—

"On your knees, every one of you, before this brave man. He was taking a letter to the colonel, announcing the hour of our departure, and telling just where we were going. If the brigands had read it, they would have escaped us. He put the letter in his mouth in order not to betray us, and he has borne all their cruelty in silence. We have a hero amongst us, my men, a hero, a martyr, and a brave, noble-hearted soldier."

"Yes, yes, captain," cried the men, with deep feeling.

"Get down and kiss the dust before him, vile cowards, curs!" said the captain to the three brigands, and one after the other, writhing on the ground like serpents in the strong grasp of the riflemen, were the brigands thus humiliated.

"Captain," said the woman to the chief of the soldiers, gazing at him with her wild eyes full of pleading. "I could have given the signal when I saw you in the distance. I did not do so. . . . I let you get here and take them by surprise. . . . In return for this grant me a favour—I cannot go back to my village . . . let your men shoot me when they shoot these wretches!"

"No!" interposed the wounded man, energetically, and with a supreme effort. "You—you have a work of mercy before you——"

"What—oh, Madonna—what is there *I* can do?"

She knelt down near to the poor sufferer, her hands clasped together and her head bent forward to catch his words.

"Do not leave me—go with me."

"Where?"

"Everywhere!"

The spectators gazed at each other in amazement at the man's strange words.

"Ah! you do not know all," he said; "you have not seen all my wounds. Look!"

He lifted the handkerchief which bound his forehead, and a cry of horror and pity burst with one accord from all lips. The wretched man was blind!

"Death to the cowards," shouted the riflemen, seized with a frenzy of indignation.

The captain's voice could scarcely be heard in the mad tumult which followed. The riflemen seized the assassins and dragged them away out of the cave, and the captain followed to give the necessary orders.

"You have saved my life," said the wounded man, stretching his hands out blindly towards the woman, who was still kneeling beside him; "will you not finish your work of pity?"

She bowed her head for a minute, and then, lifting her eyes up to the blue skies, she answered gently, but firmly, putting her hand into his :—

"The rest of my life is yours." And then, just at this moment, there was a volley of firing from the valley, which seemed to seal their engagement, the noble compact which was to bind the life of the compassionate woman with that of the hero.

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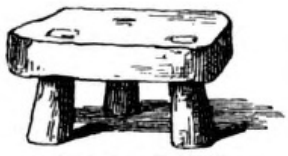
The Evolution of Cricket.

By Alfred T. Story.

Hail! Cricket, glorious, manly British game,
First of all sports, be first alike in fame!

SO wrote James Love, the comedian, in his "Cricket: An Heroic Poem," published in 1770. It was at that time—more than a century ago—essentially a "British," that is a national, game; and since then it has, if possible, become a more British, and, to judge by the position it occupies in the public mind and in the public Press to-day, a more glorious one, too.

At the time when Love was poetizing upon the subject, cricket was in a transition state, and was gradually developing into the form in which we now play it, but the evolution was not yet complete. It had, indeed, many steps still to take, although it had long grown out of the infant stage, and one may add the feminine stage too, if, indeed, the original and the developed forms did not continue to exist side by side.



NO. 1.—A CRICKET.

Much has been written as to the origin of cricket, but, like the games of chess and of cards, its infancy is lost in obscurity. There are many theories as to its origin, some persons being of opinion that it arose out of the ancient game called "stool-ball"; others that it developed from "club-ball," a pastime similar to rounders; while a third party regards a northern form of "tip-cat," called "cat-and-dog," as the undoubted original of the game. There is much to be said in favour of each theory, and perhaps the truth is that in its general evolution cricket took something from each of the above-named pastimes.



NO. 2.—CLUB-BALL (14TH CENTURY).

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes" (1810), says, "I have been informed that a pastime called 'stool-ball' is practised to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists simply in setting a stool upon the ground, and one of the players takes his place before it, while his antagonist, standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention of striking the stool, and this it is the business of the former to prevent by beating it away with his hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke of the ball. If, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and strike the stool, the players change places." In a note, Strutt adds that he believes the player might be caught out.

That such a game was played in the north, that is, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, so recently as the early fifties, I myself can testify, as I have played it as a child. The game was played, however, not as in our illustration of "stool-ball" (No. 3), taken from "A Pretty Little Pocket-Book" (1770) for children, but with the stool lying on its side, so that the ball was bowled at the seat of the stool. It would usually be played in a garden path with a parti-coloured leather ball stuffed with sawdust, which was purchased at the sweet-stuff shop for a halfpenny. I do not recollect what the game was called; but I know the little wooden stools that were used were called "crickets" (No. 1). They were very different—these crickets—from the more finished and ornamental stools, and were formed of a thick piece of wood, round or square, which constituted the seat, and three or four legs, as the case might be. They may be seen in the houses of the poor, almost anywhere in the north, and are rough, tough, and very durable pieces of furniture, admirably suited for children to play with and knock about.* It may be worth while to note, too, that I once saw a nurse-girl improvise a game of "stool-ball" in a very peculiar way to amuse a little boy. She placed a small foot-stool, or cricket, upside down, laid a comb across from

* In Todd's Johnson we find: "Cricket: a low seat or stool."

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one leg to another like a wicket bail, rolled up a rag ball, and gave it to the boy to bowl with, while she defended her odd wicket with a hair-brush. She held the bat until the



NO. 3.—STOOL-BALL.

little bowler knocked down the comb, when she took the ball, and the youngster handled the hair-brush bat.

Strutt refers to a number of ancient English games in which a ball was used, as, for instance, goff (or golf), club-ball, trap-ball, and others. Cambuca was the same as goff, the Latin name being applied to it, says Strutt, in the reign of Edward III., deriving the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club or bat with which it was played. The bat was also called a "bandy," from its being bent, and hence the game in England is frequently called "bandy-ball." Strutt gives a drawing of two persons playing at "bandy-ball," and the form of the bandy, as used early in the fourteenth century, from an MS. book of prayers, beautifully illuminated and written about that time.

"Club-ball," says Strutt, "was a pastime similar to goff, but clearly distinguished therefrom in an edict of Edward III." The difference appears to have consisted in the one being played with a curved bat, and the other with a straight one. Strutt gives two engravings representing persons playing at club-ball. The first (No. 2), from an MS. in the Bodleian Library, dated 1344, exhibits a female figure in the action of throwing the ball to a man who elevates his bat to strike it. Behind the woman in the original delineation appear several other figures of both sexes, waiting attentively to catch or stop the ball when returned by the batsman. Strutt's other specimen of "club-ball," taken from a drawing more ancient than the former, a genealogical roll of the Kings of England of the time of Henry III., in the Royal Library, presents two players only. It does not appear how the game was determined.

The third game to which cricket is held to



NO. 5.—BOYS' CRICKET (1770).

have some analogies, and from which it is thought by some to have been derived, was called "cat-and-dog," and was formerly played much in the north. It is referred to in the Badminton "Cricket." Two holes were cut at a distance of thirteen yards. At



NO. 4.—THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE: A SATIRICAL PRINT OF 1757.

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NO. 6.

each hole stood a player with a club called a "dog." A piece of wood, called a "cat," 4in. long by 1in. in circumference, was tossed to one of the dogmen. His object was to keep the "cat" out of the hole.

There are those who hold that we get single wicket from "club-ball" and double wicket from "tip-cat," under its old name of "dog-and-cat," and there is much to be said for that view.

One of the earliest mentions we have of the game of cricket is in Florio's "Italian Dictionary," published in 1595, in which we find *sgrittare* defined as "to make a noise as a cricket; to play cricket-a-wicket and be merry." "Cricket-a-wicket" means cricket at the wicket. Now, Professor Skeat derives the word "cricket" from the Anglo-Saxon *cricc*, a staff, and *et*, the diminutive; hence, a little staff. Can it be that cricket grew originally out of a domestic game, in which children threw a ball at the garden wicket (*i.e.*, gate) while it was defended by a player with a crooked stick or club, a sort of club-ball or rounders? The question is undoubtedly an interesting one.

Curiously enough, one of our illustrations (No. 13) is from a small German almanac of 1802, in which the game is designated "Thor-ball." The first syllable, "Thor," signifies "gate" (*i.e.*, "wicket"); so that the game appears to have made its first appearance in the Fatherland, not as "cricket," but as "wicket-ball." Note, too, that the earliest wicket was 2ft. in width.

See the illustration (No. 5) of a boys' game of cricket from "A Pretty Little Pocket Book" (1770), though this does not give a fair idea of what the bat had become by this time in politer cricket, as, for instance, in the hands of Royalty, as represented by Prince Adolphus Frederick (No. 6).

But whether such be the origin of the game or not, it certainly seems to owe something to "tip-cat." In agreement with this view, we have it on the authority of antiquaries of the game that the ball was originally adopted because the cat would not go far enough. The cat was cut down sharper and sharper, until it was at last



NO. 7.—MISS WICKET AND MISS TRIGGER (1778).

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NO. 8.—"A MATCH PLAYED BETWEEN THE COUNTESS OF DERBY AND SOME OTHER LADIES OF QUALITY AND FASHION, AT SEVEN OAKS, KENT, 1779."

reduced to a badly-shaped ball, and the first cricket ball was consequently a wooden one. Another link with "tip-cat" is to be found in the fact that, in the game of cricket as originally played, there was a round hole between the stumps, into which the ball had to be placed to put a man out.

It was not until the early part of last century that the national game assumed anything like the form in which it is now played. Indeed, it is from that time that the changes gradually began to be made in it which developed it into what we may call the scientific game of the present day, and we may be sure that those changes would not have taken place unless the game had been growing more and more popular. Thus we learn that in the reign of Queen Anne the wickets were placed about the same distance apart as now, namely, 22yds., that is, the length of a surveyor's chain, but the stumps were only 1ft. high and 2ft. wide,



NO. 9.—"THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET" (1785).

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surmounted as now with a bail. At that period, too, a feature existed to which reference has already been made. Between the stumps a hole was cut into the ground large enough to contain the ball or the butt end of the bat or club. In running a notch the striker was required to put his bat in this hole instead of touching over the popping-crease, as is now the rule. The wicket-keeper, in putting out the striker when running, was obliged, when the ball was thrown in, to place it in this hole before the adversary could reach it with his bat. Many severe injuries of the hand were the consequence of this regulation, and the present mode of touching the popping-crease was substituted. About the same period the wickets were increased to 22in. in height, and narrowed to 6in. in breadth, and the wicket-keeper was required to put the wicket down, having the ball in his hand. Subsequently (1775) the middle stump was added, and the bails divided into two pieces. Not long afterwards the stumps were given an additional height of 2in., while at the same time the width of the wicket was increased to 7in. The "Noble Game of Cricket," as played in 1785 (No. 9), will give an idea of what it was like at this time.



NO. 10.

Meanwhile a set of rules had been formulated for the game. Cricket had no written laws till 1770. The earliest copy we have of them is dated February 25th, 1774. They were drawn up by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen (including Sir Horace Mann, the Duke of Dorset, and Lord Tankerville), at the "Star and Garter," Pall Mall. At this time the crease was cut, not painted. "No ball," so far as crossing the crease went, was just like "no ball" to-day. "Indeed," says one authority, "the game was essentially the game of hockey, except that if a ball were hit, the other player may place his body anywhere within the swing of the bat, so as to hinder the bowler from catching her, but he must neither strike at her, nor touch her with his hands."

One of the influences for progress in the game was the formation of the old Hambledon Club, which is the earliest we hear of that was of any account. It was



NO. 11.—"THE LARKINS CHILDREN" (1790).

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established about 1750, though the game was played at some of the public schools long previous to that. The Hambledon played at first on Broadhalfpenny Down, afterwards on Windmill Down, both close to the famous Hampshire village, and for many years the club played the same part with regard to other clubs that the Marylebone Club does now. An old print represents the Hambledon eleven in their club costume of knee-breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes, with velvet caps; by no means so elaborate a uniform as that of Lord Winchilsea's team, which used to play in silver-laced caps.

Some idea of the dandified costume of the period may be gained from the figure on the admission card of the Oxford Cricket Club (No. 10).

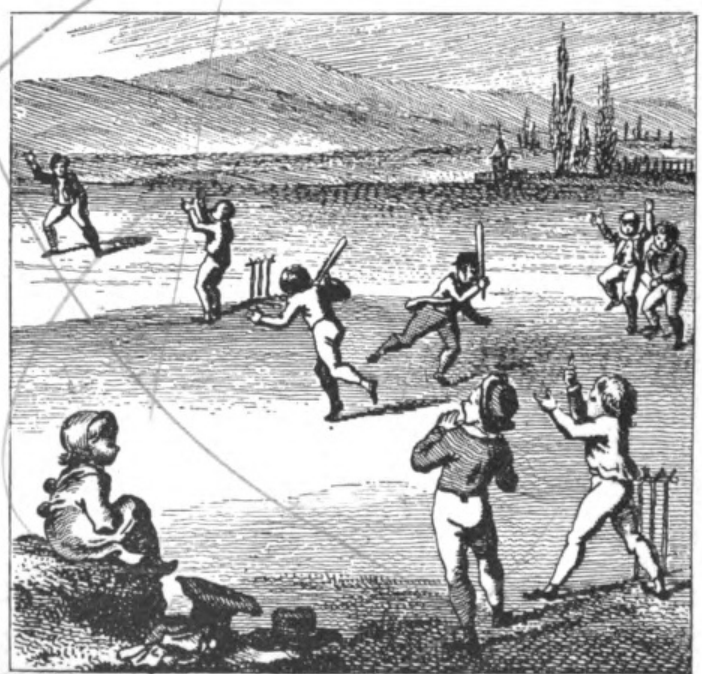


NO. 12.—GROUP FROM THE PICTURE OF "THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW" (1800).

The Hambledon Club numbered a lot of famous cricketers amongst its members—men who were giants in their time, and left their mark upon the game. One of them, David Harris, was the cause of the alteration in the shape of the "bat." Up to nearly the end of the eighteenth century its form was one to which the term "club" might more properly be applied. In all the old prints of the game the shape of the bat varies from a hockey-stick or that of a volute, or rather of an old-fashioned dinner-knife, curved at the back, bulging out at the front, and having a broad curl at the end, as will be seen by comparing the satirical prints of the "Crowned Heads of Europe" (No. 4), and "Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger" (No. 7). The shape of the bat as it obtained in 1790 is shown in the group from the picture of "The Larkins Children" (No. 11), and may be compared with the development it had reached in 1800, as seen in the hands of the boys from the picture, "The Soldier's Widow" (No. 12).

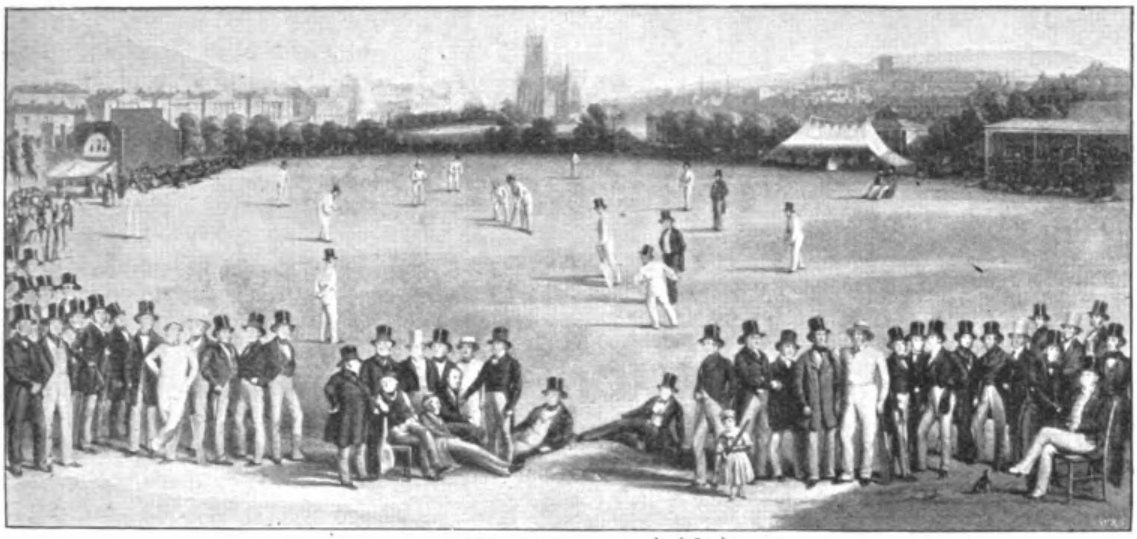
With such a weapon as the bat in its curved form a man must hit—block he could not; and a length ball must inevitably have lowered his stumps. The crooked bat was not ill-adapted to the style of play that originally obtained, which, being purely offensive, required something with which a good deal of hard hitting could be got through; but with the development of the game the curved bat was bound to go. The change not only revolutionized cricket, but opened up the mysteries of modern scientific batting.

As already said, Harris was the cause of the alteration of the shape of the bat, as being, if not the inventor, at least the introducer of the "length" balls, and against his bowling the old hockey-stick arrangement was of no use. The introduction of "length" bowling had a vast deal to do with the progress of the game. Not only did it lead to the alteration of the bat, but the stumps likewise had again to be raised in height. By 1814 the wickets had grown to 26in. by 8in., and in 1817 they were once more altered to 27in. by 8in., at which they now stand. At the same time, to compensate for the extra inch on the stumps, an extra 2in. was given to the distance between the



NO. 13. Thorbald. from (1802.)

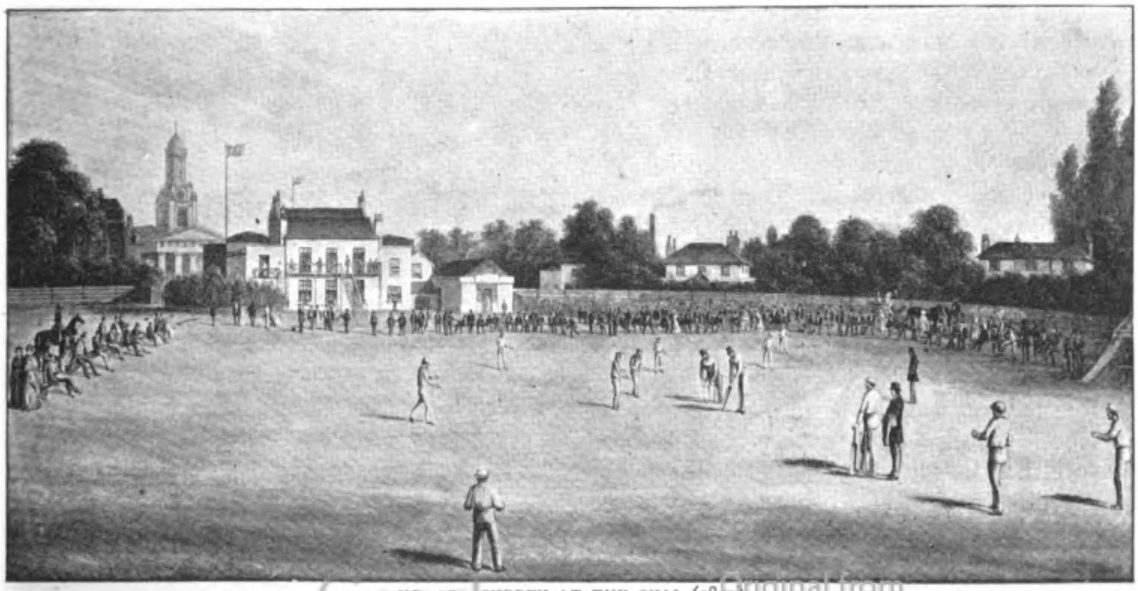
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NO. 14.—CRICKET AT LORD'S (1820).

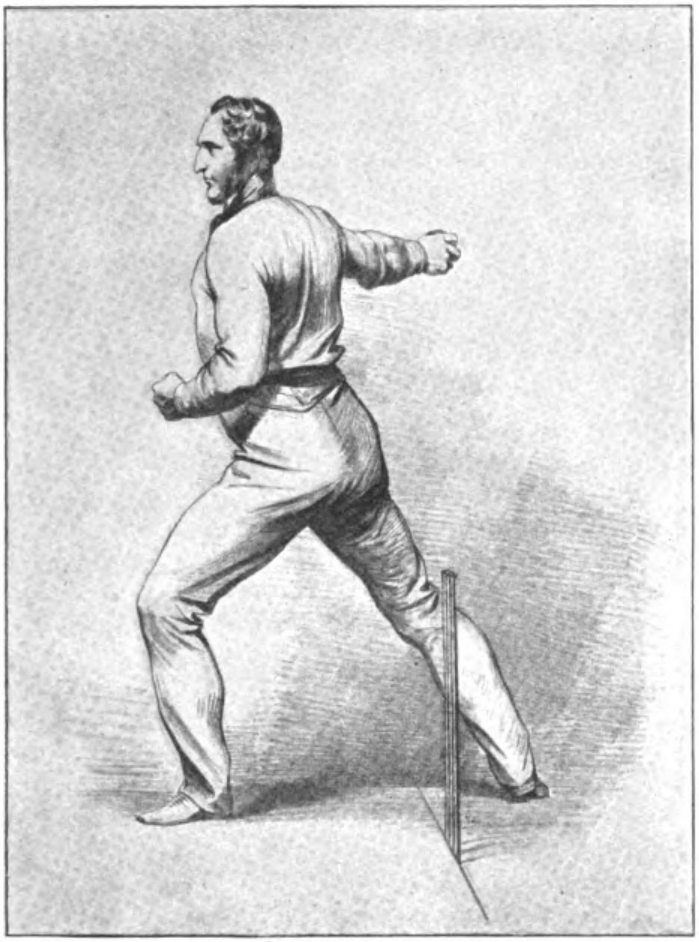
creases, thus increasing it to 4ft. Old Small, a famous cricketer in his day, and "one of the best hands at the draw that ever lived," says Dr. Grace, is said to have made the first straight bat.

It would take an entire article by itself to go into the question of bowling; but it may be mentioned here that a very important renovation in that respect, namely, round-arm bowling, came into force about 1825. It had frequently been tried before, but had been condemned as unfair; and it was not until the underhand style was found easily playable that the round-arm came in to stay. Tom Walker, one of the "famous men" of those days, was among the most celebrated of early round-arm bowlers. The Hambledon Club, however, objected to the new thing, and the so-called "throwing" bowling was placed under the ban. It had among its opponents, too, such men as John Nyren (born 1764) and Lambert (born 1779), the two worthies, by the way, to whom we are indebted for the earliest printed instructions as to how to play the game—both of whom viewed it with disfavour, Lambert declaring that, if continued, it would have a degenerating effect. But it won its way in the end, and was very generally adopted about the time mentioned. Willes was perhaps the first to put into practice the style of bowling identical with that now so universally adopted, though the delivery then was not so high as it subsequently became. The new style of bowling led to other minor, though not unimportant, changes. On the hard and uneven surfaces upon which cricket was then frequently



NO. 15.—SURREY AT THE OVAL (1820).

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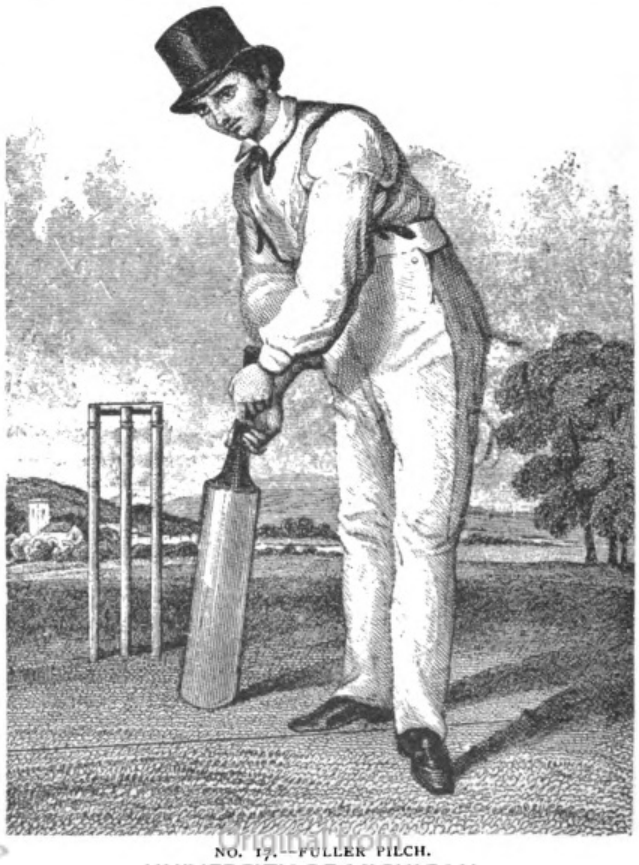


NO. 16.—MR. ALFRED MYNN.

played, it became so dangerous that recourse was had to leg-guards and batting gloves, articles which previously had not been unknown. Incidentally, too, it led to the better preparation and more careful keeping of the grounds devoted to the game. In this respect a vast difference will be perceived between the pitches as represented in the noble game of 1743 and the subsequent ones at "Lord's" (No. 14) and the "Oval," 1820 (No. 15).

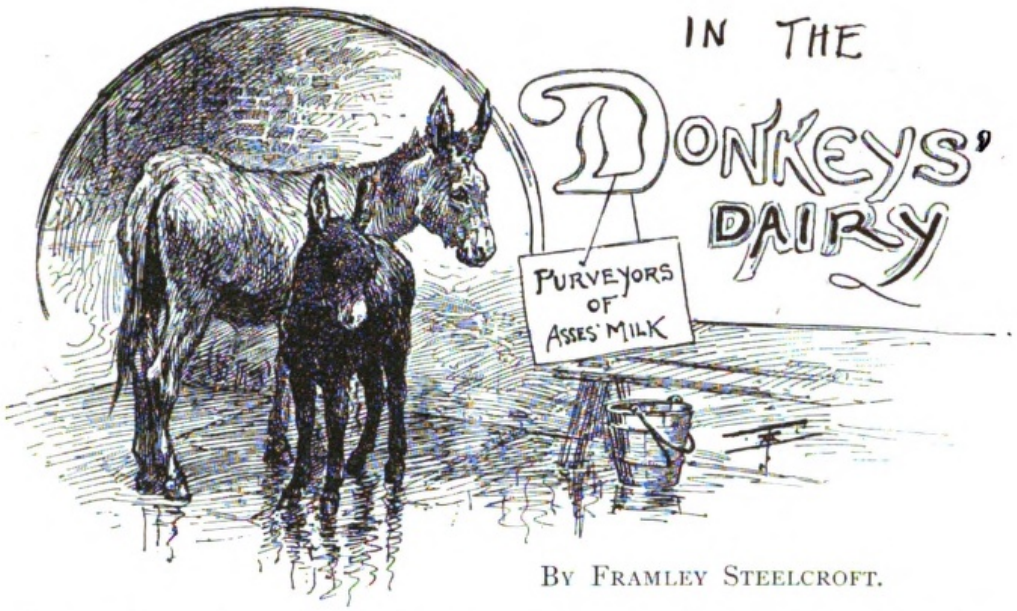
The earliest matches of which the scores have been preserved were those of Kent *v.* All England, in the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, 1743, and the Hambledon *v.* Kent, which took place at Bishopsbourne Paddock, Canterbury, August 17th, 1772. The latter portion of the eighteenth century was notable for the formation of the Marylebone Club, which took place in 1787, on the dissolution of the White Conduit Club, which had been in existence several years, and which played chiefly on the Islington fields, from which it took its name. The new club, destined to become the controller of cricket, located itself in Dorset Square, Marylebone; subsequently it removed to North Bank, Regent's Park, and finally, in 1814, settled down in St. John's Wood Road, its present quarters. "Lord's," as the home of the M.C.C., has always been known as the best-appointed cricket-ground in the kingdom.

It would have been interesting to give some account of these early clubs and of their more notable members, did space permit. A few only of the hundreds of cricket celebrities have been mentioned. The annals of the game are full of their traits and exploits. Among the more famous men of the earlier half of the century mention may be made of Alfred Mynn (No. 16), the "demon bowler" of his day, of whom it is recorded that he actually took men's wickets before they knew where they were. He found a match, however, in Ward, the noted batsman, and in Fuller Pilch (No. 17), perhaps the most famous handler of the willow amongst the past generations of cricketers.



NO. 17.—FULLER PILCH.

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By Framley Steelcroft.

THAT the wealthy *malade imaginaire*, luxuriating in sunny Carthagena, should order a sleek, well-groomed milch ass to be brought to his door every morning in order that he may drink of the thin, sweet fluid, is quite in accordance with the fitness of things; but we venture to doubt whether it is generally known that a fully-equipped donkeys' dairy is established within a few hundred yards of the Marble Arch, at Hyde Park.

Accompanied by an artist, we visited this extraordinary establishment, which, by the way, is nearly one hundred years old. On entering from a mews at the back of the premises, one stands in a long stable, wherein are about twelve or fourteen asses of eminently respectable appearance. Really, they resemble Mr. Walter Rothschild's zebras rather than their own humble and long-suffering brethren on Hampstead Heath and elsewhere.

The visitor notes with interest that a certain sweet smell pervades the place, just as though it were a cows' dairy. A wooden railing, running the whole length, forms a kind of pen for the asses; and at one end of this pen is a sort of reserved inclosure for a few foals, or baby donkeys, whose presence is an absolute necessity to the milch asses.



THE INTERIOR OF THE STABLE.

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The foregoing illustration shows the interior of the dairy itself. The donkeys, apparently for want of other employment, are jostling each other in an unobtrusively persistent sort of way, rendering it almost impossible for any one animal to have a minute's uninterrupted nibble at the sweet hay in the racks.

Every one of these placid, lovable animals has been fortuitously redeemed from a life of appalling drudgery, and, in the ordinary course of things, will revert thereto as soon as the yield of milk has ceased. The stoical philosophy of these animals is absolutely perfect. They trudge through the dreary desert of a donkey's life with utter indifference, regarding the vigorous thwack of their owner's bludgeon in the same light as the persistent annoyance of an errant fly—at least, to the outward seeming.

Then come the oases (no joke meant), and with them a fleeting period of idyllic repose; but you will notice no change in the donkeys' demeanour—no exulting joy at emancipation from dire slavery; just a meek acceptance of things, and what may be described as an apathetic readiness to resume the fearsome *status quo ante*, which has an appropriate termination on the banks of the asinine Styx.

Upon no other animal does maternity confer so great a boon as on the patient and much-abused ass. The wretched animal may be a mere machine for giving carefully-measured rides to children, not to mention hilarious adult holiday-makers who certainly ought to know better; it may pass its days in semi-starvation, varied only by unmerciful and undeserved hidings administered at frequent intervals; but the moment it brings a little foal into the world, these things belong to the past, and the milch ass enters upon a glorious period of *otium cum dignitate*, since the life of a ducal baby may depend upon its daily yield.

Look at the "milkers, not workers," in the accompanying reproduction; then think of the lot of the common or beach donkey, and you cannot fail to understand the *pons asinorum*—to an evanescent Elysium. In fact, no pauper to whom fickle Fortune's wheel has brought untold wealth was ever so much courted as the erstwhile coster's moke. Now let us get to the practical side of this curious and interesting subject. The astute middleman in London will purchase milch asses in the remotest parts of the kingdom; it matters not whether the animals hail from the heights of Hampstead, the Welsh mountains, or the pastures of Kerry. All expenses are added to the price of the donkeys. The middleman, however, seldom pays more than thirty shillings for a milch



"MILKERS, NOT WORKERS."

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ass and foal (the two invariably go together); and he retails the pair for about thrice that sum to the proprietor of the London dairy.

It is a remarkable fact in connection with milch asses on hire, or bought altogether by wealthy invalids, that servants somehow acquire an idea that the milk is possessed of certain magical virtues; consequently, natural repugnance is conquered by a supreme effort, and asses' milk swallowed by the pint below-stairs. Then, of course, the animals are sent back; or complaints are received at the London depôt that the asses are unsatisfactory. One lady in London had four asses on hire, one after the other, and would probably never have known why the daily yield was so surprisingly meagre, were it not that she beheld her cook using asses' milk at tea, just as though it were ordinary cows' milk, only the allowance was far more liberal.

Talking of prejudice against asses' milk reminds us that a lady of title, living at Windsor, suffered a serious relapse when she discovered what "medicine" she had been taking. This lady was ordered to drink two pints of asses' milk per diem, but the nature of the fluid was carefully concealed from her. During her convalescent period, however, she chanced upon some screw-stoppered bottles, inclosed in wooden receptacles, the labels on which gave her a disagreeable surprise, which culminated in a feeling of utter loathing quite disproportionate to the occasion.

Our next illustration shows the donkey and its little one standing in the yard near some outhouses. The milking-stool and churn have been placed in readiness.

Asses' milk is retailed at six shillings per quart. As one might expect, the trade is practically made by fashionable physicians and trained nurses, who recommend the milk in consumption cases, and for pulmonary complaints generally. Therefore, the winter season finds the donkeys' dairy exceedingly busy; and wealthy invalids, who fly to the Riviera to escape the London fogs, actually pay ten guineas for a milch ass of their own, and take the animal with them—foal and all—so that from first to last the humble ass costs as much as a decent park hack.

In the "babies' pen," a photograph was out of the question. Where two or three donkey-foals are gathered together, the spirit of sheer exuberance is surely rife among them. They jostled each other without apparent cause; they indulged in spasmodic gyrations, and leaped into the air, giving their woolly little bodies a playful twist as they leaped; and it was very evident the playful creatures possessed an inexhaustible amount of energy and vitality. We even took all the foals out of the pen save one, the smallest of all—a mischievous little wretch called Tim, who certainly was not two feet high.

But if we thought that Tim, deprived of the companionship of his fellows, would remain quite still, we were grievously mistaken. Having none of his kind to jostle, the aggravating little brute rolled upon his back with calm deliberation, and then swayed backwards and forwards with a slow, rhythmical motion that was intensely exasperating. We finally took Tim into the court-yard of the dairy; and after he had run round and round, with praiseworthy determination—for all the world as though he was training for a circus on his own account—he consented to stand with the chief drover—a serious man who went by the name of "Ginger," and whose chief delight was to christen his queer flock



WAITING FOR THE "MILKMAID."

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"GINGER," AND THE BABY "TIM."

by such absurd names as "Peter the Great" and "Queen Anne"; other monarchs were also represented.

Anyway, we had a vast deal of trouble with "Ireland," and "Home Rule" was never still for five consecutive seconds. Moreover, the last-named ass evinced a powerful desire to join its comrades in the pen; and when our artist was on the point of uncovering the lens, the obstinate and dismal-looking brute would make yet another determined effort to get back into the stable. Unfortunately, although imposing names were conferred on the asses, the latter refused to acknowledge them; and in certain instances, indeed, repudiated such appellations by violent demonstrations which caused the fiery "Ginger" to make use of epithets which we sincerely trust have never before been bestowed on the most long-suffering of donkeys.

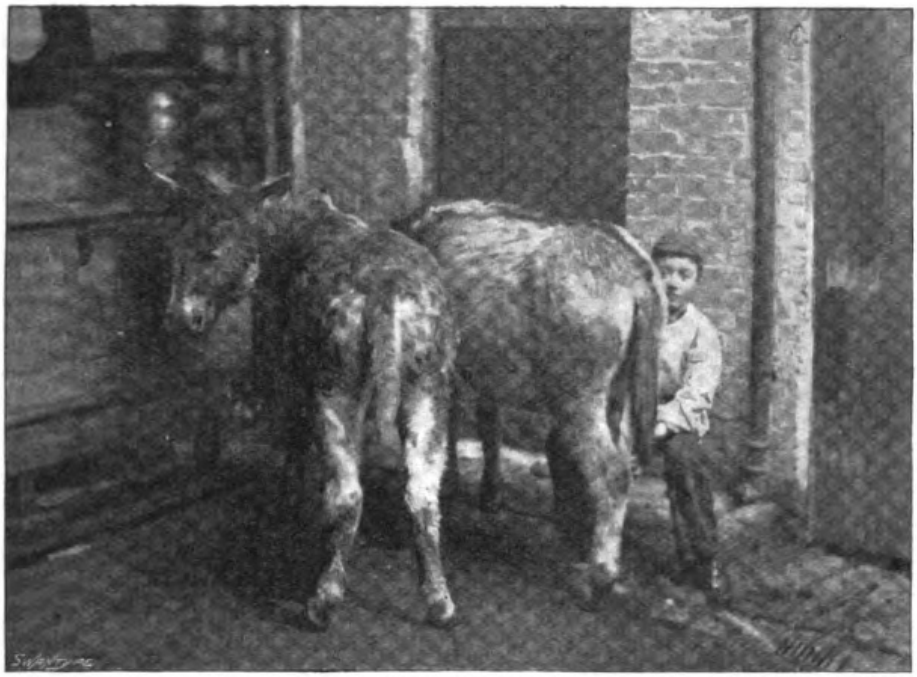
At last, by dint of much shoving with brooms and the like handy implements—for the animals offered a quiet, but very obstinate, resistance—we got two asses into a corner of the dairy-yard, and then a white-smocked lad brought the stool and commenced to milk one of these, as is seen in our illustration. The asses, by the way, are milked four times a day, but during this period the yield is seldom more than a quart. Under favourable conditions the animals give milk for about eight months, so it is to the consumer's advantage to hire an ass at a guinea a week, and get all the milk obtainable. This plan is often adopted; but it is a noteworthy fact that the introduction of a milch ass into the *personnel* of an aristocratic family is but too often productive of deplorable dissension and heart-burning.

We will suppose that a certain peer, whose country house is in the north of England, hires or purchases outright a milch ass. A roomy horse-box and enough straw for a big stable are provided by the careful railway company for the valuable animal, upon whose milk a precious life may depend. This accommoda-



PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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MILKING THE ASSES.

tion, however, has to be paid for pretty dearly in the long run. Then, of course, a man is sent with the ass; and it is this man's duty to hand the animal over to the custody of the purchaser's housekeeper, or some other responsible person.

Now, after all expenses have been paid—and these, you may be sure, are considerable—and the ass comfortably installed in a special outhouse, the fittings of which would cause a belated tramp to weep with envy, the momentous question arises: *Who is going to milk the animal?* You will ask: *Is* this a momentous question? We rather think it is. We have before us a letter from a certain noble earl, well known in society, who ruefully tells us that his servants were so horrified at the thought of milking a donkey, that they threatened to resign in a body if the dreadful request were persisted in.

The chief groom implored his noble master with tears in his eyes to be mindful of his six-and-twenty years' service, and not to again ask him to milk the donkey. What would his fellow-servants say? Could he again look the housemaid in the face? No, no, the whole thing was horrible.

We should like it to be understood that this particular instance is perfectly true. Finally, his lordship simplified matters by actually milking the ass himself—though, being absolutely ignorant of the operation, he went in fear of his life for many days. The noble earl still has both donkey and foal, the latter having been the children's playmate until it was quite grown up.

The illustration here given depicts the chief dairyman—who has occupied for over twenty years his dangerous position, as sundry bites and other marks upon his person testify—about to place in the wooden case a screw-topped glass bottle containing one pint of



SENDING OUT THE MILK.

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asses' milk. The boy on the tricycle then delivers the precious fluid at various West-end mansions.

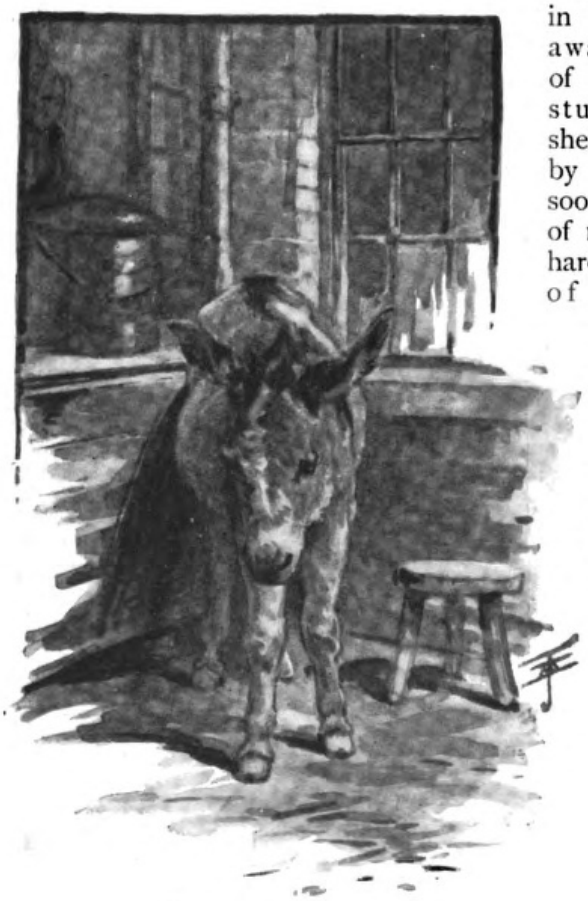
Astonishing as it may seem, a special train, costing more than £20, has been chartered for the conveyance of one quart of asses' milk, in charge of the chief dairyman. It was ordered by telegram, and was required for a dying child in Oxford. This brings us to the queer uses of asses' milk.

One well-known and fashionable man—a member of the late House of Commons—has one gill every morning, and his valet mixes the milk with patent blacking, in order to impart an exquisite gloss to his master's shoes. Again, a lady who took a furnished house in Mount Street paid two guineas a week for three years in order that a quart of asses' milk might be delivered daily. After this lady had gone to New York, her discharged maid informed the proprietors of the dairy that her late mistress found asses' milk "matchless for the hands and complexion." In a word, the lady used the milk in her bath.

As a matter of fact, the vagaries of wealthy invalids and others who hire and buy milch asses are so extraordinary that we certainly should hesitate to believe them were it not that we have before us, as we write, piles of coroneted letters, coming from some of the most aristocratic addresses in Europe.

We select a long, rambling, but wholly charming letter from the Marchioness of ——, who, having been informed that asses' milk is the nearest possible approach to human milk (which is perfectly true), would be "awfully glad to know" whether the luckless donkey she had bought was to be "fed like an ordinary person." "The ass," wrote the noble marchioness, plaintively, "has steadfastly refused cooked meat and sweets, yet will eat with avidity a raw carrot." We should think so! We read farther on that the plebeian animal descended yet lower, and partook freely of "nice sweet hay"—for all the world like an ordinary donkey. Somehow, the whole species seems to be misunderstood; the milch ass is pampered and surfeited, while the common donkey is slowly murdered. No wonder that, if left to himself for a moment, the unfortunate animal seems to settle naturally into a position of utter dejection. The accompanying sketch, made by our artist in the yard of the dairy, illustrates this trait in a peculiarly happy manner.

Out of curiosity we made further inquiries about this particular ass. It had, we learned, originally belonged to a costermonger of Spitalfields. It was about to be sent away to a gentleman's country seat in Devonshire, and would in all probability laze away the remainder of its days in flower-studded meadows, sheltered from the sun by giant trees, and soothed by the murmur of running water. The hardest task required of the animal was an occasional romp with high-born children—a labour of love, surely, after dragging monstrous loads of vegetables along the arid stretches of the Bethnal Green Road.



"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

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The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

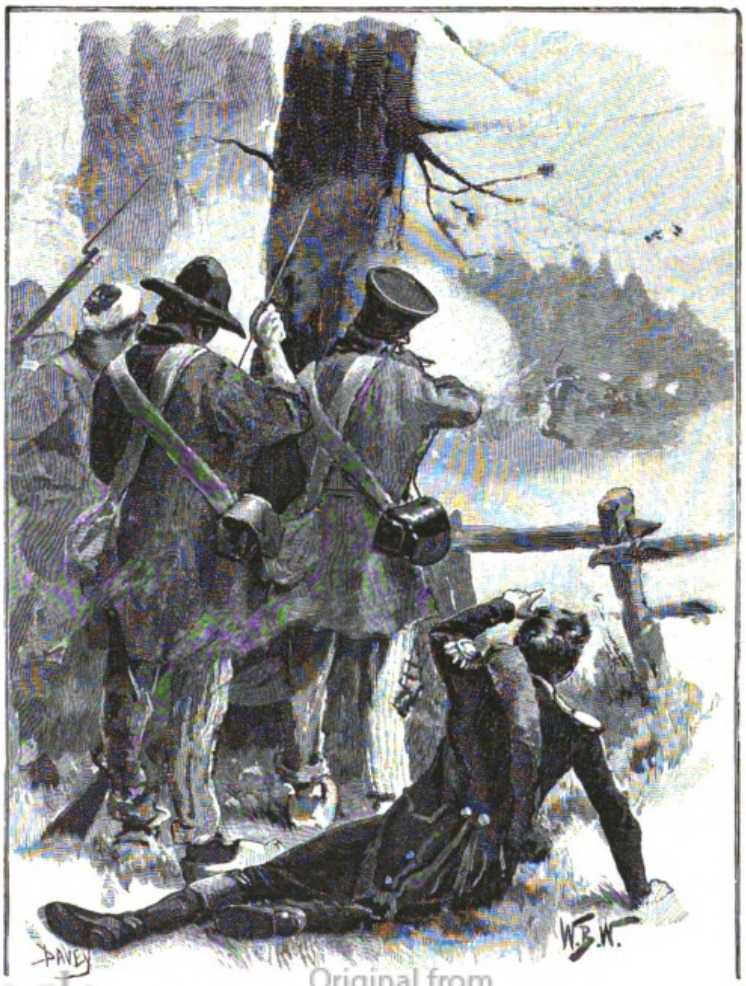
By A. Conan Doyle.

VI.—HOW THE BRIGADIER WAS TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.

THE spring is at hand, my friends. I can see the little green spear-heads breaking out once more upon the chestnut trees, and the café tables have all been moved into the sunshine. It is more pleasant to sit there, and yet I do not wish to tell my little stories to the whole town. You have heard my doings as a lieutenant, as a squadron officer, as a colonel, as the chief of a brigade. But now I suddenly become something higher and more important. I become history.

If you have read of those closing years of the life of the Emperor which were spent in the Island of St. Helena, you will remember that, again and again, he implored permission to send out one single letter which should be unopened by those who held him. Many times he made this request, and even went so far as to promise that he would provide for his own wants and cease to be an expense to the British Government if it were granted to him. But his guardians knew that he was a terrible man, this pale, fat gentleman in the straw hat, and they dared not grant him what he asked. Many have wondered who it was to whom he could have had anything so secret to say. Some have supposed that it was to his wife, and some that it was to his father-in-law; some that it was to the Emperor Alexander, and some to Marshal Soult. What will you think of me, my friends, when I tell you it was to me—to me, the Brigadier Gerard — that the Emperor wished to write! Yes, humble as you see me, with only my 100 francs a month of half-pay between me and hunger, it is none the less true that I was always in the Emperor's mind, and that he would have given his left hand for five minutes' talk with me. I will tell you to-night how this came about.

It was after the Battle of Fére-Champenoise, where the conscripts in their blouses and their sabots made such a fine stand, that we, the more long-headed of us, began to understand that it was all over with us. Our reserve ammunition had been taken in the battle, and we were left with silent guns and



"THE CONSCRIPTS MADE A FINE STAND."

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empty caissons. Our cavalry, too, was in a deplorable condition, and my own brigade had been destroyed in the great charge at Craonne. Then came the news that the enemy had taken Paris, that the citizens had mounted the white cockade; and finally, most terrible of all, that Marmont and his corps had gone over to the Bourbons. We looked at each other and asked how many more of our generals were going to turn against us. Already there were Jourdan, Marmont, Murat, Bernadotte, and Jomini—though nobody minded much about Jomini, for his pen was always sharper than his sword. We had been ready to fight Europe, but it looked now as though we were to fight Europe and half France as well.

We had come to Fontainebleau by a long, forced march, and there we were assembled, the poor remnants of us, the corps of Ney, the corps of my cousin Gerard, and the corps of Macdonald: twenty-five thousand in all, with seven thousand of the guard. But we had our prestige, which was worth fifty thousand, and our Emperor, who was worth fifty thousand more. He was always among us, serene, smiling, confident, taking his snuff and playing with his little riding-whip. Never in the days of his greatest victories have I admired him as much as I did during the Campaign of France.

One evening I was with a few of my officers drinking a glass of wine of Suresnes. I mention that it was wine of Suresnes just to show you that times were not very good with us. Suddenly I was disturbed by a message from Berthier that he wished to see me. When I speak of my old comrades-in-arms, I will, with your permission, leave out all the fine foreign titles which they had picked up during the wars. They are excellent for a Court, but you never heard them in the camp, for we could not afford to do away with our Ney, our Rapp, or our Soult—names which were as stirring to our ears as the blare of our trumpets blowing the reveille. It was Berthier, then, who sent to say that he wished to see me.

He had a suite of rooms at the end of the gallery of Francis the First, not very far from those of the Emperor. In the ante-chamber were waiting two men whom I knew well: Colonel Despienne, of the 57th of the line, and Captain Tremeau, of the Voltigeurs. They were both old soldiers—Tremeau had carried a musket in Egypt—and they were also both famous in the army for their courage and their skill with weapons. Tremeau had become a little stiff in the wrist, but Despienne was capable at his best of making me exert myself. He was a tiny fellow, about three inches short of the proper height for a man—he was exactly three inches shorter than myself—but both with the sabre and with the small-sword he had several times almost held his own against me when we used to exhibit at Verron's Hall of Arms in the Palais Royal. You may think that it made us sniff something in the wind when we found three such men called together into one room. You cannot see the lettuce and the dressing without suspecting a salad.

"Name of a pipe!" said Tremeau, in his barrack-room fashion. "Are we then expecting three champions of the Bourbons?"

To all of us the idea appeared not improbable. Certainly in the whole army we were the very three who might have been chosen to meet them.

"The Prince of Neufchâtel desires to speak with the Brigadier Gerard," said a footman, appearing at the door.

In I went, leaving my two companions consumed with impatience behind me. It was a small room, but very gorgeously furnished. Berthier was seated opposite to me at a little table, with a pen in his hand and a note-book open before him. He was looking weary and slovenly—very different from that Berthier who used to give the fashion to the army, and who had so often set us poorer officers tearing our hair by trimming his pelisse with fur, one campaign, and with grey astrakhan the next. On his clean-shaven, comely face there was an expression of trouble, and he looked at me as I entered his chamber in a way which had in it something furtive and displeasing.

"Chief of Brigade Gerard!" said he.

"At your service, your Highness!" I answered.

"I must ask you, before I go farther, to promise me, upon your honour as a gentleman and a soldier, that what is about to pass between us shall never be mentioned to any third person."

My word, this was a fine beginning! I had no choice but to give the promise required.

"You must know, then, that it is all over with the Emperor," said he, looking down at the table and speaking very slowly, as if he had a hard task in getting out the words. "Jourdan at Rouen and Marmont at Paris have both mounted the white cockade, and it is rumoured that Talleyrand has talked Ney into doing the same. It is evident that

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further resistance is useless, and that it can only bring misery upon our country. I wish to ask you, therefore, whether you are prepared to join me in laying hands upon the Emperor's person, and bringing the war to a conclusion by delivering him over to the allies."

I assure you that when I heard this infamous proposition put forward by the man who had been the earliest friend of the Emperor, and who had received greater favours from him than any of his followers, I could only stand and stare at him in amazement. For his part he tapped his pen-handle against his teeth, and looked at me with a slanting head.

"Well?" he asked.

"I am a little deaf upon one side," said I, coldly. "There are some things which I cannot hear. I beg that you will permit me to return to my duties."

"Nay, but you must not be headstrong," said he, rising up and laying his hand upon my shoulder. "You are aware that the Senate has declared against Napoleon, and that the Emperor Alexander refuses to treat with him."

"Sir," I cried, with passion, "I would have you know that I do not care the dregs of a wine-glass for the Senate or for the Emperor Alexander either."

"Then for what do you care?"

"For my own honour and for the service of my glorious master, the Emperor Napoleon."

"That is all very well," said Berthier, peevishly, shrugging his shoulders. "Facts are facts, and as men of the world, we must look them in the face. Are we to stand against the will of the nation? Are we to have civil war on the top of all our misfortunes? And, besides, we are thinning away. Every hour comes the news of fresh desertions. We have still time to make our peace, and, indeed, to earn the highest reward, by giving up the Emperor."

I shook so with passion that my sabre clattered against my thigh.

"Sir," I cried, "I never thought to have seen the day when a Marshal of France would have so far degraded himself as to put forward such a proposal. I leave you to your own conscience; but as for me, until I have the Emperor's own order, there shall always be the sword of Etienne Gerard between his enemies and himself."

I was so moved by my own words and by the fine position which I had taken up, that my voice broke, and I could hardly refrain from tears. I should have liked the whole army to have seen me as I stood with my head so proudly erect and my hand upon my heart proclaiming my devotion to the Emperor in his adversity. It was one of the supreme moments of my life.

"Very good," said Berthier, ringing a bell for the lackey. "You will show the Chief of Brigade Gerard into the salon."

The footman led me into an inner room, where he desired me to be seated. For my own part, my only desire was to get away, and I could not understand why they should wish to detain me. When one has had no change of uniform during a whole winter's campaign, one does not feel at home in a palace.

I had been there about a quarter of an hour when the footman opened the door again, and in came Colonel Despienne. Good heavens, what a sight he was! His



"TREMEAU AND BERTHIER WERE ROLLING TOGETHER UPON THE FLOOR."

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face was as white as a guardsman's gaiters, his eyes projecting, the veins swollen upon his forehead, and every hair of his moustache bristling like those of an angry cat. He was too angry to speak, and could only shake his hands at the ceiling and make a gurgling in his throat. "Parricide! Viper!" those were the words that I could catch as he stamped up and down the room.

Of course it was evident to me that he had been subjected to the same infamous proposals as I had, and that he had received them in the same spirit. His lips were sealed to me, as mine were to him, by the promise which we had taken, but I contented myself with muttering "Atrocious! Unspeakable!"—so that he might know that I was in agreement with him.

Well, we were still there, he striding furiously up and down, and I seated in the corner, when suddenly a most extraordinary uproar broke out in the room which we had just quitted. There was a snarling, worrying growl, like that of a fierce dog which has got his grip. Then came a crash and a voice calling for help. In we rushed, the two of us, and, my faith, we were none too soon.

Old Tremeau and Berthier were rolling together upon the floor, with the table upon the top of them. The Captain had one of his great, skinny, yellow hands upon the Marshal's throat, and already his face was lead-coloured, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. As to Tremeau, he was beside himself, with foam upon the corners of his lips, and such a frantic expression upon him that I am convinced, had we not loosened his iron grip, finger by finger, that it would never have relaxed while the Marshal lived. His nails were white with the power of his grasp.

"I have been tempted by the devil!" he cried, as he staggered to his feet. "Yes, I have been tempted by the devil!"

As to Berthier, he could only lean against the wall, and pant for a couple of minutes, putting his hands up to his throat and rolling his head about. Then, with an angry gesture, he turned to the heavy blue curtain which hung behind his chair.

"There, sire!" he cried, furiously, "I told you exactly what would come of it."

The curtain was torn to one side and the Emperor stepped out into the room. We sprang to the salute, we three old soldiers, but it was all like a scene in a dream to us, and our eyes were as far out as Berthier's had been. Napoleon was dressed in his green-coated chasseur uniform, and he held his little silver-headed switch in his hand. He looked at us each in turn, with a smile upon his face—that frightful smile in which neither eyes nor brow joined—and each in turn had, I believe, a pringling on his skin, for that was the effect which the Emperor's gaze had upon most of us. Then he walked across to Berthier and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"You must not quarrel with blows, my dear Prince," said he; "they are your title to nobility." He spoke in that soft, caressing manner which he could assume. There was no one who could make the French tongue sound so pretty as the Emperor, and no one who could make it more harsh and terrible.

"I believe he would have killed me," cried Berthier, still rolling his head about.

"Tut, tut! I should have come to your help had these officers not heard your cries. But I trust that you are not really hurt!" He spoke with earnestness, for he was in truth very fond of Berthier—more so than of any man, unless it were of poor Duroc.

Berthier laughed, though not with a very good grace.

"It is new for me to receive my injuries from French hands," said he.

"And yet it was in the cause of France," returned the Emperor. Then, turning to us, he took old Tremeau by the ear. "Ah, old grumbler," said he, "you were one of my Egyptian grenadiers, were you not, and had your musket of honour at Marengo. I remember you very well, my good friend. So the old fires are not yet extinguished! They still burn up when you think that your Emperor is wronged. And you, Colonel Despienne, you would not even listen to the tempter. And you, Gerard, your faithful sword is ever to be between me and my enemies. Well, well, I have had some traitors about me, but now at last we are beginning to see who are the true men."

You can fancy, my friends, the thrill of joy which it gave us when the greatest man in the whole world spoke to us in this fashion. Tremeau shook until I thought he would have fallen, and the tears ran down his gigantic moustache. If you had not seen it, you could never believe the influence which the Emperor had upon those coarse-grained, savage old veterans.

"Well, my faithful friends," said he, "if you will follow me into this room, I will explain to you the meaning of this little farce which we have been acting. I beg, Berthier, that you will remain in this chamber, and so make sure that no one interrupts us."

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It was new for us to be doing business, with a Marshal of France as sentry at the door. However, we followed the Emperor as we were ordered, and he led us into the recess of the window, gathering us around him and sinking his voice as he addressed us.

"I have picked you out of the whole army," said he, "as being not only the most formidable but also the most faithful of my soldiers. I was convinced that you were all three men who would never waver in your fidelity to me. If I have ventured to put that fidelity to the proof, and to watch you whilst attempts were at my orders made upon your honour, it was only because, in the days when I have found the blackest treason amongst my own flesh and blood, it is necessary that I should be doubly circumspect. Suffice it that I am well convinced now that I can rely upon your valour."

"To the death, sire!" cried Tremeau, and we both repeated it after him.

Napoleon drew us all yet a little closer to him, and sank his voice still lower.

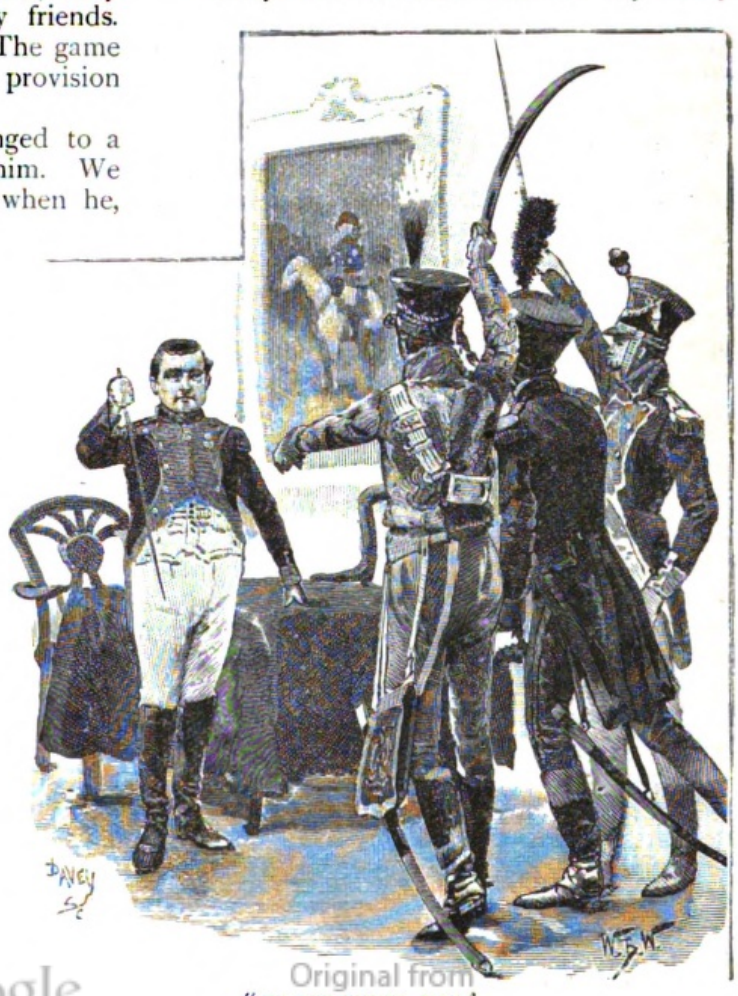
"What I say to you now I have said to no one—not to my wife or my brothers; only to you. It is all up with us, my friends. We have come to our last rally. The game is finished, and we must make provision accordingly."

My heart seemed to have changed to a nine-pounder ball as I listened to him. We had hoped against hope, but now when he, the man who was always serene and who always had reserves—when he, in that quiet, impassive voice of his, said that everything was over, we realized that the clouds had shut for ever, and the last gleam gone. Tremeau snarled and gripped at his sabre, Despienne ground his teeth, and for my own part I threw out my chest and clicked my heels to show the Emperor that there were some spirits which could rise to adversity.

"My papers and my fortune must be secured," whispered the Emperor. "The whole course of the future may depend upon my having them safe. They are our base for the next attempt—for I am very sure that these poor Bourbons would find that my footstool is too large to make a throne for them. Where am I to keep these precious things? My belongings will be searched—so will the houses of my supporters. They must be secured and concealed by men whom I can trust with that which is more precious to me than my life. Out of the whole of France, you are those whom I have chosen for this sacred trust.

"In the first place, I will tell you what these papers are. You shall not say that I have made you blind agents in the matter. They are the official proof of my divorce from Josephine, of my legal marriage to Marie Louise, and of the birth of my son and heir, the King of Rome. If we cannot prove each of these, the future claim of my family to the throne of France falls to the ground. Then there are securities to the value of forty millions of francs—an immense sum, my friends, but of no more value than this riding switch when compared to the other papers of which I have spoken. I tell you these things that you may realize the enormous importance of the task which I am committing to your care. Listen, now, while I inform you where you are to get these papers, and what you are to do with them.

"They were handed over to my trusty



"TO THE DEATH, SIRE."

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friend, the Countess Walewski, at Paris, this morning. At five o'clock she starts for Fontainebleau in her blue berline. She should reach here between half-past nine and ten. The papers will be concealed in the berline, in a hiding-place which none know but herself. She has been warned that her carriage will be stopped outside the town by three mounted officers, and she will hand the packet over to your care. You are the younger man, Gerard, but you are of the senior grade. I confide to your care this amethyst ring; which you will show the lady as a token of your mission, and which you will leave with her as a receipt for her papers.

"Having received the packet, you will ride with it into the forest as far as the ruined dove-house—the Colombier. It is possible that I may meet you there—but if it seems to me to be dangerous, I will send my body-servant, Mustapha, whose directions you may take as being mine. There is no roof to the Colombier, and to-night will be a full moon. At the right of the entrance you will find three spades leaning against the wall. With these you will dig a hole three feet deep in the north-eastern corner—that is, in the corner to the left of the door, and nearest to Fontainebleau. Having buried the papers, you will replace the soil with great care, and you will then report to me at the palace."

These were the Emperor's directions, but given with an accuracy and minuteness of detail such as no one but himself could put into an order. When he had finished, he made us swear to keep his secret as long as he lived, and as long as the papers should remain buried. Again and again he made us swear it before he dismissed us from his presence.

Colonel Despienne had quarters at the "Sign of the Pheasant," and it was there that we supped together. We were all three men who had been trained to take the strangest turns of fortune as part of our daily life and business, yet we were all flushed and moved by the extraordinary interview which we had had, and by the thought of the great adventure which lay before us. For my own part, it had been my fate three several times to take my orders from the lips of the Emperor himself, but neither the incident of the Ajaccio murderers nor the famous ride which I made to Paris appeared to offer such opportunities as this new and most intimate commission.

"If things go right with the Emperor," said Despienne, "we shall all live to be marshals yet."

We drank with him to our future cocked hats and our bâtons.

It was agreed between us that we should make our way separately to our rendezvous, which was to be the first milestone upon the Paris road. In this way we should avoid the gossip which might get about if three men who were so well known were to be seen riding out together. My little Violette had cast a shoe that morning, and the farrier was at work upon her when I returned, so that my comrades were already there when I arrived at the trysting-place. I had taken with me not only my sabre, but also my new pair of English rifled pistols, with a mallet for knocking in the charges. They had cost me a hundred and fifty francs at Trouvel's, in the Rue de Rivoli, but they would carry far further and straighter than the others. It was with one of them that I had saved old Bouvet's life at Leipzig.

The night was cloudless, and there was a brilliant moon behind us, so that we always had three black horsemen riding down the white road in front of us. The country is so thickly wooded, however, that we could not see very far. The great palace clock had already struck ten, but there was no sign of the Countess. We began to fear that something might have prevented her from starting.

And then suddenly we heard her in the distance. Very faint at first were the birr of wheels and the tat-tat-tat of the horses' feet. Then they grew louder and clearer and louder yet, until a pair of yellow lanterns swung round the curve, and in their light we saw the two big brown horses tearing along with the high, blue carriage at the back of them. The postilion pulled them up panting and foaming within a few yards of us. In a moment we were at the window and had raised our hands in a salute to the beautiful pale face which looked out at us.

"We are the three officers of the Emperor, madame," said I, in a low voice, leaning my face down to the open window. "You have already been warned that we should wait upon you."

The countess had a very beautiful, cream-tinted complexion of a sort which I particularly admire, but she grew whiter and whiter as she looked up at me. Harsh lines deepened upon her face until she seemed, even as I looked at her, to turn from youth into age.

"It is evident to me," she said, "that you are three impostors."

If she had struck me across the face with

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"WE RAISED OUR HANDS IN A SALUTE."

her delicate hand she could not have startled me more. It was not her words only, but the bitterness with which she hissed them out.

"Indeed, madame," said I. "You do us less than justice. These are the Colonel Despienne and Captain Tremeau. For myself, my name is Brigadier Gerard, and I have only to mention it to assure anyone who has heard of me that——"

"Oh, you villains!" she interrupted. "You think that because I am only a woman I am very easily to be hoodwinked! You miserable impostors!"

I looked at Despienne, who had turned white with anger, and at Tremeau, who was tugging at his moustache.

"Madame," said I, coldly, "when the Emperor did us the honour to intrust us with this mission, he gave me this amethyst ring as a token. I had not thought that three honourable gentlemen would have needed such corroboration, but I can only confute your unworthy suspicions by placing it in your hands."

She held it up in the light of the carriage lamp, and the most dreadful expression of grief and of horror contorted her face.

"It is his!" she screamed, and then, "Oh, my God, what have I done? What have I done?"

I felt that something terrible had befallen. "Quick, madame, quick!" I cried. "Give us the papers!"

"I have already given them."

"Given them! To whom?"

"To three officers."

"When?"

"Within the half-hour."

"Where are they?"

"God help me, I do not know. They stopped the berline, and I handed them over to them without hesitation, thinking that they had come from the Emperor."

It was a thunder-clap. But those are the moments when I am at my finest.

"You remain here," said I, to my comrades. "If three horsemen pass you, stop them at any hazard. The lady will describe them to you. I will be with you presently." One shake of the bridle, and I was flying into Fontainebleau as only Violette could have carried me. At the palace I flung myself off, rushed up the stairs, brushed aside the lackeys who would have stopped me, and pushed my way into the Emperor's own cabinet. He and Macdonald were busy with pencil and compasses over a chart. He looked up with an angry frown at my sudden entry, but his face changed colour when he saw that it was I.

"You can leave us, Marshal," said he,

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"'IT IS HIS!' SHE SCREAMED."

and then, the instant that the door was closed: "What news about the papers?"

"They are gone," said I, and in a few curt words I told him what had happened. His face was calm, but I saw the compasses quiver in his hand.

"You must recover them, Gerard!" he cried. "The destinies of my dynasty are at stake. Not a moment is to be lost! To horse, sir, to horse!"

"Who are they, sire?"

"I cannot tell. I am surrounded with treason. But they will take them to Paris. To whom should they carry them but to the villain Talleyrand? Yes, yes, they are on the Paris road, and may yet be overtaken. With the three best mounts in my stables and——"

I did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. I was already clattering down the stair. I am sure that five minutes had not passed before I was galloping Violette out of the town with the bridle of one of the Emperor's own Arab chargers in either hand. They wished me to take three, but I should have never dared to look my Violette in the face again. I feel that the spectacle must have been superb when I dashed up to my comrades and pulled the horses on to their haunches in the moonlight.

"No one has passed?"

"No one."

"Then they are on the Paris road. Quick! Up and after them!"

They did not take long, those good soldiers. In a flash they were upon the Emperor's horses, and their own left masterless by the roadside. Then away we went upon our long chase, I in the centre, Despienne upon my right, and Tremeau a little behind, for he was the heavier man. Heavens, how we galloped! The twelve flying hoofs roared and roared along the hard, smooth road. Poplars and moon, black bars and silver streaks, for mile after mile our course lay along the same chequered track, with our shadows in front and our dust behind. We could hear the rasping of bolts and the creaking of shutters from the cottages as we thundered past them, but we were only three dark blurs upon the road by the time that the folk could look after us. It was just striking midnight as we raced into Corbail; but an ostler with a bucket in either hand was throwing his black shadow across the golden fan which was cast from the open door of the inn.

"Three riders!" I gasped. "Have they passed?"

"I have just been watering their horses," said he. "I should think they——"

"On, on, my friends!" and away we flew, striking fire from the cobblestones of the little town. A gendarme tried to stop us, but his voice was drowned by our rattle and clatter. The houses slid past, and we were out on the country road again, with a clear twenty miles between ourselves and Paris. How could they escape us, with the finest horses in France behind them? Not one of the three had turned a hair, but Violette was always a head and shoulders to the front. She was going within herself, too, and I knew by the spring of her that I had only to let her stretch herself, and the Emperor's horses would see the colour of her tail.

"There they are!" cried Despienne.

"We have them!" growled Tremeau.

"On, comrades, on!" I shouted, once more.

A long stretch of white road lay before us in the moonlight. Far away down it we could see three cavaliers, lying low upon their horses' necks. Every instant they grew larger and clearer as we gained upon them. I could see quite plainly that the two upon either side were wrapped in mantles and rode upon chestnut horses, whilst the man between them was dressed in a chasseur uniform and mounted upon a grey. They were keeping abreast, but it was easy enough to see from the way in which he gathered his legs for each spring that the centre horse was far the

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fresher of the three. And the rider appeared to be the leader of the party, for we continually saw the glint of his face in the moonshine as he looked back to measure the distance between us. At first it was only a glimmer, then it was cut across with a moustache, and at last when we began to feel their dust in our throats I could give a name to my man.

"Halt, Colonel de Montluc!" I shouted. "Halt, in the Emperor's name!"

I had known him for years as a daring officer and an unprincipled rascal. Indeed, there was a score between us, for he had shot my friend, Treville, at Warsaw, pulling his trigger, as some said, a good second before the drop of the handkerchief.

Well, the words were hardly out of my mouth when his two comrades wheeled round and fired their pistols at us. I heard Despienne give a terrible cry, and at the same instant both Tremeau and I let drive at the same man. He fell forward with his hands swinging on each side of his horse's neck. His comrade spurred on to Tremeau, sabre in hand, and I heard the crash which comes when a strong cut is met by a stronger parry. For my own part I never turned my head, but I touched Violette with the spur for the first time and flew after the leader. That he should leave his comrades and fly was proof enough that I should leave mine and follow.

He had gained a couple of hundred paces, but the good little mare set that right before we could have passed two milestones. It was in vain that he spurred and thrashed like a gunner driver on a soft road. His hat flew off with his exertions, and his bald head gleamed in the moonshine. But do what he might, he still heard the rattle of the hoofs growing louder and louder behind him. I could not have been twenty yards from him, and the shadow head was touching the shadow haunch, when he turned with a curse in his saddle and emptied both his pistols, one after the other, into Violette.

I have been wounded myself so often that I have to stop and think before I can tell you the exact number of times. I have been hit by musket balls, by pistol bullets, and by bursting shell, besides being pierced by bayonet, lance, sabre, and finally by a bradawl, which was the most painful of any. Yet out of all these injuries I have never known the same deadly sickness as came over me when I felt the poor, silent, patient creature, which I had come to love more than anything in the world except my mother and the Emperor, reel and stagger beneath me. I pulled my second pistol from my holster and fired point-blank between the fellow's broad shoulders. He slashed his horse across the flank with his whip, and for a moment I thought that I had missed him. But then on the green of his chasseur jacket I saw an ever-widening black smudge, and he began to sway in his saddle, very slightly at first, but more and more with every bound, until at last over he went, with his foot caught in the stirrup and his shoulders thud-thud-thudding along the road, until the drag was too much for the tired horse, and I closed my hand upon the foam-spattered bridle-chain. As I pulled him up it eased the stirrup leather, and the spurred heel clinked loudly as it fell.



"OVER HE WENT, WITH HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THE STIRRUP."

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"Your papers!" I cried, springing from my saddle. "This instant!"

But even as I said it, the huddle of the green body and the fantastic sprawl of the limbs in the moonlight told me clearly enough that it was all over with him. My bullet had passed through his heart, and it was only his own iron will which had held him so long in the saddle. He had lived hard, this Montluc, and I will do him justice to say that he died hard also.

But it was the papers—always the papers—of which I thought. I opened his tunic and I felt in his shirt. Then I searched his holsters and his sabre-tasche. Finally I dragged off his boots, and undid his horse's girth so as to hunt under the saddle. There was not a nook or crevice which I did not ransack. It was useless. They were not upon him.

When this stunning blow came upon me I could have sat down by the roadside and wept. Fate seemed to be fighting against me, and that is an enemy from whom even a gallant hussar might not be ashamed to flinch. I stood with my arm over the neck of my poor wounded Violette, and I tried to think it all out, that I might act in the wisest way. I was aware that the Emperor had no great respect for my wits, and I longed to show him that he had done me an injustice. Montluc had not the papers. And yet Montluc had sacrificed his companions in order to make his escape. I could make nothing of that. On the other hand, it was clear that, if he had not got them, one or other of his comrades had. One of them was certainly dead. The other I had left fighting with Tremeau, and if he escaped from the old swordsman he had still to pass me. Clearly, my work lay behind me.

I hammered fresh charges into my pistols after I had turned this over in my head. Then I put them back in the holsters, and I examined my little mare, she jerking her head and cocking her ears the while, as if to tell me that an old soldier like herself did not make a fuss about a scratch or two. The first shot had merely grazed her off shoulder, leaving a skin-mark, as if she had brushed a wall. The second was more serious. It had passed through the muscle of her neck, but already it had ceased to bleed. I reflected that if she weakened I could mount Montluc's grey, and meanwhile I led him along beside us, for he was a fine horse, worth fifteen hundred francs at the least, and it seemed to me that no one had a better right to him than I.

Well, I was all impatience now to get back to the others, and I had just given Violette her head, when suddenly I saw something glimmering in a field by the roadside. It was the brasswork upon the chasseur hat which had flown from Montluc's head; and at the sight of it a thought made me jump in the saddle. How could the hat have flown off? With its weight, would it not have simply dropped? And here it lay, fifteen paces from the roadway! Of course, he must have thrown it off when he had made sure that I would overtake him. And if he threw it off—I did not stop to reason any more, but sprang from the mare with my heart beating the *pas-de-charge*. Yes, it was all right this time. There, in the crown of the hat was stuffed a roll of papers in a parchment wrapper bound round with yellow



"I PULLED IT OUT."

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ribbon. I pulled it out with the one hand, and holding the hat in the other, I danced for joy in the moonlight. The Emperor would see that he had not made a mistake when he put his affairs into the charge of Etienne Gerard.

I had a safe pocket on the inside of my tunic just over my heart, where I kept a few little things which were dear to me, and into this I thrust my precious roll. Then I sprang upon Violette, and was pushing forward to see what had become of Tremeau, when I saw a horseman riding across the field in the distance. At the same instant I heard the sound of hoofs approaching me, and there in the moonlight was the Emperor upon his white charger, dressed in his grey overcoat and his three-cornered hat, just as I had seen him so often upon the field of battle.

"Well!" he cried, in the sharp, sergeant-major way of his. "Where are my papers?"

I spurred forward and presented them without a word. He broke the ribbon and ran his eyes rapidly over them. Then, as we sat our horses head to tail, he threw his left arm across me with his hand upon my shoulder. Yes, my friends, simple as you see me, I have been embraced by my great master.

"Gerard," he cried, "you are a marvel!"

I did not wish to contradict him, and it brought a flush of joy upon my cheeks to know that he had done me justice at last.

"Where is the thief, Gerard?" he asked.

"Dead, sire."

"You killed him?"

"He wounded my horse, sire, and would have escaped had I not shot him."

"Did you recognise him?"

"De Montluc is his name, sire—a Colonel of Chasseurs."

"Tut," said the Emperor. "We have got the poor pawn, but the hand which plays the game is still out of our reach." He sat in silent thought for a little, with his chin sunk upon his chest. "Ah, Talleyrand, Talleyrand," I heard him mutter. "If I had been in your place and you in mine, you would have crushed a viper when you held it under your heel. For five years I have known you for what you are, and yet I have let you live to sting me. Never mind, my brave," he continued, turning to me, "there will come a day of reckoning for everybody, and when it arrives, I promise you that my friends will be remembered as well as my enemies."

"Sire," said I, for I had had time for thought as well as he, "if your plans about these papers have been carried to the ears of your enemies, I trust that you do not think that it was owing to any indiscretion upon the part of myself or of my comrades."

"It would be hardly reasonable for me to do so," he answered, "seeing that this plot was hatched in Paris, and that you only had your orders a few hours ago."

"Then how——?"

"Enough," he cried, sternly. "You take an undue advantage of your position."

That was always the way with the Emperor. He would chat with you as with a friend and a brother, and then when he had wiled you into forgetting the gulf which lay between you, he would suddenly, with a word or with a look, remind you that it was as impassable as ever. When I have fondled my old hound until he has been encouraged to paw my knees, and I have then thrust him down again, it has made me think of the Emperor and his ways.

He reined his horse round, and I followed him in silence and with a heavy heart. But when he spoke again his words were enough to drive all thought of myself out of my mind.

"I could not sleep until I knew how you had fared," said he. "I have paid a price for my papers. There are not so many of my old soldiers left that I can afford to lose two in one night."

When he said "two" it turned me cold.

"Colonel Despienne was shot, sire," I stammered.

"And Captain Tremeau cut down. Had I been a few minutes earlier I might have saved him. The other escaped across the fields."

I remembered that I had seen a horseman a moment before I had met the Emperor. He had taken to the fields to avoid me, but if I had known, and Violette been unwounded, the old soldier would not have gone unavenged. I was thinking sadly of his sword-play, and wondering whether it was his stiffening wrist which had been fatal to him, when Napoleon spoke again.

"Yes, Brigadier," said he, "you are now the only man who will know where these papers are concealed."

It must have been imagination, my friends, but for an instant I may confess that it seemed to me that there was a tone in the Emperor's voice which was not altogether one of sorrow. But the dark thought had hardly time to form itself in my mind before he let me see that I was doing him an injustice.

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"Yes, I have paid a price for my papers," he said, and I heard them crackle as he put his hand up to his bosom. "No man has ever had more faithful servants--no man since the beginning of the world."

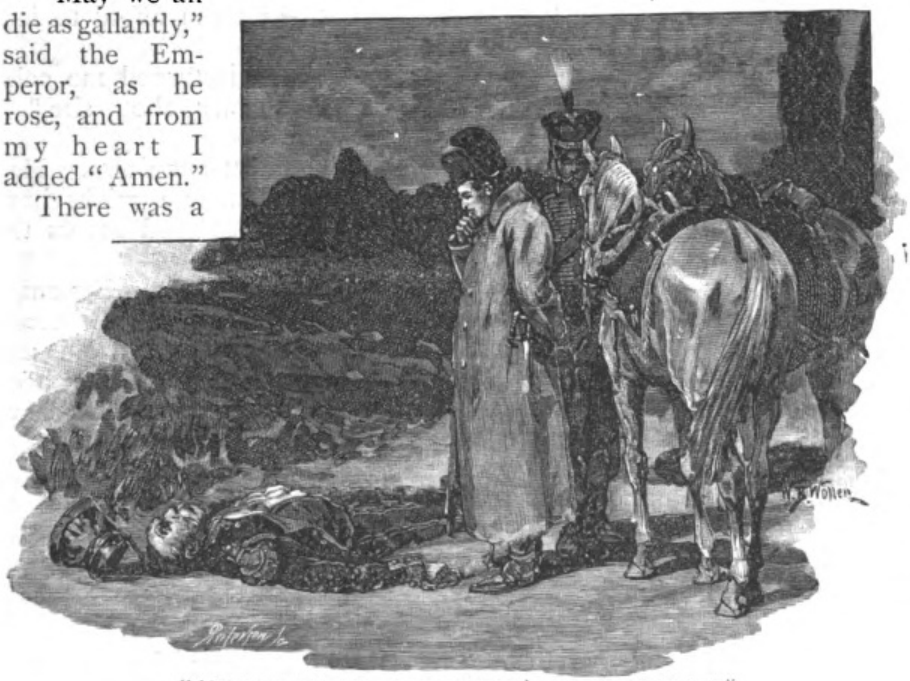
As he spoke we came upon the scene of the struggle. Colonel Despienne and the man whom we had shot lay together some distance down the road, while their horses grazed contentedly beneath the poplars. Captain Tremeau lay in front of us upon his back, with his arms and legs stretched out, and his sabre broken short off in his hand. His tunic was open, and a huge blood-clot hung like a dark handkerchief out of a slit in his white shirt. I could see the gleam of his clenched teeth from under his immense moustache.

The Emperor sprang from his horse and bent down over the dead man.

"He was with me since Rivoli," said he, sadly. "He was one of my old grumblers in Egypt."

And the voice brought the man back from the dead. I saw his eyelids shiver. He twitched his arm, and moved the sword-hilt a few inches. He was trying to raise it in a salute. Then the mouth opened, and the hilt tinkled down on to the ground.

"May we all die as gallantly," said the Emperor, as he rose, and from my heart I added "Amen." There was a farm within fifty yards of where we were standing, and the farmer, roused from his sleep by the clatter of hoofs and the cracking of pistols, had rushed out to the roadside. We saw him now, dumb with fear and astonishment, staring open-eyed at the Emperor. It was to him that we committed the care of the four dead men and of the horses also. For my own part, I thought it best to leave Violette with him and to take De Montluc's grey with me, for he could not refuse to give me back my own mare, whilst there might be difficulties about the other. Besides, my little friend's wound had to be considered, and we had a long return ride before us.



"'MAY WE ALL DIE AS GALLANTLY,' SAID THE EMPEROR."

The Emperor did not at first talk much upon the way. Perhaps the deaths of Despienne and Tremeau still weighed heavily upon his spirits. He was always a reserved man, and in those times, when every hour brought him the news of some success of his enemies or defection of his friends, one could not expect him to be a merry companion. Nevertheless, when I reflected that he was carrying in his bosom those papers which he valued so highly, and which only a few hours ago appeared to be for ever lost, and when I further thought that it was I, Etienne Gerard, who had placed them there, I felt that I had deserved some little consideration. The same idea may have occurred to him, for when we had at last left the Paris high road, and had entered the forest, he began of his own accord to tell me that which I should have most liked to have asked him.

"As to the papers," said he, "I have already told you that there is no one now, except you and me, who knows where they are to be concealed. My Mameluke carried the spades to the pigeon-house, but I have told him nothing. Our plans, however, for bringing the packet from Paris have been formed since Monday. There were three in the secret, a woman and two men. The woman I would trust with my life; which of the two men has betrayed us I do not know, but I think that I may promise to find out."

We were riding in the shadow of the trees

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at the time, and I could hear him slapping his riding-whip against his boot, and taking pinch after pinch of snuff, as was his way when he was excited.

"You wonder, no doubt," said he, after a pause, "why these rascals did not stop the carriage at Paris instead of at the entrance to Fontainebleau."

In truth, the objection had not occurred to me, but I did not wish to appear to have less wits than he gave me credit for, so I answered that it was indeed surprising.

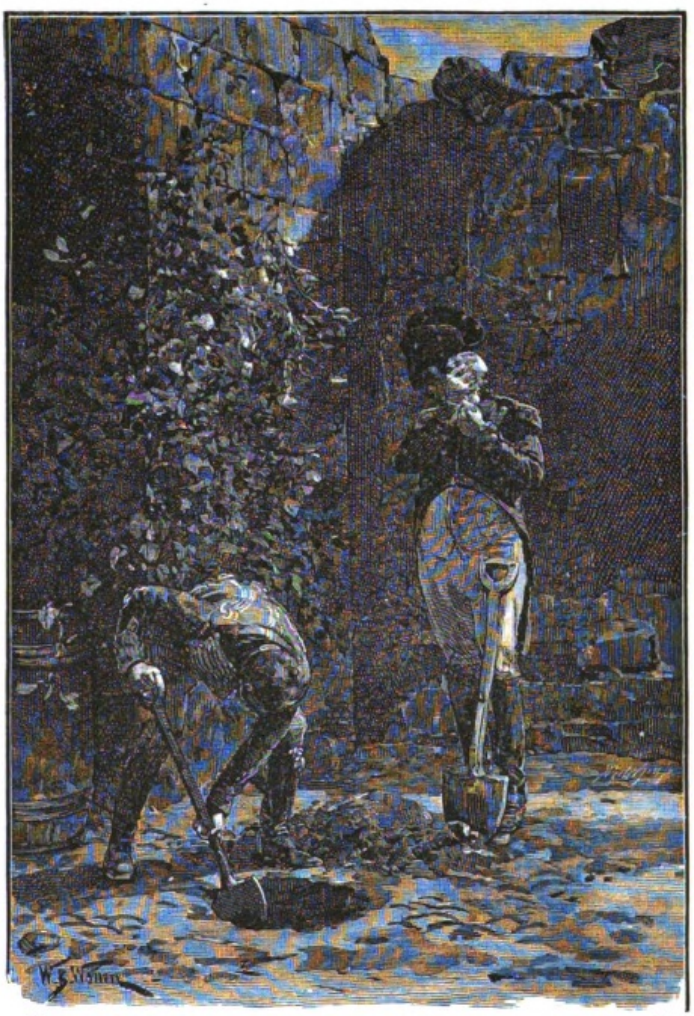
"Had they done so they would have made a public scandal, and run a chance of missing their end. Short of taking the berline to pieces, they could not have discovered the hiding-place. He planned it well—he could always plan well—and he chose his agents well also. But mine were the better."

It is not for me to repeat to you, my friends, all that was said to me by the Emperor as we walked our horses amid the black shadows and through the moon-silvered glades of the great forest. Every word of it is impressed upon my memory, and before I pass away it is likely that I will place it all upon paper, so that others may read it in the days to come. He spoke freely of his past, and something also of his future; of the devotion of Macdonald, of the treason of Marmont, of the little King of Rome, concerning whom he talked with as much tenderness as any bourgeois father of a single child; and, finally, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, who would, he thought, stand between his enemies and himself. For myself, I dared not say a word, remembering how I had already brought a rebuke upon myself; but I rode by his side, hardly able to believe that this was indeed the great Emperor, the man whose glance sent a thrill through me, who was now pouring out his thoughts to me in short, eager sentences, the words rattling and racing like the hoofs of a galloping squadron. It is possible that, after the word-splittings and diplomacy of a Court, it was a relief to him to speak his mind to a plain soldier like myself.

In this way the Emperor and I—even after years it sends a flush of pride into my cheeks to be able to put those words together—the Emperor and I walked our horses through the Forest of Fontainebleau, until we came at last to the Colombier. The three spades were propped against the wall upon the right-hand side of the ruined door, and at the sight of them the tears sprang to my eyes as I thought of the hands for which they were intended. The Emperor seized one and I another.

"Quick!" said he. "The dawn will be upon us before we get back to the palace."

We dug the hole, and placing the papers in one of my pistol holsters to screen them from the damp, we laid them at the bottom and covered them up. We then carefully removed all marks of the ground having been disturbed, and we placed a large stone upon the top. I dare say that since the Emperor was a young gunner, and helped to train his pieces against Toulon, he had not worked so hard with his hands. He was mopping his forehead with his silk handkerchief long before we had come to the end of our task.



"HE WAS MOPPING HIS FOREHEAD WITH HIS SILK HANDKERCHIEF."

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The first grey cold light of morning was stealing through the tree trunks when we came out together from the old pigeon-house. The Emperor laid his hand upon my shoulder as I stood ready to help him to mount.

"We have left the papers there," said he, solemnly, "and I desire that you shall leave all thought of them there also. Let the recollection of them pass entirely from your mind, to be revived only when you receive a direct order under my own hand and seal. From this time onwards you forget all that has passed."

"I forget it, sire," said I.

We rode together to the edge of the town, where he desired that I should separate from him. I had saluted, and was turning my horse, when he called me back.

"It is easy to mistake the points of the compass in the forest," said he. "Would you not say that it was in the north-eastern corner that we buried them?"

"Buried what, sire?"

"The papers, of course," he cried, impatiently.

"What papers, sire?"

"Name of a name! Why, the papers that you have recovered for me."

"I am really at a loss to know what your Majesty is talking about."

He flushed with anger for a moment, and then he burst out laughing.

"Very good, Brigadier!" he cried. "I begin to believe that you are as good a diplomatist as you are a soldier, and I cannot say more than that."

So that was my strange adventure in which I found myself the friend and confident agent of the Emperor. When he returned from Elba he refrained from digging up the papers until his position should be secure, and they still remained in the corner of the old pigeon-house after his exile to St. Helena. It was at this time that he was desirous of getting them into the hands of his own supporters, and for that purpose he wrote me, as I afterwards learned, three letters, all of which were intercepted by his guardians. Finally, he offered to support himself and his own establishment—which he might very easily have done out of the gigantic sum which belonged to him—if they would only pass one of his letters unopened. This request was refused, and so, up to his death in '21, the papers still remained where I have told you. How they came to be dug up by Count Bertrand and myself, and who eventually obtained them, is a story which I would tell you, were it not that the end has not yet come.

Some day you will hear of those papers and you will see how, after he has been so long in his grave, that great man can still set Europe shaking. When that day comes, you will think of Etienne Gerard, and you will tell your children that you have heard the story from the lips of the man who was the only one living of all who took part in that strange history—the man who was tempted by Marshal Berthier, who led that wild pursuit upon the Paris road, who was honoured by the embrace of the Emperor, and who rode with him by moonlight in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The buds are bursting and the birds are calling, my friends. You may find better things to do in the sunlight than listening to the stories of an old, broken soldier. And yet you may well treasure what I say, for the buds will have burst and the birds sung in many seasons before France will see such another ruler as he whose servants we were proud to be.

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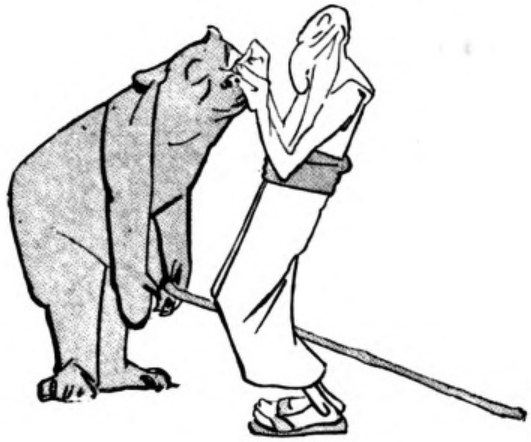
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR.



1.—A CERTAIN HERMIT—



2.—HAVING DONE A GOOD OFFICE TO A BEAR—



3.—AND RELIEVED HIM FROM PAIN—



4.—THE GRATEFUL CREATURE WAS SO SENSIBLE OF HIS OBLIGATION—

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5.—THAT HE BEGGED TO BE ADMITTED AS THE GUARDIAN AND COMPANION OF HIS SOLITUDE.



6.—THE HERMIT WILLINGLY ACCEPTED HIS OFFER—

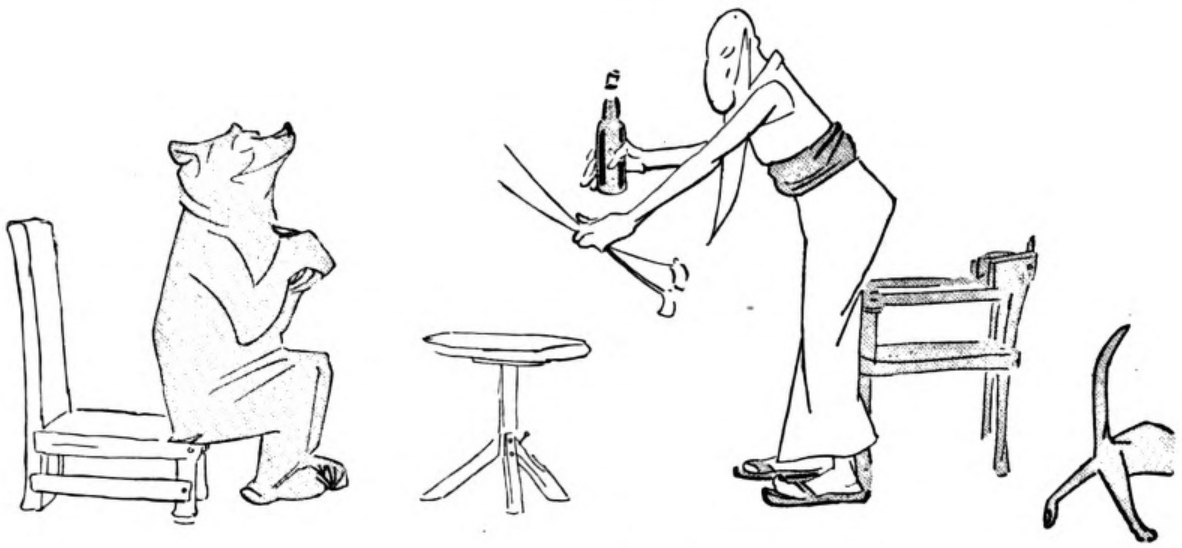


7.—AND CONDUCTED HIM TO HIS CELL—



8.—WHERE HE TREATED HIM WITH HOSPITALITY—

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9.—AND THEY PASSED THEIR TIME—

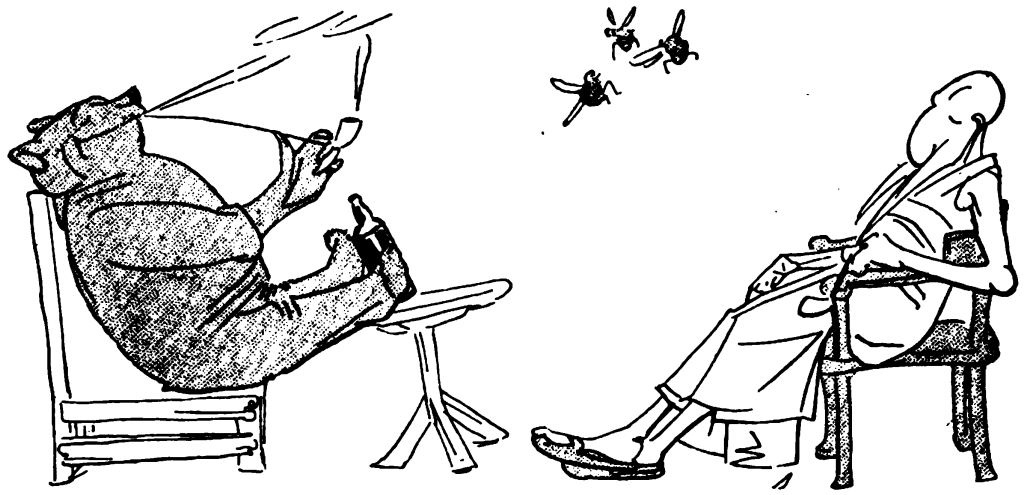


10.—WITH PIPES AND GROG—



11.—IN A MOST AMICABLE MANNER.

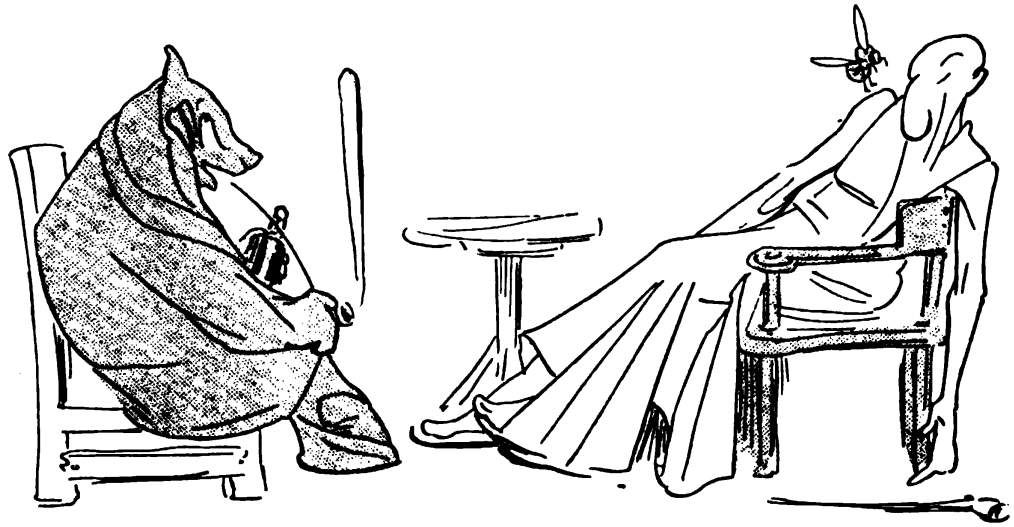
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12.—THE DAY BEING VERY HOT, THE HERMIT FELL ASLEEP.



13.—THE OFFICIOUS BEAR EMPLOYED HIMSELF IN DRIVING AWAY THE FLIES FROM HIS PATRON'S FACE.

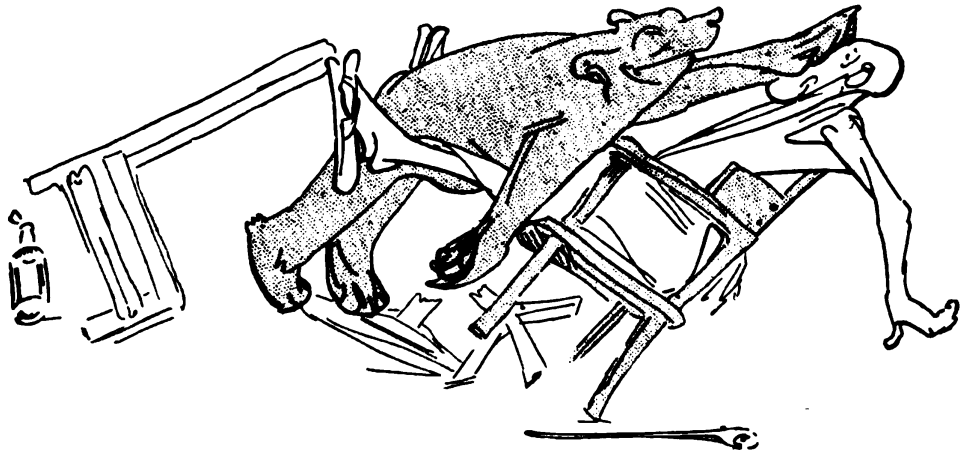


14.—BUT, IN SPITE OF ALL HIS CARE, ONE OF THE FLIES PERPETUALLY RETURNED TO THE ATTACK, AND SETTLED ON THE HERMIT'S NOSE.

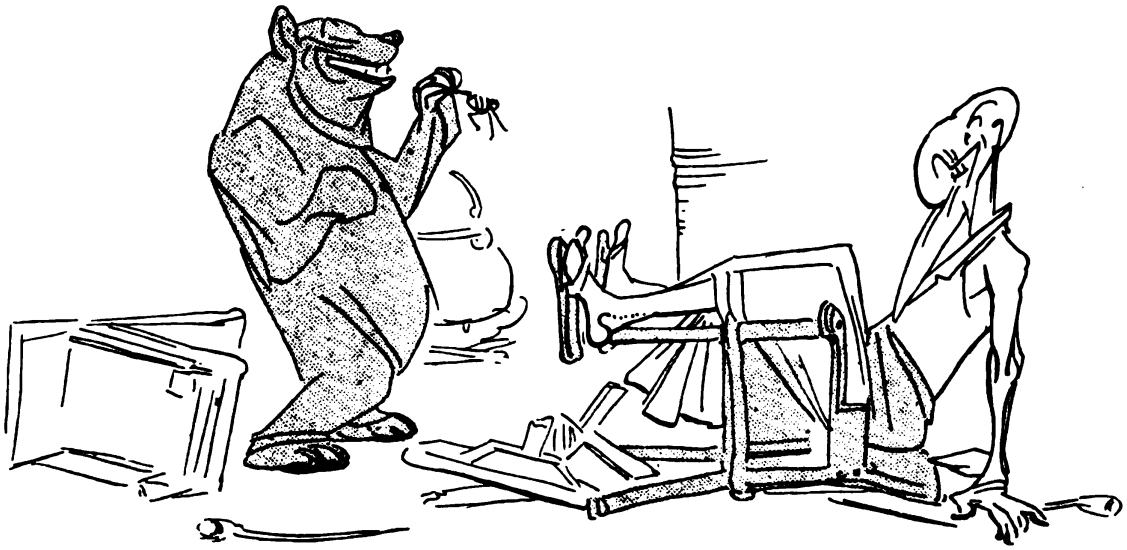
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15.—"NOW I SHALL HAVE YOU, MOST CERTAINLY," SAID THE BEAR—



16.—AND, WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS IMAGINABLE, GAVE THE HERMIT A VIOLENT BLOW ON THE FACE—



17.—WHICH EFFECTUALLY DEMOLISHED THE FLY, BUT AT THE SAME TIME TERRIBLY BRUISED HIS BENEFACTOR.

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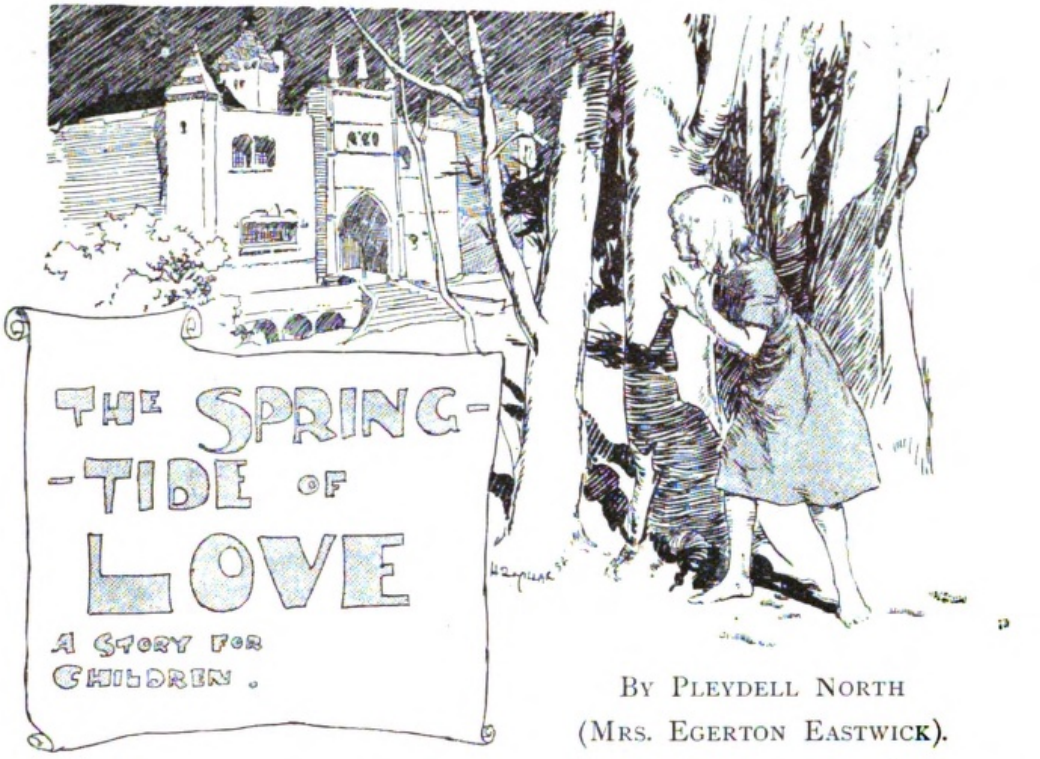


18.—THE HERMIT'S ANGER WAS TOO GREAT FOR WORDS.



MORAL.—AN IMPRUDENT FRIEND OFTEN DOES AS MUCH MISCHIEF BY HIS TOO GREAT ZEAL AS THE WORST ENEMY COULD EFFECT BY HIS MALICE.

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By Pleydell North
(Mrs. Egerton Eastwick).

THE mists of the early twilight were falling, and Elsa, the little girl who lived at the woodman's cottage, was still far from home. She had wandered out in the spring sunshine in search of the bluebells and wild anemones with which the wood abounded, for the child loved the company of the birds and flowers better than the rough play of the boys who were called her brothers.

The woodman and his wife said she was strange and dreamy, full of curious fancies which they found it hard to understand; but, then, they were not Elsa's real parents, which might account for their difficulty. They were kind to her, however, in their fashion, and Elsa always tried to remember to obey them; but sometimes she forgot. She had forgotten to-day—for although the good wife had told her to remain near the cottage, the eagerness of her search for the flowers she loved had led her farther into the wood than she had ever been before.

The sunlight disappeared, and the darkness seemed to come quite suddenly under the thick branches of the trees; the birds had chanted their last evening song and gone to their nests—only a solitary thrush sang loudly just overhead; Elsa thought it was warning her to hurry homewards. She turned quickly, taking as she thought the direction of the cottage; but as she was barely seven years old, and felt a little frightened, it is not surprising that she only plunged deeper into the wood.

Now she found herself in the midst of a great silence; the beautiful tracery of young green leaves through which she had hitherto caught glimpses of the sky had disappeared, and over her head stretched only bare brown branches, between which she saw the shining stars, clear as on a frosty winter's night. The stars looked friendly, and she was glad to see them, but it was growing dreadfully cold. The plucked flowers withered and fell from her poor little numbed hands, and she shivered in her thin cotton frock.

Ah! what would she not have given for a sight of the open door and the fire in the woodman's cottage, and a basin of warm bread and milk, even though it was given with a scolding from the woodman's wife? She struggled on, with her poor little tired feet, for it seemed to her that the wood was growing thinner—perhaps there might be a house hereabouts.

But, oh! how terribly cold. Now there was frost upon the ground at her feet, frost upon dead leaves and blades of grass, frost upon the bare tree branches. The moon had risen, and she could see that all the world around her was white and chill and dead. Surely she had wandered back into the cruel bitter winter, frost-bound and hard.

It was strange that she had strength to go on, but she looked up at the stars, and thought that they were guiding her. At

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length she came to the border of the wood, and there stretched before her a wide, open space, with only a few trees scattered here and there, and through an opening of the trees the cold moon shone down upon a white, silent house.

The house looked as dead and winter-bound as everything else; but still it *was* a house, and Elsa said to herself that surely someone must live in it. So she thanked the friendly stars for leading her aright, and with what remaining strength she had, dragged her poor little numbed feet up the broad path or road between the trees. At the end of the road an iron gate hung open upon its hinges, and Elsa found herself in what once had been a garden. Now the lawns and flower-beds were all alike one blinding sheet of ice and frozen snow.

But, oh, joy! there was the great white house, and from one window shone a light, surely the light of a fire. All the rest was dark. Up a flight of stone steps the child dragged her weary feet, across a terrace that had surely once been gay with flowers, until she stood before a huge door, brown and black, except where the frost gleamed, closed and barred with iron bars. The great knocker hung high above her reach; but with her poor little hands she beat against the woodwork. Surely, if someone did not let her in soon, she must fall down there and sleep and die upon the step. But at the sound of her faint knocking there came from within the deep baying of a hound, and Elsa was terrified anew, but could not run away; then in a few moments a heavy bar seemed to be withdrawn and the great door opened slowly.

A tall man stood within—a man in the dress of a hunter, pale-faced in the moonlight, but strong and powerful, and wearing a long dark beard that reached almost to his waist. His was a figure to fill any child with fear, but Elsa saw only the scene behind him. A great blazing wood fire upon an open hearth, with rugs in front of it upon which were stretched two large hounds; a third, shaking himself slowly, had followed his master to the door. Elsa stretched out her little hands to the blazing warmth, with the cry of a perishing child.

"Take me in—oh! take me in!" she pleaded. "Please let me come in!"

She ran forward. Then, with a strange hoarse sound, that she did not understand, the man stooped and lifted her in his arms, and carried her forward and laid her gently down upon the rugs in the grateful warmth, and the hounds sniffed round her and seemed well pleased, and ready to welcome her—and—— for a little while she remembered no more.

When Elsa came to herself (she thought she must have been asleep, but the waking was a little strange and difficult) she found that she was propped up among soft cushions still upon the rugs; the dogs now lay at a respectful distance, each with his forepaws stretched out and his nose held between them, while with gleaming eyes he watched with keenest interest all that was going on.

The rough-looking man with the long, dark beard and the pale face knelt beside her, holding a basin of warm, steaming broth. Then Elsa sat up and tried to drink, but she was so weak with fatigue and cold that her new friend was obliged to feed her with a spoon, which he did rather awkwardly. After she had swallowed the broth, the warm blood flowed once more freely through her veins, and she sank into a deep, sweet sleep, her little head falling serenely against the stranger's breast and her hair spreading



"HER NEW FRIEND WAS OBLIGED TO FEED HER."

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out in golden waves over the arm that held her.

When Elsa once more opened her eyes, the cold grey light of morning fell through the uncurtained windows into the hall. She found herself lying on a couch covered with rugs of warm fur, at the side of the hearth, where logs of pine wood, newly kindled, leapt and blazed, filling the air with sweet, pungent odours.

For a while she was bewildered, wondering how she came to be there, instead of in her little room at the woodman's cottage. Then she saw her friend of the night before kneeling in front of the fire, evidently preparing food, while the dogs, grouped around, sat on their haunches with ears erect, keen and observant, watching his movements. Then Elsa remembered; and she clapped her hands with a merry laugh, the laugh of a happy, waking child. The man kneeling by the fire started at the sound, and then turned his grave face towards her with a wistful expression strange to see.

"I want to get up," said Elsa, promptly. "If you please, I can wash and dress myself; I've been taught how."

"Wait a few minutes, little lady, then you shall have all you want."

The voice sounded strangely, and the man seemed listening to its tones as though surprised to hear himself speak. But the rough, halting accents seemed less out of keeping with the old house than Elsa's laugh. The dogs came and licked her hands, and she played with them until the man rose from his place before the fire, and lifting her up bade her come with him.

He led her to a small room off the hall, which was indeed curious in its arrangements. A toilet-table stood there with most costly fittings; brushes with silver and ivory handles were lying upon the faded silk; a little pair of satin shoes had been thrown carelessly upon the floor; a cloak of crimson satin was flung over a chair. All these things looked as though a hand had cast them aside but yesterday—yet all were faded and soiled, and the dust lay thick as though that yesterday had been many years ago.

And among these relics of an unknown past the child made her simple toilet. She had never seen such magnificence, or felt, she thought, so sad. But when she returned to the hall ten minutes later, the sadness was forgotten.

She looked a quaint little figure, indeed, clad in a silken wrapper provided by her host, which trailed far behind on the ground, greatly to her delight; her little feet were cased in dainty slippers which, small as they were, yet were many sizes too large. In spite of misfits, however, she contrived to walk with a stately grandeur quite amazing to behold, until the dogs jumped and fawned upon her, when she forgot her finery in a game of play and lost her slippers in the rug.



"SHE LOOKED A QUAINT LITTLE FIGURE."

On the table, a breakfast was rudely spread: cold meats for the master of the house, who fed his dogs from his own plate, while for Elsa was provided a bowl of goat's milk and some crisp cakes, which she thought delicious.

When the meal was over, Elsa pleaded to be allowed to do for her new friend the household duties she had been taught to fulfil by the woodman's wife; and soon, with the wrapper deftly pinned about her waist, and the silken sleeves tucked up from bare and dimpled arms, she stood before a bowl of steaming water, washing plates and dishes.

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Only the table was rather high, and she was forced to stand upon a stool.

From that day a strange new life began for little Elsa.

The rough-looking man who had given her shelter seemed to be living quite alone with his dogs. Every morning he went out with them and his gun, apparently to hunt and shoot in the forest, for he usually returned laden with game, which served to keep the larder stocked.

Of other kinds of provisions there seemed to be a plentiful supply on the premises; the granaries were well stocked with corn, which the master ground himself, while some goats tethered in the outhouses gave a sufficient quantity of milk for the daily needs of the little household.

Of Elsa's return to the woodman's cottage there seemed to be no question. She was terrified at the thought of being again lost in the wood, and pleaded hard to remain with her new friend, who, on his side, was equally loth to part with her.

Soon, having learned many useful ways from the woodman's wife, she became a clever little housekeeper, and could make a good stew, while Ulric, as the master of the house bade her call him, was out with his dogs in the forest, though now only two of the hounds accompanied him in his expeditions; one was always left as Elsa's companion and guardian. Then, too, she could milk and feed the goats, and keep the house-place clean and tidy. But all the day was not given to such work as this.

When Ulric had returned, and they had dined together, he would bring the great carved wooden chair with the huge back up to the fire—and Elsa would fetch a stool to his side and busy herself with needle and thread, while he told her strange stories; or sometimes he would fetch a ponderous volume from a library the house contained and read, either to himself or aloud to her, such things as she could understand.

Now, if you wonder where Elsa found the needle and thread which I have mentioned, I must tell you that Ulric had given her a little work-basket neatly fitted, but the silk lining of which was much faded, and some of the needles were rusty. There was in it also a golden thimble, which Elsa found a little too large.

And as for the clothes she worked at, one day he brought her a quantity of beautiful garments, some of silk and satin, and some of fine cloth, and in these, having nothing of her own but her one poor little cotton frock, the child managed to dress herself, till she looked like a quaint little fairy princess. Her stitches were awkward and badly done at first, but as time went on, instinct helped her small knowledge, and she grew handy with her needle.

When she was cooking and feeding the goats, she wore a woollen petticoat and an apron, a costume more suited to the occasion.

In the evenings Ulric taught her many things; to read and to write, and even to speak in strange languages, so that her education was by no means neglected. He let her wander over the great mansion where she would, and showed her many of the rooms himself. All bore signs of having been used quite recently, and yet a long time ago. Dust was thick everywhere, and soon Elsa grew to understand that the dust must remain and accumulate; no hand was to be allowed to touch anything in that strange,



"HE WOULD READ ALOUD TO HER."

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silent house beyond the hall and the little room which Ulric had arranged for her sleeping apartment. One part of the mansion, however, she never penetrated. At the end of a long passage hung a heavy velvet curtain, and behind this was a door, always securely locked. Only Ulric passed beyond it, at stated times, and when he returned from these visits he was more than usually sad for many hours.

The weeks slipped into months, and Elsa dwelt on in this strange home. Every day at first she looked eagerly for the breaking of the frost—for the promise of the sunshine and flowers she had left behind her in the wood. But the spring never came. The bitter cold and the frost continued, and in time the child's heart must have frozen too, but for the strong, warm love which had sprung up within it for Ulric.

Old and thoughtful she grew, beyond her years, but never unhappy. Ulric needed her, was glad of her presence; she could minister to his wants and brighten his sad life.

So Ulric's love grew more to her than the flowers and sunshine of the outer world; to think of leaving him now would break her heart, but she wondered often over the mystery that shadowed his life and hers. And the months grew to years, and Elsa was twelve years old.

Then one evening Ulric came in from one of his visits to the closed chamber, more sad and thoughtful even than usual, and taking Elsa's hand in his, bade her sit beside him for a little while and put aside her work. She came obediently, looking anxiously into his face.

"Little Elsa," he said, "I have counted the time, and it is now five years since you came to me. You told me then you were seven years old, now you are therefore twelve, and will soon be growing into a maiden. The time has come——"

Instinctively the child clasped his hand closer.

"Not to part us, father?" (for so she had learned to call him).

"That, my child, must rest with you."

"Then it is soon settled," said Elsa, trying to laugh, "for I will never leave you."

Something like the light of hope shone in the man's clouded eyes—eyes in which Elsa had never seen a smile, although his lips had smiled at her often.

"Listen," he said; "before you speak rash words, I must tell you all. Then you shall decide.

"It is a little more than eleven years since the curse fell upon me. I was a hard man then, Elsa—hard and cruel and strong—it was my boast that I never forgave a debt, or pardoned an enemy.

"I had married a young and beautiful wife, and her I loved, passionately, but in my own hard and selfish fashion. Often I refused to heed even her gentle pleadings for the suffering, the sinful, and the poor. And we had one child—a girl—then only a few months old.

"It was a New Year's Eve that I decided upon giving a great entertainment to all the country round. I did it for my own glorification. Among the rich I was disliked, but tolerated on account of my position; by the poor far and wide I was feared and hated.

"Everyone invited came to my ball. My wife looked exquisitely lovely, more lovely I thought than on our bridal day—everything ministered to my pride and satisfaction.

"We had mustered here, here in this hall, to drink the health of the dying year and welcome the incoming of the new, when above the sounds of laughter and good cheer was heard from without a pitiful, feeble wail—the wail of a child in pain. That feeble cry rang then above every other sound—it rings in my heart still.

"Before I could interfere, my wife, with her own hands, had flung wide the great barred door, and I saw a sight which I alone could explain.

"Upon the step was huddled a woman, with a child in her arms. A man, gaunt and hunger-stricken, towered behind her in the darkness; two other children clung to her, shivering and weeping. We were in the midst of the cruel, bitter winter; the earth was frost-bound, hard and cold, even as now. That day I had given orders that these people, poor and starving as they were, should be turned from their home. The man I had suspected of being a poacher, and he was doing no work—a good-for-nothing—but *she*, my wife, had pleaded for them that I would wait, at least, until the summer. Now she bent down to that poor creature on the step, who was striving to nurse and warm her babe in her chill arms, and whispered something—I guessed it was a promise of shelter.

"In my fierce pride and anger I laid my hand upon her arm, and with a strong grip drew her back—then without a word I closed the door and barred it. But within there was no more laughter. A voice rose upon the still night air — the sound of a bitter curse—a curse that should rest upon me and

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mine, the chill of winter and of death, of pitiless desolation and remorse, until human love should win me back to human pity and God's forgiveness.

"One by one, with cold good-nights, my guests departed. My wife stole away to her own apartments without a word; upon her arm I saw the mark of my cruel hand.

"In the morning the curse had fallen. The woman I had turned away had been found at my gates, dead, her child still clasped to her breast.

"The servants fled and left me alone, taking with them our child; my wife—that night—she, too—died—to me."

The man's head drooped upon his hands. For a moment there was silence in the hall.

Elsa stood—her child's heart grieved at the terrible story, her whole nature sorrowing, pitiful, shocked.

Presently Ulric recovered himself and continued: "Now, Elsa, you know all. My child, if you will return to the world and leave me to work out my fate, you shall not go penniless. I have wealth. For your sake I will venture once more among the haunts of men and see you placed in a safe home, then—I will try to forget. It is right that you should shrink."

"Father, dear father, I love you—you are sorry—I will not leave you—do not send me away."

A look almost of rapture changed the worn and tear-stained face of the man who had owned his sin—and the child's arms closed once more around his neck, and her golden head nestled to his breast. A few minutes later he led her to the closed chamber. Together they passed beyond it, and Elsa found herself standing in a richly furnished room.

Near a window was a couch covered with dark velvet, and upon the couch a figure lay stretched as if in quiet, death-like sleep, or carved in marble. The figure was that of a young and very fair woman. Her dress of white satin had yellowed with time; her hands were clasped upon her breast as though



"'MOTHER, AWAKE!' SHE SAID."

in prayer; her golden hair lay unbound upon the pillow.

"It is fitting now," said Ulric, "that you should come here."

Softly Elsa advanced. She stood beside the couch, gazing down upon the still, white face, so sweet in its settled grief, but which in this long silence seemed to have lost its first youth. Elsa bent lower, lower. What new instinct filled her warm, young heart, and made her speak?

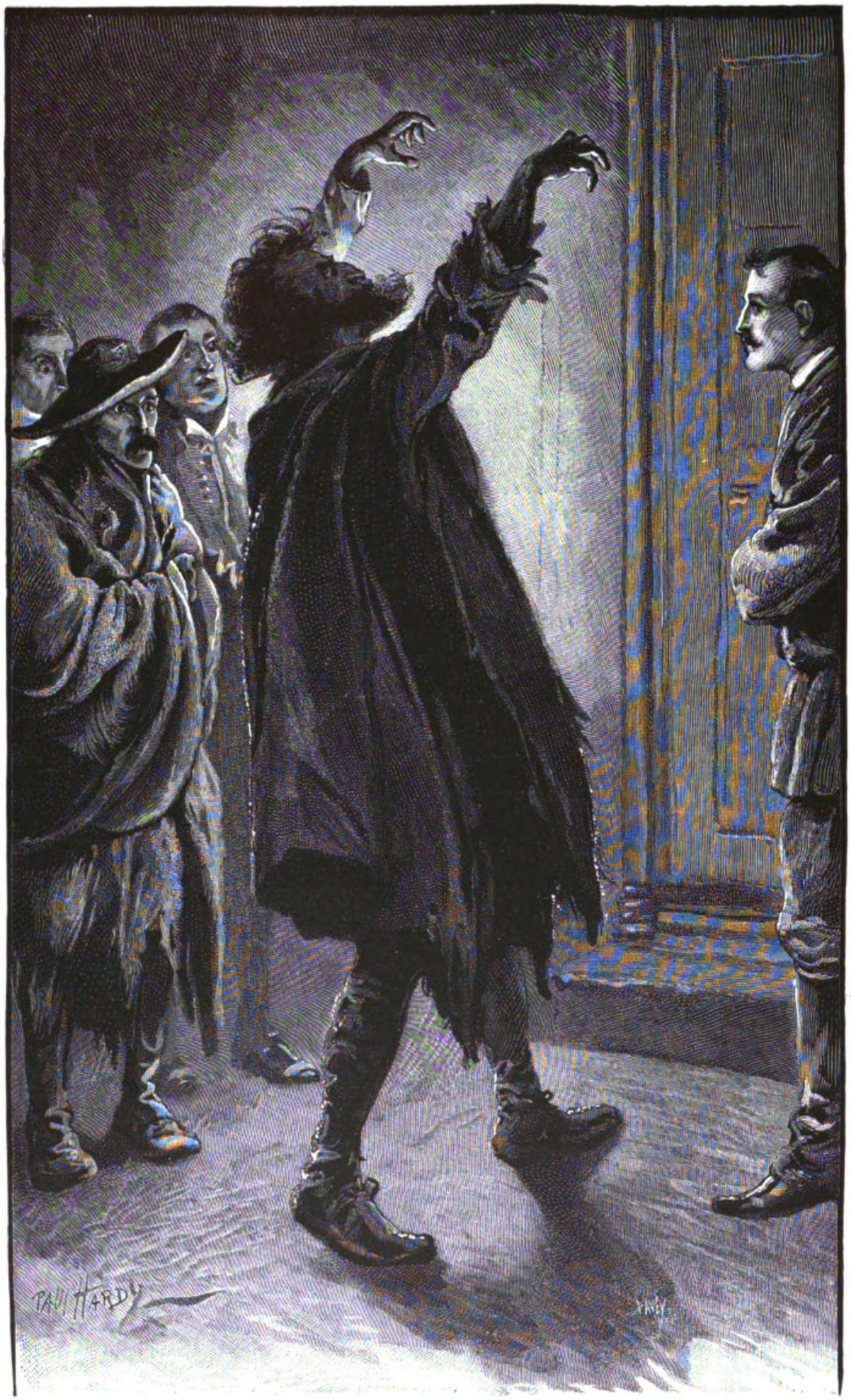
"Mother, awake!" she said. "Mother!" and kissed the cold, quiet lips.

Was it a ray of sunlight that stole through the open window and trembled upon the mouth, curving it into a smile? Slowly the dark eyes opened, and rested with a look of ineffable love upon Elsa's face.

And so the curse and the shadows of eternal winter passed away from the house of Ulric, and his young bride came back from her long slumber. In due time the garden, too, awoke to the touch of spring, and the flowers bloomed, and the birds mated once more and sang in budding trees, and the sun shone. And Elsa's love bound closely together the hearts of her father and mother; for perhaps you have been clever enough to find out that the woodman's wife was the nurse who had carried away with her in her flight Ulric's little daughter on the night of the New Year's ball.

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"HE CALLED SOME STRANGE, WEIRD-SOUNDING NAME THREE TIMES."

(*See page* 365.)

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FROM THE FRENCH OF F. SOULIÉ. BY ALYS HALLARD.

OF all the hardened, obstinate unbelievers as regarded anything approaching supernatural visitations, our uncle Bayle was surely the climax. He would not even admit that there *might* be the faintest truth in any of the theories of spiritualists. It was of no use arguing with him, for he always finished up with what he no doubt considered as final :—

"I tell you there are no such things as spirits ; I don't believe in them, and never shall."

"But, uncle," I persisted, for I had been reading some wonderful psychological literature, "you do not believe in them, because you have never happened to have any experience of the kind——"

"Oh ! haven't I, though ? I expect an experience I once had would have been enough to convince you a hundred times over, and your hair would have stood on end for the rest of your life."

"Oh, do tell us about it !" I exclaimed, eager to have some fresh proof to add to those I had already collected.

"Well," began my uncle, leisurely, and looking very solemn all at once, "it was about forty years ago that this happened, so that I should be about twenty then. It was in the autumn, and just getting dusk, and I was on my way home from Toulouse. I was pretty tired, for I had been riding nearly all day, and when I reached Auterrive, some friends I knew there wanted me to break my journey and put up at their house for the night. I did not accept their invitation, as I wanted to get as far as Saverdun.

"Well, I went on through the Secourien Woods, and had come out just near the Bolbourne Monastery, when a terrible thunderstorm commenced. It was one of those fearful storms which come on so suddenly without any warning whatever in the neighbourhood of our mountains. I should most certainly have asked for shelter at the monastery until it was over, but that my horse, taking fright at the vivid flashes of lightning, suddenly set off at full gallop down a narrow pathway to the left, and in spite of all my efforts I could not stop him.

"As we went tearing along I discovered that he was taking me in the direction of the little village of Sainte-Gabelle. On, on we flew, until at length, as the storm began to abate, my horse slackened his pace, and when we came to the little inn I was able to draw him up, for I wanted to dismount and have some refreshment.

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"On entering the inn-parlour I found it was full of travellers who, like myself, had been surprised by the storm. There were some Spaniards, some merchants, and a fair number of sportsmen, and before we had finished drying ourselves at the crackling wood-fire, supper was announced. We all sat down together at a long table, and the conversation naturally fell on the fearful storm we had just had. One man had been thrown from his horse; another had been an hour getting his cart-wheels out of a regular bog; everyone had some adventure to relate, and we all abused the weather heartily.

"'It's beastly,' exclaimed one.

"'Yes; and with such wind, too,' said another; 'it's regular witches' weather.'

"There was nothing much in such an expression, but it gave rise to a strange remark from another man, delivered in a still stranger and more peculiar tone.

"'Witches, and indeed all kinds of supernatural visitors, prefer a peaceful moonlight night to such boisterous weather as this.'

"We all looked in astonishment at the man who spoke. He was a Spaniard, a regular gipsy-like-looking fellow, strong and swarthy, with black hair and eyes, gold rings in his ears, and he was dressed in a rough suit, leathern gaiters, and a red cloak. He had spoken with such conviction that everyone was taken aback, and there was silence for a minute, until a young man who was sitting next me, and who had a very frank, honest expression, burst out laughing, and exclaimed:—

"'Well, that's good! Do you mean to say, though, that they have told you about their habits and tastes—and is it really a fact that they object to getting wet and muddy——?'

"He had not quite finished speaking when the Spaniard turned on him fiercely, saying:—

"'Young man, I advise you not to speak so lightly about things of which you know nothing.'

"'Do you mean to say that you want me to believe in spirits and——'

"'I *might*, if I thought that you had enough courage to even *look* at them, supposing they should appear to you——'

"The young man sprang from his chair, furious and crimson with indignation, then suddenly mastering his anger he said, sarcastically:—

"'You would have paid for insulting me in that way, if it had not all been fools' nonsense.'

"'Fools' nonsense!' exclaimed the Spaniard, jumping up and striking the table with his clenched fist. 'Look here,' and he threw a thick leathern money-bag on to the table,



"HE THREW A THICK LEATHERN MONEY-BAG ON THE TABLE."

'there are thirty *quadruples* there, and I will risk losing them if, within an hour from now, I do not let you see the face of any of your friends, even if they have been dead ten years; and if, after recognising them, you dare touch them or let them touch you—

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why, the money's yours.' The Spaniard looked so terrible as he uttered these words that, in spite of ourselves, we all felt awed. The young man, however, still kept up his mocking air as he answered :—

"'Ah! you think you could do that, do you?'

"'Yes, I do,' said the Spaniard, 'and I will bet this bag of money on it, but you must bet the same amount, and if I do as I say I shall win it.'

"The young man was silent for a moment, and then he said, still in the same mocking tone :—

"'Thirty *quadruples* is a big sum for a poor devil of a student to possess. I haven't the amount, but if you like to bet five, why, here's my money.'

"The Spaniard picked his leathern bag up and put it silently back in his pocket.

"'So you want to back out, do you?' he said, scornfully.

"'Back out—no, indeed, I don't. If I owned the thirty *quadruples* you'd soon see whether I wouldn't risk them.'

"'Well, I'll find you four,' I said, curious to see how the affair would end, and several other men feeling the same curiosity offered to make up the amount.

"The Spaniard, looking as though he felt no doubt as to the result of the extraordinary wager, handed over his money to the young student.

"The next thing was to proceed with the experiment. The landlord of the inn suggested that it should take place in a summer-house at the end of the garden, where there would be no risk of our being disturbed.

"We examined every corner of this outdoor building carefully, so that there might be no trickery. It was just a room with one window, which was shut close, and a door. A pencil and paper were placed on the table, the young man went in alone, and then, shutting the door to, we all remained outside.

"We were all, in spite of any scepticism we might feel, very much interested, and there was perfect silence as we waited to see what was going to happen. Presently the Spaniard, who was at the door with us, began to chant in a slow, melancholy tone, the following words :—

'With a creaking noise, the coffin bursts its lid.
The grave is open, too. The spectre cries :
"The grave is open, the grave is open!"
A creaking noise is heard, is heard ;
The coffin lid is burst asunder :
A phantom rises from its prison house
And steps out on the cold, wet grass.'

"There was dead silence for a minute, and then the Spaniard said, in a loud, solemn voice, 'You wished to see your friend, François Vialat, who was drowned three years ago! What do you see now?'

"'I can see a white, misty light near the window,' answered the student; 'it has no form, though, and looks more like a cloud than anything else.'

"We were all stupefied with astonishment.

"'Has it alarmed you?' asked the Spaniard.

"'No, not at all,' replied the student, without a shade of fear or hesitation in his voice.

"We were holding our breath with excitement. The Spaniard then stamped on the ground three times, and after another minute's silence began to chant again, this time more solemnly and slower than before :—

'The white phantom moves, the white phantom moves,
And shakes the damp from his hair,
And shakes the damp from his clinging shroud.'

"Once more there was silence, and then the Spaniard, in a still more solemn voice, asked :—

"'You, who have thus wished to know the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?'

"We all listened anxiously for the student's answer. He spoke very deliberately, and it was evident that he was describing what was just taking place, phase after phase.

"'The vapour is rising and getting longer and longer—it has now taken the form of a phantom—there is a veil over the phantom's face—it is standing there quite still, just in the place where it rose from the ground.'

"'Are you afraid of it?' asked the Spaniard, in a sarcastic tone.

"The young man's voice was quite firm as he replied, calmly :—

"'No, I am not afraid of it.'

"We scarcely dared move—all of us—and we gazed in breathless amazement at the Spaniard. He was now waving his hands over his head in the most frantic manner, and afterwards he called some strange, weird-sounding name three times, and finished by chanting, in a much louder voice than before :—

'The phantom said, as he rose from his grave :
"I will appear before my friend,
And he will know me, he will know me ;
He will recognise his friend."'

"There was silence again, and the Spaniard asked once more :—

"'What do you see now?'

"'The phantom is moving—coming nearer—he has lifted his veil .... It is François Vialat—nearer and nearer he comes—he is

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at the table—he is writing something—he has written his name——'

"'Are you afraid yet?' asked the Spaniard, and there was an expression of anger in his voice. Another terrible silence, and then the student replied, in a voice which this time was just as loud but scarcely as firm as before:—

"'No; I am not at all afraid.'

"This time the Spaniard almost yelled as he waved his hands about in the air; and then, suddenly dropping his voice, he chanted very slowly:—

> 'The phantom said to the young man:
> "Come closer, come closer, my friend.
> Give me your hand, and put your fingers so warm
> Into my cold, clammy ones—
> I want to touch you, my friend, my friend."'

"'What do you see now?' stormed the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"'He is coming closer . . . . closer . . . . ah! he is pursuing me . . . . his arms are stretched out . . . . horror! . . . . horror! . . . . he will reach me . . . . Help, help! . . . . open the door!'

"'Are you afraid?' cried the Spaniard, with ferocious excitement, holding the handle of the door.

"A piercing scream was the only reply, followed by a fearful groan.

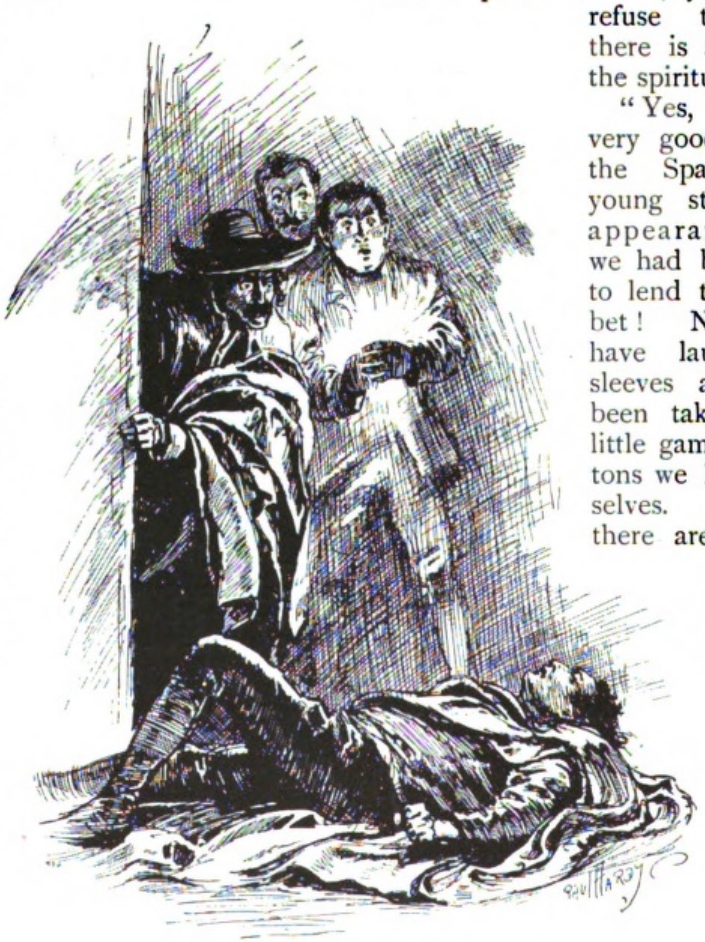
"'You'd better go to him now,' said the Spaniard, bitterly sarcastic. 'It seems to me I have won the bet; but let him keep the money, for I have given him a lesson. He can keep the money, but you'd better advise him to be wiser in the future and not to mock at subjects so serious.'

"He strode off abruptly, leaving us all stunned, as it were, with astonishment. We opened the door of the summer-house, and there, unconscious and lying on the floor, we found the young student. He soon came to himself as we struck a light and lifted him on to a bench.

"On the table was the paper with the name 'François Vialat' scrawled across it. As soon as ever the student began to realize all that had happened, he vowed that he would kill the wretched man who had made him go through such horrible torture. He rushed back to the inn in search of him, and on being told that the Spaniard had already left, he started off at a frantic rate in pursuit of him."

"And do you mean to say," I exclaimed, my hair all standing on end with horror, so tragically had Uncle Bayle related his terrible experience—"do you mean to say that, after such a proof as that, you can absolutely refuse to believe that there is anything in what the spiritualists tell us?"

"Yes, I do; and for a very good reason—neither the Spaniard nor the young student put in an appearance again. And we had been fools enough to lend the money for the bet! Nicely they must have laughed up their sleeves at the way we'd been taken in with their little game. Pretty simpletons we had made of ourselves. No, I tell you there are no such things as spirits. I don't believe in them, and never shall."



"WE OPENED THE DOOR."

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The Prince and Princess Christian.

With special permission and approval of T.R.H. Prince and Princess Christian.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.



From a Photo. by] CUMBERLAND LODGE. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

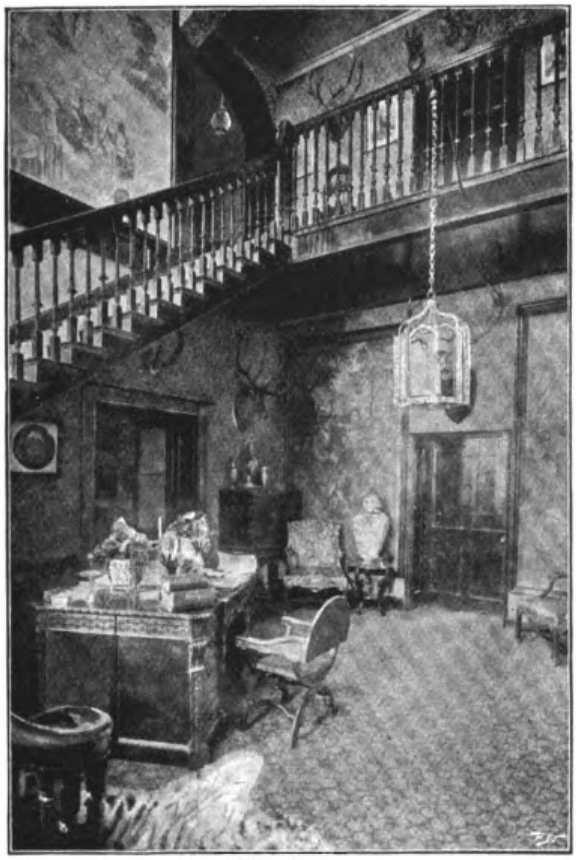
CUMBERLAND LODGE is a fine old residence in true manor-house style, standing in the Windsor Great Park. Everybody knows Windsor Castle, and the part of the Park which immediately surrounds it, but all of us do not get so far out as Cumberland Lodge; for it is a journey of about four miles, much of it uphill. The route lies by way of the Long Walk, the famous avenue with the Georgian equestrian statue at the far end, perched on a lofty height.

Fallow deer and red deer gaze curiously at you as you pass along, and the sun gleams fitfully through the dense trees, of monster size, which stretch far away on your right and left. Then you reach the aforesaid statue, turn sharp off to the left, and very soon the Lodge is seen in the distance. This was formerly called the Ranger's Lodge, and was put up in the time of Charles II. Various Rangers of celebrity have resided there from time to time, and many of them have much altered and improved the building. The Earl of Portland, Sara Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Jeffry Wyatville, William Duke of Cumberland (he having received the Rangership after the Battle of Culloden), and the brother of George III., are some of those who have held this office. Much of the house is covered with the ancient ivy clinging to it. One side of it has the appearance of a long, straight-looking building, three stories high, with a square portico entrance; while another side shows towers, gables, and projecting wings, which have very much the appearance of having been added to the main building from time to time.

As nearly everybody knows, it is now the residence of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian; the latter known to everybody for the great interest she takes in the welfare of the working classes, for her untiring zeal in all movements of philanthropy, and more especially, perhaps, for her never-ceasing activity with regard to nursing associations and needlework guilds; the former movement having been so thoroughly taken up and assiduously pushed forward by the Princess, that not only in England, but in the Colonies, have branches been formed of the "Royal British Nurses Association." "Institutes" and "Homes of Rest" are other branches of beneficial work for nurses. Nor is it the nurses only who have benefited; the public may now be assured that, when a nurse is engaged from these institutes, she is certificated and qualified, and not a mere probationer in what may be truly termed the art of nursing.

As soon as one enters the house, the impression is received that it is a comfortable, unpretentious home, and not by any means a

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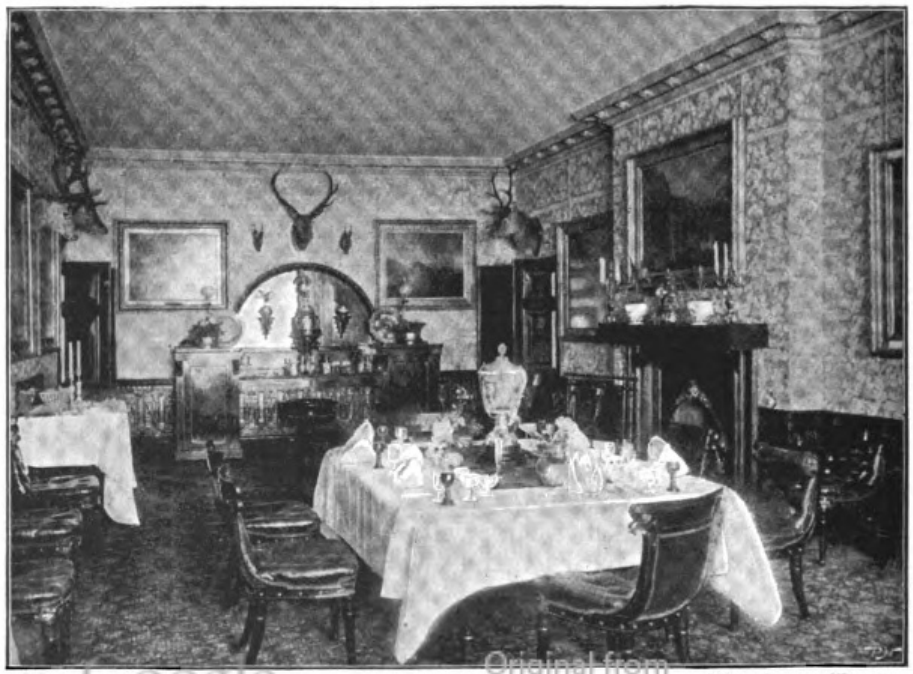


THE HALL.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren

State residence. This has not always been the home of the Prince and Princess Christian, as for several years they resided at Frogmore, and there their children were born, and played in the grounds around it. During the time of their life at Frogmore, it was no uncommon thing to see the Princess not only playing with the children in the grounds, but taking them round for an airing in the perambulator, so thoroughly did Her Royal Highness enter into her home duties and the joys of motherhood.

But we are now taking a peep at their present residence. First we traverse a lengthy corridor, with a suite of rooms on our left and the offices and kitchens on our right. In this corridor I notice a number of hunting pictures, a collection of stags' heads —trophies of the Prince's gun in England and Scotland—some antique carved oak furniture, and a quaint time-piece of remarkable appearance and peculiar movement. The corridor terminates in a hall or vestibule, from which opens a wide staircase. This is a cool resting-place for warm days. Two of the largest stags' heads the house contains are here on the wall, bearing on tablets the respective weights of the animals, twenty-three and twenty-four stone odd, shot by the Prince in 1885. On an easel is a painting of the Princess Victoria, by Miss Deane; a very good portrait. Next to this is the ante-room to the dining-room, in the corner of which stands a good-sized organ, formerly used when service was held in the house before the erection of the church near.

The dining-room is capable of entertaining a large party; it has some old paintings on the walls, principally by Stubbs. "William Duke of Cumberland," "Prince of Wales's Phæton and Horse, with Thomas, the State Coachman," and three or four State horses. These pictures are interspersed with stags' heads. The sideboard at the far end has a massive silver centre-piece of special interest; at the summit of it stands the figure of the late Prince Consort, the base of the pedestal containing the following inscription: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the faith. To Christian Victor Albert Ludwig Ernst



From a Photo. by THE DINING-ROOM. [*Mary Spencer-Warren,*

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Anton of Schleswig-Holstein. In remembrance of his grandfather, Albert Prince Consort, from his grandmother and godmother, Victoria R. May 21st, 1867." The table just now is laid for luncheon, and made bright and attractive with flowers; in the centre is a silver presentation cup, the property of Prince Christian Victor, given by the members of the Garth Hunt Club in 1888. The prevailing tone of the room is green, with carved oak dado.

The Princess Christian's room is immediately near, and is perhaps one of the sunniest and prettiest rooms of the whole house; the window looking out on the lawn and gardens. The ceiling is plainly painted, but from it hangs a beautiful Dresden floral chandelier, which was, I believe, a wedding present. The walls are papered in blue with a dark wood dado and gold beading; they are nearly covered with pictures, some of which are of Frogmore and Windsor, while others are curious old pictures in colours, the majority being descriptive of sacred subjects. In one case is a splendid collection of miniatures, jewellery, and old china; also there are several miniatures on the walls; one very fine one representing the late Queen Caroline Amelia of Denmark. Then there is some Sèvres china, and a very antique chest with inlaid picture panels. Of course, there is a collection of photographs of the family and friends; also there are a great number of bound volumes of music of all the best masters.

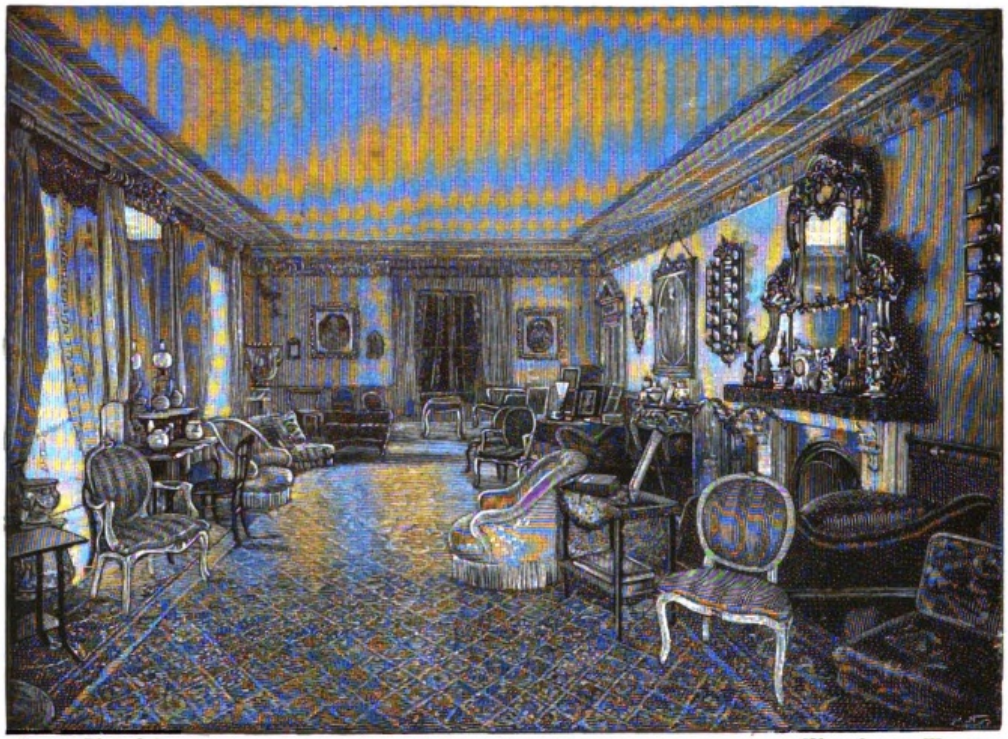


From a Photo. by] PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S ROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

As is well known, the Princess Christian is devoted to music, and though she plays a great deal at home and when in company with her Royal mother, yet her talent is not reserved for these occasions, for it is quite an ordinary thing for her to organize, and take part in, concerts and entertainments for the benefit of the poor, or with a view to brightening the lives of those who may be inhabiting institutions for the suffering. Her Royal Highness is also a member of the Windsor Madrigal Society, regularly attending the practices. There are now several successful artistes before the public who largely owe their success to the kindly help afforded them by the Princess Christian. If you glance around the room you cannot fail to notice the large collection of books, and if you read the titles you come to the conclusion that the Princess is an omnivorous reader; and this recalls the fact that Her Royal Highness is also a writer of some distinction, several able articles having emanated from her pen. The greater part of such writing has had for its object the distinct idea of help, to some cause or other.

The drawing-room is a capacious apartment, and if there *is* a State room in the house it is this one; but evidently such rooms are not much in favour with the family, for I am told it is seldom used, except when guests are present, the smaller and more cosy rooms being preferred. Grey and gold are the predominant shades of its ornamentation. The painted portraits on the wall are those of the Queen, the Prince Consort, Prince and Princess Christian, and Prince Christian's grandmother. The floor is of polished oak, with Persian rugs; the furniture being upholstered in various art colours, making a harmonious whole. Here are two large Russian vases, also several brackets containing antique china of great worth. Some of the pretty things here seen, I believe, were

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

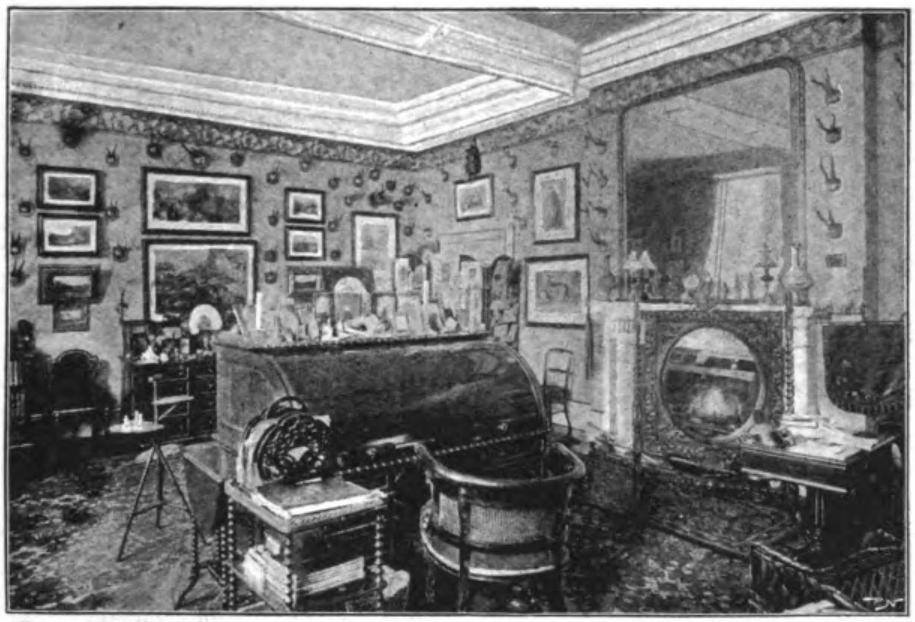
silver wedding presents, amongst which I particularly noticed a white silk cushion worked with pansies and silver thread, a really remarkable specimen of needlework.

Returning once again to the hall, I enter the library by the first door on my right; a room painted and decorated in chocolate, black, and gold. It is a small and snug apartment, where one may read in comfort, chairs and lounges looking particularly inviting and luxurious. The collection of books is large and varied, histories and biographies predominating; amongst the latter may be noticed Lives of Mozart, Wilberforce, Napoleon III., and Pitt, while the histories seem to be those of nearly every country. The visitor will be particularly attracted by a fine painting over the mantelpiece by Noack, bearing the date 1867—the picture showing striking portraits of the late Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, with three of their children. On the left of this is a good portrait of the late Dean Wellesley. Several water-colours further adorn the walls, and also a quaint old clock. Another fine skin on the floor testifies to the Prince Christian's skilful shooting. There is some old china and bronze ornamentation, and more photographs, one of which is particularly interesting to me, as it represents Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of



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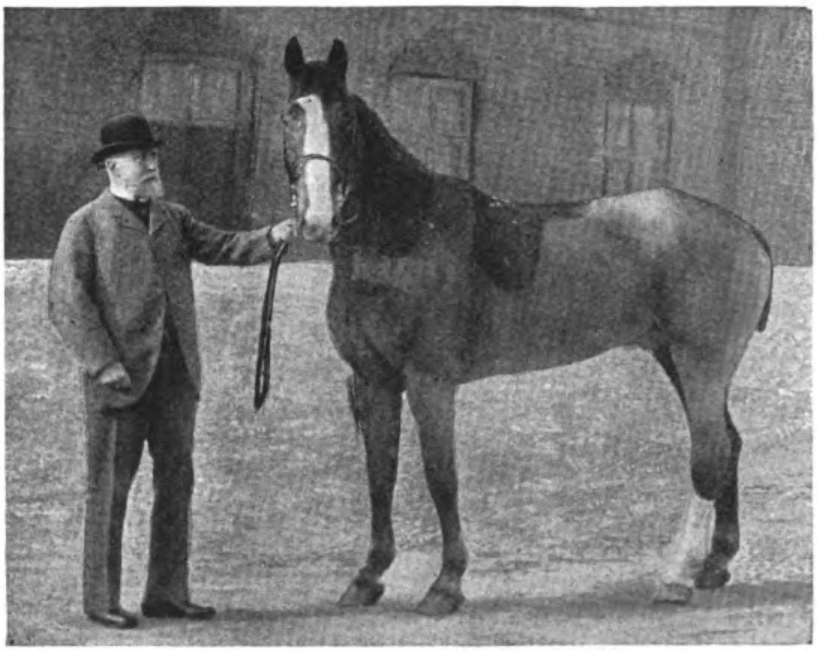
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From a Photo. by] PRINCE CHRISTIAN'S ROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

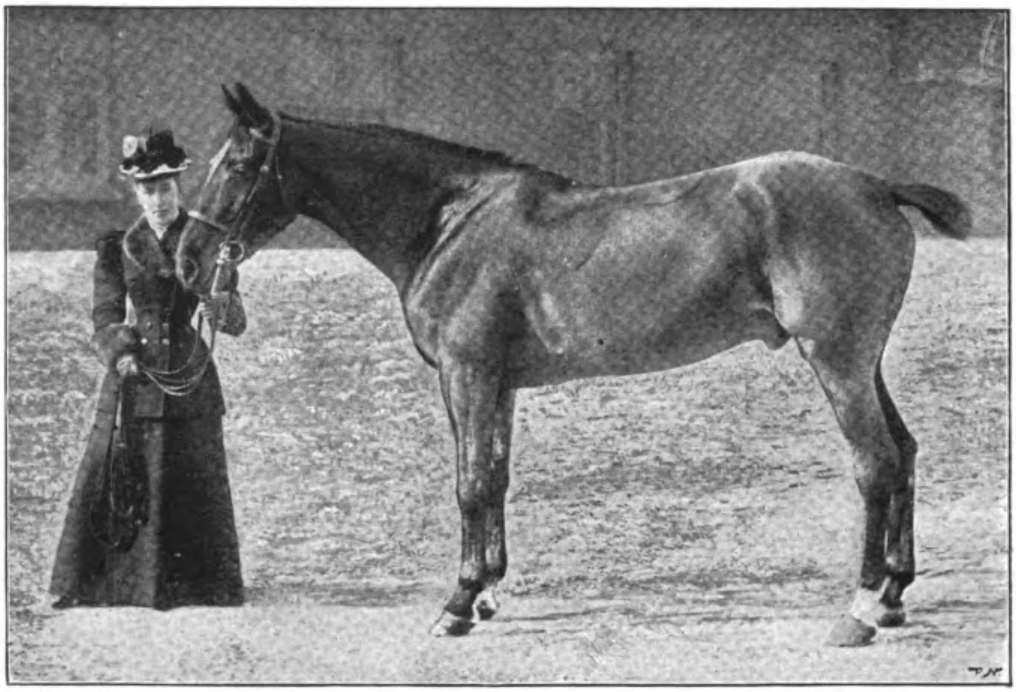
Wales, taken when I was present at the Royal wedding at Coburg, in 1894.

The next door to this opens into the Prince Christian's sitting-room. It is literally crowded with knick-knacks and curios. On the walls there seems scarcely to be an inch of room, so great is the number of pictures and stag-horns — several of the pictures being of animal life. Some show pretty bits of scenery in water-colours, and others are portraits, chiefly noticeable being those of the father and mother of the Prince Christian, and those of Their Royal Highnesses' daughters. Books and portraits abound, as do all sorts of interesting and pretty little articles, many of them souvenirs. In the centre of the room stands an escritoire, and over in one corner—a snug corner, too—is a writing-table, showing signs of much use; and a particularly inviting-looking easy chair. This is the Prince's favourite corner, and here he is accustomed to pass much of his time when indoors. I may say here that the Prince Christian very graciously received me at Cumberland Lodge, and was most especially kind to me in affording facilities for seeing and photographing the various parts of the house. I had previously had many opportunities of seeing His Royal Highness at State ceremonies, at which his tall, commanding figure in General's uniform is a familiar presence; but, of course, I am always more particularly gratified when on my numerous occasions of visiting Royal residences I am able to come in contact with these Royal personages in their every-day home life. From each one I have always received the utmost consideration, and I felt quite sure, before going to Windsor, that I should not find any exception to the rule in the Prince and Princess Christian. You may, or you may not, know that the Prince is an immense favourite with all the members of our Royal Family; all the younger ones affectionately speaking of him as "Uncle Christian." He is a great lover of all athletic and manly sports; hunting, shooting, cricket and football, all find in him an ardent and active patron. Of horses and dogs he is particularly fond, and at the request of



PRINCE CHRISTIAN AND HIS FAVOURITE HORSE.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren.

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From a Photo. by] PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER FAVOURITE HORSE. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

His Royal Highness, I had the opportunity of accompanying him and his daughter, the Princess Victoria, to see some of the favourite occupants of the stables, and to photograph them.

Passing up the wide staircase, I reach thereby long corridors and several suites of rooms. Turning to the right, I find first the sitting-room of the Princess Victoria. Just now the Princess is occupying it, but knowing I am anxious to take a photograph, she very kindly tells me I am at liberty to do so. It is a pretty room with walls dressed in grey, and dado of a deeper hue. A prominent feature is the beautiful grand piano, which stands open, and the strains, indeed, of which I had just been listening to as I came up the staircase. You will not need, perhaps, to be told that the Princess inherits her Royal mother's musical talent. Water-colours, engravings, and family portraits adorn the walls, together with a number of curios on pretty brackets. Comfortable chairs, with covers and cushions showing beautiful art needlework in silk, abound, while flowers and ferns, with the hundred and one knick-knacks of a lady's boudoir, make up a charmingly picturesque effect. The well-used writing-table has a pile of correspondence on it, and a number of beautifully mounted fittings. Flowers are in every direction, and a plenitude of books and music. Altogether, the apartment is not only charmingly pretty, but is also evidently the scene of study and work.



From a Photo. by] PRINCESS VICTORIA'S ROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

The Princess Victoria is no stranger to the public, for she is the able and willing coadjutor of the Princess Christian in all her beneficent work; and where the mother goes, so

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does the daughter, as a general rule. So numerous have the appeals for help become, that it is a fact that neither of the Royal ladies has an idle minute—one continual round of duty ever presenting itself. On one of my days at Cumberland Lodge, the Princess Victoria made a casual remark that she was going to see a sick child; and I afterwards learned that it was the little son of an employé that was to be visited. A critical operation had been necessary, and this had been performed by an eminent surgeon; two trained nurses had also been engaged to take charge of the case, all at the sole expense of the Princess Christian. In addition to this, everything necessary for the child was being sent from the Lodge, and at the same place sleeping accommodation for the nurses was accorded, the cottage being too small for the purpose. This case came to my knowledge in the most casual way, and is doubtless only one of many similar instances which never come before the public.

Resuming my tour of the mansion, I go next to the dressing-room of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, another tastefully furnished room—artistic, yet homely. The walls are papered in green of a pretty shade, with a darker dado. The floor is of polished oak, with a handsome Persian square. There are two writing-tables in the room, one in the centre, and another in front of one of the two windows. Here the Princess passes many a busy hour, engaged with her very large correspondence. There are a number of things to be seen here which must be interesting to the occupant of the room, as they have been presents; some given on the occasion of the silver wedding—amongst these latter some silver caskets are especially noticeable. On one of the tables is a beautifully mounted gold dressing-service. On the walls I notice a large number of photographs of the Royal Family, amongst them being the Queen and the Prince Consort, Prince Christian, and the sons and daughters of the house. Portraits are everywhere; as are flowers, books, and curios of all sorts. The windows are tastefully hung with lace and floral curtains. Over in one corner I notice a glass shade, which, on approaching, I find covers an object doubtless much prized by the Princess Christian, being her own bridal wreath; and on the wall in the opposite corner I descry something else worth seeing—the framed certificate gained by Her Royal Highness for proficiency in nursing. The whole of the furniture is of satin wood, and the room is lighted with a hanging coloured lamp.



From a Photo. by] PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S DRESSING-ROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

In the Princess's bedroom, the prevailing tones are green and silver, with bed and lounge upholstery in gold and brown brocade. The panels of the door are beautifully painted—the artistic talents of the Princess and her daughter make it very possible that the work is theirs. Water-colours, portraits, engravings, and old prints adorn the walls in profusion. Many of the articles are enamelled in white, and the furniture here, again, is chiefly of satin wood. The large over-mantel is almost filled with old china, more of which is displayed on brackets and side-tables. A pretty Parisian timepiece, some gold and silver curios, and quantities of flowers are other objects which meet the eye. Three handsome screens are in various positions—one has glass panels, another panels of silk; also there is an abundance of

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From a Photo. by] PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

art needlework on cushions, and a basket of wool-work which speaks of the guilds in which many of the Royal Family are so much interested. And here occurs to me the great service Her Royal Highness has rendered to poor gentlewomen in the interest she has displayed in the Royal School of Art Needlework. By means of this school many, who would otherwise lack many necessaries of life, are enabled by their own exertions to obtain them.

Visiting the poor is another mission that I must briefly touch upon. How many families have been helped, how many homes brightened and hearts cheered, by the active sympathy of the daughter of England's Queen will never be known. Not only the poor around her gates, but the toilers of the great City are familiar with the Royal lady's presence, and this in the very slums and alleys.

To children the Princess is devotedly attached, and the mere enumeration of the many branches for aid to the little ones would take up some considerable space. Meals for those who come from homes where good food is impossible, is one direction in which very timely help is afforded. All through the bad weather numbers of the children are fed twice a week at the Town Hall, Windsor; Her Royal Highness herself being generally present, busily occupied in ministering to their wants. For their amusement and recreation she also works hard, both in organizing evening entertainments *for* them, and taking part in games *with* them. Those of them who are ill are not neglected, very active help being rendered to the Children's Country Holiday Association. Quite near the Princess's home there is a small branch in connection with the Ragged School, and here sick boys are sent down for a fortnight's holiday, having the beautiful park for a playground, and the two Princesses for constant visitors. Many a little delicacy, and many a present, finds its way from Cumberland Lodge to this home.

Infant day nurseries is another project in which the Princess Christian displays an unbounded interest. Many a poor woman may find herself sorely puzzled to know what to do with the children while she is out helping to earn, or, in many cases, entirely earning, the daily bread. Some are too young to leave entirely to themselves, and to pay the sum often demanded by people who take charge of them is a serious strain upon the woman's little income. At these nurseries the charge is so nominal, and the children are so well fed and cared for, that the boon to poor toilers can hardly be judged in an adequate measure. In all undertakings for the benefit of those who are less fortunately placed, the Princess not only brings to bear upon it kindly sympathy, but also undoubted tact; everything and everybody being helped in so thoroughly practical a manner, that just what is necessary and best is done in each case, and while imposition is rendered next to impossible, actual poverty and distress of every kind are ameliorated.

As might be expected, a most thorough

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English training has been imparted to the young Princes and Princesses; and the maxim of doing *well* everything they do at all has been most thoroughly inculcated. Both the sons are soldiers, one of them having seen much active service in India. The youngest daughter was married to the Prince Aribert of Anhalt some time ago. When I was down at the Lodge, one son was at home, but only for a short period; generally speaking, the Princess Victoria is the only youthful member of the family there, and so is companion to both father and mother, sharing the love of animals and the rides across country of the former, as well as assiduously helping the many projects of the latter.

There yet remain one or two other rooms to see; one of them is the dressing-room of the Prince Christian. This is essentially plain in appearance; painted ceiling and papered walls, with solid-looking furniture; a veritable *man's* room. Even the pictures are groups in athletic dress: some in cricket costume, some in football. There are also some portraits of the children, and of the Prince's father and mother, and over the mantelpiece is a very pretty flower painting, the artist being the Princess Victoria.

Away up the other end of the broad corridor I come upon a smaller one, replete with marble busts, old cabinets, bronze equestrian statues, and another collection of antlers; also a number of comical pictures, known as Forbes's hunting accomplishments.

Of course this does not nearly exhaust the rooms, or the interesting objects contained in Cumberland Lodge. There are the apartments of the young Princes, those reserved for visitors, and those for the suite, irrespective of the kitchen and other offices.

It is a goodly and fair English home, and inhabited by a family altogether and entirely English in ideas and tastes. And though every member so ably supports the British Royal dignity, yet they are one with the people in their joys and sorrows, and so true respect and love surround them on every hand.



From a Photo. by] H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN. *[Bassano.*

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

X.—WITH THE ETERNAL FIRES.

[This story is founded on a true incident.]

I WAS sent for one day towards the end of a certain very hot June to see a boy who was ill at a large preparatory school in the neighbourhood of London. The school was in the country, about an hour's drive from town. My message was urgent, and I did not lose any time in attending to it. I had but a very few minutes to catch my train, an express, and had at the last moment to make a rush, first for my ticket, and then for a seat in the railway compartment. I opened the door of a first-class carriage just as the train was moving, and found that I was to take my brief journey to Wickham in the company of a single fellow-passenger. He was a man inclining to the elderly side of life, and when I got into the carriage his head was buried in a large sheet of the *Times*. He just glanced up when I appeared, and then, quickly looking down, resumed his reading. I did not interrupt him, but sat leaning back in my own seat lost in anxious thought. I had several bad cases on my visiting list just then, and was in no mood even to read. Presently I observed that my fellow-traveller had folded up his paper, and sitting so that I could get a view of his profile, was looking steadily out at the landscape. Hitherto, I had regarded him with the most scanty measure of attention, but now, something in the expression of his face aroused my keen and immediate interest.

He was a handsome man, tall and well-developed—the outline of his face was delicate and finely carved. The nose was slightly aquiline—a snow-white beard hid the lower part of the features, but the forehead, nose, and finely-shaped head were magnificently proportioned. It gives me pleasure to look at perfection in any form, and this man's whole appearance very nearly approached my ideal. He must suddenly have observed that I was paying him marked attention, for he turned swiftly and glanced at me. His eyes, of a bright hazel, seemed to lift and lighten for a moment, then they filled with a most impenetrable gloom, which was so marked as to be almost like despair. He opened his lips as if to speak, but evidently changed his mind, and once more confined his gaze to the landscape, not a feature of which I am sure by his expression did he see.

Soon afterwards we arrived at Wickham, a small country town, after which the school was named. I saw that my travelling companion was also getting out here. We found ourselves the only passengers on the platform, and the next moment I heard the stranger inquiring, in somewhat testy tones, for a conveyance to take him immediately to Wickham House. The doctor's brougham was waiting for me, and as Wickham House was also my destination, I stepped up at once to my fellow-traveller, and offered him a seat.



"MY FELLOW-PASSENGER."

He stared at me as if he had only seen me then for the first time.

"I am extremely obliged to you, sir," he said, recovering himself with a start; "the fact is, I am anxious to reach the school in order to catch an early train back to town. I will accept your offer with pleasure."

"Step in, won't you?" I said.

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We both entered the brougham, and were soon bowling away in the direction of the school. As we were driving through the antiquated little town, my companion roused himself to be animated and talkative, but when we got into the more country parts, he lapsed into silence, and the stupor of dull despair once more spread itself over his features. I endeavoured to keep the conversation going, touching lightly on many topics of general interest, but he scarcely responded.

As we approached the house, driving up to it through a winding avenue, he heaved a profound sigh, and cast a glance up at the many windows. The building was a fine old gabled mansion of the Elizabethan period—the main part of the house was completely covered with ivy.

"Wickham House looks quite imposing," I said, with a smile; "this is my first visit—can you tell me if there are many boys here?"

"A couple of hundred, I believe," he replied. "It is a fine building, and the situation is exceptionally good. You would suppose that a lad would be safe here, would you not?"

"It seems to me that boys are safe nowhere," I replied. "I am a doctor, and am coming here to-day to see a little chap who has fallen on his head and hurt himself badly."

"Ah!" he answered, "I did not allude to that sort of ordinary danger. Sir, there is something in your face which makes me willing to confide in you. I am the father of an only boy—if he is alive now, he is fourteen years of age—as fine a lad as ever stepped, strong and hearty, with all the athletic propensities of the best order of young Britain. I sent him here, to prepare for Eton; he would have gone there at the end of the summer holidays. Two months ago he vanished—yes, that is the only word. Ah! here we are."

We drew up at the front door. My companion got out first, and I followed. I was met on the threshold of the house by the local doctor—a man of the name of Hudson; he was waiting for me anxiously, and took me off at once to see my patient. I had no time, therefore, to observe my fellow-traveller any further.

The boy whom I had come to see was very ill—in fact, in great danger; and my attention was completely taken up by his case until late in the evening. In the interest aroused by this acute illness, I had forgotten all about my strange companion, but just as I was leaving, Dr. Hudson, who was taking me through the hall of the great house on my way to the carriage, spoke abruptly.

"By the way, Halifax, I saw that you gave Mr. Cavendish a seat to the school. He has spent the day here, and is returning to London now. You have no objection, have you, to his sharing your conveyance back to the station?"

"None whatever," I replied. "He is a fine-looking man—I did not know his name until you mentioned it. There is something about him which interests me. By the way, he told me a queer story—he said that he once had a son here, but that the boy vanished about two months ago.

"That is perfectly true. The case is a terrible one, in fact, quite a tragedy. The boy was, without the least doubt, the victim of a horrible plot. The circumstances of his disappearance were as follows: One day, Dr. Hughes, our head master, received a letter purporting to be written by the boy's father. It was to all appearance in his handwriting; the paper was headed with his crest and his private address in Essex. The letter was a very brief one, and requested Dr. Hughes to send Malcolm up to Paddington the following day, in order to see an aunt whom the boy had not met since he was an infant.

"'Either his aunt or I will meet him at the bookstall on the arrival platform,' wrote Mr. Cavendish. 'In case, by any chance, I am not present, let him wear a red tie—Lady Seymour will recognise him by that. Send up one of the masters with him, and do not fail to let him be there—he shall return to school the following day.'

"Naturally, after the receipt of such a letter, there was nothing for Dr. Hughes to do but to comply. He sent the boy to town accompanied by one of the junior masters, Mr. Price—they went as directed, and stood near one of the bookstalls. Presently a well-dressed, middle-aged lady came up—she embraced the boy tenderly, told him that she was his aunt, Lady Seymour, and took him away with her in a hansom. Price, quite satisfied that all was right with the boy, returned here, and it was not until the following day, when Malcolm failed to appear, that the first idea of anything being wrong entered Dr. Hughes's mind. He telegraphed to Mr. Cavendish at his place in Essex, but received no reply. He became possessed with a sense of uneasiness which he could scarcely account for, and went himself to Essex that night. On his arrival at 'The Howe,' Mr.

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"SHE TOOK HIM AWAY WITH HER."

Cavendish's place, you can imagine his consternation when he heard that the house was shut up, that Lady Seymour was still in India with her husband, and that Mr. Cavendish was somewhere on the Continent, address not known. What followed can be better imagined than described. The letter was, of course, a forgery; the woman who took the boy off had left no address behind her, nor has Malcolm Cavendish from that hour to now been heard of. Such is the pitiable story. There was a short delay in getting Mr. Cavendish's address; but as soon as possible the distracted father returned to England, and not a stone has been left unturned to try to obtain a trace of the missing lad. Up to the present all our efforts have been unsuccessful. The boy is an only son, the heir to a fine estate; the poor father's agony of mind I leave you to conjecture. In short, unless something happens soon to relieve the tension of anxiety and despair, his mind may be seriously overbalanced."

"It is a terrible story," I said. "What an awful villain that woman must be. Who is she?"

"Nobody knows. When questioned, Mr. Cavendish always shirks the subject. Even the detectives can get nothing out of him. If he does know anything about her, he refuses to tell."

"Well," I said, "your story quite accounts for the expression on his face. I wish with all my heart that something could be done to relieve him."

"Get him to confide in you if you can, doctor, on your way to town; you will be doing a good work, I assure you; one of the saddest features of the case, as far as the old man is concerned, is that he keeps his grief so completely to himself. If you can manage to break the ice, you will be doing him a service."

"I will do what I can," I answered.

Soon afterwards I had left Wickham House, and in Mr. Cavendish's company returned to London. Our compartment was full, and if I had wished to draw my companion out, I should not have had the opportunity. During our short run to town, he sat nursing his grief, staring straight before him, apathy if not despair in his eyes—he was evidently at present in no mood to confide in anyone. We reached Paddington in good time, and I turned to bid him "good-bye." He looked at me with a queer expression on his face.

"They spoke of you at the school to-day," he said; "they told me one or two things about you—you do not quite fulfil the *rôle* of the ordinary physician—I wonder if it is possible for you to administer to a mind diseased."

"That is the priest's mission, as a rule," I said; then I added, suddenly, "but try me—come home with me now, if you like."

"There is no time like the present," he answered.

My carriage was waiting—I conducted him to it, and in a short time we found ourselves at my house in Harley Street. I took him at once into my study, offered him refreshment, and then waited for him to speak.

"Do you make brain disease your special study?" he said, abruptly.

"Not my special study," I replied; "but I have given a good deal of attention to mental disease."

"Then what do you say to this? I told you this morning that I once had a boy at Wickham House—a fine lad, well-proportioned, sound, brave, and good in body and mind. Owing to the strangest and most diabolical stratagem, he was entrapped away from school—a forged letter was used, and the name of my sister, Lady Seymour, brought into requisition. It is two months

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now since the fatal day when the boy was taken to London—since then, not the slightest clue has been obtained of his whereabouts. In short, as far as he is concerned, the earth might have opened and swallowed him up."

"The story is most tragic," I replied.

"Ah, you may well call it that. Such a tragedy happening to a man in connection with his only son is enough to—eh, doctor—enough to turn his brain, is it not?"

As Mr. Cavendish said these last words, his face suddenly altered—the look of despair gave place to a curious expression of stealthiness mingled with fear. He rose to his feet and gazed at me steadily.

"I should like the truth from you," he said, coming a step nearer. "Is it true that I ever had a son? For the last few weeks I have seriously considered every circumstance of this most strange case, and have almost come to the conclusion that I am suffering from a very queer state of illusion. More and more, as the days go by, I incline to the belief that I never had a son. It is true that I carry the photograph of a boy in my pocket—I often take it out and look at it—I gaze at it sometimes for nearly an hour at a time, and say to myself, over and over, 'I have watched your face since you were an infant. Yes, I have certainly seen you—I have held you in these arms. I have seen the look of intelligence growing in your eyes. I have observed your progress from childhood to boyhood. But, no, perhaps you are only a dream-child—perhaps I never possessed you. Here is a photograph, but may it not represent another man's son?' My mind is in this state of torture, Dr. Halifax; always vacillating from belief to unbelief, until I scarcely know what I am doing. Can you not see my point for yourself? How is it possible for me seriously to believe that a lad of fourteen could vanish from the face of the earth leaving no clue behind him?"

"The case is most mysterious," I replied; "but with regard to its truth, I can absolutely and completely relieve your mind. You are not suffering from an illusion—you have really had a son—nay, I firmly believe him to be still alive. It so happens that Hudson, the doctor who attends the boys at Wickham House, told me your story to-day. Your boy was certainly at school there—he certainly did exist. Your mind is slightly unbalanced by the terrible grief and anxiety you have undergone. Your duty now is to turn your thoughts resolutely from the idea that you are suffering from a case of delusion."

"The story of the disappearance is too unaccountable to believe," said Cavendish.

"Have you a photograph of your boy about you?" I asked.

"I certainly have a photograph in my pocket, but whether it is a photograph of a stranger or of my son, I am unable to tell you."

As he spoke he produced a thin morocco case, touched a spring, opened it, and placed it in my hands. It contained the photograph of as frank and handsome a lad as any man could desire to possess—the eyes, the face, the smiling lips, the open, courageous expression of the brow, all showed that there was no duplicity or anything mean in the boy himself. One glance at his face, as it was reflected in the photograph, was quite sufficient to dispel any doubt as to his having connived at his own disappearance. What had happened to the boy? Whose victim was he? How and by what means had he been kidnapped so effectually as not to leave the ghost of a trace behind?

While I was looking at the picture of the lad, the father's eyes were fixed on me. I looked up suddenly and encountered his gaze.

"This is a splendid boy," I said, "and," I continued, emphatically, "he is your son"

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"For the simple reason that he is like you—he has got your eyes, and the expression you must have worn when you were happy."

"I never thought of that," he answered.

He took the photograph into his hand and studied it carefully.

"I suppose he must be my son," he said. "I see what you mean. I used to have those particularly bright hazel eyes when I was young."

"You have them still," I said; "you have transmitted them to your boy."

"Well, be it so. It is a relief to hear you speak, for you speak with confidence; but when I am alone the intolerable delusion invariably returns that I never had a son—all the same, I am as tortured as if I really possessed and lost a boy like that."

"The thing to cure you is simple enough," I said.

"What is that?"

"We must find your boy and bring him back to you."

"Ah, Dr. Halifax—ah, if you could!"

"Sit down," I said, "let us talk the matter out carefully."

"I have talked it out carefully so often," he said, pressing his hand to his brow in a

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"HE STUDIED IT CAREFULLY."

bewildered manner. "At first I was all on fire—I was nearly distracted—I spent money wildly, here, there, and everywhere—I was full of hope. Although I was nearly mad, my hope of finally discovering the lad never deserted me. But of late the queer feeling that the whole thing is a delusion comes to me whenever I attempt to take any steps to find the boy. Granted that you have cured me for the time being, I shall go back to my rooms at the Albany to-night, and assure myself once again that it is useless to fret, for I never had a son."

"We will not encourage that delusion by talking of it," I said. "Rest assured that you had a son, that in all probability you still have one, and that it is your bounden duty to search the earth until you recover him."

"Do you say so, indeed? With what energy you speak."

"It is necessary to speak with energy," I replied; "the case is pressing, you must move Heaven and earth to get back that boy. It is impossible for you to tell what fate may now be his."

"I cannot do more than I have done, doctor—at the present moment there are two detectives working day and night in my service. From the moment Price, the junior master at Wickham House, saw the boy step into a hansom with a woman who pretended to be his aunt, he has vanished as completely and utterly as if he had never existed."

"The boy has been very cleverly kidnapped," I said. "The woman who pretended to be his aunt is, of course, at the bottom of the whole affair. There is no reason to suppose that money has had anything to do with this strange case; the boy was also much too old to be trained as an acrobat—in short, the case plainly points to revenge."

"Revenge," said Cavendish, fixing his eyes on me, and giving me a startled and astonished glance—"Who could possibly hate a boy like that?"

"Not likely," I replied; "but someone could hate you. Have you an enemy?"

"If you ask me if I *have* an enemy, I think I can honestly reply 'No,'" he answered, after a little pause.

"You speak with doubt," I said. "I will slightly change my question. Had you an enemy in the past?"

"Oh, the past," he repeated, thoughtfully. "You are half a detective, doctor."

"Only so far a detective," I replied, "that I have made human nature the one study of my life."

"Doubtless such a study gives you clues to men's secrets," was the answer. "Well, I can give you an unpleasant history, but before I speak of it, I will just tell you one or two things with regard to my present. I married late in life. Shortly after the birth of the boy my wife died. Almost immediately after her death I came in for a fine property—an estate in Essex worth some thousands a year. The place is called 'The Howe,' and my boy and I have spent some happy Christmases there. The boy was the brightest creature—I could never be dull in his society—I was glad to feel that he would inherit my acres some day. When with him my past ceased to worry me."

"I am sorry to have to ask you to rake up unpleasant memories," I interrupted.

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all. The fact is this:—

"I was once obliged owing to strange circumstances to act in a very unpleasant, and what appeared to be almost a vindictive, way towards a woman. She was a Creole, a passionate and strikingly handsome creature. She had made the acquaintance of a young fellow, who was at the time one of my greatest friends—she induced him to promise her marriage. I doubted and distrusted her from the first, and moved Heaven and earth

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to keep my friend from committing himself to such a disastrous step as a marriage with her. All my expostulations were in vain—he was madly in love; and this woman, Thora, had a most unbounded influence over him. Unexpectedly, it was given to me to put a spoke in her wheel. Even at the altar I was just in time to save my friend—I discovered that Thora had a husband already, and brought him to the church at the critical moment. All was up for her, then, of course; but I shall never forget the look on her face. My poor friend died of yellow fever two months afterwards, and Thora's husband himself fell a victim to the fell disease. But I had made an enemy of this woman, and during the remainder of my stay in Jamaica she was a thorn in my side. One day she forced her way into my presence, and asked me if I would give her compensation for the injury I had inflicted on her. I asked her what she meant. She suggested that I should marry her myself. I refused, with horror. She bestowed upon me a glance of the most unutterable hate, and told me that I should rue the day when I had ever interfered with her.

"Shortly afterwards I went home, and sincerely hoped that I should never see her or be troubled by her again. Judge therefore of my feelings when on the eve of my marriage I received a most intemperate letter from her. She again repeated the words which she had uttered when parting from me: 'You will rue the day you interfered with me.' She wrote to me from Jamaica, and being so far away, I did not think it possible that she could carry out her threat, although from what I knew of her character I believed her to be quite capable of any mode of revenge. I married, and was happy. Some years afterwards I received a newspaper with a marked passage; it contained an account of this woman's marriage to a Swede. Since then I have heard nothing about her. Let us forget her, Dr. Halifax—she could not possibly have had anything to do with the disappearance of my son, and the subject is most distasteful to me."

"Nevertheless, from what you have told me, it is more than evident that if this woman is still living you have an enemy."

"I had an enemy at the time, no doubt—but I scarcely think that even Thora would keep up her evil feelings for fourteen or fifteen years, and then suddenly rise up as if from the grave to do me a fearful injury. The greatest dare-devil that ever lived would surely not allow her revenge to slumber so long."

"That may or may not be," I said. "I consider what you have told me a most important clue to the recovery of your boy. In short, not a moment should be lost in finding out where this woman now is."

Mr. Cavendish shrugged his shoulders.

"If she is really at the bottom of it," he said, after a pause, "we shall never find her. She was quite the cleverest woman I have known. In short, she was capable in the old days of outwitting twenty detectives. I have no reason to suppose that her talents have rusted with years. If she is at the bottom of this affair, the boy is hopelessly lost."

"You have no right to say so," I answered, with some indignation. "However bad and unscrupulous a woman may be, it is possible, surely, to outwit her. In short, you will forgive me for saying that this story should have been confided to your detectives some time ago."



"A GLANCE OF UNUTTERABLE HATE."

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Mr. Cavendish looked at me fixedly.

"If you think so, I will tell them," he said. "It did not occur to me to connect her with the affair. My belief is that she is in all probability dead—she comes of a short-lived race. Yes, I think you are mistaken, but, as you say, no stone should be left unturned, and I will have a talk with one of the detectives this evening."

Mr. Cavendish left me soon afterwards. I felt that our interview had at least done this much good—it had shaken the terrible delusion which made him doubt that he had ever been the father of a son. I was glad at least of this, and wondered if it would be my fate to hear anything more of this strange story.

The next day, to my surprise, Mr. Cavendish called again upon me.

"Well," I said, "I am glad to see you. What does your detective say? How is the affair progressing? What steps are being taken to find the woman Thora?"

He gave me a queer and somewhat unsteady glance.

"The fact is this," he said: "I have said nothing whatever about that woman to the detectives employed in my service."

I could not help feeling regret, and showing it.

"Are you not aware," I said, "that there is not a day to be lost if you are ever to get possession of your boy again?"

"Ah, there's the rub," he said, slowly. "*Had I a boy?*" He folded his hands tightly together, and looked straight out of the window. Then he turned suddenly round and looked me full in the face.

"It is useless for you to argue the point," he said. "When I left you last night, that thing occurred which I told you would happen: I went to my rooms in the Albany, ordered dinner, and telegraphed to the detective MacPherson to call upon me. I had no sooner done so than I laughed at myself for my pains. I felt the delusion, or whatever you like to call it, coming upon me in full force. How could MacPherson recover for me what had never existed? How could I who never had a son embrace one? I sat down to dinner, ate with appetite, refused to believe that I was suffering under any grief whatever, and when the detective arrived apologized for having troubled him, told him that I had nothing fresh to talk over, and dismissed him. No sooner had he gone than I regretted my own action—I perceived that my mind was verging to the other end of the pendulum. I spent a night of agony, bewailing the boy whom I then believed in—cursing myself for having dismissed the detective; but now, again, the belief that I have no son is with me—you see for yourself what a state is mine—I am incapable of taking any efficient steps in this matter."

"You are," I said, abruptly. "May I not take up the case for you?"

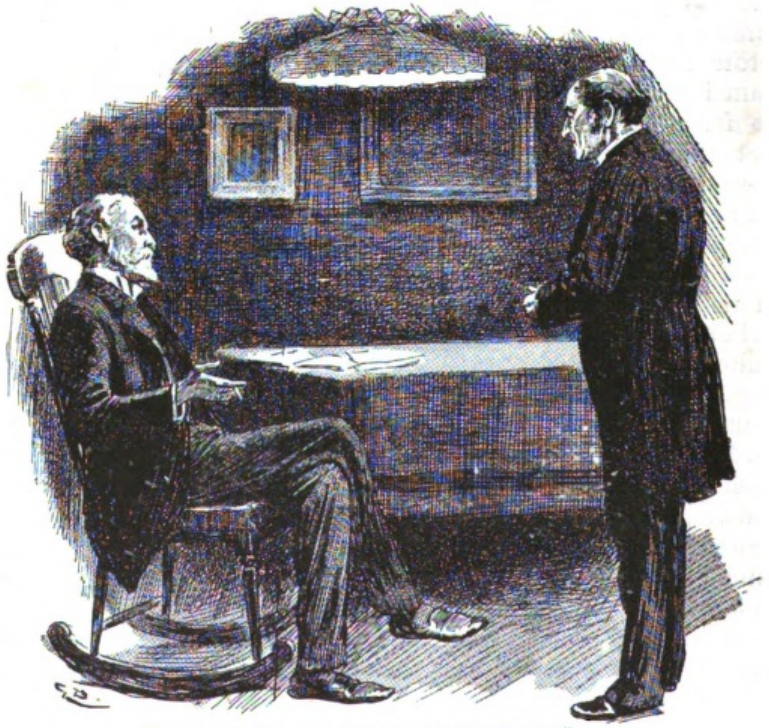
"You?" he said, opening his eyes. "Good heavens! what has a doctor to do with it?"

"I undertake it for you, because you are ill," I said, "because the story is peculiar, and because I am deeply interested."

"You are good," he said. "Yes, act as you think well."

"Give me your detective's address," I said—"I will have an interview with him this evening—and as you know that a woman called Thora certainly did exist in the past, give me what particulars you can with regard to her appearance."

"She was dark and handsome," he answered—"a tall woman with flashing eyes. That was the description of her in the old



"I APOLOGIZED FOR HAVING TROUBLED HIM."

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days—if she is still alive, she is probably past recognition, her hair would in all probability be snow-white—I am an old man, and she is older. Oh, she is dead, doctor; do not let us waste our time in thinking of her further."

I made no reply to this, but took down in my note-book several particulars which I almost forced Cavendish to give me. He left me after a time, and in the course of the day I saw the detective, MacPherson. The man was a shrewd fellow, and I thought it best to take him completely into my confidence. He believed the fresh clue which I was able to furnish him with of the utmost importance—said that the name Thora was in itself so uncommon as to be a valuable guide, and promised to let me hear from him in a few days.

A week passed by without anything fresh occurring—Cavendish was beginning to haunt my house—he came each morning and evening—his mind was still in a terrible state of unbalance—verging one moment to the extreme limits of despair at the thought of the lad he had lost—half an hour afterwards doubting not only that he ever possessed a lad, but even that he himself really existed. I waited anxiously for news from the detective, but day after day passed without any clue whatever being forthcoming.

One morning, early, I received a telegram which upset my own arrangements considerably—the telegram was from a very wealthy patient who was travelling in Russia, and who had been taken seriously ill. He believed himself to be dying in an out-of-the-way place called Bakou. He begged of me to come to him without a moment's delay. Expense was of no moment; he urged me not to delay an hour in setting out on my long journey. The sick man was not only a patient of some years' standing, but was also a very old friend of mine. I could scarcely desert him in such stress, and, after a brief reflection, decided to go to him. I wired to him to expect me as soon as train and steamer could bring me to his side, and then went to Cook's office to get particulars with regard to my unlooked-for journey. Bakou is a small town on a tongue of land jutting into the Caspian Sea—it is on the west coast. I found, to my dismay, that it would not be possible for me to reach this remote corner of the world under ten days' hard travelling. I might slightly shorten my journey by going from London to Vienna, and then on to Odessa by train—but, travel day and night as fast as I could, it would be impossible for me to reach my poor friend under nine to ten days. I telegraphed to him again to this effect, but his reply, which reached me in the course of the evening, implored me to set off without an hour's delay.

"I am alone in this horrible place," he telegraphed; "no English doctor within reach. My last chance of life depends on your coming."

I had scarcely read the words of this long foreign telegram, before the detective, MacPherson, was ushered into my presence.

"Well, sir," he said, doffing his hat as he spoke, "I am sorry to have kept you and the other gentleman waiting so long, but I do think I have got a bit of a clue at last."

"Pray be seated," I said, "and tell me all about it."

MacPherson seated himself on the edge of a chair, holding his round, soft hat between his knees.

"It is a queer business altogether," he said, "but the fact is, I have traced the boy to Vienna."

"Vienna!" I said, startled. "What do you mean?"

"What I say, sir. After very careful inquiries, I have found out that a lad, exactly answering to the description of Master Cavendish, went in the company of two women, one young, one middle-aged, *viâ* Calais and Dover, to Vienna about ten weeks ago. Let me see, this is the 5th of July; the day the boy went to London was the 26th of April. A fair and a dark lady accompanied by a lad in all points answering to the photograph, a copy of which I hold in my pocket, started for Vienna on that day. From there they went straight on to Odessa. I can't trace them any farther. One of the women would answer to the description Mr. Cavendish gave you of the Creole whom he used to know in his early youth. She is a handsome, tall woman, with a slender, well-preserved figure—flashing, dark eyes, and hair which is only slightly sprinkled with grey—she evidently had an accomplice with her, for a fair-haired woman, much younger, accompanied her and the boy. Now, sir, I propose to start for Odessa to-night, in order to follow up this clue. In a case of this kind, and in such a remote part of the world, only personal investigation can do anything."

"You are right," I answered. "Now, I have something strange to tell you. I am also starting for Odessa this evening."

The man gaped at me in astonishment.

"Yes," I replied, "I am going to Odessa *en route* to a place on the Caspian Sea of the

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name of Bakou. After what you have just informed me, I shall endeavour to persuade Mr. Cavendish to go with me."

The detective rubbed his hands slowly together.

"Nothing can be better for my purpose," he answered, after a pause—"only Mr. Cavendish must be quite certain to keep himself dark, for if this woman Thora really kidnapped the boy, she will be able, in a Russian town like Odessa, effectually to hide him or even to take his life, if her object is revenge and she knows that his father has arrived."

"What can have induced the boy to go with her?" I said. "A lad of fourteen has surely a will of his own."

"Oh, she made up something, sir—the matter seems to me plausible enough. The lad was sent for to town on the pretext of meeting his aunt. This woman would tell the unsuspecting boy that his father, who was then on the Continent, had desired her to bring him out to him. Of course, the lad would follow her then to the world's end, and be only too pleased to do so. Well, doctor, I will leave you now, and prepare for my long journey."

I bade the man "good-bye," and sent a wire to Mr. Cavendish, to ask him to call on me at once. He was at home, and arrived at my house between six and seven o'clock.

"I have news for you," I said, the moment he appeared.

I then told him of the sudden journey which I was obliged to make, briefly related the interview which I had just had with the detective, and then proposed that he should accompany me to Odessa.

"I feel full of hope," I said. "Your presence on the spot may be necessary in order to identify your son. How soon can you be ready to join me?"

He had been looking depressed and full of despair when he entered the room, but the news which I had for him acted like champagne. His eyes brightened, he clenched his hands in a thoroughly healthy manner, used some strong words with regard to Thora, and then said that he would accompany me.

"Go back to the Albany at once," I said; "pack what is necessary for your journey, get some money, and meet me at Victoria at a quarter to eight. We can talk as much as we like *en route*, but now there is not a moment to lose."

"You are right," he said. "I am a new man; the terrible delusion seems to have left me completely. I will be at Victoria at the hour you name."

He had drawn himself up to his full height. Already he looked ten years younger. He left my house, and, punctually to the moment, I met him on the departure platform at Victoria Station. We took our seats in the train, and were soon steaming away at a rapid pace towards Dover. I need not describe the early part of our journey—it was absolutely uneventful. Travelling right through, we reached Vienna in about thirty hours from the date of our departure from London. At Vienna I got my first glimpse of the detective, MacPherson, who was travelling in the same train, but second-class. He was dressed in a rough tweed suit, which completely metamorphosed his appearance.



"I AM A NEW MAN."

We reached Odessa at night, and I found, almost to my relief, for I was completely tired out, that there were no means of continuing my journey until the following morning. On making inquiries, I found that I must now take steamer and cross the Black Sea to a place called Batoum. The journey by steamer would take some days, as the only boats available would coast a good deal. My duty, of course, lay straight and clear before me. I was on my way to my sick friend, but I found rather to my dismay that Cavendish, left alone, would be almost incapable of guiding himself. His mind was without any doubt in a weak state. Full of

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hope as he was during the greater part of that long journey, the painful illusion that he was following a vain quest, a will-o'-the-wisp, the dictation of a dream, came over him from time to time. Left alone at Odessa, he would in all probability spoil MacPherson's game.

"You had better come with me," I said; "you will do no good here. MacPherson is as sharp a fellow as I ever met. As soon as he gets a real clue, he can telegraph to you, and you can return. Your best plan now will be to come with me, and give him a clear coast."

"I see no good in that," he replied; "it seems that a boy answering to my son's description has undoubtedly reached this place. I should know that woman among a thousand—I should know the boy—whether he is a dream-boy or my own son, God alone can tell; but I should know his face again. Why should I leave the place?"

"You must please yourself, of course," I answered; "my own course is plain. I must take steamer for Batoum at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you like, you can accompany me, and I shall be glad to have you, but if not, I trust you will telegraph to me as soon as anything transpires."

"I will do so assuredly," he answered.

Almost immediately afterwards we both retired for the night. In the early morning I received a note from Cavendish.

"I have made up my mind to remain at Odessa for a week at least," he wrote.

I tore up the note, and prepared for my own journey—I was to be on board the steamer at nine o'clock. When I went down to the quay I saw MacPherson standing there looking about him with all an Englishman's curiosity. In his rough suit, he looked like the typical traveller; he touched his hat and came up to me.

"Mr. Cavendish stays behind," I said to him, briefly; "you will look after him, will you not?"

"Yes, sir; but it is best for me not to appear to know him."

"Have you made any plans for yourself?" I asked.

"I believe I have got a clue, Dr. Halifax, but I am not quite certain yet. I know a little of many languages—even a few words of Russian. At a café last night I met a Russian who knows the part of the world where you are going. There is a great colony of Swedes there—that woman married a Swede."

I nodded.

"Well, there are Swedes at Bakou—in fact, the most important part of the population consists of that nationality—the great firm of Nobel Brothers have their kerosene works there—theirs are much the largest kerosene refining works in the world. My Russian friend knows all about them. He informed me that there is a woman there who speaks English—the wife of one of the overseers. The point for us to find out now is: Who is this English-speaking woman? Can she be the one whom we are seeking? I shall not leave Odessa until the next steamer starts, in order to search this place thoroughly, but it is more than probable you will see me some day before long at Bakou."

"If you come, you had better bring Mr. Cavendish with you," I said.

"I must be guided by circumstances," he answered.

It was now time for me to go on board the steamer, which almost immediately afterwards got under way.

I shall not soon forget the tedium, and yet the wonderful beauty, of that voyage—the steamer coasted almost the entire way, and in consequence our progress was slow, but in process of time we reached the large town of Batoum. From there I took train to Tiflis, and in course of time found myself at Bakou. My journey had, as I anticipated, quite covered ten days. A more desolate-looking town than Bakou it would be difficult to find. The place at one time belonged to the Persians, but is now owned by Russia—it is built on a sand hill, and overlooks the Caspian Sea. High winds and clouds of sand scour the little town from morning to night. Of trees or green of any sort, there is none. I drove straight to the Hôtel Métropole—the best in the place, where my friend, General Morgan, had rooms. The hotel was built, as is usual on the Continent, round a courtyard, and the sick man, of course, occupied the best rooms. I found him very ill, and my hope that I might be able immediately to bring him home was frustrated—he was suffering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever, and although the worst symptoms had now abated, there was little chance of his being moved for many weeks to come. When I entered his bedroom, I was surprised to see a woman dressed as an English nurse seated by his bedside. She rose when I entered and stood respectfully — when I spoke, she answered me in English—the patient's state had evidently filled her with alarm, and she was much relieved at seeing me. General

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Morgan was too ill to enter into any conversation, and after a short time I left the room, beckoning to the nurse to follow me.

"I am glad that you are here," I said; "my patient is fortunate to have obtained the services of an English nurse."

"Oh, I live here," she replied, speaking with a slightly foreign accent; "my home is here; I am the wife of a Swede of the name of Nehber. I happened to hear that an Englishman was very ill at the Métropole, and came a week ago to offer my services. I have been well trained as a nurse, and was glad of the chance of earning a little money on my own account. My patient told me that he had telegraphed to his English doctor to come out to him, so we have been expecting you, sir, and I took the liberty to engage a room in advance. May I show it to you now?"

She led the way as she spoke along a gallery, opened the door of a spacious but not uncomfortable bedroom, and left me. When she had done so, I went straight to the window and looked out. The sight of this woman had aroused my keenest interest—her appearance on the scene was absolutely unexpected—she had doubtless saved my patient's life; but, thankful as I was to her for that, it was not on General Morgan's account that my pulse beat faster than usual at the present moment. Was this by any strange chance the woman whom Cavendish had known long ago? She spoke English well, she was extremely well preserved, but several signs showed me that she was no longer young—her figure was upright, she was well made—in her youth she was doubtless handsome. I felt disturbed, and at first regretted that neither the detective nor Cavendish had accompanied me. But on second thoughts I began to believe that I might manage this matter best by myself. Fru Nehber, as she was called, had no reason to suspect me. I was in very truth a *bonâ-fide* English doctor, who had come at great inconvenience to visit my patient. I might be able to draw her out—it might be my mission to rescue the boy. My heart beat high at the thought.



"DRESSED AS AN ENGLISH NURSE."

After refreshing myself with a bath, I went into the town to collect my thoughts. The foreign and peculiar aspect of the place would at any other moment have filled me with interest. Almost every Eastern nationality seemed to be represented in the streets. Turks in green and rose colour, Persians with long, yellow silk coats, Tartars in their white tunics, small caps, and yellow boots—the place was alive with colour and vivacity. The cries of all sorts of nations—in short, a confusion of tongues—resounded through the streets. I entered one of the bazaars, and tried to make myself understood, but found it impossible, as the only languages spoken were Russian or Persian, with an occasional mixture of Swedish. I came back to the Métropole, and entering my patient's room, sat down by his side. The nurse—dressed quietly, as an English nurse should be—stood now by one of the windows; the casement was open to let in some air. My patient had awakened after a long sleep; he turned his eyes and fixed them on my face

"You are good to come, Halifax," he said. "I am more grateful to you than I can say. I feel now that, what with Fru Nehber's care and yours, I have every chance of recovery."

"Yes, you are very fortunate in securing the attendance of an English nurse," I said.

"I should have been dead long ago, but for her," he replied, speaking in a thin, weak voice. "In short, I owe my life to her."

He gave the nurse a grateful glance, which she did not return — her hands were tightly locked together, her black eyes seemed to be watching the crowd, ever changing, but always present, who wrangled and chattered in the courtyard. A cart rattled in, making a loud noise—it was slightly built, with very high and slender wheels—some travellers alighted and entered the hotel—Fru Nehber left her position by the window, and came into the centre of the room.

"Have you noticed our peculiar and interesting streets, doctor?" she said, speaking with a low, rather strange, intonation, as if she weighed each word before she uttered it.

"I have been in the streets," I replied.

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"I have never visited an Eastern town like this before—it is full of strange wonder to me; but, of course, being unacquainted with any language spoken here, I am rather at a loss how to proceed."

"You will permit me to be your interpreter," she said again—"I shall have pleasure in helping you in any way in my power."

"That will be kind of you," I answered.

"The patient will sleep after he has had his composing draught," she continued. "Will you come with me and see the place by moonlight?"

I responded in the affirmative. I went down stairs presently to supper, and by-and-by Fru Nehber, who now wore a long grey cloak, and a neat little nurse's bonnet, also grey, joined me.

She took me out with her and explained much of the strange scene.

"This is a queer place to live in," she said suddenly, clasping her hands; "in short, it is death in life; you can imagine, can you not, how I hate it?"

"I suppose you have a good reason for staying here," I said. "This is certainly the last place in the world in which I should expect to see a trained nurse and an Englishwoman."

"An Englishwoman never knows where she may go," was the reply; "and then, have I not told you that I am married? I am married to an overseer of the great kerosene works."

"By the way, where are they?" I asked. "I have heard a good deal of them from different travellers on my journey, and would much like to see them."

She was silent for a moment, and seemed to hesitate.

"You shall see them," she said then; "but first tell me if it is your purpose to remain here long."

"I shall probably stay for two or three days," I answered. "Of course, it is impossible for me to remain long out of London, but now that I have come so far, I must see my patient right through the crisis."

"It is past, I assure you, doctor; your friend will live."

"You seem to know a good deal about illness," I answered, giving her a keen glance.

"There are few things I do not know," she replied; "I have travelled much; I understand life. Sorrow, regret, bitterness, have been my portion, but through these things we learn. You are doubtless a great doctor, and a clever man, but you do not understand our Eastern illnesses. Your friend would have died but for me—now he will live, have no fear for him."

"Well, I shall stay here for a day or two," I answered. "I will then return home and send out a friend of mine, also a medical man, who can bring General Morgan by easy stages to England when he is fit to travel."

"That will be a good plan," she replied. "That will relieve me."

"Then you do not nurse as a profession?" I said.

"Not now. But I was glad to nurse the Englishman, for he will pay me well."

"Is not your husband well off?"

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty to do at home—still, the news that an Englishman was sick unto death drew me to his side."

"Have you children?" I asked.

She looked hard at me; her black, piercing eyes seemed to read me through.

"No," she said; then abruptly turned aside.

"It is very kind of you to trouble to show me this place," I continued, after a pause.

"I am pleased to help you," she answered; "you seem good and strong. I don't care for goodness, but I have a great respect for strength."

I made no answer to this, and soon afterwards we returned to the hotel. I noticed that she said nothing more with regard to my request to see the kerosene works, but the next day when I alluded to the subject I found that she had not forgotten my wish.

"I have arranged everything," she said; "your patient is better—you need not fear to leave him. You can spend an interesting day. It is impossible, of course, for me to accompany you; but I have a friend—a young girl—who lives with me in my home. My home is not here, but five miles distant, just on the borders of the great kerosene works. I have asked my friend to meet you there. She speaks very little English, but she is a good French scholar—you understand French, do you not?"

"I can speak French, of course," I answered.

"Oh, then, that is excellent. There is a Swede here who speaks French. He will drive you straight to the works of the Brothers Nobel. Doubtless, after you have seen them, you would like to go on to the great feature of this place."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The Eternal Fires—they are wonderful! No one ought to come as far as Bakou

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without seeing them. Now go—your patient is in my charge—have a pleasant day."

She waved her hand to me in a somewhat theatrical style, and I left her.

Half an hour afterwards, I was driving in one of the queer native carriages in the direction of the great refining works of Nobel Brothers. My driver, who was also to act as my interpreter, understood a few words of the French language. The country over which we went was extremely desolate. After driving about five miles, I saw in the distance a hill, crowned with many tall, black, pyramid-shaped objects, looking something like a pine forest. As we came nearer I quickly discovered what they really were—numberless chimneys, out of which the liquid naphtha was rising, sometimes to the height of two or three hundred feet into the air. Fru Nehber was evidently inclined to be kind to me, and had left no stone unturned to provide for my comfort. When I arrived at the works, I was met by her husband—an elderly man, with a great white beard and heavy moustache.

He took me all over the kerosene works, gave me a carefully-prepared meal, and showed me every attention. It was late in the afternoon—almost evening—when I parted from him.

"By the way," I said, suddenly, "your wife told me that I should meet a young French lady here."

"Oh," he answered, with a start; "she alludes, of course, to Felicia La Touche, a girl who has been staying with us for some time; she is away to-day: important business called her suddenly from home."

I noticed as he spoke that, simple as his words were, a look of irritation and annoyance crossed his face.

"My wife is a peculiar woman," he said, slowly; "she takes whims, Monsieur le Docteur, and sometimes those who are with her suffer, but Felicia means well. I presume, sir," he added, breaking off abruptly, "that you are now about to visit the old Temple of the Fire Worshippers?"

"That is my intention," I replied. "It is surely worth seeing?"

"It is. The fires at night make a weird and fantastic spectacle. I will now say farewell."

He shook hands with me as he spoke, and a few moments later I was continuing my drive. The distance from the kerosene works to the Fire Worshippers' Temple was a matter of about twelve miles. The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, and a night of great darkness was ushered in.



"THE FLAMES SHOT UP TO SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF FEET."

The road was of the roughest, and I quickly perceived the advisability of using the queer carriages built of withies, with their very high and slender wheels—the wheels could sink deep into the sand, and their height kept the travellers at a respectful distance from the choking dust. We had gone some distance when I suddenly saw on the horizon what looked like long, low, white walls; in short, what seemed to be the inclosure of an

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Eastern city. I asked my guide what these walls were, and he informed me with a nod that they were the white walls which surrounded the old Hindu Temple of the Fire Worshippers.

As we came nearer, little tongues of fire shot out of the ground at short intervals—they rose from a foot to two feet high, spouting up suddenly, and then dying away. Our horse, a very strong animal, was evidently accustomed to this subterranean burning, and was not in the least alarmed, moving quietly aside when the fire sprang up directly in his path. My guide and charioteer drove with care—he was now absolutely silent—I also sat quiet, musing on the strangeness of my present situation, wondering if an adventure were before me, and if it was really to be my happy lot to rescue Mr. Cavendish's long-lost son.

By-and-by we reached the white walls—my guide jumped down from his driver's seat, and pulled a bell. The custodian of the deserted temple—for the fire-worshipping had long ago been given up—now appeared. He held a lantern in his hand, which lit up his weird and wrinkled face. He was dressed in the garb of a Russian soldier, and took care quickly to inform me, my driver acting as interpreter, that he was one hundred and nine years of age.*

We soon found ourselves in a large courtyard, surrounded by very broad and fairly high walls. Piercing these walls at regular intervals were small doorways, which I discovered led into low, dark rooms. In these rooms the monks used to live. The centre of the court was occupied by a building raised on thick pillars. This was doubtless the ancient temple. On one side of the surrounding walls rose a heavy, square building, surmounted by two low towers. Out of each of these ascended now high columns of flame, lighting up the entire place, and giving it a most strange and weird appearance. The flames rose to several hundreds of feet, and shot up clear and steady into the night air. My guide, having tied up the horse outside, quickly joined us and began to interpret as well as he could the old custodian's remarks, but his knowledge of any language but his own was extremely slight, and the scene spoke for itself. I soon left the guide and custodian, and walking across the court, began to make investigations on my own account. The men stood together, talking in low tones just where the light fell fully upon them, but behind the temple in the middle of the court there was deep shadow. I had just approached this shadow when I was startled by the touch of a light hand on my arm—I turned quickly, and saw a girl standing by my side.

"I have been expecting you," she said; "I have been hoping you would come—you are the English doctor, are you not?"

"I am a doctor," I replied, "and who are you?"

"Felicia La Touche—oh, I know Fru Nehber will kill me, but I don't care—I have waited for you here all day, when I heard you were coming; I brought the boy here on purpose. Oh, he is ill, very ill—he will die if something is not soon done. My God, I can't stand it any longer—his cries, and the way he wails for his father! I think his mind must be wandering a little—he thinks that his father is coming to him—he has been thinking so all day. Oh, can you do anything—can you save him?"

"One moment first," I said. "What is the boy's name?"

She clasped her hands together with some violence—her agitation was extreme.

"He is an English boy," she said; "Malcolm Cavendish. I helped to kidnap him a couple of months ago. Oh! how wretched I have been ever since! But this is not the time for me to talk of my own feelings. Come; come at once. Oh, you may save him yet!"

As she spoke she pulled me forward—she was a young girl, and very pretty, but her fair face was now absolutely distorted with misery and terror. She opened a door in one of the walls, and the next moment I found myself in a tiny room in which I could scarcely stand upright.

"Here I am, Malcolm," said the girl; "I have brought a good doctor to see you."

"I don't want any light, Felicia," was the strange reply. "When my eyes are shut, I can see father—I know he is coming to me. Don't bring a light, I shall see the horrible faces, and all the queer things, if you do—let me be, I am quite happy in the dark."

"You must bear the light; you will be better soon," she replied.

She struck a match, held it to a candle in a swing lantern, and motioned me to come forward. A boy was lying stretched out flat on the ground at one end of the Fire Worshippers' cell; a rough sackcloth covered him—a bundle of the same was placed under

* A fact.

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"SHE STRUCK A MATCH."

his head—his face was very white and thin—his big, dark eyes, which were looking up eagerly, had an unmistakable pathos in them which stabbed me to the very heart.

"Who are you?" he said, half sitting up, and gazing at me in a kind of terror. "Are you—is it true—*are* you father?"

"No, my boy," I replied, "but I know your father, and I have come to take you to him. Fear nothing now that I have come."

"Oh, take him, take him away," said Felicia, "take him at once. I don't care if I die afterwards, if only his life is saved. He is so sweet—such a dear boy—he has been so brave—he has kept up his courage through so much. I don't mind giving up my life for him. Take him away—take him away."

The boy lay back exhausted on his rough pillow. The relief of seeing me and of hearing my voice was evidently great, but he was too weak for the least exertion. The atmosphere of the wretched little cell was terribly oppressive, and I thought that he might revive in the open air.

I lifted him in my arms and took him outside.

"You are very brave," I said, looking down at the French girl. "This boy's father will thank you for what you have done some day."

"No," she answered; "I shall die—she will kill me—you don't know what her powers of revenge are; but, never mind—never mind; take him and go."

"I will take him," I said; "there is a carriage outside, and he shall return with me to Bakou to-night, but I cannot leave you in extreme peril. Can I do anything for you?"

"It does not matter about me—take him away, go."

She was evidently beside herself with terror and anxiety.

"Why are you delaying?" she said, stamping one of her feet. "Herr Nehber is a good man; but, listen—he is *afraid of his wife*. If he knew what I am doing, he would frustrate me; take the boy and go—go before it is known. I have been waiting for you here all day long. I feared beyond words that you would be prevented coming. The man who drove you here is a friend of mine; he will take you safely back to Bakou. Stay, I will speak to him."

She left me and ran quickly across the court—the boy lay in my arms half-fainting—weighted with such a burden, I was obliged to follow her slowly.

"It is all right," she said, when I came up; "my friend will take you safely to Bakou. He is glad—I think we are all glad—to know that the English boy has a chance of escape. Don't fret about me—old Ivan will take care of me, and there are hiding-places here. Good-bye, Malcolm; get well, be happy, and don't forget Felicia."

She flung her arms round the boy's neck, pressed a quick kiss on his forehead, and the next moment had vanished into the great shadow and was lost to view.

It was past midnight when I found myself back again at the Hôtel Métropole. I had thought much during that drive, and resolved by a bold stroke to take the lad right into the enemy's camp. In such an extremity as mine only great daring could win the day. I resolved for the sake of the boy to brave much. I would meet this terrible Fru Nehber on her own grounds. I felt, however, that the odds were against me. As far as I could tell, I was the only Englishman in the place.

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I was mistaken. The first person I saw when I entered the courtyard was a tall traveller bearing the unmistakable air and dress of my own country.

"You speak English?" I said, the moment my eye met his.

"Yes," he replied, coming forward; "can I do anything for you?"

"Have you taken a room here?"

"Yes."

"This boy is ill—he is an English boy. I have just rescued him from a most terrible situation. May I take him straight to your room? I can't explain anything now, but the case is critical."

"I will help you, of course," he said; "my room is at your service."

"May I rely on you to watch the boy, and not to leave him a moment by himself until I go to him?"

"I will do all in my power."

I placed the lad in his arms and ran upstairs at once. Almost to my relief, for I was anxious to get the crisis over, I saw Fru Nehber waiting for me in the long gallery which led direct from my room to that occupied by General Morgan.

"I hope you have had a pleasant day, Dr. Halifax," she said, coming forward, and speaking in that low, rather monotonous, voice, which was one of her peculiarities.

"I have had an exciting one," I replied. "Can I speak to you for a moment?"

I saw her brow darken, and a peculiar expression fill her dark eyes—she swept on before me with the bearing of a queen, entered the salon which led into General Morgan's bedroom, and then turned and faced me.

"Will you eat first," she said. "I have had supper prepared for you here; or will you tell me your adventures?"

"I will tell you my adventures," I answered. "I visited the Fire Worshippers to-night."

"Ah!" she said. "The effect of the fire rising straight up out of the earth is fine at midnight, is it not?"

"It is weird," I replied, "weird and terrible—the place is the sort of place where a crime might be committed."

"My God, yes," she said, slightly moistening her lips.

"I was just in time to prevent one," I said, giving her a steady glance.

She did not reply—her arms fell to her sides; she advanced a step to meet me, and flung back her head.

"Yes," she said, after a very long pause, "you prevented a crime! That is interesting; of what nature was the crime?"

"You will know all that you need know," I replied, "when I tell you that Malcolm Cavendish is at present in this house, under the care of an English gentleman, who will effectually guard him, and prevent your kidnapping him again. I know all, Fru Nehber. I know who you are, and what you have done. Had I not gone to the Fire Worshippers to-night, you would have had that boy's blood on your head; as it is, I believe he can be saved. You are aware, of course, what a grave crime you have committed; even in Russia such a crime would not be tolerated. You have failed in your object, for the boy will live, and it will be my happy task to restore him to his father."

"You can have him," she said, suddenly. "I do not wish you to lodge a complaint against me with the authorities."

"I will certainly do so, if you do not leave this hotel immediately."

"I will go," she said. "When I saw you yesterday, I had a premonition that you would defeat me."

"You thought that I suspected you?"

"I had a premonition. Do you know Mr. Cavendish?"

"Yes."

She was silent again, and walked to the window.

"I have lived so long in this world," she said, suddenly, "that the unexpected never astonishes me. I have tasted some of the sweets of revenge, but you have thwarted me, and for the time being I acknowledge that I am powerless. Take the boy back to his father; but take also a message from me. Tell Mr. Cavendish that I bide my time, and that I *never forget*."

With these last words she abruptly left the room. I never saw her again.

The boy had a bad illness, and my stay at Bakou had to be indefinitely prolonged, but when Cavendish and MacPherson arrived, matters became far easier for me, and in the end I had the satisfaction of bringing back two convalescents to England. The boy is now quite well, and his father has long recovered his mental equilibrium, but I do not know anything about the fate of Felicia.

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Divers and Their Work.

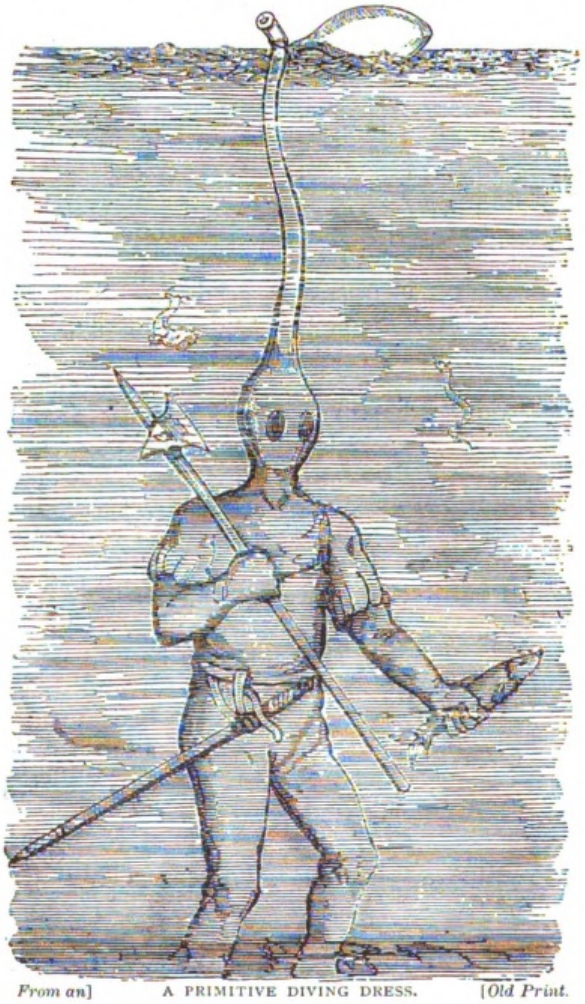
By Framley Steelcroft.

AS a rule, scientific mechanism eliminates the romantic and picturesque element from every calling into which it is introduced; an exception to this rule, however, is the art of diving, whose scope has merely been widened with the invention of elaborate appliances. To trace the history of diving is, colloquially speaking, "a large order." If memory serve, Homer compares the fall of Hector's charioteer to the action of a diver; and specially trained men were employed in subaqueous work during the siege of Syracuse, their mission being to laboriously scuttle the enemy's vessels.

The accompanying illustration is from an old print, dated 1511. On seeing this for the first time, we instantly realized that the inception of scientific diving was due to the action of an elephant when crossing a deep river; for we remembered an exceedingly uncomfortable quarter of an hour we spent with a truculent bull elephant, on whose back we crossed the Ganges below Benares. Notwithstanding the touching traditions of his kind, this particular brute disregarded our commands and caresses, and swam or walked beneath the water, breathing through his elevated trunk, with the result that we were drenched with evil-smelling water.

The London headquarters of diving, and sub-aqueous work generally, is in the Westminster Bridge Road. Wedged in between a baker's shop and a cheap clothing emporium is the modest approach to the immense establishment of Messrs. Siebe and Gorman, without doubt the greatest submarine engineers in the world. Hundreds of diving suits are made here annually for the nations of the world; and in one huge room is a deep tank wherein divers are trained.

The modern diving dress was invented in 1839 by Mr. Augustus Siebe, the founder of the above firm, whose divers were at that time engaged on the wreck of the *Royal George*. It is made of solid sheet india-rubber covered on both sides with tanned twill; it has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck, and the outer one of red india-rubber to go over the breast-plate and form a water-tight joint. The helmet is of tinned copper, and has a segment bayonet screw at the neck, corresponding with that of the breast-plate, so that it can be removed from the latter by one-eighth of a turn. The helmet itself, as may be seen in the illustration reproduced on the next page, has a circular glass panel protected by guards in the front and two oval panels at the sides. With its twenty-five candle-power electric lamp, its telephone, and perfect system of air supply, it is obviously a vast improvement on the first diver's helmet made, which is also shown; this latter helmet dates from 1829. The air-pipes are in lengths of from 30ft. to 60ft., and are made of vulcanized indiarubber and canvas, stiffened with steel wire. By means of the air-pump, air can be compressed to a pressure of 240lb. per square inch.



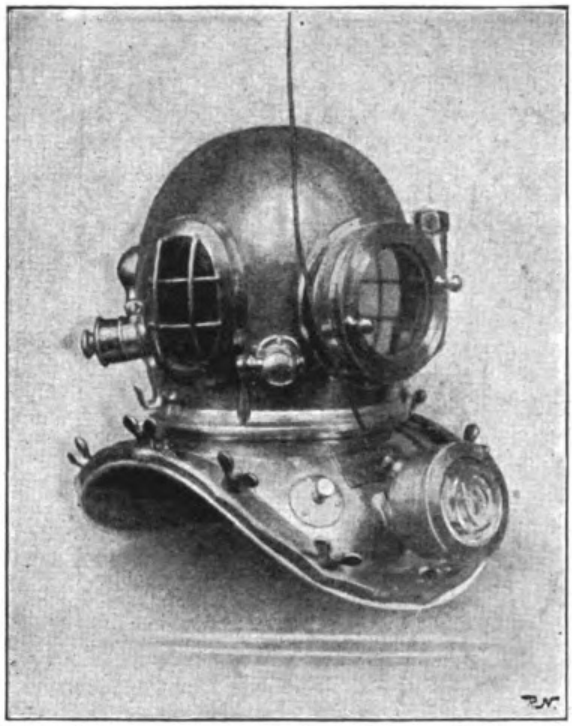
From an] A PRIMITIVE DIVING DRESS. *[Old Print.*

The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs 169½lb., and costs about £100. First of all comes 8½lb. of thick underclothing; then follow the dress itself, weighing 14lb.; boots, 32lb.—monstrous things with leaden soles; breast

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and back weights, 80lb.; and, lastly, the helmet, which weighs 35lb. The moment the latter is screwed on, the air-pumps commence working, and the diver receives a pat on the helmet to intimate that he may descend with safety.

The first illustration on the next page not only shows a fully equipped diver and his attendants, but is the more interesting in that the scene depicted is the deck of the *Camperdown* immediately after that battleship had rammed her consort, the ill-fated *Victoria;* the photograph was taken on board the *Camperdown.* We should mention that the Admiralty adopted the diving dress fully thirty years ago; and, as time went on, the apparatus became more generally used throughout the service, until at the present day every flagship carries eight fully qualified divers, and every cruiser four. Among the principal duties of a diver in the Royal Navy are the repairing of any damage sustained by the vessel below the water-line, either by accident or during warfare; clearing the propellers in the event of their being fouled by wreckage; the recovery of anchors and chains which may be lost overboard, and the removal from the ship's bottom of sea-weed and other accumulations which tend to retard the speed.



From a] MODERN DIVER'S HELMET. *[Photograph.*

We may mention in this connection that Messrs. Siebe and Gorman were commissioned to clean the hull of the *Great Eastern* while that monstrous vessel was being loaded with the cable for the Indian submarine telegraph. The contract price for the work was £1,800, and it was completed in six weeks by twelve divers. After the cleaning, the *Great Eastern* lifted fully two inches in the water, and her speed increased by three knots an hour. Nor is this surprising in view of the fact that the incrustations were more than a foot thick.

A practised diver can work from four to seven hours daily below the bottom of a vessel, and can clean from seven to fifteen square yards per hour, according to the condition of the bottom. The instruments used in this work are: a couch-grass brush, a brush made of brass wire, a deck mop weighted with lead, and an iron scraper. The diver also takes with him a hanging stage or step, which is hooked on to a rope ladder beneath the keel, and on which he sits while at work. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that deep-sea divers occasionally have a quiet nap far beneath the surface; and surely no more convincing testimony to the perfection of modern diving appliances could be adduced. One man was cleaning a ship's hull when he resolved to "knock off" and go to sleep seated on his step. He forgot, however, to secure his couch-grass brush to his wrist. Consequently, the moment the tired diver obeyed one law of Nature and fell asleep, his brush obeyed another law, and sped swiftly to the surface. The brush was



THE FIRST DIVING HELMET MADE.
From a Photograph.

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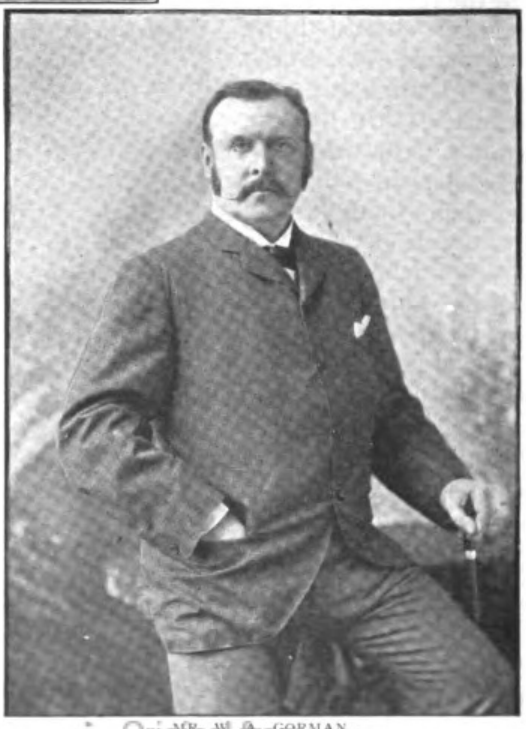
DIVER ON BOARD H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN" DRESSING TO REPAIR THE BREACH.
From a Photo. by W. Gregory & Co.

seen by the officer on duty on the vessel; the somnolent diver was awakened with no little difficulty, and, after having irretrievably committed himself in a telephonic altercation with his superior, he was called up and discharged.

Another diver, engaged on a wreck, once went down with the sole intention of sleeping away a few hours. This man, on reaching the bottom, lashed his air-pipe and life-line to a spar, and then settled himself to sleep on a rock. After a time his attendant noticed that the life-line showed no movement, so he gave two pulls on it to signify, "Are you all right?" Not only was no reply received, but it was found impossible to draw the diver to the surface. After an anxious interval, a second diver was sent down, and the wrath of this man on seeing his comrade asleep may be better imagined than described.

We give here a portrait of Mr. W. A. Gorman, one of the greatest living experts in diving, and the present head of the Westminster firm. According to this gentleman, the greatest depth at which a diver may safely work is 150ft. One of Mr. Gorman's men, however, has descended into 204ft. of water, at which depth the daring man sustained a pressure of 88½lb. on every square inch of his body. Strangely enough, the coming up is even more dangerous than the descent, owing to the rush of blood to the head when the pressure on the brain is removed. The most experienced diver rarely ascends from great depths faster than 2ft. per second, nor does he take any food for at least two hours before commencing operations. In short, divers are picked men in every sense of the word, and have to undergo a searching medical examination before being trained.

It is decidedly interesting to watch a diver being dressed. First of all, he removes his own clothes,



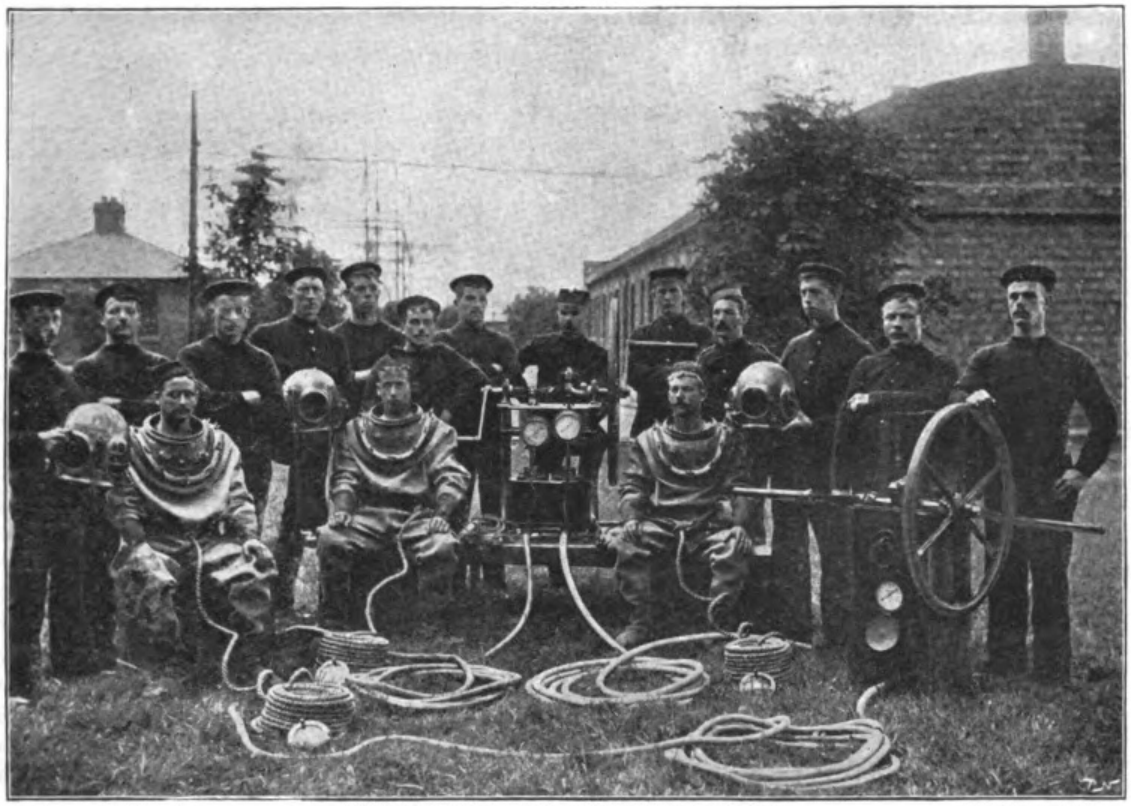
MR. W. A. GORMAN.
From a Photo. by T. Bennett & Sons, Worcester.

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and puts on a surprising quantity of underclothing—stockings, guernseys, and the like. Then comes the woollen cap, and, if the diver be venturing very deep, a crinoline, which serves to relieve the pressure of water. The shoulder-pad is then put on, after which the attendants literally force the diver into the dress itself. Outside stockings are worn, also a canvas overall to protect the dress. The diver presently steps on to the ladder, and two men are told off to man the pump; the weights are then put on, and finally the centre bull's-eye of the helmet is screwed in, after which the submarine explorer disappears beneath the surface.

well, the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air-pipe mean "More air" (pump faster), and so on throughout the code. It would be difficult to find steadier or more trustworthy men than divers' attendants; this is as it should be, for they literally hold in their hands the lives of the subaqueous workers.

There is at Chatham a school of submarine mining, the Royal Engineers having adopted the diving apparatus about twenty-seven years ago; and we reproduce here a group of the stalwart pupils thereof. Behind the air-pump in the middle is seen Quarter-master-Sergeant White, R.E., the diving



From a Photo. by] THE CHATHAM SCHOOL OF SUBMARINE MINING. *[E. Sharp & Co.*

At one time divers under water used to walk backwards, lest they should collide with something and break the glass panel of the helmet. Modern invention, however, has obviated this inconvenience. A guide-line is carried, in order that the diver may retrace his steps without entangling his air-pipe or life-line. Although a telephone for deep water divers has been invented, together with a speaking apparatus for men at a depth of 60ft., the signal code is still in force, and constant communication is maintained between the men below and their attendants. Should the latter give one pull on the life-line, it signifies, "How are you getting on?" If all is

instructor. When fully qualified, the men are engaged in laying torpedoes and harbour defence generally. By the way, the Royal Engineers' diving school owes much to Colonel Fraser and General Lennox, V.C., who were mainly instrumental in establishing it. The former officer descended to a depth of 90ft. the first time he used the dress. Each harbour is now provided with two trained divers (Royal Engineers) and a complete set of apparatus.

Mr. White was good enough to send us certain details connected with his queer academy. The subjects taught are as follows: Taking the pump to pieces; attendance on

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diver; examining moorings; finding a buoyed anchor; sending and receiving "Morse" on a life-line; and placing charges round a wreck. Altogether, the course of training lasts two months; and sixteen men were fully trained last year. Most of these divers can work 6½ hours in from 35ft. to 50ft. of water. The Duke of Connaught himself, when training at Chatham some years ago, descended to a depth of 30ft., and enjoyed the novelty of his situation so much, that it was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to come up.

The new-comer to this school is first dressed in a complete diving suit, with the exception of the front and back weights. When the bull's-eye of the helmet is screwed on and the air-pumps commence working, the pupil is allowed to sit down for a few minutes to gain confidence—for it is a ticklish business, this penetrating into "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean," particularly if the mission be to lay charges of gun-cotton. Each man at the Chatham Submarine School is a volunteer for the work, and commences operations in 10ft. of water.

Divers for the Navy are trained at Sheerness, and are allowed a course of thirty-two working days; in the training school, each class is limited to twenty-five men. The work consists in recovering articles lost, and slinging them in such a manner that they can be easily hauled up; cleaning and coppering ships' bottoms, cleaning propellers, and communicating by slate and voice. We are assured by Mr. Deighton, the instructor at Sheerness (whose portrait we give), that a diver generally looks the healthiest of the seamen. When sufficiently trained to be able to work at a depth of 120ft., seamen divers are considered fully qualified, and are drafted to various ships. It would appear that diving is quite an important branch of work in the Navy. Lieutenants who qualify for gunnery and torpedo work go through a course of from ten to twenty days' training in diving, descending to a depth of 60ft. All gunners become more or less skilful divers on attaining warrant rank, and qualify either at Devonport or at Portsmouth, where they are trained by Mr. H. Stevens, R.N., to whom we are indebted for these details, and whose portrait also appears on this page.



MR. H. STEVENS, R.N.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Landport.



MR. C. H. DEIGHTON.
From a Photo. by R. Hider, Sheerness.

About fifteen years ago Mr. Gorman was approached by a French engineer, named Carmagole, who exultingly declared he had invented a diving dress in which an expert man could work at a depth of 300ft., or even more. Mr. Gorman, who is nothing if not enterprising, resolved to test the value of the invention, which turned out to be a diving

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suit of planished steel, with lobster-like joints. This suit was made in twelve months by a celebrated Paris armourer at a cost of £600. On its completion, Mr. Gorman hired a special steamer at Marseilles and journeyed out some forty or fifty miles into the Mediterranean, accompanied by one diver. The latter upset all calculations, however, for at the last moment he refused to go down in the new dress, urging, tardily enough, that he had a wife and family dependent upon him.

In order that the costly experiment might not be wholly fruitless, Mr. Gorman resolved to send the dress down empty. It was accordingly put together with great care, and lowered 300ft. into the sea. After a quarter of an hour's immersion, the strange-looking dummy diver was hauled up, whereupon it was found that no water had entered, notwithstanding the prodigious pressure at so great a depth.



MR. ALEX. SUTHERLAND.
From a Photo. by W. Bartier, Poplar.

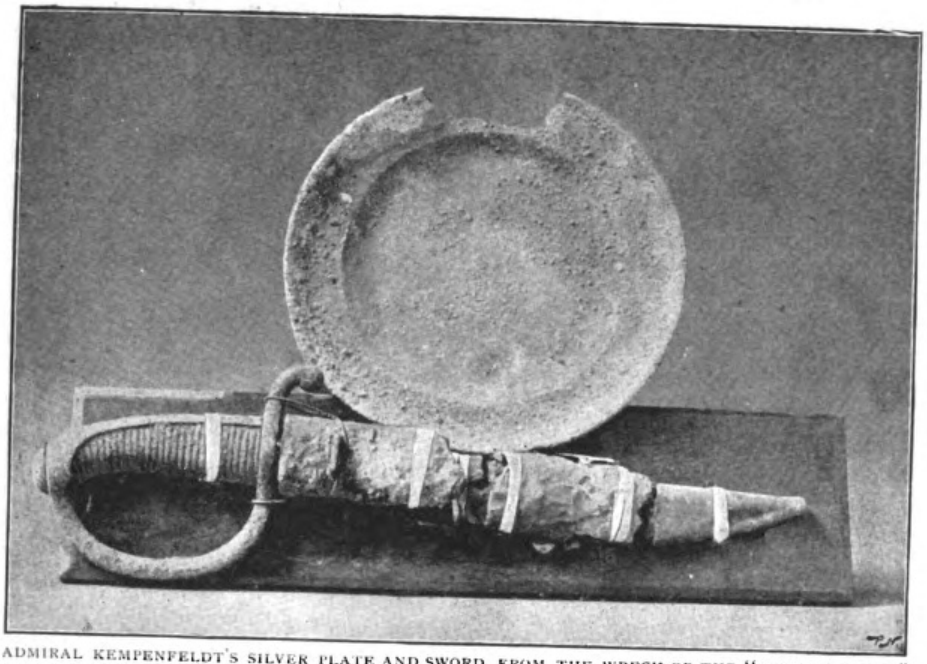
Few people, we venture to say, have heard of the wreck-destroying department of Trinity House, as conducted by the chief diver, Mr. Alexander Sutherland, whose photograph we reproduce, and who receives instructions from the head stores at Blackwall. When a wreck takes place on our coast, the Trinity House authorities at once dispatch a vessel to the scene of the disaster. This vessel is moored close to the wreck, and displays a green flag in the day-time, and burns a brilliant light at night, as a warning to passing vessels to keep clear. Wooden ships that were wrecked used to go to pieces very quickly; there are now so many iron vessels, however, that when one is sunk, it is necessary to use some expeditious mode of destroying it. The Trinity House staff of "wreckers" numbers about thirty men, and includes two divers and their attendants, or signalmen.

All the Trinity House depôts on the coast are in communication with the head-quarters at Tower Hill. The official tender, dispatched on wreck-destroying missions, is equipped with diving apparatus, cables, batteries, fuses, and a large quantity of gun-cotton. Mr. Sutherland estimates that he destroys from fifteen to twenty vessels every year. One of his recent jobs was a cargo steamer sunk off Dover in about five fathoms. This vessel lay in a particularly awkward position; its destruction took three or four weeks, and necessitated the use of nearly 4,000lb. of gun-cotton. Our informant (Sutherland himself) points out that not only does he run the risk of an ill-timed explosion, but his work as a professional diver is rendered peculiarly dangerous by reason of the loose spars and cordage of the wreck, which may entangle his air-pipe or life-line, and render him a prisoner at the bottom of the sea. We may mention that even the heavily weighted diver finds it rather difficult at times to maintain an upright position. Men diving at a depth of ten fathoms and more are cautioned not to keep their heads down for more than fifteen seconds at a time, lest the air should accumulate in the dress and cause them to glide upwards against their will. Should this occur, the diver opens the regulating cock in front of his helmet, signalling at the same time for "less air."

During the summer of 1842, a corporal and twenty-three of the rank and file of the Royal Sappers and Miners, in addition to nine men of the East India Company's sappers, were employed at Spithead, under Major-General Sir C. Pasley and the late Mr. A. Siebe, in the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George*. The operations were carried on incessantly from the 7th of May till the end of October. It is impossible to adequately describe in this article the difficulty of this prodigious task, which was sporadically carried on for several years. The divers not only worked at a great depth and with a flowing tide, but the actual scene of their labours was covered with thick mud, in which were embedded large timbers and guns, iron and shingle ballast, and a thousand other obstacles.

In Mr. Gorman's cosy office at West-

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ADMIRAL KEMPENFELDT'S SILVER PLATE AND SWORD, FROM THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."
From a Photograph.

minster may be seen a veritable museum of interesting objects, mostly recovered from the deep sea. We have spoken of the removal of the *Royal George*. Here is shown Admiral Kempenfeldt's sword together with a silver plate taken from his cabin. The ornamental vase seen in the next illustration is fashioned from the timbers and metal of the *Royal George;* while the relics grouped upon it were all found by the divers. They speak for themselves. Look at the old clay pipe, once the comfort of some doomed sailor; the cup and spoon from Kempenfeldt's cabin; the old boot and pistol, and the silk handkerchief on top of all, none the worse for its eighty-four years' immersion.

The magnitude of this subject is such that we can give but the briefest description of harbour works. During the construction of the breakwater at Libau, in Russia, no fewer than thirty divers were employed; Messrs. Siebe and Gorman having sent two of their own expert men to teach twenty-eight Russian masons how to manipulate blocks of fifty tons at the bottom of the sea. This important work took four years, half of the divers working by day, and the other half by night. This latter gang used submarine electric lamps, and were also assisted by a powerful electric lamp of enormous size, which depended from a Titan crane and penetrated the 40ft. of water. One of the most successful operations in the way of ship-raising was the floating of H.M.S. *Howe*, which struck on a rock off Ferrol. The work was undertaken by the Neptune Salvage Company, of Stockholm, presumably because English enterprise fought shy of it. The Admiralty placed all the plant they could at the disposal of the company, and Mr. submarine search-Gorman contributed the lights and diving dresses.

The method adopted was at once simple and efficacious. The rock that had penetrated the battleship's bottom was blown

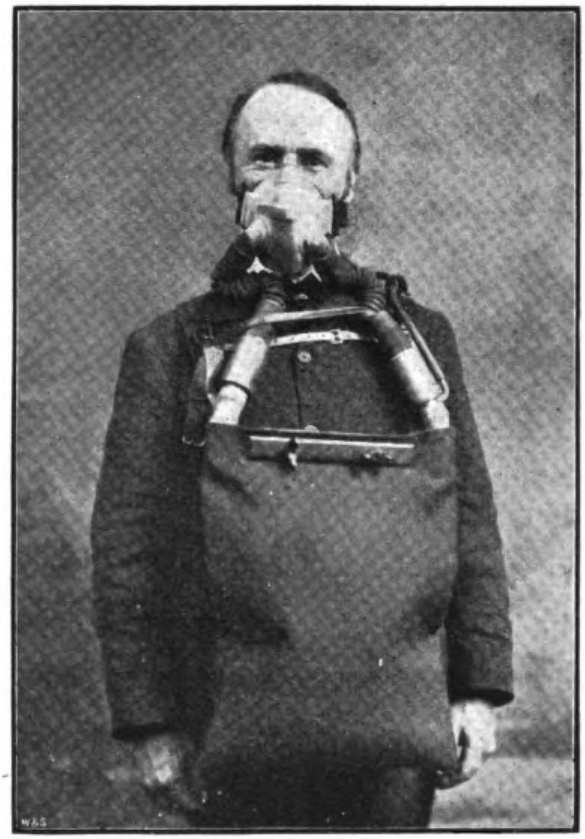


From a] RELICS FROM THE "ROYAL GEORGE." *[Photograph.*

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away; a platform was built over the damaged portion, and the *Howe* was then pumped and floated. Eight divers were employed, and so thoroughly did they do their work that the great vessel lay at anchor some time before being docked for thorough repairs. The salvors of the *Sultan* built up the inside of the ship with bricks and concrete, and then used the platform. The whole of this work took but six weeks.

The pay of divers varies according to the nature of the work. On big salvage jobs the men receive a standing wage and maintenance, together with a percentage on the value recovered. While engaged on the Libau breakwater, Mr. Gorman's chief diver, Murphy, signed a five years' agreement on the following terms: he was to receive £350 a year, with a house and maintenance; and he eventually got a bonus of £600. Which explains that while the cabmen complain of unfair treatment, and the boot operatives petulantly neglect their soles, "Brer Diver, he lay low." Talking of Murphy, though, it must be said that he kept his big gang of Russians hard at it, and from time to time descended upon them, in a literal as well as in a metaphorical sense. Experienced English divers employed on foreign harbours and pier, dock, and bridge contracts get from £20 to £30 a month. For similar work in this country the pay is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per hour; but from 5s. to 10s. per hour is paid for well and colliery work.



DIVER WEARING THE FLEUSS APPARATUS.
From a Photo. by E. Sharp & Co.

This brings us to an extraordinary phase of the diver's occupation, namely, working for hours in irrespirable gases. The "diver" shown in our photograph is provided with the Fleuss apparatus, which is self-contained and entirely independent of any communication with the outer atmosphere, thus enabling the wearer to breathe with safety in the most deadly gases, and to explore the most intricate turnings of a mine with perfect freedom of action. The principle of the apparatus is that the wearer breathes the same air over and over again, the carbonic acid being absorbed from it after each expiration, and at the same time the requisite amount of oxygen restored to it.

The apparatus consists of a strong copper cylinder, 12in. long and 6½in. in diameter, with domed ends, and capable of containing four cubic feet of oxygen, at sixteen atmospheres pressure; the man carries this cylinder on his back, and its contents are sufficient for four hours' respiration. Above it is the carbonic acid filter—a square metal box fitted with cubes of india-rubber sponge saturated with a thick pasty solution of caustic soda. In front of the diver (as may be seen in our illustration) is a flat bag of vulcanized india-rubber, measuring 15in. by 12in.; into this passes the exhaled air from the filter, and the bag is also connected with the oxygen-chamber at the back by a second pipe. The mask is made to fit air-tight to the face of the wearer, and is held in position by straps buckled at the back of the head. When venturing into certain gases and blinding smoke, the diver is further provided with a band of rubber, which covers his ears, and glass lenses for the eyes. The whole apparatus weighs but 26lb., costs £18, and can be adjusted in a few seconds.

The inventor, Mr. Fleuss, is at all times ready to test the apparatus. He has remained for hours in the densest smoke, and also in a glass chamber charged with carbonic acid. His invention was for a long time used regularly at the Westminster Aquarium; but to come to matters more practical, the apparatus was recently the means of saving ten lives at the Killingworth Colliery, and it

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GREEK LAMP, WITH SPONGE, FOUND OFF THE COAST OF SYRA.
From a Photograph.

was also used at the re-opening of the Maudlin seam of the Seaham Colliery, after the fatal explosion of September, 1880. We believe this breathing machine is constantly kept at Seaham; the men were nervous at first, though, and, in order to coach them in the use of the apparatus, the authorities rigged up, as a training school, a temporary wooden building, which they periodically filled with sulphurous fumes of a sufficiently choking kind.

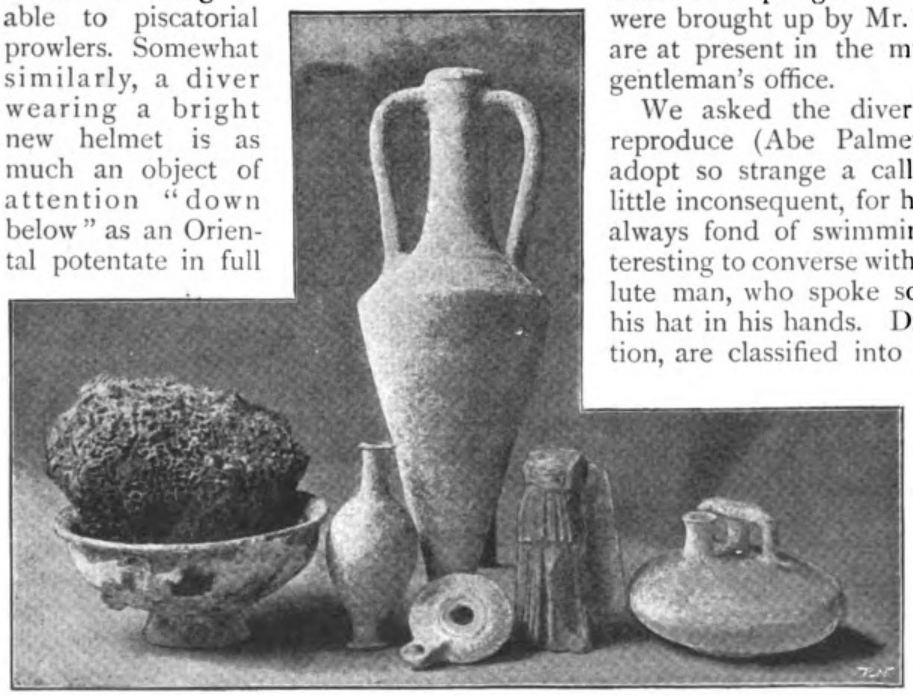
The submarine electric lamps made for the Admiralty for torpedo work are of 1,500 candle-power. These powerful lamps attract myriads of curious fish—curious in the double sense of the term. In certain waters these fish become a nuisance, and the diver has sometimes to eject paraffin oil into the water round the lamp, in order that the vicinity may be rendered disagreeable to piscatorial prowlers. Somewhat similarly, a diver wearing a bright new helmet is as much an object of attention "down below" as an Oriental potentate in full panoply would be if he walked down the Strand.

We reproduce on this page a picture of a Greek lamp which was found off the coast of Syra, and which is supposed to date from the year 300 B.C. It will be seen that a sponge was growing from the lip. We also show a group of articles—Greek vessels, etc.—recovered from a submerged island in the Greek Archipelago. These interesting relics were brought up by Mr. Gorman's divers, and are at present in the museum of that jovial gentleman's office.



MR. ABE PALMER.
From a Photo. by G. F. Hewitt, Weymouth.

We asked the diver whose portrait we reproduce (Abe Palmer) how he came to adopt so strange a calling; his reply was a little inconsequent, for he merely said he was always fond of swimming. It was most interesting to converse with this daring and resolute man, who spoke so quietly and twirled his hat in his hands. Divers, we should mention, are classified into various heads, which are further subdivided into trades. Palmer may be described as a "freshwater man," with a pronounced antipathy to wells. Palmer loathes working in a well. Four years ago he was working in a well 180ft. deep, at the



GROUP OF ARTICLES FROM SUBMERGED ISLAND IN THE GREEK ARCHIPELAGO.
From a Photograph.

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Savoy Hotel, when his earth-bucket unhooked an immense iron rod, which fell with a frightful crash and quivered in the ground at the bottom, within a few inches of the diver, whose attendant it had disemboweled on its way down. Speaking of his professional *bête noir*, Palmer remarked, naïvely, "You see, when you're in a well you can never tell what's coming down; it may be a brick, or a bucket, or even part of the wall." We may add that deep-sea divers also strongly object to well work; for this objection they give the curious reason that they feel stifled and oppressed within so strait an area.

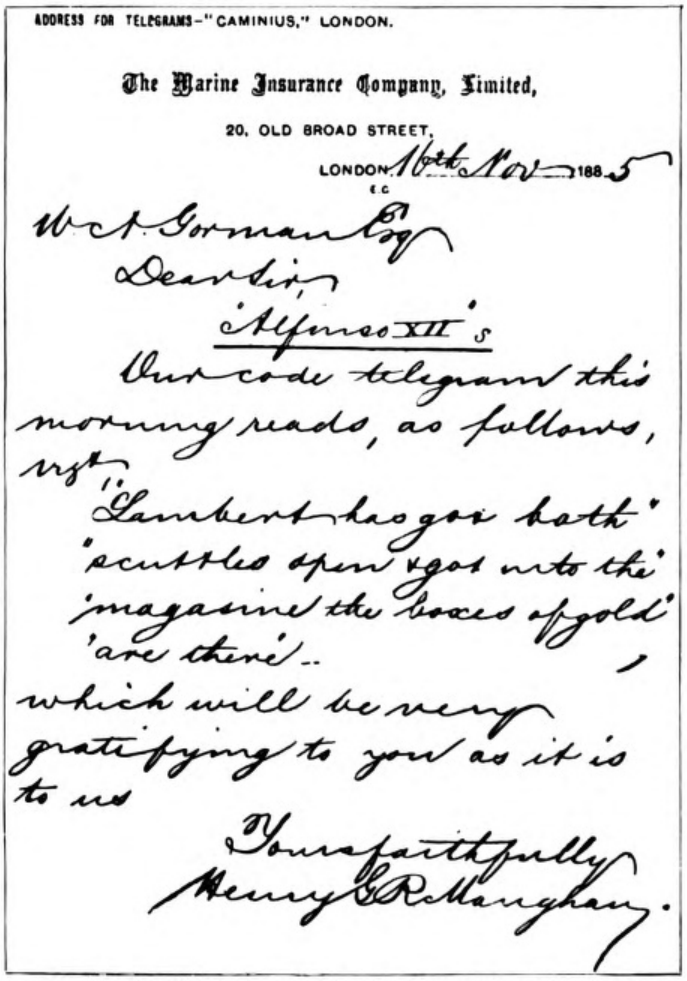


MR. LAMBERT.
From a Photo. by Perez, San Francisco.

After all, this is but natural. Think of the deep-sea diver working at a great depth in the translucent sea of the tropics, and surrounded by a veritable forest of graceful, drooping submarine growths and countless multitudes of beautiful fishes, which glide hither and thither among the rocks. Obviously, his lot is cast in pleasant places compared with his colleague who descends the shaft of a flooded coal mine in order to recover scores of corpses. During the operations at the Severn Tunnel, Portskewett, the shaft was flooded with water owing to a door in the drainage tunnel having been inadvertently left open. Mr. Gorman's diver, Lambert, volunteered to shut this door, and equipped with a Fleuss apparatus he walked a distance of 1,c5oft. up the tunnel, in water 5oft. deep, so as to accomplish his perilous mission.

Many of the wrecking divers told gruesome stories of their adventures under water. Palmer, who was evidently impressed by the experience, described how he had seen dead women floating before his eyes and standing at the top of the companion-ladder of a sunken steamer, their hair streaming behind them, and some carrying infants clasped in their rigid arms.

As we have said before, the fish in certain waters are a hindrance; they are greatly disliked by the diver, especially if they happen to be sharks. Mr. Lambert, Messrs. Siebe and Gorman's late chief diver, once had a thrilling fight with a shark at the bottom of the Indian Ocean; this man, by the way, was, without doubt, the greatest adept in his extraordinary profession that has yet appeared. On the occasion referred to, Lambert had been sent to the Island of Diego Garcia to fix copper sheets on a coal hulk that had been fouled by a steamer. Strange as it may seem, the diver was annoyed by the same shark every day for nearly a week; the monster was temporarily scared away, however, every time Lambert opened the escape valve in his helmet and allowed some air to rush out.



ADDRESS FOR TELEGRAMS—"CAMINIUS," LONDON.

The Marine Insurance Company, Limited,

20, OLD BROAD STREET,

LONDON, E.C. 16th Nov 1885

W. C. Gorman Esq

Dear Sir,

'Alfonso XII's

Our code telegram this morning reads, as follows, viz.

"Lambert has got both 'scuttles open & got into the 'magazine the boxes of gold 'are there'.

which will be very gratifying to you as it is to us

Yours faithfully

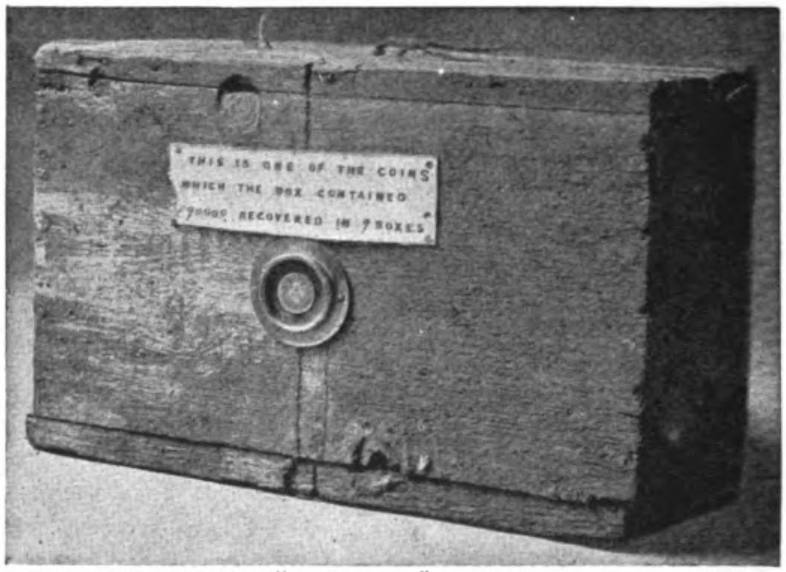
Henry E. Rickaby.

LETTER ANNOUNCING LAMBERT'S SUCCESS IN THE HOLD OF THE TREASURE-SHIP.

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We take it that at these times the shark thought there was a whale somewhere about.

One day Lambert signalled to his attendants for a big sheath knife and a looped rope. Having got these, he used his bare hand as a bait, and waited until the shark commenced to turn on its back, when he stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and signalled for it to be drawn up. The diver brought home the shark's backbone as a trophy. Many divers—especially among the pearl-fishers of Western Australia—will not venture into the depths of the southern seas unless they are provided with a huge iron cage in which they may work. We imagine that even then it is uncomfortable enough to see a multitude of strange and diabolical-looking creatures peering in through the bars. Shark cages for divers cost about £10 each, and weigh a quarter of a ton.



TREASURE-CHEST FROM THE "ALFONSO XII.," WITH GOLD COIN SET IN THE PANEL.
From a Photograph.

Mr. Lambert's greatest achievement was the recovery of treasure from the *Alfonso XII.*, a Spanish mail steamer belonging to the Lopez Line, which sank off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in 26½ fathoms of water. The salvage party was dispatched by the underwriters in May, 1885, the vessel having £100,000 in specie on board. The letter we reproduce on the preceding page gives the ultimate result. For nearly six months the operations were persevered in, and golden bait was dangled before the divers who could reach the treasure-room beneath the three decks. Two divers lost their lives in the vain attempt, the pressure of water being fatal. Our illustration, showing Lambert in the hold of the treasure-ship, is a drawing from a painting which Mr. Gorman had executed to commemorate the recovery of £90,000 from the *Alfonso XII.*; Lambert's share of this was £4,500. Our artist took a photograph of one of the original treasure-chests removed from the vessel; it will be seen that one of the gold coins is set in a glass panel in the side of the box. This interesting relic is in the museum in Mr. Gorman's private office.



LAMBERT AT WORK IN THE HOLD OF THE SUNKEN TREASURE-SHIP: SENDING UP THE CHESTS OF GOLD.

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The New Broom.

By H. D. Lowry.

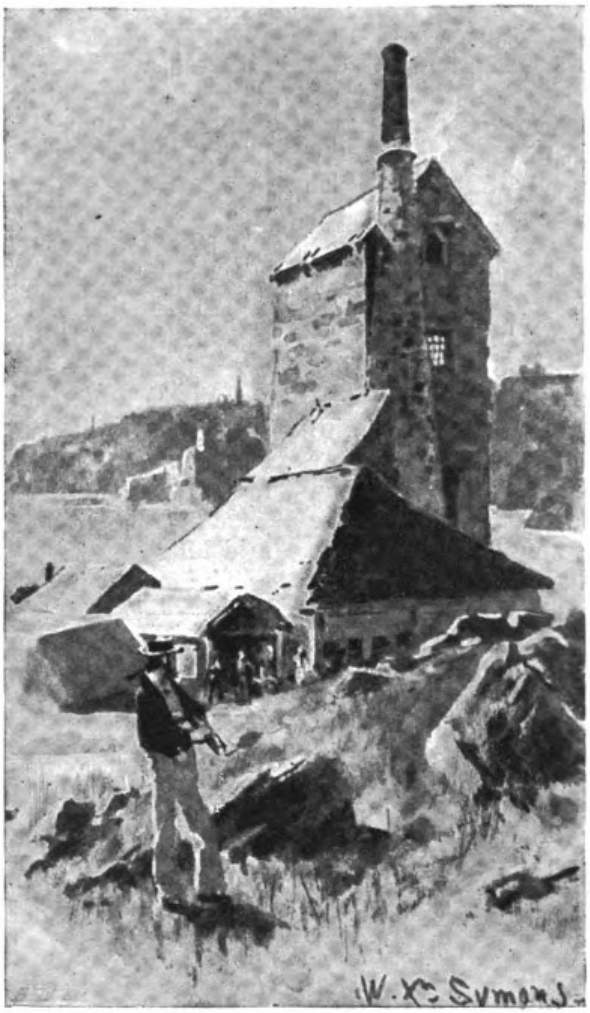
IN the good old days of the French war, when England was so occupied upon the seas that she had little time to guard her coasts minutely, the people of Trewarne were smugglers to a man, and throve exceedingly. There were, indeed, riding-officers stationed hard by, but they were not numerous enough to interfere effectually—nor, 'tis said, were they notably eager to have their hands strengthened.

But this season of prosperity and untroubled quiet came to an end. Peace to England meant the very reverse to Trewarne. It was with the utmost disgust that its people saw their old friends being replaced, or so surrounded with new colleagues, altogether unused to the ways of the district, that they could not remain harmless if they would. It was soon beyond a doubt that the revenue-men were really in earnest in their endeavours to suppress the free trade.

Among the men of Trewarne, the whole blame in this matter was laid upon the shoulders of John Coffin, a new man, whose energy was such that in mere self-defence his comrades were compelled to emulate his detestable activity.

He was a little man, black-bearded, and exceeding neat in his attire. He spoke outlandishly, mincing his words after the manner of people inhabiting the regions which lie up the country. And he interfered shamelessly with the business of his neighbours.

For example, at the edge of the cliff, some two miles to the west of Trewarne, there was a copper mine. Just above the sea-level a tunnel had been driven from the shaft to the face of the cliff. The water pumped up from the bottom of the mine was not taken to the surface, but simply raised to the level of this "adit," and so allowed to gain the sea. And the recording angel alone can tell how many a keg of good liquor, landed on the beach, has gone into that adit, been carried to the shaft, and conveyed to the surface in the great iron "kibble," a bucket which was used for hauling the ore to "grass." Once the stuff had gained the surface, it was stowed away in the engine-house, to be sent in to its ultimate destination at a convenient opportunity.



"THE COPPER MINE."

Now, one night a very decent little cargo had been run. A goodly number of kegs were buried in the sand of the beach; some two score were carried up into the adit, and later on drawn to the surface in the kibble. They had been carefully disposed in the engine-house, and all seemed well, when suddenly the place was invaded by a gang of revenue-men. The engineer did not lose his presence of mind; he sprang to the safety-valve. In a moment the room was filled with steam, and Customs officers and miners were tumbling one over the other in wild confusion. But, presently, John Coffin

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got to the safety-valve, and stopped the escape of steam. The miners melted away like summer clouds (being unarmed), and, a little later, saw the good liquor going off in casks to the stronghold of the revenue-men. Mr. Coffin was a proud man, but there were ominous murmurs as he retired, and his name suggested many a grim pleasantry.

This sort of thing happened continually, but as the smugglers were still secure from loss if they saved one cargo in three—and as they had behind them many years of uninterrupted success—it made no great difference. Indeed, the men engaged in the traffic saw the humorous aspect in the triumphant mien of John Coffin, and for a little while thought the spectacle well worth the loss of a few kegs from time to time. It was at this time that they constructed a "cavie," or store, in a big field not two hundred yards away from the Custom-house. But John Coffin was not content with these successes, and his ambition soon became intolerable.

Of all the young men in those parts, Jim Penlerrick was the most promising. There were none but knew the traditions of the smuggling, and could help if help were needed. But Jim was one of those rare spirits who make traditions. He was hardly more than four-and-twenty, tall, fair, and boyish, but he had already made himself a name by the cleverness of the dodges he invented, and the magnificent coolness with which he carried them into execution. It was no wonder that Maggie Opie, the prettiest girl in Trewarne, was proud to have him known as her sweetheart.

She was a little, dark-haired creature, with cheeks tinted like wild roses, and big grey eyes that would have made conversation an easy thing to her if she had chanced to be born dumb. There was a childish innocence in them sometimes, and sometimes a reckless mischief, which Jim himself could only envy and admire. It was said that some of his cleverest inventions had been inspired by her. And there was only one thing in her which Jim deemed unreasonable: she appeared to detest John Coffin with all the strength of her soul. It seemed to Jim that to do this in such a case was to go beyond what was necessary or appropriate. He had outwitted the man so frequently, that he felt almost kindly towards him.

But one day his view of the matter was changed. Maggie reported to him certain events which had befallen her while he was away upon his latest voyage to Roscoff.

Once or twice lately, she explained, it had been borne in upon her that John Coffin was much more polite to her than he had any reason to be. She had forborne to speak of the matter, because there were a multitude of smuggling histories which proved beyond a doubt that it was oftentimes convenient for such a one as she to have something of a hold over such as he. But now she could not ignore the matter any longer.

"What you'll say," she said, "I'm sure I can't think; but I hope you won't do anything rash."

It appeared, then, that Maggie was coming back to the village from a visit to Breach, a little church-town two miles distant from Trewarne. She had hardly started when she met John Coffin.

"Good afternoon, Miss Opie," he said. "'Tis pleasant weather for the time of the year"; and he stopped, so that Maggie could hardly pass on immediately.

"Iss," she said, "'tis pretty weather."

"May I keep 'ee company along the road?" said the man. "'Tis a lonely old road."

Maggie raised her eyes to his; then they fluttered and fell. "'Tis very kind of you."

They discussed a multitude of indifferent subjects. Then, "I didn't see Mr. Penlerrick when I was down in Trewarne just now," said Coffin.

"No?" said Maggie.

"I didn't see the *Dream*, either. I suppose she's gone to sea again?"

"How should I know?" said Maggie, innocently. "Is Jim Penlerrick the man to tell a girl what are his plans?"

"Well," said Coffin, "I suppose he'll be back for Sunday, being Feasten-Sunday. I shouldn' think he'd be later than Thursday, for the fair's on Friday."

"Are 'ee goin' to the fair, Mr. Coffin?" said Maggie.

The man smiled. "If I could see you there——"

"Aw," said Maggie, "you can see that any time. Why, the waxworks is coming that haven't been here these four years."

"Waxworks is no attraction," said Coffin, contemptuously. "Give me flesh and blood."

"Well," said Maggie, "if waxworks is no attraction, I suppose you won't be there."

In a minute or two the subject was changed.

"'Tis a lonely life down here for one that's been used to bigger places," said Coffin. "If a man had a wife, perhaps 'twould be all he'd want. He'd have some interest in his work then; but as it is——"

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"I won't bring 'ee no further, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie, interrupting him. "Many thanks for your company."

And the little man looked at her meltingly. "No need of thanks!" he ejaculated. "'Tis yours whenever you like to take it, and for so long a time as you choose." He raised his hat with a flourish, and Maggie walked on homeward, having now reached the outskirts of the village. She knew not whether to laugh or to be indignant. Finally she did both.



"HE RAISED HIS HAT WITH A FLOURISH."

Jim Penlerrick and the men of the *Dream* landed their cargo that very night, and got it into a place of security without untimely interruption. The next morning Maggie came to her window early and inspected the harbour which it overlooked. The *Dream* was there; even while she looked at it she heard a whistle, and, glancing up the road, she saw Jim Penlerrick coming to call on her. So she descended quickly, heard the tale of his adventures during the time of this last absence, and, in conclusion, told her own tale.

"It looked to me," she added, "like as if the man wanted me to tell all I know, and offered to make me Mrs. Coffin in reward. Now, Jim, don't 'ee go an' do anything foolish. Perhaps he never meant it after all."

Jim laughed grimly. "Perhaps not," he said. "All the same, I fancy a bit of a lesson would do him no harm. He can't have thought you was bad-hearted, so he must ha' fancied you could be fooled easy. And he must be cured of all such fancies as that."

Maggie flushed. "I never thought o' that," she said. "Jim, you can do just what you like with him." And Jim went off to his breakfast, full of thought as to how the end he had in view was to be obtained.

That afternoon he went through the village with a friend, carrying a stout post some ten or twelve feet in length. They made off in the direction of a small and secluded cove, about a mile to the west of Trewarne.

Later in the day John Coffin chanced upon a little girl who was idly wandering by the roadside. He was about to pass on when the child spoke.

"Do 'ee know the lane leadin' to Pentrize Cove?" said the child.

"Yes," said Coffin.

"Well," said the child, "I got a message

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for 'ee. You must be at the top of the lane by half-past seven, to meet a friend."

Coffin inspected the messenger suspiciously. "Who sent you?" he asked.

"Aw," said the child, "she said I mustn't mention no name."

Coffin laughed. "Well," he said, "I don't know that you need. Here, this'll buy you some lollipops." He gave the child some coppers and passed on. And he was perfectly right in the impression he carried with him, for the little girl waited until he was out of sight, and then went off as speedily as might be to Maggie Opie's home, where she reported progress and showed Coffin's gift.

"Well done," said Maggie. "Spoil the Egyptians where and when you can. There's good examples for that." But at half-past seven she was talking at the cottage gate with the daughter of a neighbour, nor did she quit her home until more than an hour later, when Jim Penlerrick turned up and suggested a brief stroll. He had manifestly some jest to share with her.

Now, John Coffin had never doubted as to the identity of the sender of the message. At half-past seven precisely he began to mount the hilly lane, and when he had reached the appointed place he lit a pipe and waited. For a long time no one came. He began to grow more and more impatient, knowing that the girl could have nothing on earth to keep her at this hour. And slowly there dawned upon him a dreadful doubt: could it be that she had fooled him and was not coming at all? He put the thought from him, but only for a time. In the end he swore vehemently, and would have turned away, had not a roar of laughter suddenly arrested him. Before he could recover from his surprise he was struggling in the midst of half-a-dozen men, and a moment later they had overpowered and bound him, putting a gag between his teeth.

All this time they had not spoken a word, and it was still in utter silence that he was compelled to march, a man at either arm, in the direction of the Cove. Coffin did not doubt that he had fallen into the hands of smugglers resolved to revenge on him the recent injuries to the traffic they carried on. He remembered a hundred horrid tales of violence, and his heart quailed within him.

They led him onward until the sound of the sea broke on his ears, and soon he was being led by a wild and dangerous path down to the little yellow beach. His captors dealt none too gently with him when they came to cross the space of tumbled boulders at the foot of the cliff. And when they had gained the beach they led him to where a tall, wooden post had been fixed in an upright position in the sand. One of the men advanced and kicked it. It quivered, but otherwise was firm, being deeply sunk, and having big stones buried about its base. And John Coffin would have cried aloud for mercy had he been able.



"IN A MOMENT THEY HAD OVERPOWERED HIM."

For he realized what they were going to do with him. They raised him, and bound him against the wooden post, and he looked

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desperately out to sea—gagged, so that he still could not speak—and wondered how long it would be before the advancing tide would reach him. The men moved about in silence, testing all the knots with tremendous vigilance before they moved away in a band and vanished in the blackness of the cliff's shadow. And John Coffin was left alone to watch the slow, relentless advance of doom.

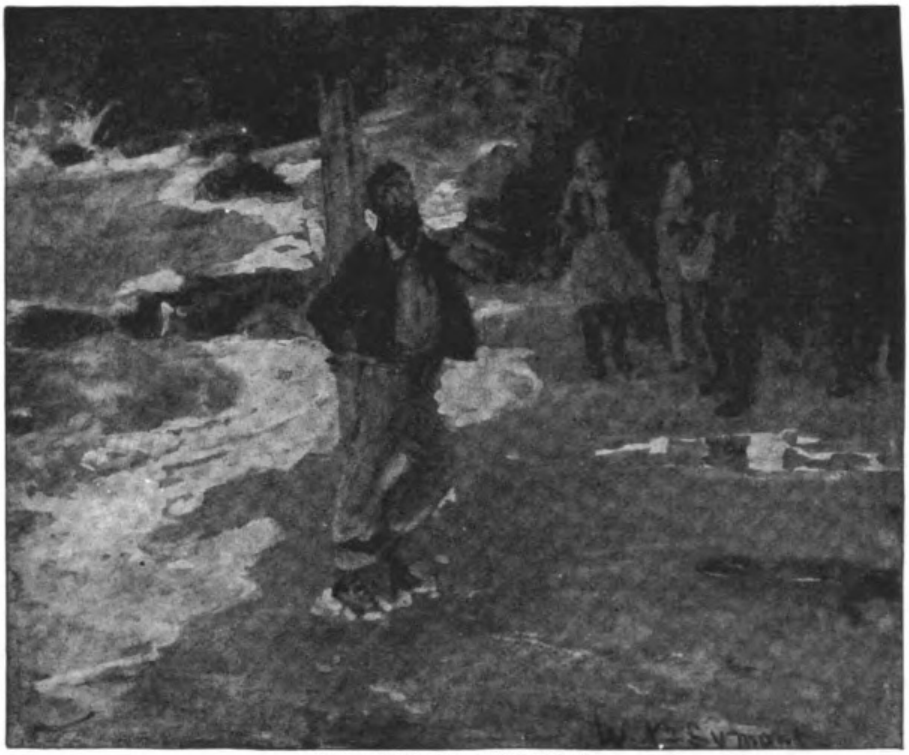
There was no moon. The clear starlight quivered in lines of silver on the dark plain of the sea. He could distinguish through the gloom the glimmer of the breakers; there was a heavy ground-swell on, and he knew that, even if he had been able to shout, even if any human being had chanced to approach this lonely region of the coast after the fall of darkness, it would still be in vain to hope for rescue, since his voice would not be heard above the din of the tide.

He did not lack courage—as, indeed, he had proved beyond dispute by the conduct which had brought him into his present predicament; for to interfere seriously with the smuggling was to take up arms against a united countryside—even, he had sometimes dimly suspected, against the local magnates who should have been glad to co-operate with him in the work. And in that work he had never been afraid. He knew that he risked his life; but he went armed, and the risk would never have troubled him had he been a free man and at liberty to fight for his life. He would almost have enjoyed the excitement. But to be bound to a post on a lonely beach, and to wait in the darkness for death, whose thundering footsteps already deafened him, was an ordeal beyond what a man is made to bear. A cold fear froze his heart. They might have taken away the gag, and he would still have lacked the power of speech.

He realized that this vengeance of the smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their actual trade, as for the few words he had spoken with Maggie Opie; and he knew that her treachery had betrayed him. His heart was bitter against her. He was forced to admit that he had tried to draw from her some information as to the plans of the free-traders. His profession was so dear to him that it filled his life; even if he had striven to do so, he could never have forgotten for a moment that he had been sent there to protect the King's revenue. And he had stopped to talk with Maggie, in the first place, not because he knew that she possessed valuable information, but merely because he had seen no girl in all his life who was half so pretty, no girl whom he would more unwillingly have vexed. And he had endeavoured to learn the secrets with which she was acquainted involuntarily and out of habit.

He had been ten minutes alone, though the time had seemed longer than the longest night to the man who is tired and cannot sleep. Suddenly he heard footsteps on the soft sand close at hand.

The men had returned. They had gained the top of the path, and then, a mode of deepening the horror of his situation occurring to them, they had returned. They did not speak a word. One of them took a big red handkerchief from his pocket, folded it, and bound it tightly over Coffin's eyes. Then they once more left him alone.



"THE MEN HAD RETURNED."

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The thunder of the sea grew louder and more near. The wretched man could in no wise guess the distance of the waves. But terror summoned up before his blinded eyes a vision of the great, grey wall of water which gradually drew nearer and nearer. He expected to feel every moment the cold touch of the first wave, when it should break and shoot shallow up the sloping sand.

The very minutes seemed interminable and so filled with intolerable fear that he constantly fancied he must lose his reason immediately. And suddenly a shock of terror threw the blood back upon his heart. A wave had broken close at hand; the cold water had reached his feet and flooded his boots.

He waited for the next; waited, as it seemed to him, for many minutes. Possibly, he thought, the wave which had reached his feet had been one of those tremendous ninth waves with which the sea kills men when, with the other eight, it has played with them as a cat plays with a wretched mouse.

He waited, and waited. . . . .

Suddenly he awoke as from a drugged sleep, and found that day was breaking. The waves were far removed. And Maggie stood in front of him, the red handkerchief in her hand.

She looked at him strangely, and he endeavoured to recall the events of the night. Maggie saw his difficulty and spoke.

"Are 'ee better now?" she said. "'Twas me that put 'ee there. I told, and the men swore they would punish 'ee, for a joke, so they fastened 'ee there, taking care to put 'ee just where the tide would stop when it came up. And I laughed over it when they came back and told me what they had done. But, soon as I was abed, I began to think what fear you would have—I could see you standing there and waiting for death; 'twas as if I stood there myself. I knew 'twas but a joke, and Lord knows I've no love for revenue-men. So I fought against it at first. But at last I couldn't stand against it longer; I came out to set 'ee free."

She cut the bands, and he took the gag from his mouth. In a moment Maggie was on the other side again.

"Look!" she said, "you won't make a row about it. 'Twas only a joke with them. The tide never wetted more than your feet."

John Coffin turned and looked at her in silence. "No," he said, at last, "I will say nothing. But you are hard on a man whose sin was that he thought you the prettiest maid he had ever seen." He turned away from her and moved stiffly and slowly towards the path which led up the face of the cliff.

Maggie watched him as he went. "I have no love for revenue-men," she had said; which is curious, for when she was married six months later, she took the name of Coffin.



"YOU ARE HARD ON A MAN."

I had this very story from a grandson of theirs, himself a coastguard, and afterwards discovered it was still told by the older folk among the inhabitants of Trewarne.

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M.P.'s as Artists.

By William G. FitzGerald.

II.

WE all know Sir Herbert E. Maxwell as a distinguished authority on natural history and archæology, but few are aware that he is an artist of no mean ability. And, furthermore, he is an acute observer. Together we were looking through some studies of cows, probably intended by Sir Herbert for use in an elaborate oil-painting. "Talking of cows," he remarked to me, in his own gentle way, "Londoners have a capital example offered them just now of cockney ignorance of pastoral science. A huge advertisement of condensed milk may be seen on hoardings about the town—less offensive than most of its kind, though, for it is really a beautiful bit of work. It represents a lovely Alpine valley, with verdant upland lawns in the foreground and snowy peaks beyond. No doubt this is a faithful picture, well executed, of the source of supply; but why has the artist stocked the picture with beefy English shorthorns, instead of dun Swiss cows?"

When I first approached Sir Herbert Maxwell on the subject of this article, he assured me he had given up art for some years; moreover, all the examples he had at his town house in Lennox Gardens were a few oil sketches, which might or might not suit my purpose. Lady Maxwell, however, came to my assistance. She suggested that Sir Herbert should send to Monreith for the two big albums wherein were deposited hundreds of water-colour drawings, sketches, pictorial social skits, and numerous other miscellaneous examples of Sir Herbert's art, ranging from caricatures to gorgeous heraldic designs in scarlet and gold. Monreith is the Maxwell seat in Wigtownshire.



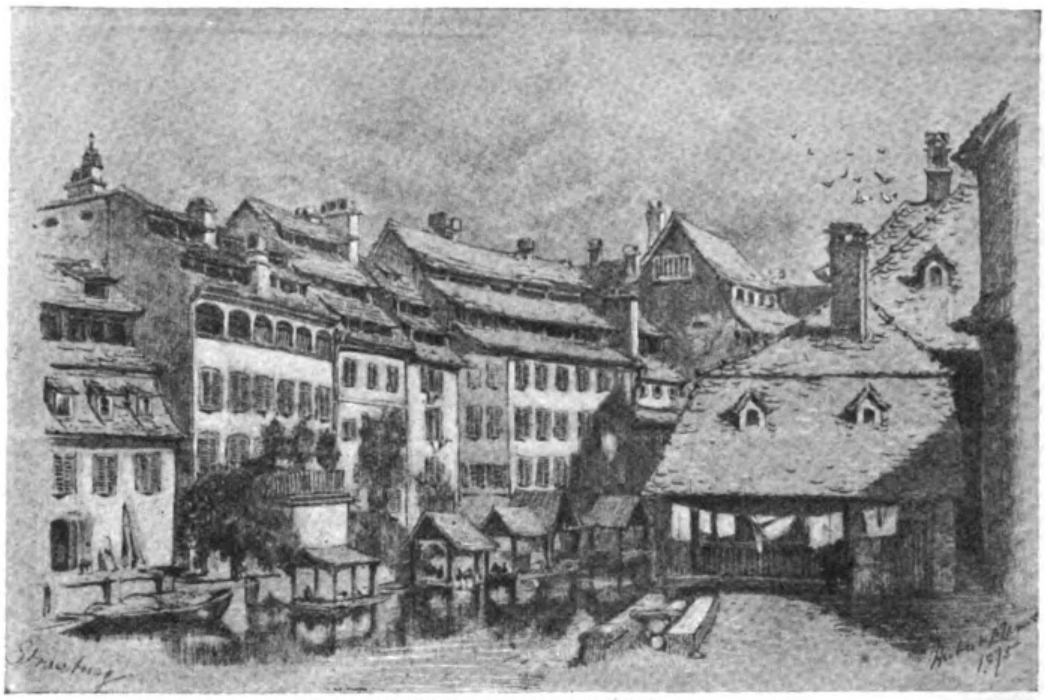
SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

The albums were duly sent for; but while they were in my possession for the purpose of making a selection, Sir Herbert was appointed British delegate to the International Conference on the Protection of Wild Birds Useful to Agriculture. This imposing body met in Paris. However, Sir Herbert was only absent a few days, and I lost no time in paying him another visit the moment he returned to town.

The first of Sir Herbert Maxwell's sketches reproduced here is a street scene in Strasbourg. "I was in Strasbourg with a friend in 1875," explained Sir Herbert. "No," he went on, "it wasn't a sketching expedition really, although we sketched any number of subjects as we went along. We stayed in Strasbourg about a week. This particular sketch was drawn and finished on the spot. I remember it was a frightfully hot day, and we sat on the parapet at the side of the canal and worked for a couple of hours or so. The scene would rather resemble a bit of Venice were it not for the washing boats, on which all the clothes of the city are washed—unless, of course, they have other arrangements now.

"I should think I made at least twenty sketches while in Strasbourg," Sir Herbert continued. "One day we two were sketching on the ramparts, when the wall-patrol came along and ordered us off. We didn't quite understand what he was talking about, but there was no mistaking his intention. We intimated that we should not again offend in this way, and then went right outside what we considered the ramparts. Here we resumed operations, having capital material at hand. The patrol came along again, though, from which it is evident that he had kept an eye on us. He was, or pretended to be, utterly

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STREET SCENE IN STRASBOURG.
From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

horrified to behold us 'at it again,' and he arrested both of us forthwith. We were then taken through the streets, and as by this time word had gone round that two spies had been seized red-handed, we were followed to the guard-house by a huge mob that hooted and shrieked, and threw things in a manner that may have been patriotic, but certainly was intensely exasperating. Then, the guard-sergeant could speak neither English nor French, and we didn't know German; so there was a considerable delay. An officer arrived at last, however, and to him we explained matters in French. Not many hours after this we were out of Strasbourg altogether."

The accompanying book-illustration was done by Sir Herbert at a time when the influence of Ruskin was very strong upon him. There were four of these illustrations in the album, and the detail in each was so very fine that the drawing resembled a reproduction. In working on these, Sir Herbert used a steel crow-quill. These drawings were intended to illustrate a French fairy tale of the last century, which Sir Herbert partially translated with a view to publication. The tale is called "Acajou and Zilbride," and is something of a literary curiosity. In Sir Herbert's album the drawing reproduced here bears the inscription: "Pikelenay arrives at the capital of Minutia"—possibly a recondite allusion to the labour involved in its execution.

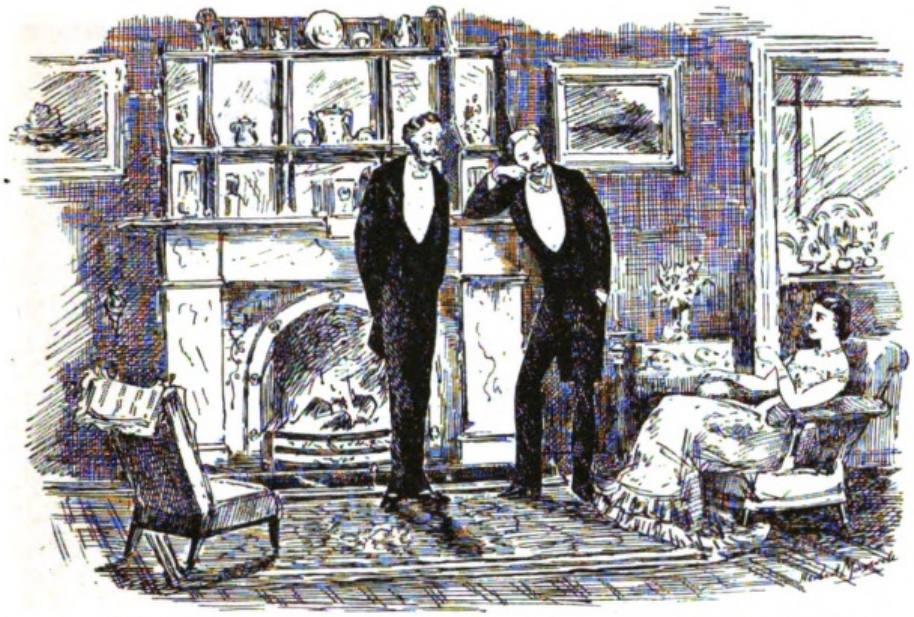
"Of course, these pictures are purely imaginary," Sir Herbert remarked. "No doubt they were suggested by some pantomime or burlesque," he added, with masterly bathos.

Sir Herbert tells me that he worked as a student at South Kensington in 1868. He took up art as a profession because he was an



"PIKELENAY ARRIVES AT THE CAPITAL OF MINUTIA."
Book-Illustration by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

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AN EXAMPLE OF SIR HERBERT MAXWELL'S COMIC BLACK-AND-WHITE WORK.

idle man, so to speak, without too much means; and it seemed to be a congenial occupation, as well as one supplementary to those means. Sir Herbert took up art steadily for seven years, painting both in oil and water-colour. He also exhibited a few things—chiefly landscapes—in the Scottish Academy. Then his father died, and he succeeded to large estates in Wigtownshire; two years later he entered the House of Commons.

The next picture may be described as a sketch for a journal of the *Punch* order, and reveals the baronet in the light of a comic black-and-white artist. At one time Sir Herbert used to go in a great deal for this kind of thing, but his friends invariably clamoured for such sketches; so much so, in fact, that this is the only one that remains in the possession of the artist. Sir Herbert Maxwell is one of those fortunate men who need never fear poverty. This drawing shows observation, humour, and power, and its author would certainly have succeeded in art even if he had not succeeded his father. Sir Herbert came under the influence of Ruskin while at Oxford, just when the great master's writings were in their first popularity. "I don't think he takes you by a good course to represent things," Sir Herbert remarked to me. "I had to get rid of his influence before I was able to do even what I did. Ruskin's instructions tended to cramp: to copy very small details, such as grasses, stones, seeds, and the like."

The last example given of Sir Herbert Maxwell's artistic work is a first-rate character study. The old gentleman depicted is Mr. Carrick Moore, of the Geological Society, and the sketch was made at the villa of Lady Maxwell (Sir Herbert's mother) at Bournemouth. Lady Maxwell and Mr. Moore were playing chess together after dinner, and while the latter was contemplating a new move he was rapidly sketched by Sir Herbert from the other end of the room. Sir Herbert was at this time perpetually on the look-out for good subjects; and his subject on this occasion was quite unaware of his object.



THE CHESS PLAYER.
From a Sketch by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

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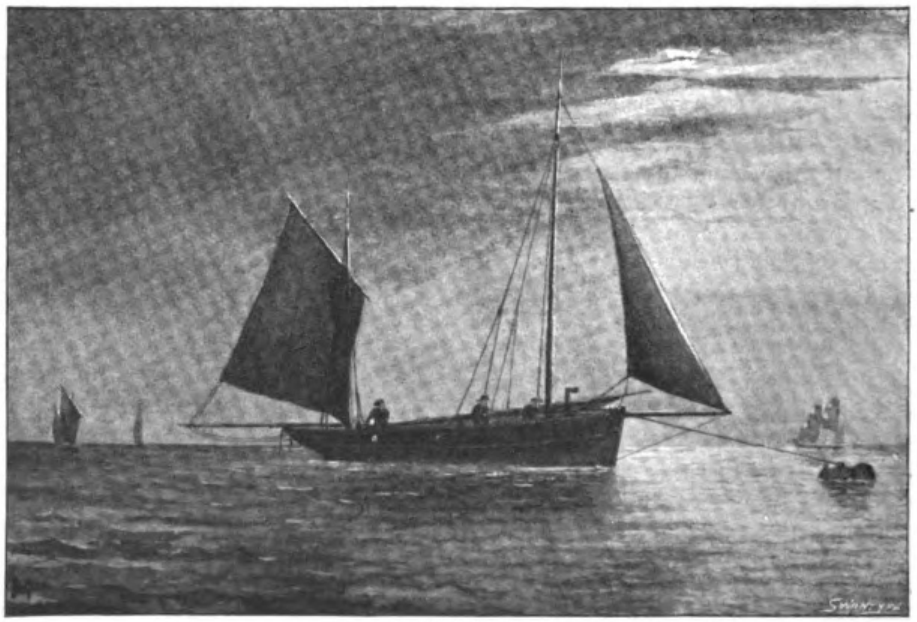
A few weeks ago I called at the Marquis of Granby's beautiful house in Bruton Street; and the moment I entered the cosy little study I realized that the noble Marquis must have a predilection for the sea. The walls were simply covered with seascapes of every conceivable kind, and obviously representing diverse latitudes. I remarked on this, whereupon Lord Granby, after requesting me to be seated, gave the following interesting account of his artistic training: "When I was quite a little boy I was taught drawing by Mr. J. C. Schetky, sometime Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen. This artist had been a friend of our family almost for generations, and spent most of his time at Belvoir Castle (the magnificent seat of the Duke of Rutland in Leicestershire). Mr. Schetky continued to paint when he was considerably over eighty; and, see, there is a sketch he did for me shortly before his death." Here the Marquis pointed out a beautiful water-colour drawing at the back of his writing-table: "Presented as a souvenir to the Hon. Henry Manners by his friend, J. C. Schetky, on January 25th, 1863." The sketch illustrates a nautical incident in "Tom Bowling."



THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.
From a Photo. by Franz Baum, Old Bond Street.

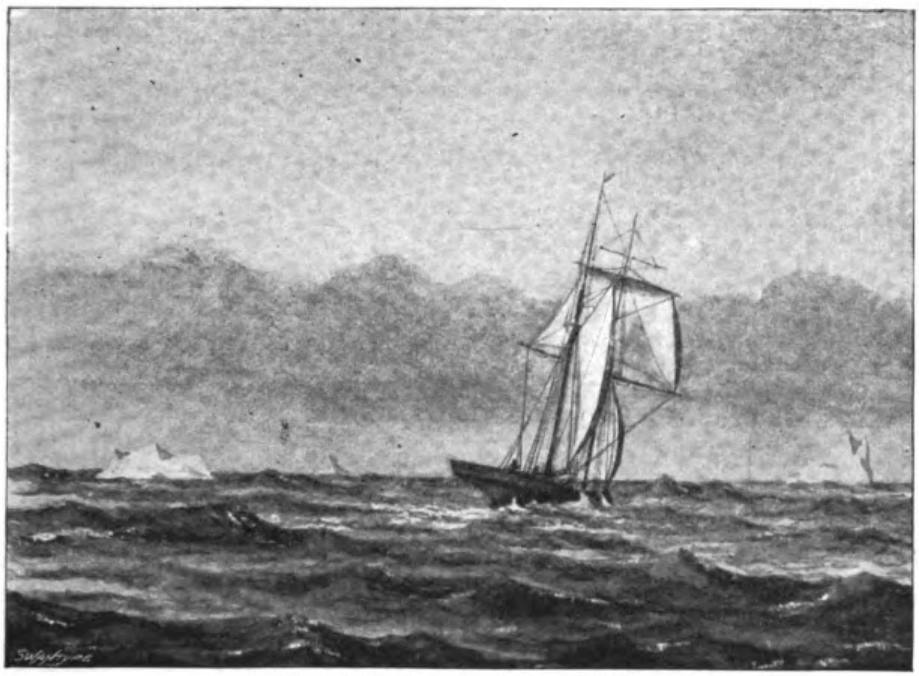
"Mr. Schetky," resumed Lord Granby, "taught me to draw marine subjects almost exclusively, and took infinite pains to initiate me into the mysteries of rigging and nautical matters of the like nature." Plainly, the influence of the master never left the pupil. The noble Marquis says that whenever he is cruising in his yacht, or merely staying at one of our seaside resorts, he is always on the look-out for congenial subjects such as that reproduced here. Most of Lord Granby's sepia and Indian ink sketches of this kind were done at Folkestone. "I love the sea," the Marquis declared, "and have spent many, many years of my life upon it. I'm afraid you won't be able to include me in your list, though," he went on, smilingly, "for I am no longer an M.P.; my brother, Lord Edward Manners, has taken my place."

Here is another little drawing by Lord Granby. Let the noble artist tell its story: "Some few years ago—I think it was in 1882 or 1883—I had a great deal of time on hand, and was rather at a loss to know what to do with it. Eventually, I thought I would take a trip to Canada, so I booked a passage from Liverpool by one of the Allan line of steamers. When we were about a hundred miles from the banks of Newfoundland, a dense fog came on; worse still, the summer being both very hot and very early, there were hosts



FISHING BOAT.
Sketched by Lord Granby, at night, near Folkestone.

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A NEWFOUNDLAND COD-BOAT AMONG THE ICEBERGS.
From a Drawing by the Marquis of Granby.

of icebergs about. Just as the fog was lifting, the cod-boat you see in the sketch had the narrowest possible escape of being run down by the immense liner. As we sheered off from the little vessel I sketched her, together with the icebergs in her vicinity."

Lord Granby then went on to relate many interesting reminiscences of his Mediterranean cruises, and his adventures during the riots that preceded the Egyptian War. For during that exciting period the noble Marquis went off from Cairo, on sketching expeditions, up the Nile, almost as far as Khartoum.

The next artist that figures here is Mr. J. Williams Benn, the energetic "member for London" in the last Parliament. At the General Election Mr. Benn was defeated by the narrow majority of four votes, but he still remains an active member of the London County Council. He used to lecture at the institutes on art matters —on Cruikshank, Caldecott, and Japanese art; he also attained considerable fame as a lightning caricaturist at public meetings, wherefore is he an invaluable ally at election times.



MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN.
From a Photograph.

I saw Mr. Benn at the Westminster Palace Hotel, which, at certain seasons, becomes a kind of Parliamentary barracks. He told me he has always had a taste for art — ever since he was thrashed by his mother for decorating her drawing-room walls with a blue pencil.

The first of Mr. Benn's sketches reproduced on the next page is taken from an unpublished "Christmas number" with which he presented his colleagues on the London County Council, shortly after joining that well-known body in 1890. The "number" consisted of about thirty drawings, and about 130 copies were produced. For the most part these drawings were supposed to be designs for statuary and stained-glass windows wherewith to decorate the prospective municipal palace in Spring Gardens.

In the first design, Sir Arthur Arnold, the Chairman of the Council—who is strongly opposed to the payment of councillors—figures as Cromwell ordering the removal of "that bauble" — which, in this particular instance, assumes the very acceptable form of a bag containing £2,000, the proposed salary of the vice-chairman. Mr. Benn showed me many other drawings of a similar character. One was an effective statuesque group, "Theseus Macdougallus Overcoming the Centaur Musichallus," which needs no comment whatever.

In the next sketch we

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see our late Premier making a pathetic appeal to a "woodman" of a peculiarly low type. With regard to Lord Rosebery's association with the Council, it may be remembered that during his first year of chairmanship the Shah came to London, and the noble lord was very anxious that the trees of the Thames Embankment should not be injured by sight-seers desirous of beholding Nasr-ed-Din



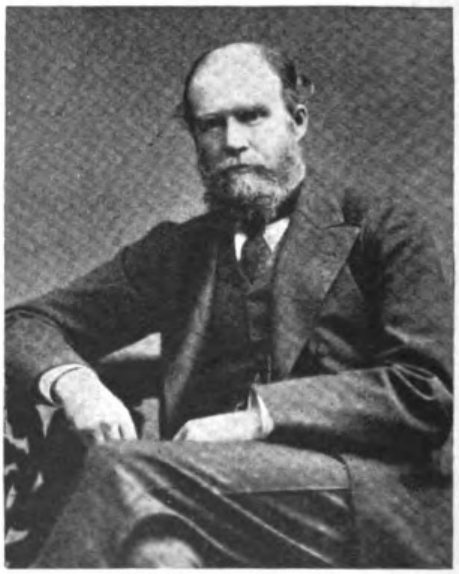
CARTOON FOR THE PARKS AND OPEN SPACES COMMITTEE ROOM.
From a Sketch by Mr. J. W. Benn.



DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW.
By Mr. J. W. Benn.

and his priceless jewels. Lord Rosebery therefore issued a special request to the public with the view of insuring this; and as the L.C.C. was very much to the fore just then, Mr. Benn seized upon the tree incident as a subject for a sketch.

An article dealing with accomplishments

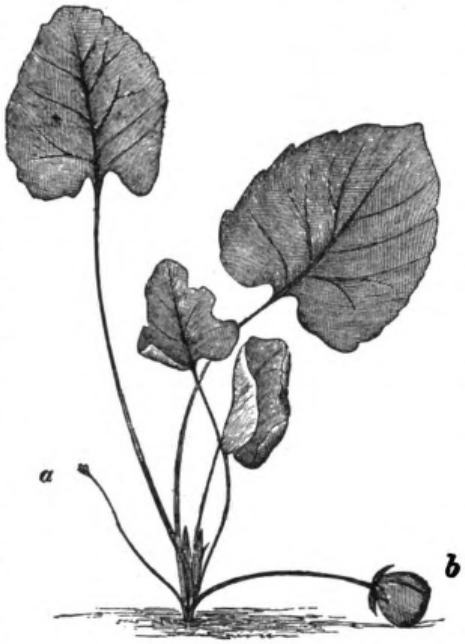


SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.
From a Photo. by Barraud.

of any kind would be incomplete without Sir John Lubbock, banker, statesman, and scientist. I therefore called at 2, St. James's Square, and was shown into the inner entrance-hall, at the foot of the grand stair-

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case—a magnificent apartment, upholstered in crimson satin. Presently Sir John came down, and, after expressing a hope that he hadn't kept me waiting long, he led the way to his study. "I'm afraid you'll think I brought you here under false pretences," he remarked, smilingly; "for all I've done in the way of drawing is a few diagrams illustrating experiments in natural history." Sir John elected to illustrate for me a few of the wonderful and interesting means of dispersion possessed by certain seeds. One of our own European species — the *Xanthium Spinosum* — has, he tells me, been rapidly spread over the whole of South Africa, the seeds being carried in the wool of sheep.



Viola hirta.
a, young bud; *b*, ripe seed capsule.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

Here is a sketch, by Sir John himself, of the common sweet violet, of which it is often said—for instance, by Vaucher—that it sows its own seeds. As the stalk elongates, the seed-capsule droops, and finally touches the earth. Then comes the rain, which loosens the soil; and when the seeds are fully ripe the capsule opens by three valves and allows them to escape.

In the dog violet, however, the case is very different. Though pendant when young, the capsules are less fleshy; and at maturity they erect themselves, as seen in the accompanying illustration. They stand up boldly above the rest of the plant and open by the three equal valves, each of which contains a row of from three to five smooth, brown seeds. As the walls of the valves become drier, they contract, thus tending to squeeze out the seeds. These, however, resist at first; but at length the attachment of the seed to its base gives way, and it is ejected several feet, this being much facilitated by its form and smoothness. Sir John has known a gathered specimen to throw a seed nearly ten feet.



Viola canina.
a, bud; *b*, bud more advanced; *c*, capsule open, some of the seeds are already thrown.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

What is the reason for this difference between the species of violets? The one buries its capsules among the moss and leaves upon the ground, while the other raises them aloft, and throws the seeds to seek their fortunes in the world. The reason is, Sir John believes, to be found in the different mode of growth. The dog violet is a plant with an elongated stalk, and it is easy, therefore, for the capsule to raise itself above the grass and other low herbage among which violets grow. The other species has, so to speak, no stalk, the leaves being radical—that is, rising from the root.

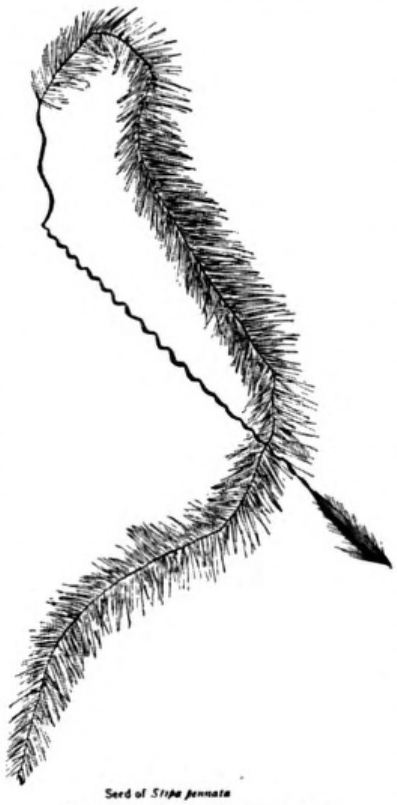
Then there are moving seeds, which perform quite a little journey. Perhaps the most wonderful of these is that of the South European grass known as Stipa Pennata, one of the seeds of which Sir John has sketched. This seed is small, with a sharp point, and short, stiff hairs pointing backwards. The upper end of the seed is produced into a fine, twisted, corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain portion attached to a long and beautiful feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. Swiss Alpine guides, Sir John tells me, sometimes wear plumes of this grass in their caps.

Briefly, the story of the dispersion and sowing of this seed is as follows. It is first of all blown away by the wind; then it falls to the ground point downwards, as is natural from its formation. Sooner or later a shower comes on to soften the earth, and then the breeze catches the feather, causes the corkscrew to

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revolve, and so gradually *screws* the seed into the earth.

The next sketch was made by Sir John after he had determined for himself the throwing of the seeds under consideration. The plant is the geranium known as the Herb Robert, and the drawing shows the gradual development of the seeds from the withering of the flower onwards.

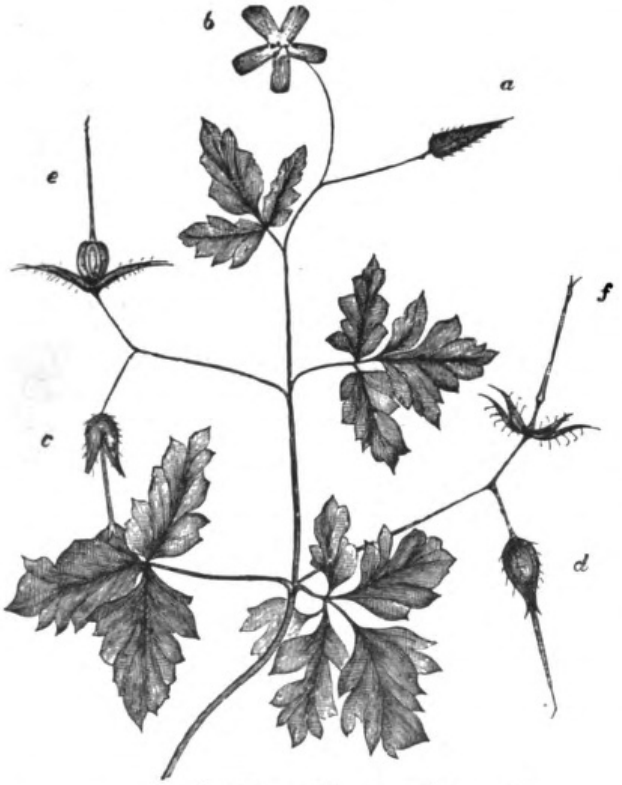


Seed of *Stipa pennata*
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

Being at High Elms, his seat in Kent, Sir John one day gathered a specimen of this geranium, and retired with it to his billiard-room. He then placed it in an upright natural position in a glass on the billiard-table, over half of which he spread a sheet that reached to the wall. He looked in from time to time to see how things were going on, and at last found that four out of the five seeds had been thrown. Sir John could not at first find them, though, as he had no idea of their having been thrown so far. The seeds were eventually found on the sheet near the wall, having been thrown nearly 22ft. from the plant.

I am paying Mr. W. S. Caine no extravagant compliment when I describe him as one of the most conscientious and hard-working members of Parliament that ever served a constituency. Only, he is not an M.P. now; he assures me, however, that his exclusion is quite temporary. My interview with Mr. Caine took place at his house on the north side of Clapham Common.

The redoubtable champion of the temperance cause is something of a traveller. He has thoroughly "done" India, and has written a book thereon; and he journeyed round the world in 1887–88, thereby fulfilling the primary duty of the ideal member of Parliament.



HERB ROBERT (*Geranium robertianum*).
a, bud. *b*, flower. *c*, flower after the petals have fallen; *d*, flower with seeds nearly ripe; *e*, flower with ripe seeds; *f*, flower after throwing seeds.
From a Sketch by Sir John Lubbock.

Instead of reproducing a photograph of Mr. Caine, I show on the next page a sketch by himself, wherein he is depicted "paddling his own canoe" in the Rocky Mountains. This sketch was made by Mr. Caine after an abortive day's fishing in the Bow River; but, perhaps, I had better let him tell his own story:—

"The following day we" (his daughter, Miss Hannah Caine, accompanied him) "explored one of the small streams tributary to the Bow, with a view to learning how to manage an Indian birch-bark canoe. These canoes are so light that a boy can lift one out of the water and carry it on his back. The paddler sits or kneels in the stern and propels the canoe with a broad, single-bladed paddle, steering with a sort of back-stroke that takes a good deal of learning. However, I managed to canoe my daughter up two or three miles of a running brook, and across the beautiful Vermillion Lake, whose banks were a wild tangle of brush-wood, poplar, and maple—a perfect blaze of autumn red and gold, out

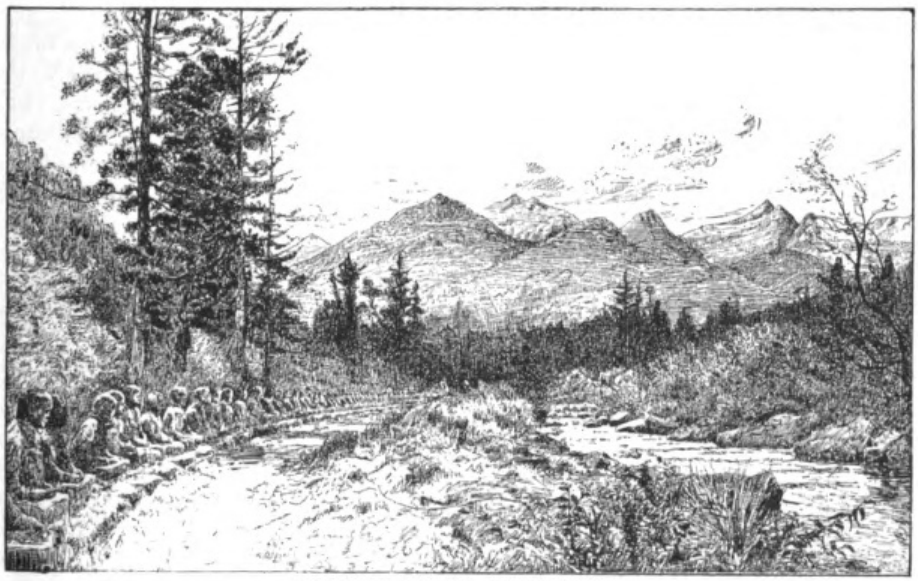
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MR. W. S. CAINE AND HIS DAUGHTER, ON THE BOW RIVER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine.

of which sprang sombre pines and cedars. Behind these were the snow-clad mountains, the whole perfectly repeated on the placid surface of the water."

The next illustration is reproduced from a framed drawing by Mr. Caine that hangs on the staircase of the big house overlooking Clapham Common. This shows the famous images of Amida Buddha, near Nikko, Japan. Describing this sketch, Mr. Caine said: "One morning we went up the valley to get a view of the Nikko range, following a path by the banks of a brawling trout stream. Two miles from the town we reached the far-famed images of Amida Buddha, arranged in a long row of many hundreds by the river-side, contemplating, with great serenity of countenance, the noble range of the Nan-tai-San Mountains. Here and there some of the heads have been knocked off by Shinto blasphemers, or by cockney tourists, who behold in this vast row of gods a mere glorified cocoa-nut shy. It is supposed to be impossible to count this long row of images, and while the rest of the party engaged in the attempt to do so, I amused myself in making a sketch of this extraordinary spot."



IMAGES OF BUDDHA, NIKKO, JAPAN.
From a Sketch by Mr. W. S. Caine.

The last of Mr. Caine's pictures reproduced here is a sketch of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. "Every morning we used to go out upon the roof of our hotel to get a view of the wonderful mountain, which appears so constantly upon the various products of Japanese art and manufacture. You will find a view of Fujiyama painted on paper and woven into textile fabrics; worked upon lacquer and pottery; carved in relief on the panels of cabinets; and chased on bronze vases."

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FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.
From the Drawing by Mr. W. S. Caine

My list of "M.P.'s as Artists" comes to an end with Sir Charles Dilke, whom I saw at 76, Sloane Street, after his triumphant electioneering campaign in Gloucestershire. Like many other distinguished men, Sir Charles has been in many lands. "In 1866–67, I followed England round the world," he said. "Everywhere I went I was in English-speaking or English-governed lands."

Sir Charles has many interesting stories to relate about his sojourn in New Zealand. "On one occasion I was sketching the head of a venerable old dame named Oriuhia-té-Aka, when my subject intimated that she wanted to see what I was doing. I showed her the sketch and explained things as far as I could, whereupon she broke into a torrent of abuse in the liquid and much-bevowelled Maori tongue. After some time I was given to understand that, owing to the omission of certain elegant tattoo designs that adorned the lady's chin, she did not consider my drawing a good portrait. I immediately added the requisite stripes and curves, and, on noting this improvement, the subject of my sketch became so exuberant that I almost feared she would embrace me."



SIR CHARLES DILKE, BART.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

A few weeks after this incident Sir Charles accompanied Dr. Featherston, the Government agent, to Parewanui Pah, where negotiations were to be concluded for the purchase of a large tract of land required by the Provincial Government of Wellington. The price was agreed upon, and the only difficulty in the matter was to divide the money between the various tribes. One tribe had owned the land from prehistoric times; another declared they had conquered it; while a third chief up and spake in the name of his people, affirming that his ancestors had been roasted and made into savoury dishes on the land, which was, therefore, obviously sacred to himself and his tribe. Many speeches followed, the most eloquent and poetic of all being that of a young brave, who was clad in one of the skirts of his half-caste wife.

Not the least insignificant item in this ex-

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PORIA, THE MAORI JESTER.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.

traordinary conference was Poria, the jester, whose portrait, drawn on the spot by Sir Charles Dilke, is reproduced here. The framed picture hangs in one of the spare bedrooms of Sir Charles's house in Sloane Street, but was lent me for use in this article.

While the chiefs of the opposing tribes were haranguing their followers, in support of their claims, this half-mad buffoon, turned for the time being into a kind of self-appointed *advocatus diaboli*, went about interrupting and mimicking everyone who happened to be orating. Nor was Poria's playful spirit quelled by the incredible amount of kicking and buffeting he received indiscriminately from all parties.

No sooner was the sale definitely settled than a solemn grief came over the people. "We have sold the graves of our ancestors," they said; a statement that was true only in a limited degree, for a large proportion of their ancestors had no grave at all, unless we regard as sepulchres the capacious stomachs of their cannibal kindred. However this may be, the wife of Hamuéra created a diversion by seizing her husband's greenstone club, and rushing out from the ranks of the women in order to sing a mournful impromptu song on the subject of the "deal" just concluded. Sir Charles Dilke also sketched Hamuéra's wife, and her portrait is given in the accompanying illustration.

There was a grand war-dance arranged next day, when this same Maori belle assumed the *rôle* of the mad prophetess, inciting the warriors with frightful grimaces and appalling yells.



HAMUÉRA'S WIFE, BEMOANING THE SALE OF THE LAND.
From a Sketch by Sir Charles Dilke.

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Catching the Mail-Bags.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

By R. H. Cocks.

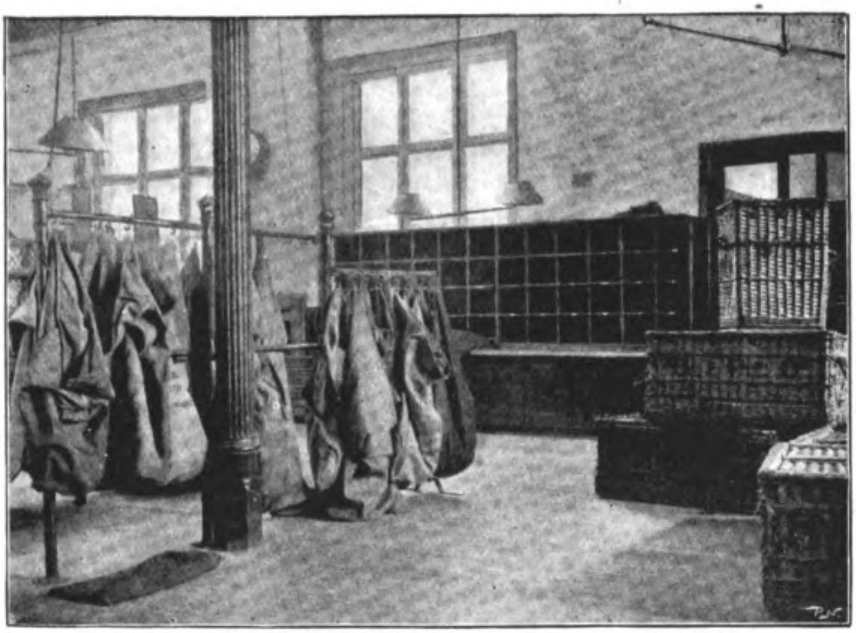


FIG. 1.—THE STATION POST-OFFICE. BAGS WAITING TO BE FILLED.

THERE are many ways of spending an afternoon with less pleasure and interest than that which I am about to relate. Although we all receive our letters with but seldom varying regularity, there are few perhaps who give any thought to the amount of toil entailed to gain this end; and if occasionally our despatches do get delayed in transit, we censure all concerned, not considering for a moment the various causes that readily account for any such delay.

Recently it has been my object to spend a few afternoons at various mail-stations on some of our great iron roads, and cull information concerning this interesting and very important branch of postal processes. With this end in view, having obtained the necessary permits, and armed with a reliable hand-camera, I first wended my way to one of these mail-stations, where the only day mail (and this at a somewhat late hour) thunders past, catching and depositing mail-bags.

Let us first give a passing glance inside the station post-office before proceeding farther up the line to the apparatus. We see here (Fig. 1) the empty letter-bags hanging in readiness to be filled and dispatched to their various destinations, as the name on each will indicate, and the mail-baskets that are carried by ordinary stopping trains, containing the parcels, etc. We must not stay long, as the mail is to be up to time to-day, and the minutes are slipping by.

It has been my experience on my several visits to find at his post a courteous and well-informed postman in charge, who invariably arrives some few minutes before the mail is signalled. The postman's first duty on arriving is generally to open his receiving-net—a simple operation, but one very easily omitted, to which I shall have reason to refer later. This net (Fig. 2), with

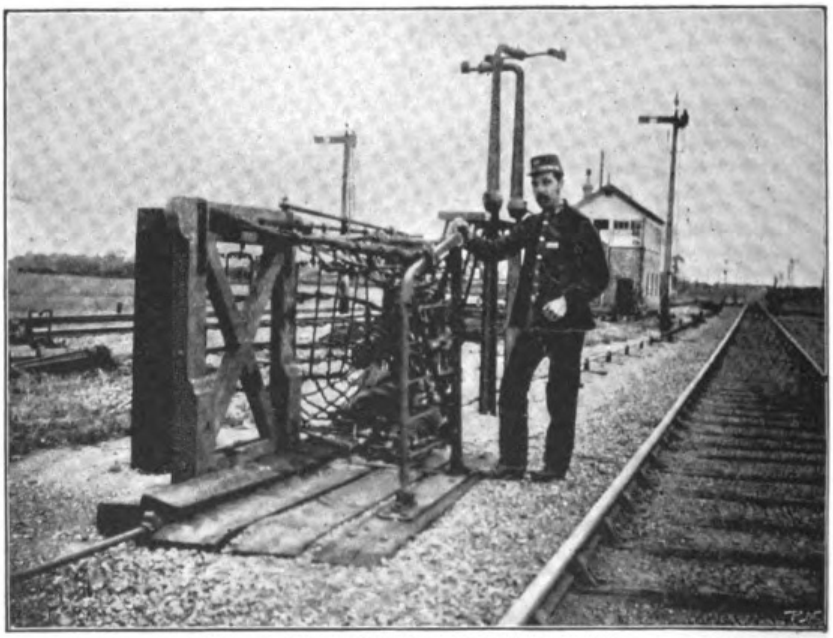


FIG. 2.—THE RECEIVING-NET READY FOR USE.

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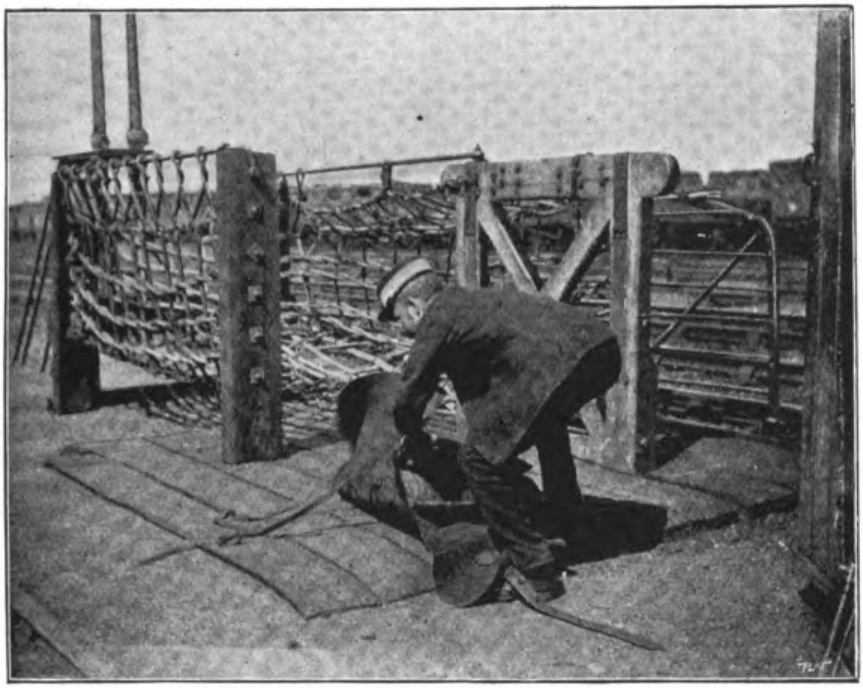


FIG. 3.—PACKING THE MAIL-BAG IN THE LEATHER POUCH.

its large rope meshes, looks at first glance most complicated, but is in reality a simple device.

It is shaped, we may notice, something like the letter **V**, and to prepare it all that has to be done is to prop up in a perpendicular position an iron support resembling a gate, which rests parallel with the rails and is about 3ft. distant from the net. In Fig. 2 we see it ready for use, and in Fig. 4 it is closed.

This "gate" works on a hinge at its base, and to close it an iron stay is let fall and the "gate" leans inclining inwards from the rails against a wooden one, similar, but immovable. These "gates" hold the receiving-net open.

Secondly, the postman (for many of the men in charge of this day-mail service are rural postmen, taking this as their last duty of the day) straps up his bag (Fig. 3), climbs and hangs it upon the "standards" (Fig. 4). The net, it will be observed, in the foreground is here closed. These "standards" are the iron brackets which swing round into position for use, a catch at their base holding them secure.

After use they are always turned inwards out of the reach of passing trains; not that an ordinary passenger train would strike them, but a goods train heavily laden probably would do so.

Next we clamber up and take a glance at the simple catch device from which the bag is suspended. At each mail-station there are generally two standards, one single and one double, the latter being used when there are more bags to be sent, which is usually the case with the night mails.

This catch is a short bar of about 2in. in length, always pointing in the direction the train takes. Upon this bar slides the thick, solid strap of the bag, a metal tube in the leather fitting exactly over it. Then the snap, actuated by a powerful spring, retains the strap and bag in position. Should, however, a gale be blowing at the time, this snap is also fastened down with some special string used, that there may be no possibility of the bag shifting.



FIG. 4.—TURNING THE STANDARDS INTO POSITION.

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Lastly, we may take a cursory glance at this "pouch," as the bag is more properly termed, and we find it to be a substantial leather case opening out flat, with four flaps, into which is placed the sealed canvas bag which postmen usually carry.

This, then, is rolled up, as in Fig. 3, strapped securely, slid upon the bar of the "standard," and finally swung round into position, as we see it in Fig. 5.

All being in readiness, the postman repairs to his cabin close by, and if this mail-station is far from a signal-box, there is an electric bell in connection, by means of which the postman signals his readiness, and the signalman responds.

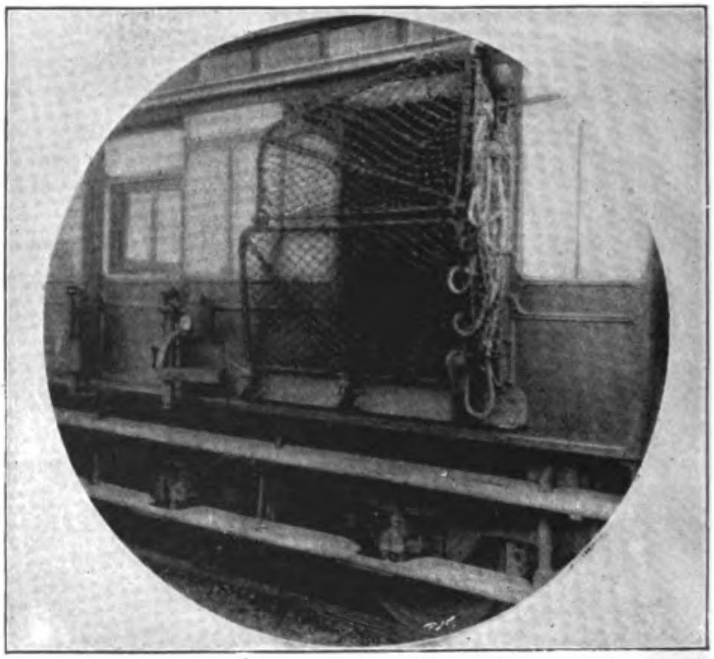


FIG. 6.—APPARATUS ON MAIL-VAN.

A few brief moments elapse, the signals fall, and a distant roar is heard of the approaching mail. Very quickly she is in sight and spreads her nets, like some winged living thing, and swooping down carries off her plunder (Fig. 6). This net on the sorting van (which should be always next to the locomotive) must not be set before the mail train is within 200 or 300 yards of the "standards," but now and again is prepared earlier if the lines are clear of passing trains and objects close to the metals.

It is set by a lever within the car, and is closed on all sides but that which faces the engine, and this offers a wide open space to catch the pouches, which at times are of considerable compass and formidable weight. The engine has now dashed past the apparatus, and the net on the car following slips off the bags (Fig. 7), which roll down inside the car, wrenching open the snap and bursting the string that may have been tied round in addition. Simultaneously, an arm on the same principle as the stationary "standard" springs out some little distance off the ground alongside the net (Fig. 7), to which is attached the bag to be deposited in the net. This pouch, like the others, is suspended by a powerful strap, which, coming in contact with the cross-piece from gate to gate of the net, is released from the snap and hurled to the end of the net or to the corner of the V, the length of the net breaking the concussion.

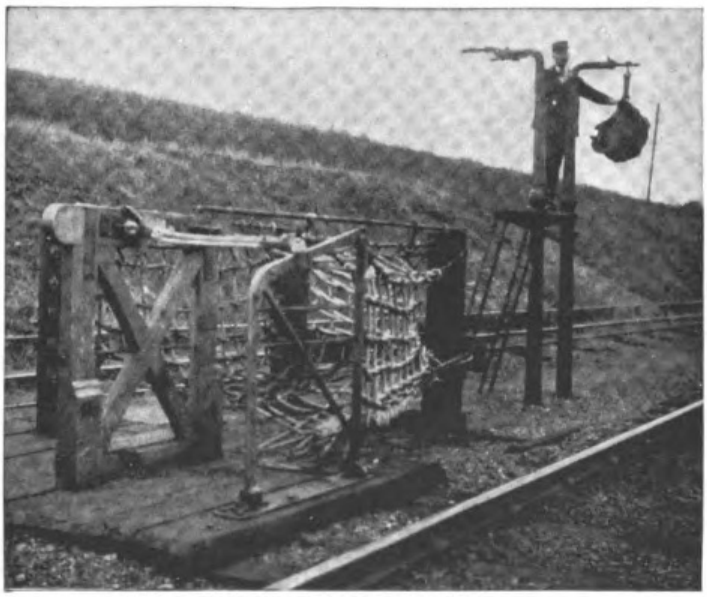


FIG. 5.—APPARATUS ALL READY.

The whole process of the exchange is but momentary, as the mail, represented in Fig. 7, was travelling at a mile a minute. This I gathered on the most reliable authority, and under these conditions, added to which are other difficulties, such as the time of day being advanced, when the light is weak, enormous vibration, and seizing the right moment for exposure, a good result is anything but an easy matter to obtain.

Lastly, we must take a glimpse at the interior of the sorting tender, or "ærial trawler," as this portion of the apparatus has been aptly

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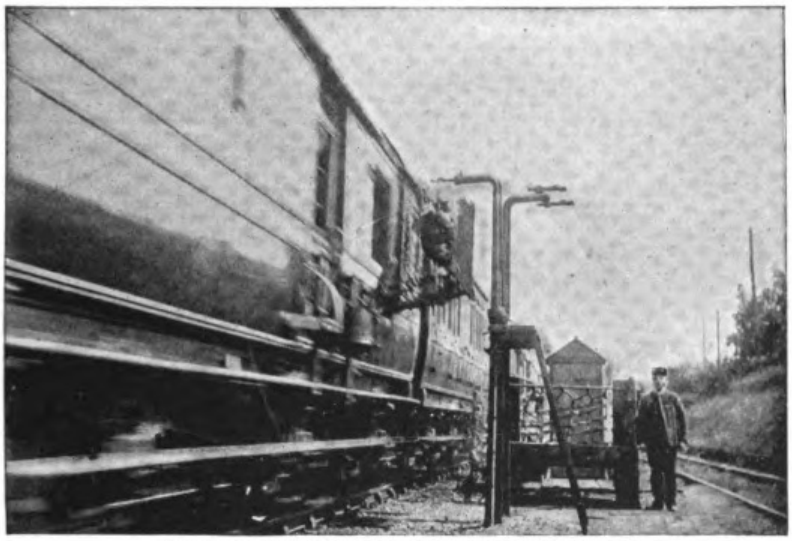


FIG. 7.—THE POUCH JUST LEAVING THE STANDARD.

termed (Fig. 8). To secure an illustration of this was by no means a light task, for, in the first place, the mail makes a brief halt of only two minutes, and nearly the whole of this time is required for loading up, every second being of value to the officials in their race against time. Then the lighting of the car, being for the most part obtained by artificial means, made a rapid execution an impossibility, and my sitters were into the bargain rather restless.

All the bags received are here unsealed, and their precious contents stamped at the rate of sixty per minute (as also the extra foreign and Colonial mails on two days in the week), the sorters never pausing for a moment, whilst quickly scanning the miscellaneous specimens of handwriting, and consigning the letters to their respective pigeon-holes, which, we notice, extend the entire length of the right side of the car; the receiving net being on the left-hand side just behind us. These sorters, who work either by day or night, are as hard-working a body of men as can well be found, and they perform their duties unostentatiously under all manner of trying conditions in this oscillating vehicle.

But recently it was my misfortune to be the indirect cause of the pouches being missed in the receiving-net on the ground. The postman got chatting, and departed from his customary routine of procedure on arriving at his post (for method and system are everything in even so apparently a simple device as this.) In obliging me, by suspending the pouches on a standard better adapted by its position for a photograph, he omitted propping up the net; consequently the mail dashed past, taking his bags safely but leaving nothing in return.

There was no delivery in the town that night, or, in fact, any of the neighbouring villages next morning. However, the matter was satisfactorily explained to the General Post Office officials, who came down next day to make inquiries, and the postman was quite exonerated.

The bags were taken direct up to London —some fifty miles off, and the matter thus reported by the sorting-van officials.

The Postmaster-General, as it may be remembered, offered some years back a substantial sum for any improvement in the present method of transferring the bags, but, as yet, no suggestion has taken the place of this process; a simple, highly ingenious, and at the same time reliable contrivance for catching the mails.



FIG. 8.—INTERIOR OF THE SORTING-CAR.

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MODERN KNIGHT Errantry.

By Brysson Cunningham.

SHE was bewitchingly pretty. From her light blue eyes flashed the brightest and most captivating of glances. Through the coral of her lips you could just catch at times a glimpse of a row of pearls that an empress might envy. A wealth of golden curls clustered round her fair white forehead, her dainty ears, and shapely neck. Her figure was lithe and slender. Her carriage was graceful. Her fortune was considerable. And her name was Ethel Fontaine.

Ted Eccles pronounced her a little fairy, far too good for this rude work-a-day world. And he longed to have her all to himself, her earthly dross notwithstanding. She was a ray of sunshine on his life's dreary pathway, his guiding star; these and various other metaphors you can compile *ad infinitum* from the sonnets he was in the habit of composing. He saw no reason why his suit should not be successful if "that ass, Jack Bowles, who never seemed to see that he was not wanted, would only take himself out of the road, and not be such an unmitigated nuisance."

Jack Bowles, the gentleman referred to, also thought her a jolly nice girl. His thoughts ran on lines more prosaic than sentimental. He gave them vent in a frequently-muttered desire to punch the devoted head of Mr. Eccles for presuming to interfere between himself and the affections of Miss Fontaine.

Outwardly, these two youths comported themselves with tolerable courtesy. They shook hands, chatted together, met one another with perfect affability, and only exhibited their real sentiments in the privacy of their own apartments. Love is responsible for a good deal of hate in this world. If we love one person to excess, do we not usually bestow a counterbalance of dislike on somebody else, in order to maintain the equilibrium of our affections? Here is material for philosophic speculation.

Miss Ethel was, of course, perfectly aware of her attractions. She had ample evidence of them every time she consulted a mirror, which was not seldom. She quite enjoyed being surrounded by a crowd of devoted admirers, each on the alert to gratify the least of her wishes. She laughed and extended her favours with a seemingly careless impartiality, while secretly she took a great delight in playing off one suitor against another. She knew her power, and wielded her sceptre right royally.

The conversation one evening was *apropos* of poetry in general, and of one of Mr. Ted Eccles's effusions in particular. He had composed a pastoral idyll after the most approved

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classical models, with the reading of which he entertained the company.

"You know, I think we are living in most degenerate days," Ethel remarked to Maud Eccles, who was seated at her side; "men do nothing nowadays to justify the extravagant professions they make of undying affection, and all that sort of bosh." Here she laughed most pitilessly in the poet's face. "Why can't men *do* something to prove that they mean what they say?"

"Surely, Miss Ethel, you do not class us all as hypocrites?" pleaded Ted, with a slight accent on the word "all," as if he felt that the remark might not be without some justification in the case of his rival.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," she responded, archly. "You're all pretty much alike. When there's any talking to be done, each strives to outdo his neighbour; but there's no great hurry to put all these fine speeches into practice."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," interposed Jack Bowles, evidently much interested.

"Well, I think my meaning plain enough. A poet, or, for the matter of that, any person in love, or who imagines himself to be in love, throws himself into a dramatic attitude and exclaims that he is ready to do anything, go anywhere, for the object of his devotion and, if need be, sacrifice his life for her sake; while, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't even go without his dinner for one day."

"What would you have the poor fellows do?" broke in Maud. "How can they die for you when they've no opportunity of doing so?"

"The knights of old used to find some way of proving their devotion."

"Oh, yes, Ethel, but you forget that we are living under different circumstances now. A man can't nowadays go roaming round on a warhorse, amputating his neighbours, and wrecking their houses in order to gratify the whim of his ladye-love. We are too prosaic. He would get taken up and punished."

"Well, perhaps so," she pouted; "but, still, men might do something to prove that chivalry is not quite dead."

"Yes, give up smoking, and card-playing, and staying out late at nights, perhaps. Those are the sacrifices *de nos jours*."

"You are always making fun of what I say," rejoined Ethel, somewhat piqued. "I can't see why each age should not have its own form of chivalry, at any rate, in the shape of deeds and not words. If a man, like the idiotic hero of that idyll, were to come to me and say that he was ready to die for me, I should want some confirmation of his statement before I believed him. If he really meant what he said, he would have no difficulty in finding an opportunity of proving it."

This fragment of conversation left a great impression on the minds of Ted Eccles and Jack Bowles. They each regretted that the days of knighthood were passed; that no joust or tournament could afford them the opportunity of covering themselves with gore and glory in honour of Miss Fontaine. Ted's fervid imagination pictured himself, as the hero of a hundred combats, kneeling at her feet to receive the laurel crown of victory. Jack entertained the conviction no less that he would have vanquished whole armies in such a cause.



"HE PICTURED HIMSELF AS THE HERO OF A HUNDRED COMBATS."

Ted dwelt long on the agreeable theme. And then there came to him a happy inspiration, upon which he proceeded to act.

"Bob," said he to Mr. Fontaine's coachman, a night or two later, "is that brown mare of yours restive?"

"Quiet as a lamb," was the response.

"But still she could kick if you vexed her?"

"I daresay," was Bob's cautious rejoinder.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Ted, confidentially, "I want you to do me a favour." Here Bob's fingers closed over half a crown. "I want you to assist me to carry out a little scheme of mine.

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Miss Ethel will be going out for a drive to-morrow afternoon, and if you could manage" — (a wink) — "er — manage to make it seem like as if the horse was—er — running away, and I was on the spot to stop her, I'd give you half a sovereign, Bob." Ted hurried over the latter part of his explanation somewhat nervously, and awaited the reply with apprehension.

Bob looked mystified, as indeed he was.

Ted explained again.

"You see, Bob, I don't want Miss Ethel to run any danger," he added, "but I'd like her to see me ready to risk my life for her. It wouldn't take much to make believe that the horse was running away, and you could shout and yell, and I'd be ready to rush forward and stop the blamed thing."

It took some little time for Bob to see the affair in all its bearings. At last, however, after much persuasion, he consented, for the sake of a sovereign, to carry out a runaway incident with as little danger as possible to Miss Fontaine, and as much glory as possible to Mr. Eccles.

The next afternoon the latter was strolling, to all appearances accidentally, along a country lane, when he saw a carriage coming in his direction at a very unusual speed. The coachman on the box seemed to have taken temporary leave of his senses. He was gesticulating like a lunatic, and yelling at the top of his voice for help. A young lady clung, white and terrified, to the carriage back.

Ted braced himself together for an heroic effort. He jammed his hat firmly down on his brow and, as the mare dashed up, breathless and foaming, spurred to unusual exertions by the erratic outcries of the son of Nimshi, he bounded forward and, flinging his arms round the astonished animal's head, speedily brought her to a standstill.

Then he rushed to the carriage door and assisted the agitated Miss Fontaine to alight. Bob had done his work so well that she sank trembling into his arms.

"What a shame!" he thought to himself, as he looked down on her pale and pretty face. For a moment he despised himself for the trick he had played upon her. The next the self-accusation was forgotten in the delicious sensation of bearing her in his arms. A great longing came over him to stoop down and kiss her. But while he hesitated she recovered. Her colour rapidly returned and, gently disengaging herself, she lifted a pair of grateful eyes upon him and exclaimed:—

"Oh, Ted, how brave and good you have been! What would have become of us if you had not stopped us?"

"We should ha' been smashed to smithereens," said Bob, solemnly. He was faithfully carrying out his contract; all the more so as he had a tender feeling for Mary, the housemaid, and the sight of Eccles gallantly supporting his young mistress had awakened all the romance and sympathy in his nature.

Ted felt uncomfortable, and a slight blush of shame passed over his face, which Ethel attributed to a feeling of modesty. She sat down on the bank at the roadside, to recover from the effects of her fright. Then Bob inquired about returning home. The mare was now standing perfectly unconcerned, and quite in accordance with her lamb-like character. But Ethel absolutely declined to return in the carriage. So Bob drove off alone, and Ted, with very pleasurable emotions, escorted her by the pathway across the fields to her father's house.

He smiled to himself with inward satisfaction several times during the course of that evening, and expressed his delight at having "put a spoke in old Bowles's wheel."

Of course the incident was soon noised abroad, with rapidly accumulating details. Ted found himself the centre of an admiring circle, and, what he prized more highly, decidedly in preference with Miss Ethel.

Much to Jack's disgust, not being a poet, he was unable to pour forth his woes in metrical form; but he renewed his determination to punch Mr. Eccles's head on the first convenient occasion. Why should fortune be so partial to Ted? He flattered himself that he could have rescued Ethel just as well and better than "that fool Eccles," if he had only had the good luck to be on the spot. He railed at Dame Fortune and her caprices. But all to no purpose. Ted had decidedly got the better of him.

Suddenly there flashed across his mind an idea which almost took his breath away.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I'll be even with that numskull yet." And he proceeded to elaborate his plan with much reflection and repeated expressions of satisfaction. It resulted in the following incident:—

A week later Miss Fontaine was directing her steps along the self-same pathway across the fields which she had so lately traversed in the company of Mr. Eccles. She was attended only by Tommy, a strapping lad of fifteen, who performed odd domestic jobs in the Fontaine household. Miss Fontaine had an old pensioner, a bedridden woman,

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whose cottage she was in the habit of visiting periodically. On these occasions Tommy carried a basket containing jellies and other delicacies for the invalid.

The pathway was solitary, and in one part skirted the edge of a thicket. It was just at this point that Miss Fontaine found herself, to her dismay, suddenly confronted by six sturdy ruffians, armed with cudgels, who demanded charity in tones as plausible as their gestures were menacing. Tommy, not by any means a brave youth, dropped his basket and fled across the empty fields, shrieking for help. The thought of pursuit lent wings to his feet, and he tumbled headlong over the first stile into a dry ditch, where he lay breathless and too frightened to move.

Miss Fontaine was by nature timid, but, left alone in the face of imminent danger, she did not lose her presence of mind. As calmly as possible she handed her purse to the men and sought, not without much inward trepidation, to pursue her way. A dozen hands were instantly laid upon her, and——

At this moment, Mr. Jack Bowles came tearing along the path at his utmost speed. He dashed headlong into the group, upset one man with the impetus of his charge, drove his fists into the faces of the second and third, and then, thrusting Miss Fontaine aside, commenced a vigorous onslaught on the remaining three. A severe struggle lasted for several minutes, in which blows and muttered curses succeeded one another without intermission. Then, just as it seemed that Jack would have to yield to superior numbers, the whole body of ruffians suddenly took flight, leaving him master of the field, with a torn coat and a generally disordered attire.

The victor turned to Miss Fontaine, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. He took her tenderly by the arms, and, with eyes full of concern, inquired if she had been hurt.

Poor Ethel was too overcome to make any reply. Her breath came and went in fitful sobs, and she was evidently on the verge of an hysterical attack. Jack drew her to his side and soothed her as only a devoted lover could. Then, as she grew calmer, she poured forth her thanks in such broken and grateful language, that he felt himself to be a disgraceful brute for having caused her so much distress. He picked up her basket and gloves, and slowly escorted her home. Tommy, finding that no one pursued him, had also made the best of his way thither, and had arrived five minutes previously with an exaggerated account of the murder of Miss Ethel by a gang of ruffians. The whole household was in commotion when they arrived on the scene. They were welcomed with lively demonstrations of affection, and when Ethel narrated the



"MR. JACK BOWLES CAME TEARING ALONG."

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story of Jack's prowess, that modest gentleman was overwhelmed with praise and congratulations.

He returned home that evening brimful of delight and satisfaction at the success of his plot. He had need to be, for it cost him several pounds to assuage the feelings and mollify the hurts of his hired "villains."

Ted's exploit was now put altogether in the shade, and he was highly wroth in consequence. Miss Ethel's lady friends all agreed that the encounter with six desperate ruffians and their defeat single-handed was a far more heroic performance than the stopping of a runaway horse. Jack was set up on the pedestal lately occupied by Ted, and Miss Ethel's favours veered round in the direction of her later deliverer.

But Ted was not going to let matters rest here. His fertile imagination speedily evolved another exploit to recover his lost glory. During the next few weeks Miss Ethel led a most exciting and precarious existence. She seemed to be under a perpetual sword of Damocles. Hardly a day passed but she was in some perilous situation, from which she was only rescued in the nick of time by the prowess of one or other of her lovers. A burglarious entry into her father's house was discovered and checked by Eccles. A midnight fire, whose origin was a mystery, gave Bowles the opportunity of mounting to her bedroom and carrying her off, amid clouds of smoke and shouts of applause. Eccles dragged her from under the feet of a cab-horse, whose reckless driver was certainly not above the suspicion of having tracked her along the streets for several days. Bowles was just in time to prevent her being gored by an infuriated bull while crossing the fields. And so on, turn by turn, each rival constituted himself her guardian angel at some critical juncture. And each adventure became more alarming than the last. Miss Ethel's latest escape was the general topic of conversation. People wondered at her extraordinary career. Insurance agents looked askance on her father's prudent efforts to take out a policy on her life. She herself began to find life a very uncertain quantity and far too exciting to be enjoyable. Poor girl, she longed for the old, uneventful days, when her existence flowed smoothly and sweetly along like the tide of a summer stream. The Fates now seemed determined to put an end to her, and, balked in one direction, they immediately resumed their attempts in another.

Matters came to a crisis at last. The competition could not possibly go on for ever, and Ted Eccles determined to make one decisive stroke, which should "settle the hash of that ass, Bowles," once and for all.

There was to be a picnic on the river in a few days. Ted's ready invention gave birth to the idea of a thrilling rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. He thought the matter carefully over, and laid down a scheme as feasible as possible. He then strolled down to see Jim, the boatman.

Jim was the owner of some light river craft, and he had undertaken the duties of pilot and oarsman in the forthcoming excursion.

Very cautiously Ted explained to him the object of his mission. Nevertheless, Jim was considerably astounded at the audacity of a proposal to upset a whole boat-load of people into the water. It took him several minutes to grasp the fact of Ted's sanity. He shook his head very determinedly.

"Nay, nay, sir; thee's not going to get me hung for murder."

"But, Jim, I want you to do it in some shallow place, where nobody will get drowned."

"Can't be done, sir," said Jim, emphatically. "Think o' my reppitation."

Ted pleaded and persisted. He offered bribe after bribe on an increasing scale. Jim was obdurate. Still Ted waxed more importunate. With the offer of a ten-pound note Jim wavered. It was a sum not lightly to be rejected. He reflected a minute or two and then remarked, tentatively:—

"It's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescy?"

"That's all, Jim."

"Well, what about th' others?"

This was a poser. Ted had not troubled himself about the fate of the remainder of the party. "Oh, they'll manage to scramble out some way or other," he said, off-handedly.

"Look ye here, sir," said Jim, thoughtfully, "seeing as it's only Miss Ethel as you wants to rescy, it's no use upsetting the whole boat-load. Besides, that 'ud be too big a job. How'd it be if Miss Ethel was persuaded to go for a bit of a row after the others had got out; and then, seeing as you wish it pertickler, I might manage to tip her in, nice and quiet like, close agen the side, so as there'd be no danger?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Ted, grasping Jim's horny hand in his enthusiasm.

It was arranged then for the sum of £10 (£5 down and £5 on completion of con-

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MAX COWPER.

"THE VERY THING!"

tract), that Jim was to offer to indulge Miss Fontaine's well-known penchant for rowing, and by this means take her farther up the river than the rest of the party; and then, having reached the selected spot, to sink or overturn the boat in a skilfully accidental manner, so that Mr. Eccles, who would be at hand, might plunge in and obtain all the credit of her rescue.

Ted took his leave. Scarcely an hour elapsed before Jack Bowles popped into Jim's workshop.

He also had a communication to make to the astonished boatman. It was none other than the identical scheme of his previous visitor. Jim stared at first. He wondered if everybody was going crazy. Then he decided to keep his own counsel. He listened attentively to Jack's exposition of the plot, raised various objections, and finally allowed himself to be persuaded into an arrangement with him on the same terms as with Ted Eccles.

As Jack closed the door behind him, Jim remarked, sententiously:—

"The work's well paid as is twice paid. Well, I've no objection to twenty quid. As for them, they can fight it out who has her—it's none of my business."

The day of the picnic was a glorious one, as all days should be. Not a cloud broke the vast expanse of blue overhead. The river flowed clear and limpid, dreamily reflecting the panorama of foliage extending along its banks. The party set out in the best of spirits for a day's enjoyment.

Ted Eccles took his station behind a tree, close to the river's brim. He was not aware that Jack Bowles had ensconced himself behind a similar tree on the opposite bank. Neither was Jack conscious of the proximity of his rival.

They waited while the minutes dragged slowly along. Each kept an anxious watch on the nearest bend in the stream. And, at last, their patience was rewarded by the sight of the skiff containing Ethel and Jim. Ethel, dressed all in white, with her hat off and her golden curls flashing in the sunlight, was gracefully dipping her oars into the gliding tide. All unconscious of her impending fate, she dreamily contemplated the cool and shady creeks as they passed along. The harder toil devolved upon Jim, whose sturdy stroke carried the boat forward with a steady momentum. With thoughts full of coming events, he cast furtive glances at the various landmarks as they came in view.

At length the boat drew abreast of the chosen spot. Ted and Jack scarcely breathed as they saw Jim, unnoticed by Ethel, skilfully withdraw a plug from the bottom of the boat. There was a moment's intense silence. Jim had resumed his oars. Then the dreamy look suddenly vanished from Ethel's face, and she started to her feet.

"Oh, Jim, quick, the boat's sprung a leak!" Jim leaped up, too, and, in doing so, caused the boat to lose its equilibrium. It overturned both its occupants into the water.

Now was the moment. Both rivals plunged into the water with one impulse. Both were excellent swimmers, and reached the overturned boat in a few vigorous strokes. Then, for the first time, they became aware of each other's presence.

Ted, with his arm round Ethel's waist, glared with astonishment and anger at Jack. The latter reciprocated the glare with interest. Ted felt that he was being defrauded out of his legitimate laurels. Jack felt that his pet scheme was being frustrated by the malignity of his foe. Angry blood surged through their veins.

Ted was for bearing the clinging Ethel to *his* side of the river; Jack had the intention no less of taking her to *his* side, in spite of Ted Eccles or any other mortal. He caught her by the arm.

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"Let go," spluttered Ted. "She's mine. I got her first!"

"You be hanged!" ejaculated Jack, fired with indignation.

"Let go, I tell you," screamed Ted.

"I'll smash your head for you," was the response.

"Let go, you scoundrel!"

"Go to blazes, you idiot!"

Ted raised his arm and struck Jack violently in the face. In doing so he lost his hold of Ethel, who, shrieking with fright, drifted away down stream. Fortunately Jim was at hand. He overtook her before she had gone far and conveyed her safely to shore, more frightened than hurt.

Meanwhile the fight waxed furious. The blow maddened Jack; the loss of Ethel infuriated Ted. Closely interlocked, they floundered about in the water, now one uppermost, now the other, striking, parrying, splashing, blowing, plunging, and spluttering, like a couple of great fish in mortal combat. Ethel's shrieks had attracted the attention of the picnic party, and the banks were soon lined with interested spectators. Jack and Ted, heedless of everything save each other's existence, fought on like maniacs. In vain the crowd shouted to them; they neither heard nor cared.

The duel must have continued until one or other of them was *hors de combat* had not Jim, in a moment of inspiration, procured a boat-hook from an adjoining cottage, with which he hooked the combatant who first floundered within reach. This happened to be Ted, and he was fished out of the water by main force, amid the cheers and laughter of the onlookers. Jack had no alternative but to follow, sheepishly.

The curtain must now in charity be drawn upon the crestfallen rivals. They both lost Ethel. She, to put an end to her perilous adventures, married another fellow.



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One Year's Hard Cash.

By J. Holt Schooling.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

FROM time to time there have been printed in magazines descriptive accounts of the Royal Mint as regards the working processes by which our supply of change—from five-pound pieces to farthings—is manufactured and distributed. But, so far as I know, there has never been prepared any concise account of the extent of the Mint's operations as regards its output of hard cash, nor any attempt to show these, in some instances, astounding results in a form that enables them to be readily understood by us in whose pockets jingle the coined results of the work of a very industrious department of the State. Let us then consider the working of the Royal Mint from a fresh point of view, and see what we can make of the facts placed at the disposal of everyone by a man who literally "coins money"—the Deputy-Master of Her Majesty's Mint.

Diagrams Nos. 1, 2, and 3 relate to our modern coinage only. No. 1 illustrates the proportions of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively, to the coins made during the ten years 1885–94. Here are the actual figures upon which No. 1 has been based:—

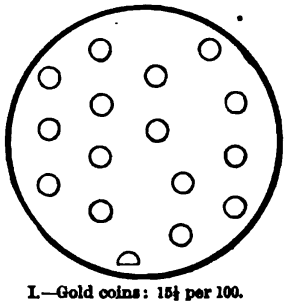
	Number of Pieces.	Per-centages.
Gold coinage during years 1885–94	72,477,708 or	15·5 per cent.
Silver ,, ,, ,,	192,139,058 or	41·1 ,,
Bronze ,, ,, ,,	202,531,840 or	43·4 ,,
Total number of coins made during the ten years 1885–94	467,148,606	100·0

We cannot, of course, assume that these results for the ten years 1885–94 also represent the proportions of gold, silver, and bronze coins respectively to the whole existing coinage of this country, because the number of coins of each class now in circulation can only be estimated, whereas the above results are the actual Mint figures for the period stated. They show us what has been the coinage of gold, silver, and bronze coins respectively during an appreciably long span of the Mint's operations, and we see that the number of bronze coins is nearly three times as large as the number of gold coins, the pieces of silver coined being nearly as numerous as the pieces of bronze. (See No. 1.)

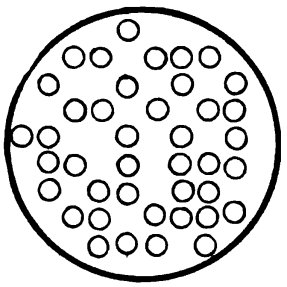
When we deal with the respective values of the three groups of coins—see No. 2—we obtain results very different from those which relate to the respective numbers of gold, silver, and bronze coins. The figures upon which diagram No. 2 has been computed are:—

	Face-Value. £	Percentages.
Gold coinage during years 1885–94	57,671,768 or	83·9 per cent.
Silver ,, ,, ,,	10,439,823 or	15·2 ,,
Bronze ,, ,, ,,	584,416 or	0·9 ,,
Total face-value of coins made during the ten years 1885–94	68,696,007	100·0

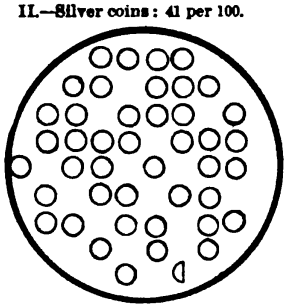
The face-value of the silver and bronze coinage is considerably greater than the actual value of the metal of which these coins are made. In fact, as regards the silver coinage, an "unofficial" coiner might almost be tempted to buy silver at the present market price and make good coins of it, at a profit, if he could work on a large scale, and if he could dispose of his wares when coined. The cost of the silver bullion for these coins, whose face-value is stated at £10,439,823, was very little more than one-half of this amount, so that, in round figures, the Mint makes a yearly profit of half a million sterling upon the silver coinage. The



I.—Gold coins: 15½ per 100.



II.—Silver coins: 41 per 100.



III.—Bronze coins: 43½ per 100.

No. 1.—Each of the above three large circles represents One Hundred Coins of the Realm. The little discs inside each of the three circles show, by their number, the respective quantities in every one hundred coins, of:—*I. Pieces of Gold. II. Pieces of Silver. III. Pieces of Bronze.* [*Computed on the whole coinage for the ten years 1885–94.*]

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I.—Gold coins in black.



II.—Silver coins in black.



III.—Bronze coins in black.

No. 2.—Each of the above circles represents the FACE-VALUE of the "Moneys of the Realm" coined and delivered into Store at the Royal Mint during One Year. [*Computed on the average yearly coinage for the ten years 1885–94.*] The black part of each circle represents the FACE-VALUE of:—*I. Gold Coins. II. Silver Coins. III. Bronze Coins.*

value of the bronze coins is relatively so small, that in parts I. and II. of diagram No. 2 their value shows only as a very narrow white streak, and in part III. as a very narrow black streak. Moreover, the percentage 0·9 above is a little too high for the value of the bronze coins, and the percentage 83·9 is a little too low for the value of the gold coins—these are, however, the nearest figures within the limits of precision shown by the little tabular statement just given. Concerning the profit made by selling the bronze coinage at its face-value, the amount paid by the Mint for bronze bullion [during the ten years 1885–94, to which the *coined* value of £584,416 relates] was only £97,747, or (say) a cost to the Mint of only £16 to £17 for the metal composing every £100 worth of bronze coin made: a very profitable business.

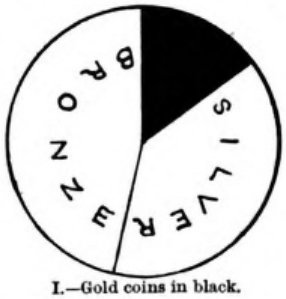
The see-saw between gold and bronze, with silver sitting in the middle to keep things steady, is further illustrated by No. 3, where gold—as in No. 1—has again to go down bottom while bronze comes up top.

This diagram No. 3 illustrates the respective weights of the three groups of coins, and it has been based on the following figures:—

	Tons.	Percentage.
Gold coinage during the years 1885-94.....	453·4	or 15·1 per cent.
Silver " " " ...	1,162·1	or 38·6 "
Bronze " " " ...	1,392·0	or 46·3 "
Total weight in tons of coins made during the ten years 1885-94...	3,007·5	100·0

We see that on the score of *weight* the bronze coinage outstrips the gold coinage still more than on the score of "number of pieces"—see No. 1 and the tabular statement about the *number* of coins made. The weight of the bronze coins is more than three times the weight of the gold coins, and, for the third time, silver occupies the middle place between gold and bronze: compare diagrams 1, 2, and 3.

It may be of interest if I give here a condensed summary of the coinage during the ten years 1885–94, and which splits



I.—Gold coins in black.



II.—Silver coins in black.



III.—Bronze coins in black.

No. 3.—Each of the above circles represents the WEIGHT IN TONS of the "Moneys of the Realm" coined and delivered into Store at the Royal Mint during One Year. [*Computed on the average yearly coinage for the ten years 1885-94.*] The black part of each circle represents the WEIGHT IN TONS of:—*I. Gold Coins. II. Silver Coins. III. Bronze Coins.*

up some of the results already quoted for gold, silver, and bronze, respectively, into the results for each different coin. Here it is:—

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Moneys of the Realm coined and delivered into Store in the Mint office, from the 1st day of January, 1885, to the 31st day of December, 1894.

	Number of Pieces.	Face-Value. £
GOLD COINAGE.		
Five-pound pieces	73,360	366,800
Two-pound pieces	135,064	270,128
Sovereigns	41,800,397	41,800,397
Half-sovereigns	30,468,887	15,234,443
Total 1885–94	72,477,708	£57,671,768
SILVER COINAGE.		
Crowns	4,885,848	1,221,462
Double-florins	2,689,830	537,966
Half-crowns	20,792,024	2,599,003
Florins	15,061,860	1,506,186
Shillings	53,143,200	2,657,160
Sixpences	57,903,120	1,447,578
Threepences	37,341,216	466,765
Fourpences — *Maundy*	169,896	2,832
Twopences—*Maundy*	57,024	475
Pence—*Maundy*	95,040	396
Total, 1885–94	192,139,058	£10,439,823
BRONZE COINAGE.		
Pence	93,219,840	388,416
Halfpence	78,848,000	164,267
Farthings	30,464,000	31,733
Total, 1885–94	202,531,840	£584,416
Grand Total, 1885–94	467,148,606	£68,696,007

[NOTE.—In the Face-Value column the results have been shown to the *nearest pound*, in order to avoid shillings and pence.]

The above statement refers to the coinage for the ten years 1885–94, so that by dividing any of these results by ten, we may at once obtain the yearly figures which relate to our One Year's Hard Cash.

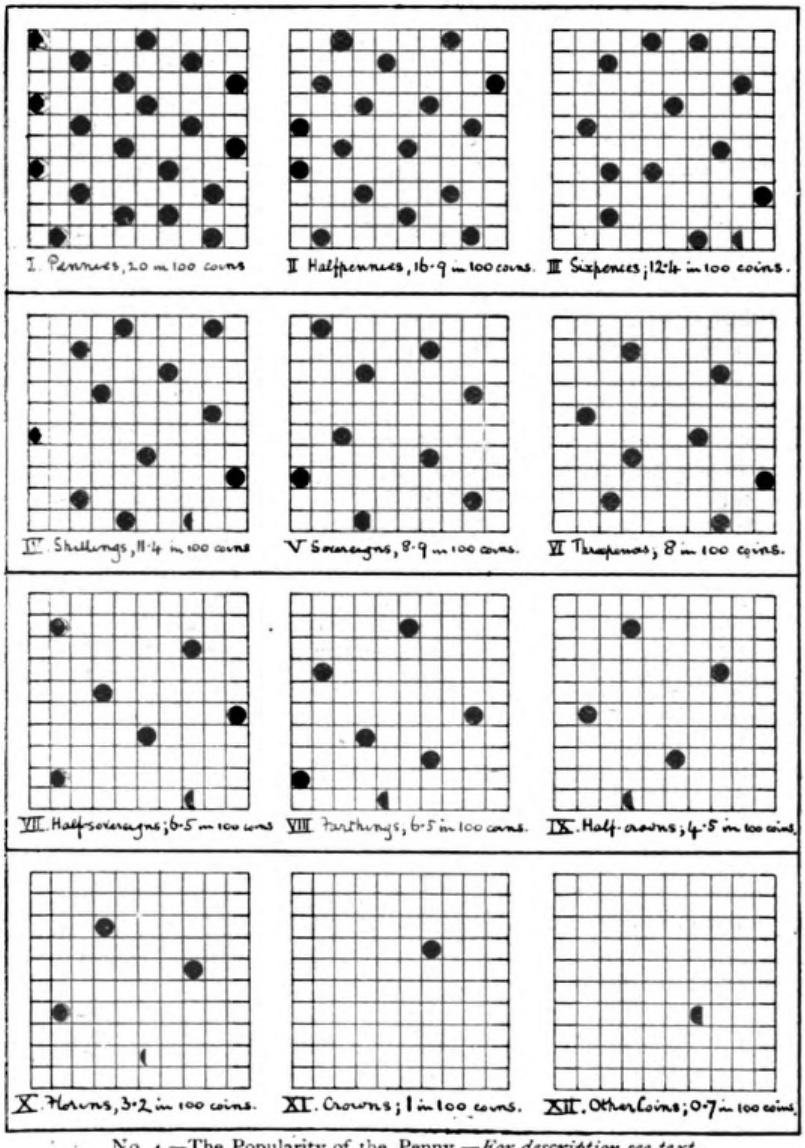
I have done a little sleight-of-hand with the 467 millions of coins just detailed in the column headed Number of Pieces, and have embodied the results in diagram No. 4, called The Popularity of the Penny. Coins, like every other commodity, are subject to the tides of demand and supply, and we may be quite sure that nothing but an incessant demand for pence would cause the Mint to turn them out in such quantities that they easily take the first place in this diagram, which may be explained thus:—

Each of the twelve large squares in No. 4, numbered I. to XII., represents one hundred coins of the realm. The black discs in each of the twelve large squares show, by their number, how many coins of the value named there are in every 100 coins made; and this set of twelve squares, viewed as one consecutive series, indicates the respective degrees of popularity of the gold, silver, and bronze pieces of our coinage. [No. 4 has been calculated on the whole coinage of the Royal Mint during the ten years, 1885–94.]

It is certainly interesting to note the following sequence of our coins as regards their popularity:—

1. The Penny.
2. The Halfpenny.
3. The Sixpence.
4. The Shilling.
5. The Sovereign.
6. The Threepence.
7. The Half-sovereign.
8. The Farthing.
9. The Half-crown.
10. The Florin.
11. The Crown.
12. Other Coins: these include, in the order stated, the double-florin, the Maundy fourpence, the two-pound piece, the Maundy penny, the five-pound piece, and the Maundy twopence.

Diagram No. 4 shows graphically, and also by numerical statement, the extent of the difference between the popularity of each



No. 4.—The Popularity of the Penny.—*For description see text.*

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coin, from the popular twenty pennies in every 100 coins, to the solitary crown-piece in every 100 coins—gold, silver, and bronze. Curiously enough, the half-sovereign and the farthing are equally popular: both coins thrive to the extent of 6·5 in every 100 coins made.

Apropos of farthings, I had occasion while I was preparing this account of the coinage to use a quantity of farthings for a certain calculation, and I experienced more difficulty in getting them than if I had wanted an equal number of half-sovereigns. The Bank was unable to supply any coin below the halfpenny, and, being advised to "try the drapers," I mustered my courage, and in reply to the obsequious question of many shop-walkers: "What is your pleasure, sir?" meekly replied, "Five shillings' worth of farthings, please, or as many as you can let me have." I don't remember ever to have seen important-looking men so much taken aback by a simple statement, and I could not get any farthings "at the drapers'." At last I unearthed a lot at a sweetstuff shop, but the difficulty I had to get those farthings proved to me that they really do not deserve a degree of popularity higher than that eighth place which they occupy in No. 4 diagram. If I could, I would have placed the farthing among "other coins," right at the tail of the list—the getting of those I wanted bothered me so, and I believe the people thought I wanted to gild them, and pass them as half-sovereigns. I always look the other way now when I meet those insulted shop-walkers.

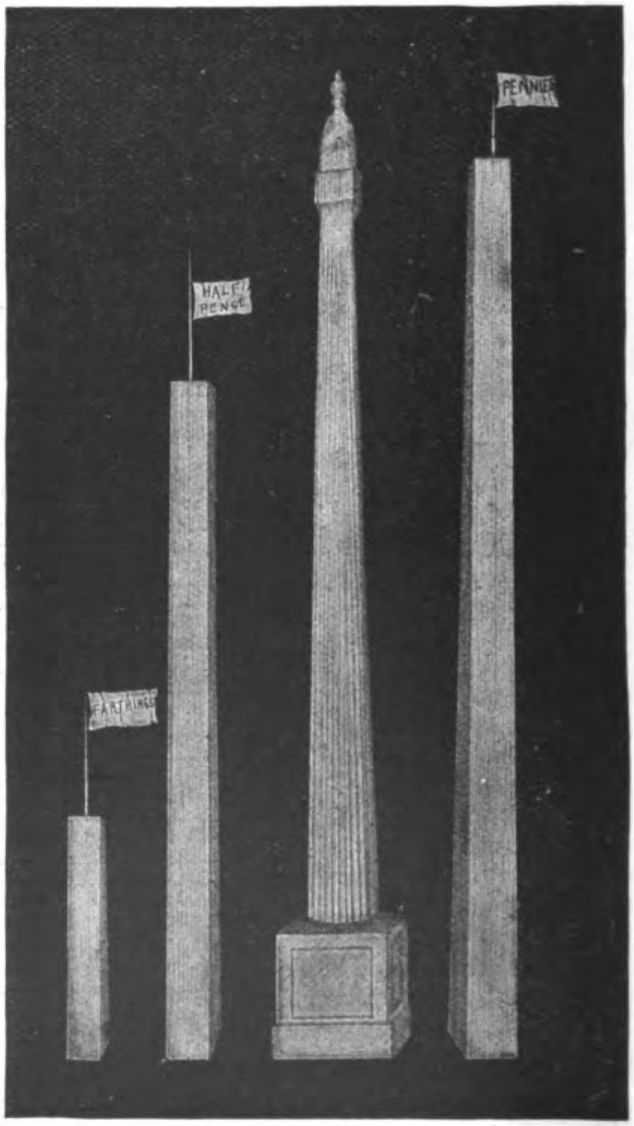
Taking this vast total of 467 millions of coins made in ten years, and allowing 300 working days in each year and 10 working hours in each day, no fewer than 15,572 new pieces of money are made in every hour, or just on 260 new coins per minute! An astonishing result, especially when we note that excessive care is given to each of the many operations, and that many freshly made coins are rejected during one stage of their examination on account of trivial defects which disqualify them from ranking as good pieces. These rejected coins are not included among the 467 millions just mentioned; they are sent back to the melting-pot, for it is considered cheaper to make them all over again than to touch them up by hand with files, etc., as is done in some countries, in order to make faulty coins comply with the stringent regulations as to weight, etc.

The Supremacy of the Penny shown by No. 4 suggested to me that a more extended investigation of our bronze coinage might lead to some interesting results. Therefore, I obtained the facts relating to bronze money for the whole period of its coinage, *i.e.*, from the first issue on December 17, 1860, to December 31, 1894. During the thirty-four years' existence of bronze money, its issue from the Mint has been as follows:—

	Number of Pieces.	Face-Value. £	Weight. Tons.
Pence	356,882,400	1,487,010	3,319
Halfpence	299,162,400	623,255	1,669
Farthings	121,534,080	126,598	339
Total	777,578,880	£2,236,863	5,327

[These quantities include the 1,700 to 1,800 tons of bronze coin made by two Birmingham firms, under the superintendence of officers of the Mint, when, in 1860, the substitution of bronze for copper money necessitated a very large coinage during a short time.]

The results just stated may astonish some readers who are able to grasp the meaning of



IV. III. I. II.

No. 5.—Our Supply of "Coppers."—*For description see text.*

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such a large number as 777½ millions of bronze coins, but they will not convey much meaning to the majority. Therefore, I have thrown these results into the graphic form exhibited by No. 5—Our Supply of Coppers—which may be described thus:—

Part I. of this diagram represents the Monument, 202ft. high, which is the scale of the drawing.

Part II. of No. 5 is a solid square tower, consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of pennies, each column being 184½ft. high: this tower of pence is 10ft. 1in. square.

Part III. is a solid square tower consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of halfpence, each column being 138½ft. high: this tower of halfpence is 8ft. 4½in. square.

Part IV. is a solid square tower consisting of ten thousand vertical columns of farthings, each column being 49½ft. high: this tower of farthings is 6ft. 8in. square.

Parts II., III., and IV. of No. 5 have been carefully computed, and then drawn to the scale of the height of the Monument, and this extraordinary quantity of bronze money has been issued by the Royal Mint since the introduction of the bronze coinage in the year 1860 up to the 31st December, 1894. The face-value of these three towers of bronze coin is nearly 2¼ millions sterling; they contain more than 777½ millions of coins, and they weigh 5,327 tons!

This, then, is the meaning, exactly described, of the great towers of "coppers" seen in No. 5; and, truly, the results astonished even me, who calculated and drew them.

In diagram No. 6 we have a contrast between the values of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively, that makes our pence look rather small, despite their gigantic proportions exhibited by No. 5. Parts I., II., and III. of No. 6 represent the face-value of one ton of gold, silver, and bronze coins, respectively. The little square at the top of No. 6 represents the value of one thousand pounds sterling, and it here serves as a scale of measurement. As regards the value (£420) of one ton of bronze coin, this has been computed on the coinage during 1885–94, and it is liable to some variation for the following reason. When the bronze money was first authorized, in order that the penny might not be inconveniently large, or the halfpenny and farthing too small, the latter coins were ordered to be of greater weight than the half and the fourth part of the penny, respectively. From this discrepancy it follows that the value of one ton of bronze coin may possibly vary from the £420 stated, but, as this value is based on the results of ten years' work, it is probable that it fairly represents the proportions of pence, halfpence, and farthings that go to make up a ton of bronze money. Incidentally, I may remark that one ounce avoirdupois is equal in weight to three pennies, five halfpennies, or ten farthings, and this statement shows that the penny is too light in proportion to the halfpenny and the farthing, and that these two coins are correctly proportioned in weight. No one need be in want of an ounce letter-weight if three pennies, or five halfpennies, or ten farthings be at hand. The gold and the silver coins, respectively, are all correctly proportioned to each other as regards weight.



I.—The Value of One Ton of Gold Coins, £127,196.

II.—The Value of One Ton of Silver Coins, £8,983.

III.—The Value of One Ton of Bronze Coins, £420.

No. 6.—Parts I., II., and III. of this diagram represent the FACE-VALUE in Pounds Sterling—*i.e.*, the *nominal* value—of One Ton of Gold, Silver, and Bronze coins, respectively. The little square above Part I. represents the value of One Thousand Pounds Sterling, and it here serves as a scale of measurement.

A millionaire might be termed an eight-tonner, for one million sterling weighs nearly eight tons; the few thousand sovereigns over the million which are necessary to make up exactly eight tons' weight are not of much importance to a millionaire. One million sovereigns weigh (avoirdupois) 7 tons 17 cwt. 26lb. 10oz. 95 grains, and if cast into a solid mass so as to make a cube of gold, *such cube would*

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No. 7.—"Worth her Weight in Gold." [*Fourteen stone, at £3 11s. per ounce avoirdupois=£11,133.*]

measure only a mere trifle over 4 ft. each way: so that a million of gold can be packed into a little case that may nearly be spanned by a longish walking-stick—but as this little case would weigh nearly eight tons, it would, like my volumes of "Cruden's Concordance," be protected from burglars by reason of its own heaviness.

By the way, talking about weight, the female shown in No. 7 was once represented to me as being "worth her weight in gold." The fact was mentioned to me by the lady herself, at a registry office, where I once attended for the purpose of selecting a good plain cook. She said that her late mistress said she was "worth her weight in gold," and so, feeling doubtful as to whether I ought to engage such a treasure, I took the trouble to make the calculation whose result is printed beneath No. 7. When I found that this good lady was worth more than £11,000 sterling, I did not feel justified in engaging her at £18 per annum; such wages are not fair interest on the capital employed. So when people talk about other people, or themselves, being worth their weight in gold, you can use this result in No. 7 as a reliable gauge of their intrinsic worth; if for your convenience you take it at (say) £800 per stone-weight, you will be sufficiently near the mark, for all practical purposes.

At last the slang word "dollar" for a crown-piece is to be justified by the coining of a genuine British dollar—and a very fine coin it is (see No. 8).

At the Court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, the 2nd day of February, 1895.

Present: The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, Lord President, Marquess of Ripon, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Kensington, Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Whereas it is expedient to provide for the coinage of a British silver dollar for circulation in Our Colonies of the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and Labuan, and elsewhere;

Now, therefore, We, by and with the advice of Our Privy Council, and by virtue of all powers vested in Us in that behalf, do hereby order as follows:—

(1.) A British dollar shall be coined under the direction of the Master of Our Mint, or at one of Our Mints in British India, and be of the metal, weight, and fineness specified in the Schedule to this Order.

(2.) Such dollar shall have for the obverse impression the figure of Britannia standing upon a rock in the sea, her right hand holding a trident and her left hand resting on a shield, with a ship in the distance and the inscription "One Dollar" and the date of the year, the whole surrounded by a Chinese ornamental border; and for the reverse impression, surrounded by a similar border, a scroll pattern with the Chinese labyrinth in the centre, and the value of the piece, in Chinese and Malay characters respectively, arranged crosswise within the scroll.



No. 8.—The British Dollar lately designed for circulation in the East. [*Shown by permission of the Deputy Master of the Royal Mint. For description see text.*]

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Such, with a few trivial omissions, is the wording of the Royal Order authorizing the coining of a British silver dollar. The facsimile of it in No. 8 is larger than the original coin, which has a diameter of 1½in., and weighs 416 grains, or less than one ounce avoirdupois (437½ grains). The "Chinese labyrinth in the centre" is thoroughly Chinese in the sense of being radically different from anybody else's labyrinth—there's no way *in* to the middle, nor out of it! The hieroglyphics on the reverse side of the dollar stand for "one dollar," the Chinese characters occupying the upper and lower quarters of the scroll, while the corresponding Malay characters are to the right and left. It is well to mention this to avoid any mistakes, and, as the Chinese Minister in this country is responsible for the drawing of these hieroglyphics, they may be taken as accurate, unless, by some trick of Chinese subtlety, he has marked the coin "two dollars," instead of one dollar, and has then proceeded to order a large quantity at the one-dollar rate for subsequent sale in the East at twice the price. Will Chinese scholars please check the accuracy of these inscriptions? The dies for this British dollar have been prepared in the Mint—at the joint expense of the Colonies principally concerned—but the actual coining operations will take place at the Bombay Mint. A large circulation is expected, and two of the largest Eastern banks have guaranteed a minimum coinage of five million dollars annually.

Our own Mint has now enough to do to provide us with one year's supply of hard cash, and in No. 9 I show the nation's hand receiving this supply from the Royal Mint. The cube of metal which is falling from the Mint weighs more than 300 tons, and is composed as follows:—

	Tons.		£
Bronze Coin	139⅛	Face-Value	58,442
Silver Coin	116⅛	,,	1,043,982
Gold Coin	45⅛	,,	5,767,177
Total...	300⅛	,,	£6,869,601

NOTE. — These weights being, for convenience, approximately stated in tons, will not, if multiplied by the values per ton stated in No. 6, give the *exact* values here mentioned.

The size of this cube in No. 9, representing one year's hard cash, is only a little more than 10ft. 4in., but, notwithstanding its comparatively small size, its weight of 300 tons, plus the impetus gained during its fall, makes it a sufficiently heavy mass to be caught and sustained even by the strong hand which waits for it—the hand of the nation—and which has no difficulty whatever in spending this ample supply of Hard Cash.



No. 9.—The Nation's Hand receiving One Year's supply of Hard Cash from the Royal Mint—in the form of a Cube, each side of which measures only 10ft. 4in.; but this Cube weighs more than 300 tons, and is worth £6,869,601 sterling, FACE-VALUE. [*Calculated on the average yearly coinage of the ten years 1885-94, the actual issue for the year 1894 being £6,654,441.*]

NOTE.—Some of the calculations and illustrations of this paper necessitated a knowledge of the specific gravity of the coinage. Mr. F. W. Bayly, Assistant Chemist and Assayer in the Royal Mint, has very kindly made some special experiments with various coins, and has communicated the results to me.—J. H. S.

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Gleams from the Dark Continent.

IV.—THE DERVISH OF THE NILE PYRAMID.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"IN some respects the sahibs would make worthy followers of Mahomet," said Hassan, our guide, as we sat idly smoking under the awning of our tent one hot day; "for, since the unworthy latchet of their shoes has been the sahibs' servant, he has learnt that they appreciate three things which every good Moslem does—coffee, a pipe, and a story."

"Is there any other quality you would like us to add to the list, Hassan?" Denviers asked the Arab, removing from his mouth the amber-tipped and lengthy Egyptian chibooque which he had been vigorously pulling at; "if there is, you may as well mention it."

"Sahib," Hassan responded, gravely, "there is something better than all these—to be of assistance, when able, to a diligent servant of the Great Prophet!"

"Well," replied Denviers, "you have an ingenious way of asking for whatever favour you require, Hassan, I must admit. However, so long as you do not wish to start off to Arabia the Happy with the pilgrims, you are welcome to carry out any other plan you may have in view."

"The sahibs' slave seeks nothing for himself," Hassan remarked, thoughtfully; "yet, to a true believer, the pilgrimage to Mecca is as a cup of water in the desert to the thirsty. If the Englishmen will listen, they shall hear what the Arab seeks — it concerns the strange dervish whom ye saw in the streets of Erment three days ago."



"HE CLUTCHED AT THE COINS."

"And a fine specimen of humanity he was, Hassan," Denviers retorted, with a smile. "A cunning glance he gave us indeed from beneath the matted hair which hung down over his naked shoulders. When he clutched at the coins we gave him, I certainly thought he looked much less harmless than the serpent which he was exhibiting, for the latter had a silver ring fastening its mouth to prevent it from biting him, as you said, at all events."

"So Hassan has learnt some news concerning the dervish at last!" I exclaimed to Denviers. "I don't know whether that fanatic claims to be descended from Mahomet or not, but certainly our best plan will be to leave the fellow alone; he deserves no help from us."

"Wisdom lies in the sahib's words," the Arab interposed, as he overheard my remark, "for, concerning the dervish, Hassan heard this morning by chance in one of the bazaars of Erment a strange story, surely. Indeed, because of what has happened, there is one coming to visit the Englishmen who desires their assistance. Badly, indeed, has the dervish wronged a most faithful follower and descendant of the Great Prophet—an Egyptian who has twice performed the holy hajj, or pilgrimage."

"Well, go on, Hassan," Denviers urged, "or probably our visitor will arrive before you

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are half-way through your yarn." Thus adjured, the Arab stretched himself at our feet and began :—

"Sahibs, of all the dwellers in Erment, Sheik Hammad was long considered the wealthiest and most fortunate. For him caravans travelled far and near, pouring the profits of each expedition into his coffers, until he became so rich that the eyes of envying men were often turned upon him as he walked through the winding ways of Erment, with his daughter Sapphia by his side. For the hand of the latter there were many suitors, but the sheik was unwilling for her to wed, and dismissed those who sought his alliance in this way. As you are aware, sahibs, the pretty women of Egypt may only be seen closely veiled in the streets, while in the harem they are kept to their own apartments. Yet for all that, the beauty of Sapphia became the topic of conversation in the bazaars, by every well-side, and even in the cloisters of the mosques; and, knowing this, Hammad smiled—but kept his daughter from those who longed to loosen the strings of his purse.

"One day, as Sheik Hammad lay upon a divan in his harem thinking of a new caravan which he had raised and recently sent to Tripoli, a eunuch announced the visit of a holy man, or dervish, to his master. As all know, no true Egyptian refuses to give such a man audience, and the dervish was consequently received by the sheik with that respect due to the former's religious calling. Hammad rose and then, prostrating himself, touched with his lips the holy man's feet——"

"Was the holy man, as you call him, the same dervish that we saw at Erment?" Denviers interposed; "if so, I am sorry for the sheik's act of humility."

"The sahib shall hear," Hassan responded. "The dervish stretched out his hand, and touching the sheik, bade him rise and listen to the message which he had to deliver. Knowing that the holy man was head of a band of dervishes, as, indeed, the green colour of the scanty garment which he wore plainly indicated, Hammad was silent as his visitor told of the wondrous visions vouchsafed to him at times by the original founder of the sect known as the Rifáee. To give a portion of his wealth for the support of these dervishes Hammad knew he would be asked, and, accordingly, the request was acceded to with little demur. The dervish explained how he had long dwelt within a pyramid, once the tomb of a great man of his order; he also declared that it was part of a command given to him in a vision to seek out Hammad and offer to exchange his position with him for a year. The sheik, however, sahibs, feared he would make but a poor substitute to be placed at the head of so many illustrious dervishes, and humbly declined the great honour proposed to him. At this the dervish was troubled in mind, but on Hammad promising a larger sum than at first to the members of the strange sect, the venerable man departed, saying that he would consult the founder of his order when another vision was granted to him."

Denviers smiled at Hassan as he interposed :—

"I expect, if Hammad had consented to the change of position offered him by the dervish, when he was restored at the end of the year, probably he would have found his coffers emptied altogether. After that, the estimable dervish would have had, no doubt, a vision concerning some other rich man."

"The sahib shall hear what happened next," Hassan added. "Dervishes are above the common cravings for wealth."

"Evidently they are," said Denviers, "if we may judge from the disinterested proceedings of this one. However, go on with your yarn, Hassan."

"Shortly afterwards the dervish paid a second visit to the sheik," the Arab continued, "and stated the result of his vision—which was fully as surprising as the first one that had been granted to him. For a long time he spoke to Hammad concerning the importance and position of chief dervish, while, to all his words, the sheik carefully listened, expecting to be asked to reconsider his former decision. You may easily understand, then, sahibs, the surprise of Hammad when the dervish flung himself at the sheik's feet and exclaimed :—

"'See! You, who are but a sheik, have it in your power to be raised far above all other Egyptians!'

"'Bend not to me,' answered Hammad; 'for, as you say, I am only a sheik, while you are the most famous dervish of all the land which the Nile waters.'

"The dervish rose and glanced curiously into Hammad's face: 'Is it wise to refuse power?' he asked, gravely.

"'Not if one seeks it,' the sheik answered, cautiously.

"'Listen to what I would say,' the dervish continued: 'wealth and influence can each accomplish much; he who has both is master of his fate.'

"'You speak in riddles,' Hammad replied; 'I wait to learn the meaning of your words.'

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"'The meaning is clear enough,' the dervish replied: 'with you is wealth, with me influence. Let us unite our powers.' Still the sheik was puzzled.

"'How may that be done?' he asked, little imagining what the reply would be.

"'Easily enough,' returned the dervish: 'your daughter is fair to look upon, give her to me in marriage.' Hammad stared at the dervish for a minute without replying, then said, with a forced laugh:—

"'Surely you jest. Holy men such as you never wed; for Sapphia, my daughter, to become your bride would be impossible.'

"'The Great Prophet wedded more than once,' the dervish retorted: 'am I, his unworthy follower, to imagine that he erred in aught he did?'

"'I know not,' replied Hammad, who at last began to see that the dervish intended, directly or indirectly, to get some share of the sheik's wealth for himself; 'but of this you may be assured: the great honour of being related to an illustrious dervish such as you are would overwhelm me. I cannot allow you to extend your friendship for me to such a pass.'

"'You refuse the alliance?' the dervish asked.

"'That is what my words are meant to convey,' replied the sheik, with a decided but deferential air. His visitor moved to where a small brazier stood in one part of the room, and before the sheik could prevent him he thrust something upon the live charcoal.

"'See!' cried the dervish; 'you have sealed your own fate! Seed of coriander, frankincense, and shreds of a written charm give forth the smoke and fragrance which steal upon your senses. Send out caravans, and plan to send out others; give your daughter to a rich man as you think to do; but, by the charms which are mine, I say all that you venture upon shall fail. Your wealth shall be lost and poverty shall come upon you, sickness shall seize upon the fair Sapphia and you, her sire; men shall accuse you of possessing the evil eye, and women shall hide their children's faces lest you look upon them to their hurt! A foolish and a mad choice have you made, but now by it you must abide; for not even dust brought from the tomb of the Great Prophet will be able to cast from you the spell which the charm upon the glowing embers casts upon you! In the byways and bazaars of Erment, day by day, I will gather the people together and declare by the serpent, symbol of the Nile, the wrong you have done me; and what is your reward to be, you, who have brought the head of the dervishes face to face with dishonour?'

"Hammad, sahibs," the Arab went on, as we listened to the account of the dervish's idle threats, "knew only too well that misfortune would come upon him from that hour. He stretched out his hands imploringly to the holy man and besought him to remove the spell—but the dervish was inexorable. He turned and left the apartment, his face flushed with anger and disappointment, while Hammad tried to repeat the first chapter of the Koran, which, every true believer knows, has much power to protect the one who recites it. His senses suddenly were over



"YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR OWN FATE."

come by the power of the dervish's imprecation——"

"Or by the fumes from whatever the estimable dervish flung upon the charcoal?" Denviers interrupted, as he smiled incredulously.

"As I said, sahibs," Hassan went on; "Hammad's senses were affected by the

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imprecation, and, with a cry to Allah and Mahomet for help, he fell down in a swoon upon the richly-carpeted floor of the apartment. Hearing the voice of their master, two eunuchs ran in to his assistance. They raised him, and succeeded in restoring the sheik to consciousness, but from that hour his health began to fail him. A week later Hammad received word that every camel belonging to the expedition he had sent to Tripoli had died on the way; his slaves had deserted him, fearing to return, since, in the midst of their misfortune, down upon them swooped a band of Bedouins, who carried off all the merchandise with which the camels had been loaded. Day after day the sheik had to listen to similar accounts of his losses, while the dervish explained to those who gathered about him in the bazaars how Hammad's own evil eye had brought upon himself these misfortunes.

"At last the sheik determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by his daughter, for he feared that if he delayed much longer, death itself would come upon him. With a part of his diminished wealth that remained, Hammad purchased a camel, and placing his daughter Sapphia upon it, the sheik set out with the pilgrims bound for the birthplace of the Great Prophet. Leading the camel and supporting himself with a long spear, which Hammad knew would probably be wanted in their defence from the bands of marauding Bedouins, the sheik made the whole of the journey to Suez on foot. From Erment, where stands the famous temple built at the command of the lovely Cleopatra, they passed by Thebes with its wondrous ruins, where the eyes of Sapphia glanced in awe at the two giant statues, whose stern, mysterious faces the morning sun gilded, outlining their twin shadows, dark and grotesque, upon the scorching sand. At Dendarah, too, they lingered, and amid its fallen columns Hammad spoke to his daughter of the wonders of the processions of the priests of the goddess Athor when they would sacrifice to her because of the year's return. Then to Asyut they pressed on, through its emerald green pastures, its flowers, and the flocks that fed there, on through the valley of the Nile till Cairo was reached, the fairest city of all. At Suez, when there the pilgrims arrived, Hammad found to his dismay that the dervish was one of the great throng bound for the Holy City, for, as he passed one of its mosques, the holy man emerged from a porch and held up a warning hand to the sheik.

"'Your pilgrimage is in vain!' the dervish cried. 'Whether you would go by land or sea, your eyes will never behold the City of Mahomet!'

"Before Hammad could reply, the dervish disappeared in the surging crowd, and the sheik was filled with the belief that his death was at hand. Sapphia urged upon her sire to take ship to Yambo, the City of the Sea, and thence to journey to Mecca. Hammad, however, found that the pilgrim ship was already overcrowded with passengers; and at last, in his anxiety to reach the Holy City, he proceeded by a clumsy craft, the owner of which willingly offered to convey the two pilgrims to Yambo. Among those who had set out from Erment was a young Egyptian of good birth, and he had often conversed with Hammad on the long march, so that when they reached Suez he still wished to accompany the sheik even to Mecca, and by persuasion prevailed upon the owner of the vessel to accept him as a passenger. Well, indeed, was it for Sapphia that the young Egyptian did so.

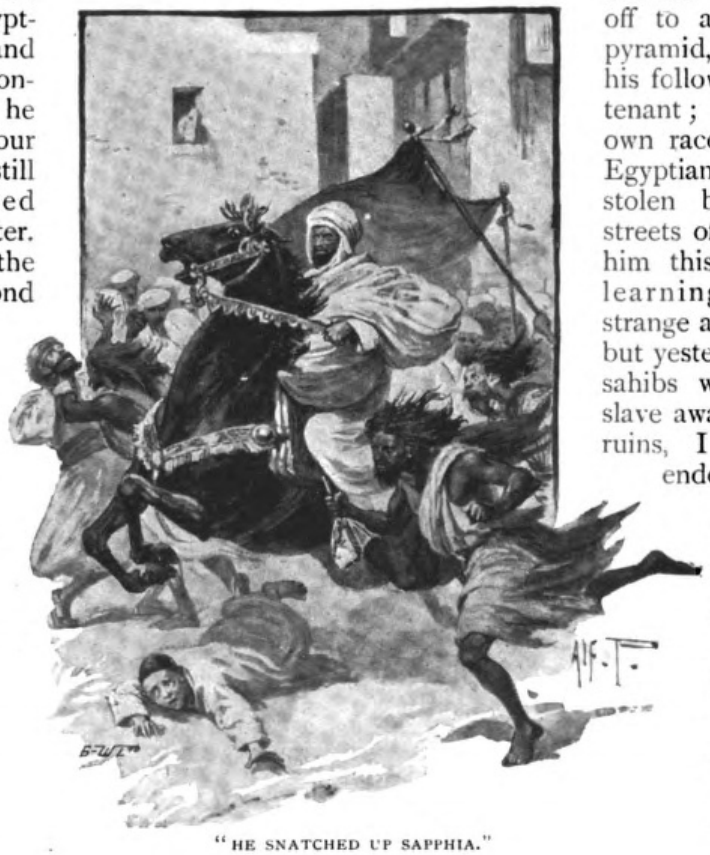
"Leaning over the vessel's side that night, watching the play of the waters of the gulf, as the waves leapt about the stem of the vessel that cleaved its way onward, Hammad suddenly heard a cry that came, he knew, from Sapphia's lips. Drawing his sword he ran in the direction whence the sound came. There he saw his daughter struggling to free herself from several Arabs, who were trying to force her over the side of the vessel opposite to where the sheik had been idly resting. With a cry to Allah for succour, Hammad rushed upon the Arabs, only to find himself instantly surrounded by them. To his assistance, however, Khedi, the young Egyptian, came; the owner of the craft and his crew keeping discreetly out of the way, or probably being in collusion with the Arabs, who were doubtless instigated by the dervish to carry Sapphia off. Hand to hand they contended, Hammad and his companion, the Egyptian, fighting with a desperate courage that awed their assailants. The deck grew slippery with the blood of the evil men, and at last, in sheer despair, the remainder of those who were uninjured flung themselves over the vessel's side into the waves, but whether they afterwards succeeded in entering their boat, sahibs, no one knows, for when the owner of the vessel at last approached, he found Khedi, the Egyptian, and Sapphia, with her veil rent, both supporting Hammad, who lay upon the deck. The latter feebly drew his daughter's head down, and

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whispered something into her ear, and even as she assented to the sheik's request, his face grew rigid and they saw that the dervish's threats were not idle—Hammad was dead! Landing at Yambo, Sapphia made no attempt to continue the pilgrimage, and Khedi, the Egyptian, purchasing for her a camel, as well as one for himself, by land they returned without further mishap until even Erment was reached from which they had set out. There Sapphia remained to mourn the death of Hammad, while Khedi the Egyptian, who as a boy had once performed the pilgrimage, went a second time when the next year came round to thank Allah and Mahomet for his preservation, as well as for saving Sapphia from the dervish's plot. Now, sahibs, comes the strangest part of the story, for he who is coming to seek your aid is none other than Khedi, the young Egyptian, and ye shall hear why he does so.

"The only surviving kinsman of Sapphia was so much influenced by the account of Khedi's bravery, that when the young Egyptian went to him and sought her hand he consented, especially as he had heard a rumour that the dervish was still determined to wed Hammad's daughter. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the second day before Khedi was to receive his bride, the procession which then takes place set out through the streets of Erment. Musicians went before; next, attired in garments of white, a number of the fairest daughters of Egypt followed. Beneath a canopy of rose-coloured silk, which four men supported, Sapphia walked closely veiled, her lustrous black eyes alone visible as she glanced at the gay throng there to do her honour. Suddenly, in the midst of those gathered there, a horseman urged a richly caparisoned steed and, as the crowd reluctantly gave way to avoid the horse's hoofs, each man muttered in his neighbour's ear the name of the dervish whom all knew so well. From the crooked by-ways of the city, from beneath the porches of the adjacent mosque, from every quarter there came forth the dervishes, of whom he who was mounted upon the horse was the leader. Round him they gathered, dressed as they were in scanty, sordid garments, and then broke right through the musicians and maidens behind them.

"'In the name of Allah, I claim my bride!' the dervish cried; and before the astonished throng could intercept him, he snatched up Sapphia and flung her before him, then urged his steed quickly forward, while his followers ran by his side, thrusting back those who sought to break through the cordon. So well had the dervish laid his plans, sahibs, that Khedi, the young Egyptian, to whom the story was quickly told, found himself too late to interfere, for Sapphia was far beyond his reach, and his enemy had worsted him! From what he heard, the dervish carried Sapphia off to a certain ruined pyramid, which he and his followers are said to tenant; but none of his own race will assist the Egyptian to recover his stolen bride. In the streets of Erment I met him this morning, and learning that this strange affair took place but yesterday, while the sahibs were with their slave away visiting some ruins, I promised to endeavour to get from you the aid he needs."



"HE SNATCHED UP SAPPHIA."

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers, thoughtfully, as the Arab concluded his strange story, "if Khedi, as you say this Egyptian is named, asks us to help him we will agree; but it is evident that we shall run into considerable danger in doing so."

"Allah bless the sahibs," Hassan fervently returned. "When the Egyptian comes——"

"If I am not mistaken, he is already ap-

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proaching our tent," I interrupted, as I saw someone crossing the sandy plain which stretched before us.

"The sahib is right," Hassan answered, as he rose and prepared to welcome the stranger; "for he who is making for the tent is none other than Khedi, the Egyptian!"

II.

FOLLOWING our guide, we advanced to meet the one who sought our aid. From the richness of the robes which he wore, Khedi was evidently a man of high position. As he bent deferentially before us I noticed that his limbs, although slight, were well-knit, while the deep bronze of his oval face, his broad forehead, and the grave glance which he turned upon us as we neared him, plainly enough betokened that he belonged to the race dwelling beside the Nile. Denviers listened in silence to Khedi's remarks; then, while the Egyptian conversed with Hassan, my companion and I drew apart and discussed the man's proposals.

"One thing is certain," said Denviers, at last. "Khedi's plan is useless, for if we went with him to the ruined pyramid, of which he speaks, and then openly demanded the stolen bride from the dervish, we should gain little or nothing by it. Besides, I don't like the way in which he plays with the handle of the sword he carries; he speaks gravely enough at present, but once he gets into the dervish's presence his self-control may vanish, and probably our liberty with it."

"After all, it is only by hearsay that we understand Sapphia to be the dervish's prisoner," I responded. "If we went together, we could invent some excuse by which to get into that estimable fellow's presence, and afterwards we would probably be able to hit upon some reasonable plan for the woman's rescue."

"Just so, Harold," Denviers answered; "we must have some clear idea of the way to the ruined pyramid. We will get that from Khedi, and then leave him and Hassan here. As we hourly expect Kass to arrive with our Wadigo followers, ahead of whom we have pushed on, so as to explore some of these ruins as we arranged, it is absolutely necessary for one of the three of us to await those on the march. Hassan would be very useful to us, but as it is we must leave him here."

Without further discussion we joined our guide and Khedi. From the latter we obtained a clear description of the route to the pyramid, and having persuaded him to agree to our going without him, we started, leaving our rifles in Hassan's charge, so that if we entered the dervish's presence he would understand our visit as being of a friendly nature.

For a considerable time we pushed on steadily, noting carefully as we went the various landmarks which Khedi had mentioned. Sometimes these were a few overthrown pillars, or an obelisk still standing upright, its weather-worn hieroglyphics beyond our power to decipher. Once we rested on the huge, broken-off paw of some creature hewn in stone, the rest of which, for aught we knew, was buried far down in the shifting, burning sands at our feet. Towards sunset, however, we found ourselves entering a great cleft in the rocky range barring our way, and glancing up at either side as on we went, we saw that in many places the stone had been hewn into uncouth shapes, among which could be observed vast temples in various stages of decay, and such as we had not previously seen during our travels in Egypt. Soft and subdued fell the light from the entry and from above the vast fissure upon the strange handiwork of man that confronted us at every turn of the rocky way. For several minutes we passed on in silence between a double row of sphinxes, until before us rose a wall of granite, which seemed to cut off further progress.

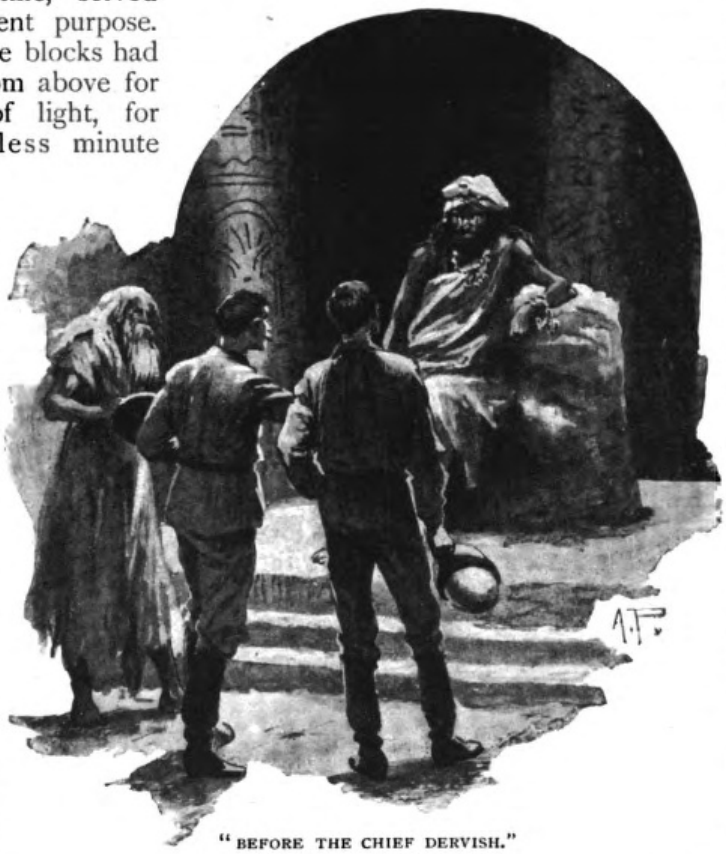
Just as we were discussing the reason why the Egyptian had not spoken of the intervening rock, Denviers caught my arm and pointed upward. Glancing there I saw what appeared to be a low archway, and, rapidly following my companion as he made his way up the narrow way which we discerned leading to it, we were soon confronted by two half-naked dervishes wearing as their sole garment a strip of green cloth wound about their loins. We recognised immediately their similarity to the one we had seen in the streets of Erment, and, accosting the foremost of them, Denviers asked, as best he could, for an audience with their head or chief. The man and his fellow-watcher first profoundly bowed, then greeted us with a derisive laugh, which caused us for the moment to repent that our weapons of defence had been left behind. One of the dervishes then hastily disappeared into the narrow passage, returning quickly with several others, who hustled rather than led us down the slanting way. At intervals the passage was broken by corridors running across it, but our guides, or captors as the dervishes seemed to consider themselves, hurried us directly on until we had advanced considerably more than a

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hundred paces. There, in response to their cries, a huge portcullis of stone which ran easily in its grooves was raised. No sooner had we passed within the grotesquely-carved vestibule than this portcullis dropped quickly behind us as we went on our way, the shaft continuing for some distance and being frequently intersected.

"We are prisoners, safe enough, Harold," muttered Denviers in my ear. "I don't think these unwashed dervishes part with their guests in a hurry."

"It looks to me remarkably like——" I began, then ceased speaking as I glanced in surprise at the scene which faced us. We had entered what at one time had been the interment chamber of the one in honour of whom the pyramid had been raised, but which, at this time, served for a very different purpose. Some of the stone blocks had been removed from above for the admission of light, for through countless minute pieces of glass set in a gracefully carved framework the rays of the setting sun entered the chief dervish's dwelling. Distant as was the century in which the pyramid had been constructed, the slabs of polished red granite, forming the inner sides and roof of the apartment, seemed as perfect as though recently placed there. Set in niches that rose from the floor to high above our heads were placed at intervals great images of sacred bulls carved in stone, while pillars as white in hue rose upward and branched out fan-shaped till they were pressed against the partly-gilded roof they supported, their outlines marked there with great streaks of colour, ochrous and blue.



"BEFORE THE CHIEF DERVISH."

Passing on, with curious glances at all we saw, we were brought suddenly before the one to see whom again we had undertaken the adventure. Resting on a raised block of stone, approached by three steps, we saw the dervish who, in the streets of Erment, had clutched our gifts as though in need of them. The light from the window high above fell upon him as he sat there, his sordid attire and neglected hair being strangely out of keeping with the splendour of the apartment, and still more so with the effeminate adornments which he wore. About his stained turban was wreathed a curious ornament much like the koor which Egyptian women of rank wear; of gold it was, thickly inset with gems, the centre one being a splendid emerald. About the neck and wrists of the dervish were strung heavy beads of gold; among them glittered several brilliants.

While we stood uncovered before the chief dervish, one of his followers sharply questioned us as to the reason for our visit, holding upright a green banner, which, from Hassan, we afterwards learnt was the distinctive emblem of the great Rifáee sect. To a string of inquiries put to us, Denviers gave replies which apparently satisfied the chief dervish, and we were even hoping to obtain the information we sought as to Sapphia's whereabouts, when a cry rang through the apartment. We turned and glanced with ill-concealed vexation at the cause of it. Pushing his way hurriedly into the chief's presence, down flat on his face a dervish flung himself, then rising quickly he delivered a message to him. Instantly the chief dervish rose and, catching the man by the throat, cried:—

"It is impossible; say that it is false!" The subject dervish held up his hands imploringly, then, finding himself released, he gasped out:—

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"By Allah and Mahomet, what I have said, is said! False words for the wrong-doers are—but thy slave speaks the truth alone!"

The chief dervish glanced threateningly at us.

"Speak!" he exclaimed. "You declare you come here in peace. Why, then, have you plotted against me?"

We stared at him blankly, not understanding in the slightest degree the cause of his anger.

"We have wronged you in no way," Denviers answered, quietly. "If you have any charge to make against us, let it be said; otherwise we cannot refute it."

"Tell me," the chief dervish asked, "have you heard aught in the bazaars of Erment concerning Sapphia, the daughter of one Hammad?"

Denviers gave a cautious reply, which, however, failed to accomplish what he purposed.

"You acknowledge that you have!" the chief dervish broke in. "Answer, then, where is she?"

"It is rumoured in Erment that she is an inmate of this strange pyramid, or harem as it seems to have become," my companion answered, with a calmness which he was far from feeling, for our position had most unexpectedly become serious.

"Hear me!" his questioner cried. "Yesterday, by the right which I claim as head of this most illustrious sect, I claimed for my bride one who had been unjustly bestowed upon another. She was placed under the charge of the women of my anderoon, for which purpose one of the divisions of the pyramid serves. To me, as the greatest Rifáee, visions are granted; in obedience to one of them, Sapphia was carried off. Still seeking guidance, I have passed the intervening time within the place containing the sarcophagus of the founder of our order. No word has reached me from the women of the anderoon as is customary for them to send. Growing uneasy, I sent to ask why. The women are all bewailing what has happened, and—well, ye both know how it came about."

"I have said we know little about what you so obscurely hint at. Certainly, as we have not even seen your bride, we are at a loss to understand what has occurred."

"Ye speak falsely, by Allah!" the dervish interrupted. "For since ye entered this pyramid an hour ago, Sapphia, my bride, has been snatched from me!"

"We are astonished!" cried Denviers, in a conciliatory tone. "We saw you once in Erment; afterwards we heard of your great fame, and determined to visit you—that is all the explanation we can possibly offer you for our presence here."

"A flattering and a false answer," the dervish responded, clenching his fingers with wrath; "but to your words my ears are closed even as are the camel's nostrils to the sand-storm. If by to-morrow's dawn those whom I hear have gone at once in pursuit of Sapphia do not overtake her, ye shall both die for your share in the deeply-laid scheme by which I have been despoiled. Pray Allah my bride be brought back, or——" the dervish pointed to the string of a bow which one of his subjects held, a gesture as significant as it was unpleasant.

At a sign from their chief, the fanatical dervishes flung themselves upon us. We fought with our hands for freedom, but were soon overpowered and forced up the slanting passage through which we had come. At the intersection of one of its corridors we were turned aside until a low stone door was reached, which turned with ease as we were thrust within a granite-flagged recess, lit only by a flickering lamp suspended by a long chain from the roof, and there we were left.

"I fancy our adventures are over at last, Frank," I said, gloomily; "my opinion is that Sapphia's escape has been made an excuse for seizing us. How are we to know but what she is still in some part of the pyramid? This treacherous dervish has evidently determined to put an end to our existence."

"It certainly looks like it," he replied. "I thought he was too friendly from the first, but still his words had a genuine ring about them, which completely threw me off my guard. I thought that his cunning expression was due to the race he belongs to. If Sapphia has really managed to escape, no doubt there are some of the dervishes implicated in it who will naturally stir up the wrath of their chief against us, so as to shift the blame from their own shoulders on to ours."

"There is no way of getting out of this place except by the door," I commented, after a careful survey; "and that method of egress is past our power to use."

"The worst of the affair is that the woman did not need our help, if what the dervish declares is true, and, if it is false, then we shall be put to death without doing anything whatever to save her."

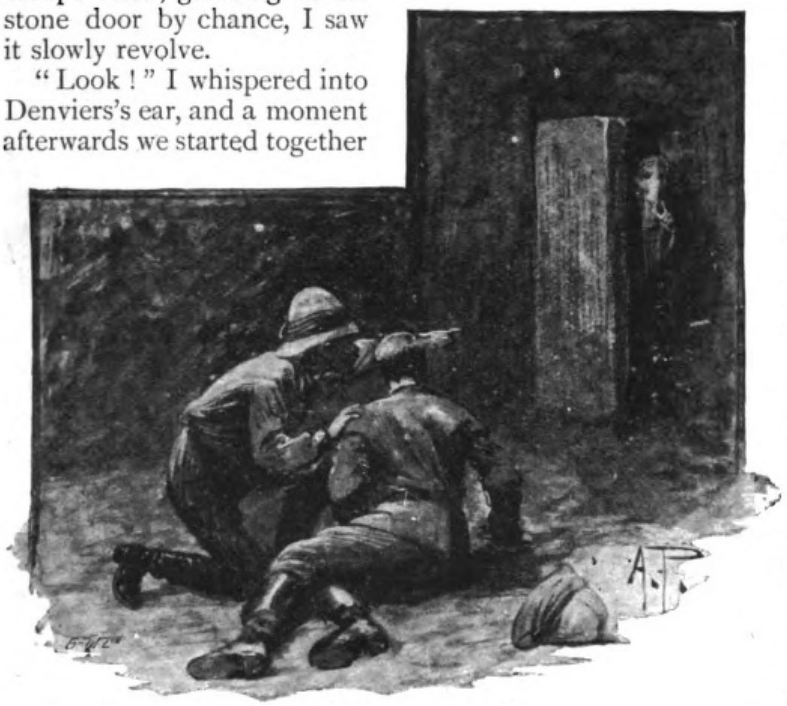
"In my opinion, this is the worst scrape we have ever been in," I added; "for even

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if we got out of here, which is most unlikely to happen, there is that stone portcullis cutting off further retreat—to say nothing of the dervish's followers who handled us so roughly as soon as they got his permission."

We sank down on the stone floor, but were too much disturbed to sleep, although for several hours nothing occurred to us. We were both convinced of the dervish's desire to destroy us, and had given up all hope of escape when, glancing at the stone door by chance, I saw it slowly revolve.

"Look!" I whispered into Denviers's ear, and a moment afterwards we started together



"'LOOK!' I WHISPERED."

to our feet, as someone entered and quickly thrust-to the door.

III.

We glanced in strange surprise at the intruder, who was an Egyptian woman, and closely veiled. Was Sapphia before us? we both wondered, as our unexpected visitor advanced and stood before us. Her first words, however, dispelled the supposition.

"Sapphia has escaped from the pyramid," she said. "You are accused of helping her; but the women of the dervish's harem know that is false. Listen!" she continued—for Denviers had attempted to ask a question—"there is no time to be lost if you value your lives. Hear me, then: Sapphia's sire once did a service for mine, since both dwelt in Erment. To be the dervish's bride I thought an honour; she considered it otherwise, and besought us to help her to escape. Last night, when none save the guards of the pyramid's entrance were alert, some of the women of the harem rose, and helped to free Sapphia. We let her down from a window of the strange anderoon——"

"We heard that she escaped soon after our arrival to-day," Denviers interposed, quietly.

"So the chief dervish was informed," the Egyptian woman answered; "for at that hour her absence from the harem first became known. To have told our beloved Abbah that he had been despoiled of his new-found bride, hours before he knew it, would have brought the messenger of the news one reward—a sack and the Nile. Every woman of this land loves intrigue; in the escape of Sapphia, Abbah will understand the lesson he has sometimes forgotten—great treasures need great safeguards. To what fate are you consigned?"

"The bowstring," replied my companion, at whose answer I felt a cold shudder run through me: "unless you can help us to escape."

"I?" the Egyptian woman asked. "Would that I could free you; as it is, I can only give you a little help—the rest will depend upon yourselves. Although you speak my language well, I see that you belong not to this land. Had you done so I might have influenced the three night-guards to have set you free—but you are Franks, if I judge rightly. No dervish will help you and, moreover, you are unarmed. What I can do I will; if it fail, you can but die, even as you are already condemned to do."

"We will accept the slightest chance of escape that offers," I returned, promptly. The woman was silent for a few minutes, then suddenly moved to the door. She held up a warning hand to us, as we began to follow her, then disappeared before we could clasp the stone edge of the revolving door to prevent it from shutting.

"I thought this Egyptian woman meant to help us, Frank," I said to Denviers, as we stood by the door, which had securely closed upon us. "It looks to me as if the dervish has sent her to raise false hopes within us."

"Perhaps her courage suddenly failed," he responded; "the Nile is inconveniently near

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for any one of the dervish's household who plots against him."

He had hardly finished his remark when the door opened again and, drawing them from under her hanging veil, the woman, who had returned, pressed in our hands two jewelled daggers.

"They are mine," she whispered. "If you are taken with them upon you, my life, no less than your own, will be forfeited. Remember this and be resolute. If ever you escape, seek out Sapphia and say that I helped you, lest the knowledge of your deaths might cloud the day when she weds Khedi, her lover, of whom you know nothing."

We did not contradict the woman's last remark, but waited impatiently for her to unfold whatever plan she had for our escape.

"From the high window of the women's anderoon you might escape, but thither I dare not lead you. No; your way lies beyond the guarded portcullis and the three dervishes who keep watch there. Hear, then, how the heavy stone framework is moved."

Denviers shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me that such information is useless," he remarked. "How are we to get near enough to it without being discovered?"

"Have patience and you shall hear. Heavy as is the portcullis, it moves easily enough by a touch of the projection, which you will see in the second stone block on the right—counting from the base. You have seen the many corridors which intersect the main slanting shaft—one of them opens within fifteen feet of where the watching dervishes are. Without difficulty you can reach the corridor; once there, lurk in the shadow of its entry and wait for what follows. If an opportunity occur, dash out and make good your escape by raising the portcullis; if not, you can but return here and await the fate which presses close upon you both, for it wants scarcely an hour to dawn, and then you die. No more will I tell you—speak! are you ready to attempt what may bring you safety or, at the worst, death a little sooner than Abbah has decreed?"

"Will your own life be imperilled if we escape?" Denviers asked.

"Not so, for at times I traverse the corridors at night when the chief dervish is within the apartment where you saw him. Besides, my words to the guards will be spoken warningly; neither they nor the chief dervish will suspect me, for none know of the service rendered to mine, and which to Sapphia I would repay." Then lowering her voice, the woman told us where the escaped one had been urged to conceal herself from those who might pursue her.

"We will make the attempt, then," Denviers answered, and a minute after we were beyond the stone door. Following the Egyptian woman, who acted as our guide, we passed further down the corridor than was the place of our confinement, until we reached another way intersecting at right angles. Up the latter we cautiously advanced, then again we turned.

"This last is the corridor of which I spoke," our guide whispered: "for your lives, make not the slightest sound as you proceed; watch carefully at the end until again I appear." Without further delay she left us, passing back by the way we came.

"I wonder how the dervishes are armed?" Denviers muttered to me. "These weapons of ours will be poor things with which to ward off a sword-stroke."

"We must take our chance," I whispered in reply, feeling convinced that his words were only too true. Slowly and carefully we passed down the corridor, moving close to the stone wall in the shadow which fell upon one side of the passage. Nearer and nearer we got to the entrance, until at last we crouched together where we could see the three dervishes of whom the Egyptian woman had spoken. We noticed that they were close to the portcullis; one of them, indeed, was idly leaning his back against it, standing in such a position that he could see clearly anything that appeared in the part of the shaft he faced.

Three fierce-looking fellows the dervishes were, each armed with a heavy-handled dagger, the blade of which was very wide near the haft, but narrowed to a long, keen end, the weapons being considerably larger than those the woman had given us. It was evident that we could only act on the defensive, for, as the dervishes stood there, we knew it would be quite useless to make an attempt to escape. As we watched them and caught part of their conversation, which was carried on in Arabic, the one who leant against the portcullis suddenly stood upright and pointed down the passage. Instantly the others turned about, and one of them exclaimed:—

"See! The queen of Abbah's harem approaches!"

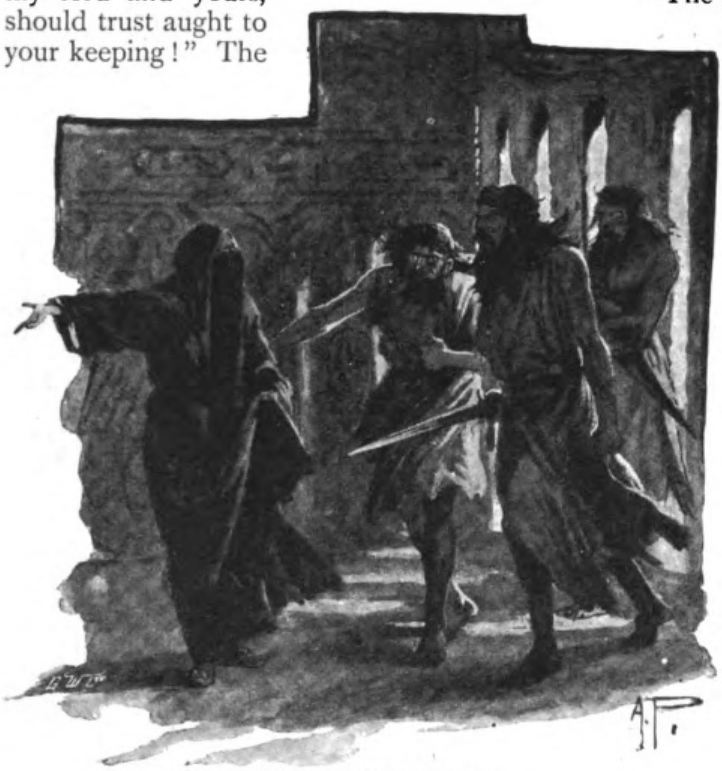
"A strange hour for her to wander here," replied the one who stood to his right.

"She has too much freedom," retorted he who had first seen her, as we heard footsteps slowly drawing near: "she was Abbah's first

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bride, or ——." The rest of the remark did not reach us, for when the woman approached the three dervishes promptly salaamed. From the slit in her veil the Egyptian glanced at them in apparent anger.

"Fools!" she cried; "to think that Abbah, my lord and yours, should trust aught to your keeping!" The



"'FOOLS!' SHE CRIED."

dervishes were considerably astonished, wondering what was laid to their charge. "But a few hours ago Abbah's latest bride escaped, and none of you know how that came about; now, alas! worse has happened——"

"Worse?" interrogated one of the dervishes. "What can be even as unfortunate?"

"Aye, worse," the Egyptian woman went on. "Disturbed by the events of the day, I could not rest, and so entered the chief apartment where Abbah keeps vigil. He lay still upon the marble at the base of one of the great images. Thinking that he slept, I passed away. A strange fancy came upon me to visit the place into which the prisoners had been thrust, they whom ye say planned and carried out Sapphia's escape. The door stood open—the prisoners were gone!"

"Escaped?" the dervishes cried together, as they snatched their weapons from their sides.

"Escaped even while you three have pretended to keep watch. Does Abbah sleep, think you, or have the Franks slain him, and are they still hiding there after what they have done? Go, find and slay them!"

"They cannot have left the pyramid, for the portcullis has never been raised since they entered here," replied the dervish who leant against it. "If Abbah live, as I pray Allah and the Prophet he may, he shall find one who has kept his post."

"The great dervish, Abbah, our lord, is at the mercy of these false Franks!" cried one of the others; "while you keep guard we will follow the queen of the harem and search for them."

"I dare not witness the slaying of men," the woman answered. "Go, seek them out, and give no alarm until you have them in your power; I will await here your return."

Down the gloomy passage the two dervishes disappeared. When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Denviers caught my arm and whispered:—

"Come on, I will keep the dervish at bay while you find the spring of the portcullis."

We ran out from our place of concealment upon the dervish, who was conversing with the Egyptian woman, whose scheme we then easily understood. In a moment the man thrust her aside and confronted us boldly, while the woman covered her eyes with the end of her veil as if in great terror at our unexpected appearance.

Denviers aimed a blow at the dervish with his dagger, but catching it on his own weapon the man made a return lunge, which my companion warded off with considerable difficulty. Quickly I caught sight of the projection, and, pressing upon it, caused the heavy portcullis to be slowly raised. Just as I did so, a cry from Denviers's lips struck upon my ears, but before I could take warning from it, I was seized from behind and flung upon the paved floor. Looking up, I saw who my assailant was—the chief dervish himself! For a minute I was completely startled, then seizing the weapon in my belt I snatched it out and aimed an upward blow at my unexpected assailant. He caught my wrist and endeavoured to wrench away the weapon, raising loud cries for assistance. Close over me he bent; I flung my disengaged arm about him and tried to drag him down, convinced that a few seconds would decide my fate—for I heard the dervishes returning at their chief's cry for

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succour. I got him beneath me, when suddenly I was pulled away, Denviers having separated us; for his own enemy lay prone almost at my feet.

"Look! Run! Run for your life!" he cried, as the dervishes were closing upon us, and one of them pressed the projection of the portcullis. We shook ourselves free from them, and with a dash got beyond the descending heavy bars of stone, which even grazed Denviers's head as both passed safely beneath it. Down fell the portcullis as we ran headlong, making for the entry, urged on by the fanatical cries of the dervishes, who quickly raised the obstruction and pursued us. We passed down the narrow path and ran on in the gloom until we reached the avenue of sphinxes. In the hollow formed by two huge extended paws we crouched, while our pursuers still ran on—to fail in their search and to return disappointed. As soon as we dared, we set out to where our tent was pitched, and arrived there, contrary to our expectation, without being pursued again, and having with us Sapphia, whom we accidentally discovered in a retreat in which the queen of the harem had advised her to hide.



"I WAS SEIZED FROM BEHIND."

Hassan and Khedi came across the sandy waste to meet us. We explained what had happened, whereupon the Egyptian, with many protestations of gratitude, bore off his bride to Erment.

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers to our Arab guide, as we threw ourselves down to rest in the tent, "you do not seem much disturbed at the fact that you had no part in our adventure, although usually you express great disappointment."

"The sahib's slave has no cause for regret," Hassan answered. "The Englishmen have escaped with their lives, while the Great Prophet has chosen to reward also the dust of their august feet, so that all is well." As he spoke the Arab drew from his sash a curiously-worked Egyptian purse apparently well filled. Our grave guide had used the opportunity of our absence to extract for his own personal benefit a liberal backsheesh from the Egyptian. "Khedi deserved to have his bride restored, sahibs," he added, "and their slave has enough gold to buy himself a camel with!"

Without waiting for our views on the subject, Hassan found it convenient to have some business with Kass, our chief Wadigo follower, who had then arrived, and hurried away accordingly.

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By Miss T. Sparrow.

"WELL, them's fools as does it, that's all I can say," and Beery Bill, a hawker up Houndsditch way, tugged his cart through the doorway by tilting it so savagely that the unsold vegetables rolled about the floor.

His partner, meek and jaded-looking, did not rise from the wooden box on which she was sitting, with a puny child on her lap, while two even punier pounced upon some unsavoury carrots and began munching them with gusto.

"It's for the sake o' the childer," she said, feebly, with that weary reiteration in her tone which takes the place of reasoning in the minds of the ignorant; "that's every blessed bit o' food they've 'ad to-day."

Beery Bill did not answer at once; he unearthed a canvas sack from underneath a heap of garden produce which that morning had been voted too stale for selling purposes, and was left to further rot in a corner, and having disposed of this round the netherpart of his person, he squatted on the ground opposite his partner and thoughtfully lighted his pipe.

"It's for the sake o' the childer I say no," he began, when the first puffs had proved satisfactory; "'op-picking is all very well in its way, but the company is mixed, very mixed. The young varmints er bad enuf 'ere in the town; they ud be ten times wuss running wild in the country."

"I enjoyed 'op-picking myself many a time," said the faded woman, with a little sigh for the green fields and the balmy air, and the babbling brook and the dappled sunsets that were but a memory for twenty-five grimy, squalid years.

"So did I," he replied, condescendingly; "but it's gone down in style since then. Farmers used to know their 'ands, and take them reg'lar year by year. Now anybody goes—even toffs!" The scorn in the last word was indescribable, and he shook the ashes from his pipe with the air of one who had clinched the subject altogether.

Then the meek one tried another tack.

"Wegetables is not profitable this season," she began, cautiously.

"That's so," he replied.

"It's so 'ot—they're too plentiful."

"And stink afore you get to the best streets, no need to tell me that," he remarked, drily.

"The 'ops, as they do say," she went on, playing her last card tentatively, "'ave never been so fine, and the farmers are payin' 'ands what they like to ask."

His dirt-stained hand tugged at his grizzled beard; perhaps visions of a froth-filled pewter in a cleanly village "pub" floated before his bleared eyes. Anyway, his voice was less dogmatic when he spoke again.

"Folks talk a pack o' lies, Melier, and I shouldn't hearken to such. Not that I want to be unreasonable to you, and if you 'ave taken a fancy to go 'op-pickin', a 'op-pickin' we will go. It's the journey down's the hobstacle; the people 'er that rough, it's not fit for you and the kids. If we could track it, now."

"What's that?" I inquired, speaking for

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the first time from the one chair this interesting family owned.

(Perhaps here is the place to introduce myself, as an individual in quest of personal experience, and able to vouch for the truth of what follows.)

"It's goin' by road," Bill explained; "in a waggon, with friends, and takin' your furniture too."

"I thought that never was done now," I remarked.

"Plenty do it every year," answered Bill, in high good humour that he was able to teach someone; "it comes cheaper in the end. You see, now the farmers 'ave to find us something better than barns, and they run up 'ouses with stone or brick floors and throw in some straw as if we were beasts. We are not accustomed to luxuries, as perhaps you see," waving his pipe round the tableless, curtainless, carpetless, chestless apartment, some eight feet square; "but we like our 'ome comforts, and must either buy 'em there or take 'em with us. It's borrowin' the 'osses is what beats me."

"You should try to join some other family," I suggested; "if you can make up a party, I will come too."

"It's the joinin' that's so 'ard," replied Bill, rising and divesting himself of his canvas wrap. "I 'ear Furniss, two doors lower, is goin' that way: 'e's a low sort o' fellow, a chimney-sweep. Then Mrs. Sam will be bound to go with 'er eight childer; but if I ketch my wife speakin' to 'er——" (and the threat was lost in his throat) "I'll go to the 'Four Stars' and cogitate there. We aint haristocrats, miss, but we 'ev our little feelin's."

A few days later and the "tracking" was begun. I must own that in fancy it had taken the shape of a nineteenth century gipsy party, and I had imagined the stalwart Bohemian van, the picturesque and neat gipsies, the cheerful horses, the light-hearted, barefooted children.

My dismay at the reality could hardly be concealed, when I joined them some five miles from St. Paul's. Two or three open, ramshackle carts, drawn by the most sorry beasts I ever came across, contained bundles, babies, parcels, and fire-irons, shied in promiscuously, allowed to remain where they fell. Dirty mattresses bulged out from dirty blankets; a child's scarlet frock, which had evidently been forgotten, was tied to the handle of a frying-pan, and waved attractively in the wind. Treacle oozed out of a hamper, whilst babies and bluebottles had a race as to who could first have their fill; kettles were stuffed with family linen (which same is a figure of speech), a variety of headgear, apparently for Sunday's donning, adorned basket-handles, sticks, and even cotton Sairey Gamps; whilst tin slop-pails made an elegant receptacle for sundry boots, pots of lard, penny combs, and half-loaves of bread. Added to this, every male as he trudged along had a big bundle slung over his shoulder, whilst every female had the same or a baby. Three boys and three girls composed the juniors of the party; which besides was formed of eight men, five wives, and two flashy damsels who were flower-girls in town.

"Have we to walk all the way?" I inquired, ruefully, of one of the latter.

"Did you 'spect a carriage and pair?" she said, tossing back her auburn mop of a fringe, "or perhaps you wanted one of the gen'lemen to give you a lift."

"We take it in turns to ride in the carts," remarked Mrs. Bill, timidly. "You go first, miss."



"THE JOURNEY DOWN."

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I looked at the jolting, jumbling vehicles, at the raw-boned, spavined steeds, and heroically declined.

"How do you manage about sleeping?" I ventured to ask next.

"We pull up under a hedge, and shift the best we can," was the answer.

From that moment I genuinely agreed with Beery Bill that the journey down was a "hobstacle."

We made many a halt, always in the vicinity of a public-house. The poor man has generally coppers for a drink, and the cup went round, each one being pressed just to have a snack! Some bottles were filled with cold tea, and at one place the landlady gave the children some currant-cake.

Slowly we trundled along the road; houses got fewer and fewer; the trees became thicker and more plentiful; gardens, fragrant with late roses, wall-flowers, and southern-wood, tempted the juveniles to loiter longingly at the gates; and the ripening corn greeted our gladsome gaze on every side. Our travellers had started at 4 a.m., and before noon began to lag. So none were sorry when Beery Bill proposed we should turn into a hollow we came to and make ourselves "quite at 'ome."

The horses were set free, some of the men smoked, some stretched themselves out on the long green grass and fell fast asleep. Bits of bread were doled out to the youngsters, smeared with treacle or lard, as taste inclined, and Beery Bill, who was reckoned a character, took it into his head to have a wash there and then; so, unlatching a gate, he retired to a very weedy duck pond, his wife standing by with a bit of a rag, which did duty for a towel. And we women sat and talked, as women sit and talk all the world through, the mothers of their children, the girls of their admirers, and the old crone, who was deaf and bent double, of the wonderful, brilliant "past."

Meanwhile, the birds sang in the bushes, the cocks crowed in the adjacent farms, and the air was heavy with the luscious sultry sweetness of the last days of a hot and fading summer. The very leaves seemed perspiring, as they drooped or turned over with the sickly heat, and it was somewhat languidly we recommenced our tramp. The dust lay thick upon the road, and already some of our party were blistered and footsore. The children suffered most; they cried, and when scolded, whimpered pitifully below their breath. The parents carried those they could, but were hardly able to drag themselves along.



"WE WOMEN SAT AND TALKED."

Stiller and stiller became the air, till one almost heard the blades of grass pant for breath. The dust we swallowed stuck in our throats and lay in great lumps there. The sky darkened; the earth seemed to throb beneath our cracked and swollen feet. Then came a vivid, blinding flash, and the heavy roll of thunder. We all stood still; the little ones clung, trembling, to their mothers' breasts; the horses quivered and hung their heads; the women, half-blinded and scared, hushed their frightened babes, or rubbed their dazed eyes: and the men—they remained stock still, staring at one another in a bewildered sort of way.

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It came so suddenly, flash after flash, roar after roar; a blue darkness enveloped us, and then yellow flame shot out from the sky, and like jewelled daggers shone hither, thither, pierced here, there, till our very brains caught fire, and it was an effort not to scream aloud with the dazzling, brilliant beauty of it. The peals of thunder roared just above our heads; the ground shook just beneath our feet; we could go nowhere; we could do nothing—just stand to see what followed. And then down came the blessed rain, a splashing, lilting downpour that drenched us to the skin in five minutes, but relieved the painful tension of our nerves, and made us feel like human beings once again. It welled down from the heavens in ponderous sheets; it splashed up from the ground in merry hisses; our strained, dry flesh sucked it in thirstily at every pore; like drunkards returning to their cups after a period of forced abstention, we revelled in the liquid, and cared little for what followed the excess.

For all too soon the reaction came: the refreshing coolness became chilliness, the chilliness gave way to cold. Our soaked rags saturated into our shivering frames, and our limbs grew stiff, with ominous pains in the joints. The contents of the carts had turned into a squashy pulp, and the girls cried as they saw the emaciated condition of their flimsy finery. We staggered on, till an early dusk, thickened by an intermittent drizzle, momentarily increased our discomfort.

We were in a winding lane, and had just passed through a straggling village, where we had begged separately and in couples for food and shelter in vain. Our appearance was against us. For the sake of the wailing babes one other attempt was made. Beery Bill so far demeaned himself as to go to a farm with me and offer to pay a trifle for the accommodation of the whole party in a barn. We were curtly refused. Then Beery Bill took action.

"If they won't give us leave, we must take it," he said, gruffly, and when dark had descended (or the dim night pall which takes the place of dark on an August night) we drew up in a ditch and, tethering the horses, crept silently and fearsomely one by one across two fields to a disused barn. The bottom door was locked, but the men climbed and hoisted us up through the window, and we cowered down upon the hay thankful for such a shelter.

Shall I ever forget that night? The steamy noisomeness that exuded from our garments made breathing a pain, not a pleasure; we had no light but the sparks from the men's pipes and the grey shadow that came from the moon behind the clouds. I felt, rather than saw, the people grope about, winding hay round their feet to dry them, wringing the wet from their long, lank hair, and rubbing the back of the old woman, who was bad with rheumatics. Soon, too soon, I fell asleep, and fast asleep, unwitting that death had found us out in that deserted barn in that deserted field, and was stealing one away, whose tiny life ebbed fast within an arm's length of me.

At 2 a.m. they woke me.

"We must be on the tramp again," was whispered. "Norah's child is dead."

I looked across to where Norah lay. She had been comely once, but want, and what it drives to, had sadly scarred her face. The dead body of the six-year-old girl was by her side. No one showed signs of grief, but unusual quietness prevailed. All were preoccupied with the awkwardness of the dilemma.

"Shall we take it with us?" I asked one of the flower-girls, who was twisting her fringe with a hair-pin.

"Not likely," was the reply; "we must leave it here and chance it."

Stealthily we crawled from our strange bedchamber, leaving two men behind. Beery Bill was one of them.

When we were well under way in the sunless dawn he joined us again.

"That's an orkard piece of business," he said to me, jerking his thumb to where the dead child lay, shroudless and uncoffined. "I must ask you to cut with me and do the rest o' the journey by train. If they track us, it will save the others not to be found among 'em."

So I changed attire with his wife; he shaved, or scraped off rather, his grisly beard, and thus disguised we trudged in an opposite direction to our travelling caravan. As we mounted a hill I looked back. Where the barn had stood was steeped in smoke.

"You fired it!" I exclaimed, pointing to the curling circles as they rose above the trees.

"Them as knows least fares best," he replied, oracularly, and I took the hint.

Perhaps it was as well that I never read a paper for three weeks, nor did I meet any of our party again.

At a roadside station we caught a hop-pickers' train, and became merged in the great floating riff-raff that belches out of London yearly at this time. Weighted with

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his secret, Bill's pride was not so keen, and sighting a pal in the hawker line, he accosted him cordially, and agreed to throw in his luck with him. Fortunately for us, this "pal" had lost sight of the two relations who had booked with him a berth at Jop Hill Farm, so with the happy honesty of East-end folk, we slipped into their places, which they did not come to claim, having, no doubt, in the meantime, got a job more worth having. Our employer was of the crusty sort, though one of the largest landowners in the neighbourhood. He hated us as the spawn of humanity, and openly favoured the "home-dwellers" on every possible occasion. They took their cue from him, and flaunted us and flouted us (particularly the women) as the very dregs of creation.



"'YOU FIRED IT!' I EXCLAIMED."

Such a feeling was bound to come to a head; it did very soon.

All south country people know that the hops are first gathered into bins or canvas bags slung on a pole. A party work at a bin and are paid according to measure. Enough are gathered each day to fill the furnaces and enough only; more than enough would rot. So if the workers begin early and work hard, the bell may ring as soon as 4 p.m.; the carts go round and collect the hops, and not a stroke more may be done.

The hop-pickers are reduced to their homes or the "pub." The "homes" are buildings erected specially for them, in a field by a brook as far removed from the village as possible. They consist of a room with a partition of wood; the light comes from a sloping pane in the roof. Some straw is thrown on the stone floor, and a hook in the wall for a lamp constitutes fixtures. No fire is allowed, smoking is forbidden, even the lamp must be out at 9 p.m. Breaking the rules means forfeiture of wages. At the end of each row is a cook-house with range and sink. Here the women take it in turns to cook for the whole party, and rations are served in common. Milk and other necessaries have sometimes to be brought from the village, a two miles' trudge. No inhabitant will serve them if they can avoid it; and hop-pickers would fare badly indeed if it were not for stray pedlars (who make a mint of money at such times) selling cheap and nasty wares, but at least bringing everything to hand. This suits the women, and the men have the village ale-house. They cannot be expected to sit in darkness minus their pipe, so to the ale-house they go, where the kind publican lets them run into debt, knowing to a T what they get from the hops.

It is at the ale-house discontent is brewed. At least so it was with us. One day it rained, and as damp hops are useless, work was stopped, and we were told our services would not be wanted that day. In the afternoon it cleared up; the home-dwellers were called to work, but the bell was never sounded for us.

The whole of a weary six hours we fretted and fumed, and at night, when the men met at "The Dun Cow," their wrath culminated. They determined on a strike.

I had accompanied Beery Bill that evening and heard the details of the plot.

We were to refuse to work the next day till they had promised to pay us the half-day's work we had lost through Farmer ——'s partiality, and there was to be a distinct

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understanding that we were not to be shelved in that way again. As Beery Bill expressed it: "Leddies and gen'lemen don't come down from Lonnen to oblige you by working in your fields, and then stand by and see other folk do it."

We were very brave that night, but courage oozed off in the morning. Seven a.m. is a chilly time to deliberately turn your back on breakfast, dinner, and tea. Many of the men had had a bad night with their wives, who wept and wailed at their resolve, which meant want for themselves and the "kids." But their advice was never asked; they were told to strike, and they had to.

Still, the women's moaning had this effect: the men were open to compromise, and a civil word would have soothed all. But it was not forthcoming. The deputation said their say to the foreman, who told them plainly to go to the deuce, that they bred disease and dissension wherever they went, and that to his mind they were a parcel of rogues, nothing more.

They retired, cursing low and deep. Not a soul of us left the "houses" or their environs for four entire days. The sun blazed its fiercest, burning up the hops ere they could be gathered from the poles. We saw and rejoiced. We lazed and lounged the livelong day, sick with the heat, faint with hunger; we tossed in those dark holes the livelong night, craving for a bite, a taste, a morsel of solid food. The men had forestalled their wages a week before, and but for the extra thrifty we should not even have had the milk and oatmeal flour, which was our chief sustenance. The children were sent out to gather fruit, and the women begged. Some of the men prowled about at night, and what they brought home we thankfully ate without asking questions.

Then the weather changed, and it rained continually; our houses were not weather proof, and the absence of fires chilled. Sodden and desperate, the men with matted hair and hollow eyes huddled together in corners, pretending to chuckle at the ruin the rain made in the hops, but in reality itching to finger them and devastate the gardens while still in their glory. But not a thought of yielding ever entered our heads. There is nothing like the British working-man for doggedness of resistance.

Illness came to increase our troubles. We had among our crew a pretty, quiet girl named Mary Rutherford; she was a shirt-maker by trade, and far gone in consumption; the doctor had ordered her country air, and she took this means of procuring it. She came down with a motherly old soul, who had six olive branches of her own. Mary had been down the year before, and formed an attachment to a farm servant called Larry. His simple devotion to her recalled the days of knight errantry. He wore a bit of her hat-ribbon in his button-hole; he brought her milk, warm from the cow, in a can hidden under his coat; he scrawled verses to her every day on dirty bits of paper, and he notched their combined initials on every gate-post and tree he could. They mooned about the fields at twilight, they loitered beneath the sycamores under the stars, and when the strike began he boldly visited our habitations, bringing her money and food.

Whether the midnight meanderings had something to do with it, or the damp situation of our tenements accelerated the disease, I cannot say; but Mary presently developed a hacking cough and blood-spitting. Her strength went at a stroke, and before anyone realized she was really ill, she was dead. No doctor had been called, no clergyman had been sent for; she slipped away from our midst as she had lived, with no fuss and not a word of complaint. She had suffered, and suffered in silence, and as she lay so meekly there, with the thin hands folded and the long lashes resting on the white, waxen cheeks, there was a choke in each man's throat; for they felt, had they but known, they would have given up both pipe and beer for the mild grey eyes once more to smile on them and the gentle voice once more to greet them shyly but with kindness. Larry was inconsolable, and sobbed like a very child.

She was starved through the strike, he declared, and he would work no longer with those who had hunted her to death, but would come to London and bury his grief there.

Perhaps his sorrow, so outspoken and demonstrative, compared with that generally shown by the coster class, inspired Beery Bill with an idea.

He had been pondering for some time, with his big head in his big hands, when he suddenly announced it was only right to try and bring our employer to grasp "the responsibilities of his position."

"And this is 'ow we'll do it, mates," continued Bill. "We'll carry Mary theer and we will lay 'er as she is on 'is doorstep, so when 'e rises with the lark 'e can see 'ow starvin' looks like; mebbe it will give 'im an appetite for breakfast."

We were all too low to resist this gruesome

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"THEY LAID HER IN FRONT OF THE WINDOWS."

plan, and Bill plainly delighted in a situation. So, while a harvest moon bathed the peaceful, sylvan landscape in her cold, yellow light, and the summer breeze waved through the uncut corn and rustled in the boughs of the dark, spreading trees, three gaunt and haggard men carried, on a stretcher, the frail corpse, uncovered, for we had neither sheet nor towel to lend her.

Stepping lightly through the grounds, unwatched by dogs, they laid her in front of the windows in a bed of sweet peas and mignonette, her black hair framing her white face, which looked so sharply chiselled in the still, clear moonlight. Then they hied back to us to bide their time. On a sheet torn out of a copy-book, and pinned to her breast, was the following :—

Mary Rutherford dead
For want of bread.

This was Larry's contribution to the ghastly transaction, and probably was the nail that went straight home.

I heard later that Farmer —— sent at once for the doctor to remove the corpse for fear of infection, and when the medical examination resulted in the verdict that the inscription was about true, he sent for the foreman and was shut up with him a long time.

The result was that, at noon, Farmer —— visited our dwellings in company with the foreman. The men were all called out on the grass, and Farmer ——, a hale and hearty man, boasting eighty summers, with a blue eye as bright as any schoolboy's, his ruddy face surmounted by snow-white locks, addressed them, leaning on an oaken stick.

The upshot of his speech was that, though he refused to allow us to dictate to him as to the terms he made with the home-dwellers, if we chose to go in then and there to work, he would pay us 10d. a bushel instead of 9d. as heretofore, for the remainder of our stay. The foreman had also orders to pay a day in advance to those who had got into arrears.

We accepted the terms and turned in. The lesson had done good on both sides.

Many weeks after, when back in London, Beery Bill confessed to me and his wife that he had got the "corpse idea" from—The Surrey.

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From a] AGE 16. *[Miniature.*



AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Le Jeune, Paris.

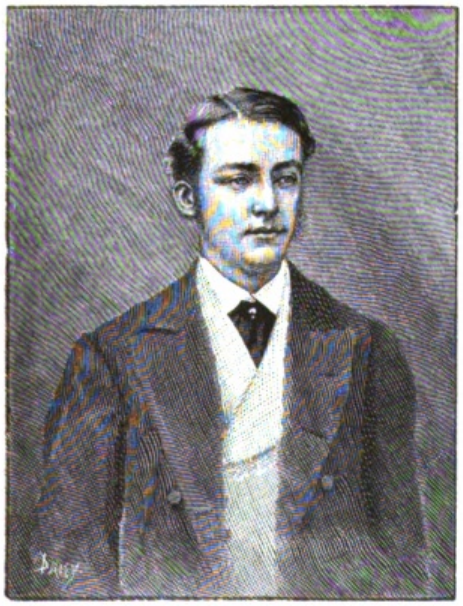
PROFESSOR JEBB, M.P.

BORN 1841.



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Lafayette, Dublin.*

PROFESSOR RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB, LL.D., D.C.L., was born at Dundee. He graduated as senior classic at Cambridge, in 1862, and was soon afterwards elected a Fellow. In 1871 he was nominated by the University as a Governor of Charterhouse School, and in 1872 was elected Classical Examiner in the University of London; and was also appointed Tutor of Trinity College; but resigned these posts on being called, in 1875, to fill the Chair of Greek in the University of Glasgow. In 1879 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1891, on the death of the Hon. H. C. Raikes, he was elected M.P. for the University of Cambridge, and was re-elected at the General Election in 1892, and again in 1895. He is the author of many standard works, which, unfortunately, we have not sufficient space to allude to here.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Maull & Co.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[R. H. Lord, Cambridge.*

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From a Photo. by] AGE 10 MONTHS. *[E. T. Brooks, Newbury.*

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

BORN 1864.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, the now popular lessee and manager of the Royalty Theatre, Soho, inaugurated his management a month ago by his successful production of "The Chili Widow," being strongly supported by his clever partner in



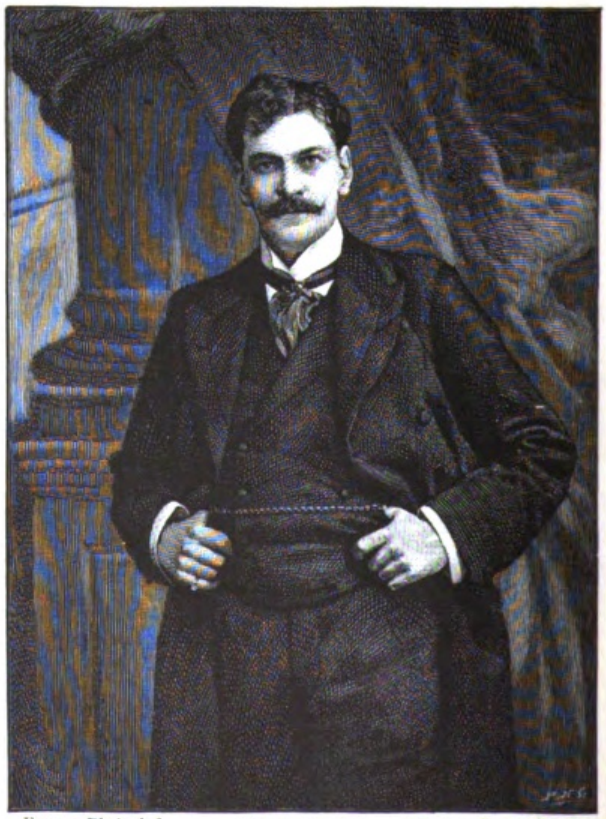
From a Photo. by] AGE 8. *[E. T. Brooks, Newbury.*

life, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and a strong cast. Mr. Bourchier received a thorough education at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took active part in any amount of amateur performances. In 1889 he made his first appearance as a professional actor on tour with Mrs. Langtry. He came to London with her for a season at the St. James's Theatre in 1890, and for a time managed the theatre himself. In the autumn of the



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[C. Hawker, Newbury.*

same year he joined the Criterion company to play *Charles Courtly* in "London Assurance," and *Joseph Surface* in "The School for Scandal." As the hero of "The Derby Winner" he has been eminently successful, and as to his present work, no better can be said than recommend the reader to see for himself. He will not be disappointed.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Walery, Regent Street.*

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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

MRS. BOURCHIER, known to every playgoer as charming Violet Vanbrugh (a favourite godchild of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts), is the daughter of the late Rev. Reginald Barnes, a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral, and a personal friend of the late General Gordon. In fact, it was at Mr. Barnes's house that the gallant hero spent his last few days in England previous to starting on his fatal expedition to pacify the Soudan. In March, 1888, Miss Vanbrugh made an excellent *Kitty Maitland* in "The Don," at Toole's Theatre, and in the autumn essayed a higher flight by appearing as *Ophelia* at Margate. The next year she had a good opportunity for the display of her high spirits, in a *matinée* of "The Begum's Diamonds," and made a dashing *grande dame* as *Lady Gillingham* in "The Weaker Sex." She then accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in their trip to America. These two years under Mr. Kendal's tuition were, Miss Vanbrugh thinks, the most valuable in her professional life. Back in London, she joined Sir Henry Irving's company, and for ten months appeared as *Anne Boleyn* in "Henry VIII." The title part could not have been more charmingly played. She also acted as under-study for Miss Ellen Terry, and appeared as *Rosamund* in "Becket" several times, also with very great success in Mr. Daly's version of "Twelfth Night." Last month Miss Vanbrugh appeared at the Royalty as *The Chili Widow*, in which part she has delighted many a crowded audience.



AGE 5.
From a Drawing by Philippa Marshall.



AGE 8.
From a Photo. by Owen Angel, Exeter.



From a Photo. by AGE 17. [*W. & D. Downey.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn.

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MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BORN 1844.

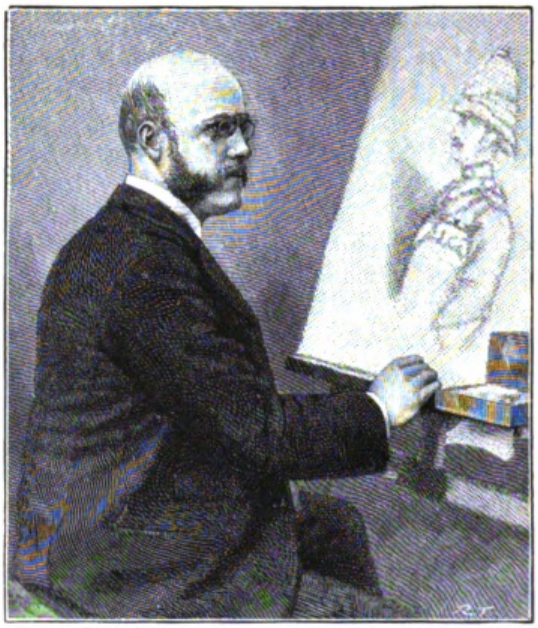
MR. MELTON PRIOR, one of the most distinguished war correspondents of our time, is the son of Mr. W. H. Prior (for fifty years an artist on wood); he was educated at Boulogne, and was appointed special artist to *The Illustrated London News* in 1873. He has been through no fewer than fourteen different campaigns—namely, Ashantee, Spanish and Carlist, Herzogovinian, Servia, Turko-Russian, Kaffir, Basuto, Zulu, Boer, Egyptian (1882), Soudan Expedition, British Soudan Expedition, Nile Expedition, and Burmese—receiving eight wounds from bullets and fragments of shells, being reported three times in the London papers as killed. Mr. Prior has been round the world twice, and has visited nearly every country and capital in the world; and made sketches at nearly every important wedding, from that of the Prince and Princess of Wales down to the Czar of Russia's, and, said Mr. Prior the other day, "I feel quite ready for as much travelling and sketching as I have already done!"



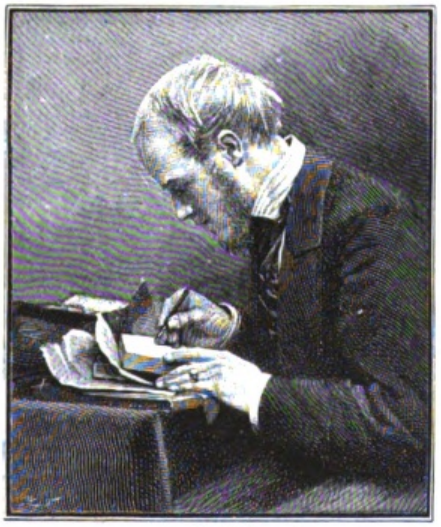
AGE 16.
From a Photograph.



AGE 3.
From a Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Faber, San Francisco.*



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by C. B. Tayler, Strand.



From a] AGE 28. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud.*

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Punch and Judy.

By Alfred T. Story.

WHO has not wasted a pleasant half-hour watching the antics of Punch, even when we ought to have been on more important business? I once remember seeing the late Prime Minister lingering on the edge of a crowd in Parliament Street while the immortal drama was being enacted under "the pale glimpses of the moon." It was a night on which there was an important debate, in which the Grand Old Man delivered a telling speech; and who knows but he made his points the better for the few minutes he allowed his mind to be relaxed by watching the exploits of the grand old hero of the curbstone-play that has run a greater number of nights than even "Hamlet," or any of the other famous plays that continue to hold our stage?

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We are never tired of it; no one is ever tired of it. We have all watched it as children, and when we grow old we like it as well as ever. But whereas it was in former days on the village green that we witnessed it, or in the convenient by-street, we may see it now in the dining-room, or, if it be summer-time, on the lawn. Formerly it was thought only fit for the "rude mechanicals" of the village street or the market-place; it is now the fashion for society to indulge in it, and for Royalty even to look upon it with pleasure, so good is it for everyone to get a touch every now and again of rude, unsophisticated Nature. And Punch and Judy is rude, and for the most part very unsophisticated. We are, however, softening down even this specimen of "good old" aboriginal humour, and now it more frequently closes with a "nigger" song, or something of that nature, than, as formerly, with the death of the Father of Evil.

It was my good fortune recently to come across the "Royal" Punch and Judy show—one beloved of the Royal children for two, if not three, generations—and to get photographs of some of the scenes of the immortal drama. These I propose to give, and to accompany them with some of the text of the original play, at the same time indicating where innovations have been introduced.

As regards the origin and history of Punch and Judy, there is as much dispute amongst authorities as touching the birthplace of Homer. But on one point there appears to be little, if any, doubt; and that is, that the comedy came to us from Italy, where it was popular in the Middle Ages, as Punchinello, (contracted with us to simple Punch). The original characters were: Punch; his wife Judy; the Baby; Toby, the dog; Scaramouch, transmogrified later into the Clown; a Courtier; a Doctor; Constable; the Hangman, etc. In short, the four chief characters are always the same; the others change somewhat according to localities, national requirements, etc.

Mr. Punch is well known nearly all over Europe, as well as wherever the English tongue is spoken. Toby always has the distinction of being performed by a living individual, if one may speak of a humble member of the canine family as an individual. It is popularly thought that a dog of breed only can be trained to take the part of Toby. This is a mistake, as I was informed by Mr. Jesson, whom we may designate the "Short" of the firm which "runs" the Royal Punch and Judy, his son taking the part of "Codlin," albeit nothing like the immortal "friend" in character. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that Mr. Jesson's father was the original of Mr. Dickens's "Short," he having performed with the "dolls" for something like sixty years, while his son has been in the profession forty years. Grandpère Jesson, now, of course, defunct, chiefly frequented London and the home counties, although he made wide stretches now and again for variety's sake, and "to see a bit of life," as his son puts it.

But to return to Toby. The part is always taken by a mongrel; nothing else in the canine line will stand the training. The Toby of the present Royal Punch and Judy is eleven years old, and he has taken the part since he was a few months old. His father was twenty-three years old when he was born, and he too had been in the profession—on the stage so to speak—since he was a puppy.



DOG TOBY.

This does away with another popular tradition, namely, that the life of a Punch and Judy dog was six years, never more. But perhaps in the "good old times," when there was so much tramping and rough weather to be endured, and in addition, possibly, so much hard training, six years may have

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been the span of life allotted to Toby. But things are changed now, and the life of the Punch and Judy man, and dog, has fallen in pleasant places compared with what was formerly the case.

There has been a general elevation of the stage—thanks to Sir Henry Irving *et autres;* and Punch and Judy has gone up with the rest. It is now one of the professions to be looked up to, and there is some talk of training younger sons for it, instead of sending them into the Church and to cattle-ranching in the Far West. There is more money to be made in it than in stock-broking, the fine arts, journalism, or gold-mining, and when you are good, you play to Royalty, and put up the Royal Arms.

Mr. Jesson "shook the dolls" before the Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters when they were little children, and he remembers His Royal Highness laughing till the tears ran down his face when Punch rolled the baby about as though he were making a roly-poly pudding of it, in order, as he said, "to soothe it to sleep." The others were amused, but none laughed like the Prince of Wales.

Says Mr. Jesson, with pride, "I've played before the Prince's children, too, and they were just as pleased as their father used to be." He adds, "I've played at Windsor, at Marlborough House, at Buckingham Palace, at Osborne, at Frogmore, and at Sandringham."

"You do pretty well, then?" we naturally queried.

"Oh, yes, I make enough at Christmas to keep me the year round, if I liked to be idle the rest of the year."

It should, perhaps, be said here, lest too many of those in search of a profession should rush in, that to be a Punch and Judy showman is not so easy as might at first sight appear. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal of dialogue to commit to memory, and that, in our days, novelties must be introduced from time to time; the one who aspires to perform with the dolls must be very ready-witted, quick to get up fresh "patter," good at repartee, and if not a Sims Reeves, at least distinctly "Sims-Reevesy" at a song. Then he must be something of a mechanical genius into the bargain.

Listen to Mr. Jesson: "I make everything connected with the show myself. I make the frame and the hangings, paint the scenery and the drop-scene in front, do the carving above the stage, carve the heads of the dolls, and cut out and sew their clothes. In fact, there is nothing about the show I don't make myself—and my son can do it all, too. That gives us plenty of work to do at home, when we are not otherwise engaged. The dolls, you see, get so much knocking about that they only last about six months."

In addition to all this hard work, there is another consideration which should be taken into account by those wishing to enter the profession. It is the danger attached to the calling. The performer with the dolls cannot do without the squeaker—*and he may swallow it!* And everyone who has committed such an error *has died after it.*

However, if, after fairly considering the difficulties, the ambitious youth (or maiden, for, like medicine, the law, and other honourable callings, the profession is open to the fair sex) should decide to take up with the dolls, he will find the following text, with a due admixture of his own brains, all that is required in the way of dialogue:—

(PUNCH *enters: and after a few preliminary squeaks he bows three times to the spectators—once in the centre, and once at each side of the stage, and then speaks as follows*):—

PROLOGUE.

Ladies and gentlemen, pray, how d'ye do?
If you're all happy, I'm happy too.
Stop and hear my merry little play;
If I make you laugh, I need not make you pay.

(*After this* PUNCH *makes his bow and exit. He is then heard behind the scene singing, or rather squeaking, the song,* "*Mr. Punch is a Jolly Good Fellow.*")

Formerly the tune used to be the popular one of "Malbrook," but nearly all performers nowadays have different tunes, generally picking up some of the popular airs of the day.

(*After squeaking for a minute or so behind the scene,* PUNCH *makes his appearance and dances upon the stage, while he sings*):—

Mr. Punch is a jolly good fellow,
His dress is all scarlet and yellow;
And if now and then he gets mellow,
It's only among his good friends.

(*He continues to dance and sing, and then calls*): Judy, my dear! Judy!

(*This constitutes the first scene of the play. The second scene opens with the entrance of dog* TOBY. PUNCH *salutes him with*): Halloa, Toby! Who call'd you? How do ye do, Mr. Toby? Hope you are very well, Mr. Toby?

(*To which* TOBY *answers with a snarl or a bark*): Bow-wow-wow!

PUNCH: Poor Toby! (*Putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it*): Toby, you are a nasty, cross dog. Get away with you! (*Strikes at him.*)

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TOBY: Bow-wow-wow! (*seizing* PUNCH *by the nose*).

PUNCH: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, my nose! My poor nose! My beautiful nose! Get away! Get away, you nasty dog. I'll tell your master. Oh, dear! dear! Judy! Judy!

(PUNCH *shakes his nose, but cannot shake off the dog, who follows him as he retreats round the stage. He continues to call* "Judy! Judy, my dear!" *until the dog quits his hold and exits.*)

PUNCH (*solus, and rubbing his nose with both hands*): Oh, my nose! my pretty little nose! Judy! Judy! You nasty, nasty brute, I will tell your master of you. Mr. Scaramouch! (*calls*) My good friend, Mr. Scaramouch! Look what your nasty brute of a dog has done!

(*Enter* SCARAMOUCH, *the clown, with a stick.*)

SCARAMOUCH: Halloa, Mr. Punch! What have you been doing to my poor dog?



PUNCH AND CLOWN.

PUNCH (*retreating behind the scene, on observing the stick, and peeping round the corner*): Ha! my good friend, how d'y' do? Glad to see you look so well! (*Aside*) I wish you were further with your nasty great stick.

SCARAMOUCH: You have been beating and ill-using my poor dog, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: He has been biting and ill-using my poor nose, Mr. Scaramouch. What have you got there, sir?

SCARAMOUCH: Where?

PUNCH: In your hand?

SCARAMOUCH: A fiddle.

PUNCH: A fiddle! What a pretty thing is a fiddle! Can you play upon that fiddle?

SCARAMOUCH: Come here, and I'll try.

PUNCH: No, thank you. I can hear the music where I am very well.

SCARAMOUCH: Then you shall try yourself. Can you play?

PUNCH (*coming in*): I do not know till I try. Let me see! (*Takes the stick and moves slowly about, singing some popular tune. He hits* SCARAMOUCH *a slight blow on his cap, as if by accident.*)

SCARAMOUCH: You play very well, Mr. Punch. Now let me try. I will give you a lesson how to play the fiddle. (*Takes the stick and dances to the same tune, hitting* PUNCH *a hard blow on the back of the head.*) There's sweet music for you!

PUNCH: I do not like your playing so well as my own. Let me play again. (*Takes the stick and dances as before. In the course of the dance he gets behind* SCARAMOUCH, *and, with a violent blow, knocks his head clean off his shoulders.*) How d'y' like that tune, my good friend? Is that sweet music, or sour music, eh? He, he, he! (*laughing and throwing away the stick*). You'll never hear such another tune so long as you live, my boy. (*Sings the tune of "Malbrook," or some other, and dances to it.*) Judy! Judy, my dear! Judy, can't you answer, my dear?

JUDY (*within*): Well! What do you want, Mr. Punch?

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PUNCH AND JUDY.

PUNCH: Come upstairs. I want you.

JUDY: Then want must be your master. I'm busy.

PUNCH (*singing*):—

The answer is genteel and civil!
No wonder, you think, if we live ill.
And I wish her sometimes much evil.
Since that's all the answer I get.

Judy, my dear! (*calling*). Judy, my pet! Pretty Judy, come upstairs.

(*Enter* JUDY.)

JUDY: Well, here I am! What do you want now I'm come?

PUNCH (*aside*): What a pretty creature!

JUDY: What do you want, I say?

PUNCH: A kiss! A pretty kiss! (*Kisses her, while she gives him a slap in the face.*)

JUDY: Take that, then! Now, how do you like my kisses? Will you have another?

PUNCH: No; one at a time—one at a time, my sweet, pretty wife. (*Aside*): She always is so playful. Where's the child? Fetch me the child, Judy, my dear. (*Exit* JUDY.)

PUNCH (*solus*): There's a wife for you! What a precious, darling creature. She has gone to fetch the child.

(*Re-enter* JUDY *with child.*)

JUDY: Here's the child—Pretty dear! It knows its papa. Take the child.

PUNCH (*holding out his hands*): Give it me, pretty little thing!

JUDY: How awkward you are!

PUNCH: Give it me. I know how to nurse it as well as you do. (*She gives it to him.*) Get away! (*Exit* JUDY, PUNCH *nursing child in his arms.*) What a pretty baby it is! Was it sleepy then? Hush-a-by-by! (*Sings to the tune of "Rest thee, Babe."*)

Oh, rest thee, my baby,
Thy daddy is here;
Thy mammy's a gaby,
And that's very clear.

Poor, dear little thing! It cannot get to sleep. By-by, by-by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it shan't. (*Dances the child, and then sets it on his lap, between his knees, and sings a nursery ditty.*)

(*After nursing it upon his lap,* PUNCH *sticks the child against the side of the stage, or the platform, and going himself to the opposite side, runs up to it, clapping his hands, and crying:* "Catchee, catchee, catchee!" *He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.*) What is the matter with it? Poor thing! It has got the tummy-ache, I daresay. (*Child cries.*) Hush-a-by! Hush-a-by! (*sitting down and rolling it on his knees.*) Naughty child! Judy! (*calls*) the child has got the tummy-ache. (*Child continues to cry.*) Keep quiet,



PUNCH, JUDY, AND BABY.

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PUNCH AND JUDY PLAY CATCH-BALL WITH THE BABY.

can't you? (*Hits it a box on the ear.*) Hold your tongue! (*Strikes the child several times against the side of the stage.*) There—there—there! How do you like that? I thought I should stop your squalling. Get along with you, you naughty, crying child. (*Throws it over the front of the stage among the spectators.*) He! he! he! (*Laughing and singing.*)

(*Re-enter* JUDY.)

JUDY: Where's the child?

PUNCH: Gone—gone to sleep.

JUDY: What have you done with the child, I say?

PUNCH: Gone to sleep, I say.

JUDY: What have you done with it?

PUNCH: What have I done with it?

JUDY: Aye, done with it? I heard it crying just now. Where is it?

PUNCH: How should I know?

JUDY: I heard you make the pretty darling cry.

PUNCH: I dropped it out of the window.

JUDY: Oh, you cruel, horrid wretch, to drop the pretty baby out of the window. Oh! (*cries, and wipes her eyes with the corner of her apron*) you barbarous man. Oh! I'll make you pay for this, depend on it. (*Exit.*)

PUNCH: There she goes. What a to-do about nothing! (*Dances about and sings, beating time with his head, as he turns round, on the front of the stage.*)

(*Re-enter* JUDY *with a stick; she comes in behind, and hits* PUNCH *a blow on the back of the head, before he is aware.*)

JUDY: I'll teach you to drop my child out of the window.

PUNCH: So-o-oftly, Judy, so-o-oftly! (*Rubbing the back of his head with his hand.*) Don't be a fool, now. What are you at?

JUDY: What! You'll drop my poor baby out of the window again, will you? (*Hitting him continually on the head.*)

PUNCH: No, I never will again. (*She still hits him.*) Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke.

JUDY: Oh, you nasty, cruel brute! (*Hitting him again.*) I'll teach you!

PUNCH: But I do not like such teaching. What! You are in earnest, are you?

JUDY: Yes (*hit*) I (*hit*) am (*hit*).

PUNCH: I'm glad of it. I don't like such jokes. (*She hits him again.*) Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

JUDY: No, I won't (*hits him*).

PUNCH: Very well. Then now comes my turn to teach you. (*He snatches at and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her, and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different*



JUDY BELABOURS PUNCH.

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parts of the stage to get out of his way.) How do you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear? (*Hitting her.*)

JUDY: Oh, pray, Mr. Punch—no more!

PUNCH: Yes, one more little lesson (*hits her again*). There, there, there! (*She falls down with her head over the platform of the stage, and as he continues to hit her, she puts up her hand to guard her head.*) Any more?

JUDY: No, no; no more (*lifting up her head*).

PUNCH (*knocking down her head*): I thought I should soon make you quiet.

JUDY (*again raising her head*): No.

PUNCH (*again knocking it down, and following up his blows till she is lifeless*): Now, if you're satisfied, I am. (*Perceiving that she does not move.*) There, get up, Judy, my dear. I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. Have you got the headache? You are only asleep. Get up, I say! Well, then, get down. (*Tosses the body down with the end of his stick.*) He, he, he (*laughing*). To lose a wife is to get a fortune!

Thus ends the first act.

The second act used, in our boyhood days, to open with the entrance of a figure like a courtier, who sang a slow air and moved to it with great gravity. He would first take off his hat on one side and then on the other side of the stage. Then he would stop in the centre, the music would cease, and suddenly his neck would begin to elongate until it was longer than all the rest of his body. After remaining thus for some time the head would sink again; and as soon as it had descended to its natural place, the figure would *exit*.

After this bit of business Punch was wont to come on with his famous horse, Hector, and prance round the stage several times. There used to be a showman in the north named Bailey who made a great deal of this scene. Mr. Jesson remembered the man very well, and said that he was one of the best performers with the dolls to be found anywhere. He added that this artist died in London about seven years ago, and that there had been no one to touch him since. The finish of the scene was that Punch was thrown, and he, thinking he was killed, cried out for the doctor to come and bring him to life again. At present, when the gee-gee is left out, Punch is mauled by one of the other characters, and he shouts for the doctor. Whereupon the doctor enters, and the following dialogue ensues:—



PUNCH "SETTLES" JUDY.

DOCTOR: Who calls so loud?

PUNCH: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Murder! Murder!

DOCTOR: What is the matter? Bless me, who is this? My good friend, Mr. Punch? Have you had an accident, or

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are you taking a nap on the grass after dinner?

PUNCH: Oh, Doctor! Doctor: I have been thrown—I have been killed.

DOCTOR: No, no, Mr. Punch—not so bad as that, sir. You are not killed.

PUNCH: Not killed, but speechless. Oh, Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR: Where are you hurt? Is it here? (*touching his head*).

PUNCH: No, lower.

DOCTOR: Here? (*touching his breast*).

PUNCH: No, lower, lower.

DOCTOR: Here, then? (*going downwards*).

PUNCH: No, lower still.

DOCTOR: Then, is your handsome leg broken?

PUNCH: No, higher.

(*As the* DOCTOR *leans over* PUNCH'S *legs to examine them,* PUNCH *kicks him in the eye.*)

DOCTOR: Oh, my eye! my eye! (*Exit.*)

(It should be said that sometimes it is Punch who gets the kick in the eye.)

PUNCH (*solus*): Aye, you are right enough. It is my eye and Betty Martin too. (*Jumping up, and dancing and singing.*)

> The Doctor is merely an ass, sirs,
> To think I'm as brittle as glass, sirs;
> But I only fell down on the grass, sirs,
> And my hurt—it is all in my eye!

(*While* PUNCH *is singing and dancing, the* DOCTOR *enters behind with a stick, and hits* PUNCH *several times on the head.*)

PUNCH: Halloa, halloa, Doctor! What game are you up to now? Have done. What have you got there?

DOCTOR: Physic, Mr. Punch—(*hitting him*)—physic for your hurt.

PUNCH: I do not like physic; it gives me a headache.

DOCTOR: That's because you do not take enough of it. (*Hits him again.*) The more you take, the more good it will do you.

PUNCH: So you doctors always say. Try how you like it yourself.



PUNCH AND DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: We never take our own physic if we can help it. (*Hits him.*) A little more, Mr. Punch, and you will soon be well. (*Hits him. During this part of the dialogue, the* DOCTOR *chases* PUNCH *to different parts of the stage, and at last gets him into a corner, and belabours him until* PUNCH *seems almost stunned.*)

PUNCH: Oh, Doctor! Doctor! No more, no more! Enough physic for me. I am quite well now.

DOCTOR: Only another dose (*hitting him*).

PUNCH: No more! Turn and turn about is fair play, you know. (PUNCH *makes a desperate effort, closes with the* DOCTOR, *and, after a struggle, succeeds in getting the stick from him.*) Now, Doctor, it is your turn to be physicked (*beating the* DOCTOR).

DOCTOR: Halloa, Mr. Punch. I don't want any physic, my good sir.

PUNCH: Oh, yes, you do; you are very bad. You must take it. I'm the doctor now. (*Hits him.*) How do you like physic?

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(*Hits him.*) It will do you good (*hit*). This will soon cure you (*hit*).

DOCTOR: Oh, pray, Mr. Punch, no more! One pill of that physic is a dose.

PUNCH: Doctors always die when they take their own physic (*hitting him*). Another small dose and you will never want physic again. (*Hitting him. Here the* DOCTOR *falls down dead, and* PUNCH, *as before, tosses away the body with the end of his staff.*) He, he, he! (*laughing*). Now, Doctor, you may cure yourself if you can. (*Sings and dances, and then exit.*)

Punch now enters with a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, while he dances about the stage. He then sings a song, beginning, "Mr. Punch is a very gay man." In the midst of this there formerly entered a servant dressed in a foreign livery; but the servant is now generally done away with, and we have a policeman in his stead. The policeman begins by ordering him to go



PUNCH AND POLICEMAN.

away, because a gentleman, or "an old woman," who lives near by, won't have the noise.

PUNCH (*with surprise and mocking him*): The gentleman he says he don't like that noise! What noise?

POLICEMAN: That nasty noise.

PUNCH: Do you call music a noise?

POLICEMAN: The gentleman don't like music, Mr. Punch. So we'll have no more music near his house.

PUNCH: He don't, don't he? Very well. (PUNCH *runs about the stage, ringing the bell as loudly as he can.*)

POLICEMAN: Get away, I say, with that nasty bell.

PUNCH: What bell?

POLICEMAN: That bell (*striking it with his hand*).

PUNCH: That's a good one. Do you call this a bell? Why, it is an organ!

POLICEMAN: I say it's a bell—a nasty bell.

PUNCH: I say it is an organ (*striking him with it*). What do you say it is now?

POLICEMAN: An organ, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: An organ? It is a fiddle. Can't you see? (*Offers to strike him again.*)

POLICEMAN: It is a fiddle.

PUNCH: I say it is a drum.

POLICEMAN: It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: I say it is a trumpet.

POLICEMAN: Well, so it is a trumpet. But, bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, the gentleman he says he does not like music.

PUNCH: Then bell, organ, fiddle, drum, or trumpet, Mr. Punch he says the gentleman's a fool.

POLICEMAN: And he says he'll not have it near his house.

PUNCH: He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so. Be off. (*Hits him with the bell.*) Get along. (*Driving the* POLICEMAN *round the stage backwards, and striking him often with the bell.*) Be off, be off. (*Knocking him off the stage.* PUNCH *continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances.*)

(*Re-enter* POLICEMAN, *slily, with a stick.*)

(PUNCH, *perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The* POLICEMAN *does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible.* PUNCH *again comes forward, puts down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, to ascertain whereabouts the enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and going quietly over the stage, hits the* POLICEMAN *a heavy blow through the curtain, and exit, leaving his bell on the opposite side.*)

POLICEMAN: You nasty, noisy, impudent blackguard, I'll have you. (*Hides again as before.*)

(*Enter* PUNCH, *and strikes him as before with the bell. The* POLICEMAN *pops out, and*

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aims a blow, but not quickly enough to hit PUNCH, *who exit.*)

POLICEMAN: You scoundrel, rascal, thief, vagabond, blackguard—you shall pay for this, depend on it.

(*He stands back. Enter* PUNCH *with his bell, who, seeing the* POLICEMAN *with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first show. The* POLICEMAN *comes forward and strikes* PUNCH *on the head so hard a blow that it seems to confuse him.*)

POLICEMAN: I'll teach you how to ring your nasty noisy bell near the gentlemen's houses.

PUNCH (*recovering*): Two can play at that. (*Hits the* POLICEMAN *with his stick. A conflict ensues, during which the combatants exchange staves and perform various manœuvres.* PUNCH *knocks his antagonist down on the platform by repeated blows on the head.*)

POLICEMAN: Oh, dear! Oh, my head!

PUNCH: Oh, your head, eh? (*Hitting him again.*) How do you like that, and that, and that? (*Hitting him each time.*) Do you like that music better than the other? There! a whole concert for you.

POLICEMAN: No more! I'm dead.

PUNCH: Quite dead?

POLICEMAN: Yes, quite dead.

PUNCH: Then, there's the last for luck. (*Hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, and throws it away.*)

At this point, the modern play usually goes off into all kinds of comic "business" in order to amuse the children without wounding their tender susceptibilities; but in the real, legitimate play, the hero, after a short scene in which he knocks a blind beggar about, is confronted with the constable, when the following dialogue takes place:—

CONSTABLE: Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I'm going to make you sing on the other side of your face.

PUNCH: Why, who are you?

CONSTABLE: Don't you know me?

PUNCH: No, and don't want to know you.

CONSTABLE: Oh, but you must. I am the constable.

PUNCH: I don't want the constable. I can settle my business without the constable.

CONSTABLE: But the constable wants you.

PUNCH: Does he, indeed? What for, pray?

CONSTABLE: You killed Mr. Scaramouch. You knocked his head clean off his shoulders.

PUNCH: What's that to you? If you stay here much longer I shall serve you the same.

CONSTABLE: You have committed murder, and I have a warrant for you.

PUNCH: And I have a warrant for you. (PUNCH *knocks him down and then dances and sings about the stage.*)

(*Enter an* OFFICER, *usually in a cocked hat, sometimes in the costume of a police-officer.*)

OFFICER: Stop your noise, my fine fellow!

PUNCH: Sha'n't.

OFFICER: I'm an officer.

PUNCH: Did I say you were not?

OFFICER: You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

PUNCH: They were my own, I suppose! Haven't I a right to do what I like with my own?

OFFICER: We shall see about that! I'm come to take you up.

PUNCH: And I'm come to take you down. (PUNCH *knocks him down, and sings and dances as before.*)

At this point there is usually some comic business, Scaramouch, or the clown, coming to life, and greatly surprising Punch by putting his head through the window, and when Punch strikes at him with his stick, dodging out and in, and back and forth, with much agility. Then follows some amusement from the Clown placing Punch's corpses upon the platform, and bothering Punch by counting one more than he does, the odd one being



PUNCH AND CLOWN DODGING EACH OTHER.

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PUNCH COUNTING THE DEAD.

made by inserting himself amongst the dead bodies.

In the "good old original" drama there is another and final scene in which Punch triumphs either over the hangman or over the arch-enemy of mankind himself; but it is probably never represented now, even Bailey—he who was "the best man that ever performed the dolls," refraining from putting in this scene because "it was apt to harrow the feelings of the little ones and give them bad dreams": which sentiment shows that there may be good and kindly feelings in the humble performer of the way-side and the village green. For Bailey was never anything more than that; his lot having been cast in Punch's pre-Royalty and fashionable society days. It is, however, customary with some handlers of the dolls to finish up with the introduction of the bogey man, who gives Punch a good frightening. Nothing delights the children so much as this.

The present palmy days for Punch, according to Mr. Jesson, date from about thirty years ago. "People then began to write about the show," said he, "and that led to its becoming more popular, and being taken up by the rich; and," added he, "its popularity grows year by year." These things astonished Mr. Bailey, who, though mellow with age, was still in the green, so to speak, of the country-side, and had not seen "London Town" for over thirty years. He was one who kept to the legitimate drama, not only in respect of the *dramatis personæ*, dialogue, etc., but also as regards the general paraphernalia of the show. He would as soon have thought of washing his hands in "brown October," as of performing to anything but the drum and pipes, or wearing anything but the good old white hat—such a stickler was he in these matters.*

Speaking of the music of the show, every lover of Punch and Judy must hold that the introduction of the dulcimer and other the like fantastical instruments, in place of the Pandean pipes and the drum, is of the nature of an impertinence, and ought not to be tolerated. But this, as well as other matters connected with Punch and Judy, will, I understand, be seen to shortly; as, following in the wake of the Browning, the Goethe, the Ancient Monuments, and other similar societies, there is to be a Punch and Judy Society; or, at least, so it is whispered.

*This worthy's definition of a gentleman is characteristic. "Well, you see," said he, "a gem'man is always pleased to see the children happy, and he never stands before a lady."

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Fables

THE LION AND THE HARE.



1.—A HARE ONCE CALLED TO INTERVIEW A LION—



2.—AND WAS DULY USHERED INTO THE ROYAL PRESENCE.

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3.—"IS IT REALLY A FACT," INQUIRED THE HARE, "THAT YOU LIONS ARE TERRIFIED BY THE CROWING OF A COCK?"



4.—"CERTAINLY!" REPLIED THE LION, "WE LARGE ANIMALS ARE GENERALLY POSSESSED OF SOME TRIVIAL WEAKNESS. THE ELEPHANT, FOR EXAMPLE, WILL TREMBLE AT THE GRUNT OF A PIG."

"AH!" INTERRUPTED THE HARE, "NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY WE HARES HAVE SUCH AN UNACCOUNTABLE DISLIKE FOR THE DOGS."

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AN EXPERIMENT IN REAL-ISM



By Mrs. E. Newman.

Scene: *Summer night. Well furnished study in good house. Study table, upon which are a shaded lamp, litter of papers, and writing materials. French windows opening on to lawn. A lounging chair placed with its back towards window not quite closed, and sufficiently distant for it to be easily pushed wider open.*

Time, 10 P.M.

Dramatis Personæ:

Mr. Beresford: *Master of the house, about twenty-eight years of age, in evening clothes, walking slowly to and fro, glancing every now and then anxiously at his wife.*

Mrs. Beresford: *His wife, about twenty, wearing a becoming tea-gown, seated before writing-table pen in hand.*

Police-Constable. Manservant James. Present: Husband and Wife.

He: I think you might come with me, Peggy.

She: Oh, it will be such a crush. Much pleasanter here than in those crowded rooms, Jack. Make some pretty excuses to Aunt Elinor for me. I really *must* write this, and the house is so quiet and nice at this time.

He: Must? The story, do you mean? You speak as though you were writing against time—forced to earn money to pay the butcher's bill.

She: You don't understand. It's the artistic temperament that involves the "must." If I could only have seen one. (*Meditatively.*)

He: An artistic temperament?

She: Now, Jack! I meant a burglar. I was wishing that I knew just enough about one to be able to describe him quite accurately—realistically, you know. Didn't you help to capture one at the Colonel's once—before we were married? How did he speak? What did he look like?

He: The low scoundrel, he was. Why do you want to write about such people, Peggy?

She: Stories should be exciting and realistic in these days, and you would not like me to write about people with pasts you know, Jack, even if I knew any, which I do not.

He (*aside*): Happy ignorance! (*To* Her): No, that would certainly be worse than the burglar.

She: You see, it is such a drawback to have so little experience of what is going on

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in the world. Brought up in a country home, and happy as the day was long, I really cannot remember anything more exciting than the death of the old pony, when we all cried ourselves ill. And now, married to—well, I suppose I must not make you vain, and you really did choose me, didn't you, Jack?

HE: And would choose you again, darling, if I were free.

SHE: That's just lovely to hear. But who besides ourselves would care for the history of it?

HE: The only way to make it interesting to other people would be for us to begin to quarrel before them, and so give them the opportunity to point a moral about what comes of love matches, I suppose.

SHE: Quarrel! You and I? That would be too dreadful, Jack.

HE: It seems to me that the only thing we could differ about would be——I say, Peggy, I wish you would give up the writing work.

SHE: Give it up? Acknowledge that I am beaten?

HE: Why not, if you are?

SHE: But I don't allow that I am beaten, Jack—not yet, at any rate. (*Takes a sheet of paper from the table, and reads it to herself, writing a word of correction here and there.*)

HE (*aside, looking at her with kindly anxiety*): I wish she hadn't gone in for that sort of thing; there's no necessity, and it only seems to bother her. Had she taken a fancy for anything money could buy, she should have it, cost what it might. It's that Fitzallan woman egging Peggy on, for her own purposes. Wants to make her a woman of the world after her own pattern, I suppose, and is persuading her she ought to do something that would give her more prominence in society—something clever, as it's called. Peggy is clever enough for anything; but it's the kind of cleverness that wears best at home. I'm not afraid for her in the long run, only I should like to spare her the disillusionment that must come as to the opinions of such women as Mrs. Fitzallan. To see such ideas ventilated by my Peggy would be more than I could stand. If I could only manage to show her something like the reality, so that she might use her own judgment about it, I believe she wouldn't want to write about burglars. I've half a mind to——(*looks meditatively at her as she sits biting the top of her pen and gazing anxiously at the page of writing.*) She's got lots of pluck, and I would take good care to go no farther than she could bear—I will do it! (*To* HER): Well, if you won't come, I suppose I must go alone, but I shall not stay long. (*Goes to her side, takes her face between his hands, and kisses her.*)

SHE: Very well, Jack. You will find me here when you come back, I daresay. Lots of love to auntie and the girls. And be sure to waltz with Alice. She does not get too many partners, you know.

HE: All right. (*Goes out.*)

SHE (*looking after him as he goes*): Now, of all the dears, Jack is the very dearest. That's what I tell Mrs. Fitzallan. It's no use talking to me about the wickedness of men when there's my Jack to prove the contrary. She says I should write ever so much better if I knew the ways of the world—especially men's ways. But I know Jack's ways, and if he has a fault or two—well, so have I, and we care for each other all the same. Only—well, I *should* like Jack to hear me called clever. People look down upon you if you can't do something to show you have some originality, Mrs. Fitzallan says. I shouldn't have the courage to whistle or skirt dance, and, besides, they are out or nearly out. A strong, realistic story might do something for one—only it must be pessimistic and up to date. Only stupid people are satisfied with descriptions of everyday life, she says. She is always hinting with that superior air of hers that I am country-bred. I did make her change colour when I gave that little retort about not always finding good breeding in town. I really am dreadfully happy and content with everything, from Jack to my dear home and the lots of pretty things he surrounds me with; and if I could only do something striking just for once, so that people could tell Jack he had a clever wife, there would be nothing left to wish for. What others think doesn't matter in the least, but I don't want him to feel that his country wife is not capable of holding her own. But how in the world——? It really seems as though I couldn't write about anything but love and happiness, and that wouldn't do at all—quite old-fashioned, she would say. If Jack were not kind there would be no happiness for me—it would just break my heart. Not that that would matter, Mrs. Fitzallan seems to think. Says Mrs. Gray's has been broken over and over again, and that she writes all the better for it. I prefer not to write better that way. No; I will try the burglar, and if——

(*The sound of something falling in the adjacent room causes her to look round, a little startled.*)

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SHE: What was that? Someone in the next room! I thought the servants were gone to bed. (*Rises to her feet, then sinks back into her seat again with a look of astonishment and dismay. The door is slowly pushed open and a man is seen standing on the threshold, carrying his boots in his hand.*)

JACK BERESFORD (*disguised as a burglar, with a patch over one eye and wearing a black wig under the battered-looking, low-crowned hat, a beard covering his chin, a red handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and rough, untidy clothes*).

HE: Don't you be afeared, mum (*speaking thickly, as though there were something in his mouth, and dropping his boot again as he awkwardly touches his hat*).

SHE: Who are you? What brings you here? (*Catching up a dagger-shaped silver paper-knife, and raising it as if to strike*). Advance a step nearer, at your peril!

HE (*aside*): Yes, you have lots of pluck, darling. How beautifully tragic you look with that paper-knife. But I must appear terrified. (*Shrinking back and putting up one arm. To* HER): Don't murder me in cold blood, mum. I've got nothing to defend myself with.

SHE (*aside*): I hope I don't look scared. (*To* HIM, *sternly*): Remain where you are. If you move a step forward I will not be answerable for the consequences.



"DON'T YOU BE AFEARED, MUM.

HE: No offence, mum —no offence. I won't come no forrader.

SHE: Why are you here?

HE: I don't think you're the sort to give a man away when he owns up; and I ain't going to deny nothing, mum.

SHE: Who are you?

HE: Now, look here, mum. It's no use my saying I came a-wisiting, for you know as well as I do that I wasn't inwited. I come in the way of business. I don't deny it. But if I promises upstraight and downright to go away without doing anybody any harm or taking a blessed thing that don't belong to me, will you let me go free, mum? I see you've got a dagger to take keer of yourself with, and I see there's a bell just by your side, so you've plenty of help near if you want it, which you won't. You are on the safe side, and I don't see as you need be down upon a man who is ready to do the straight thing for once.

SHE: You came to rob the house? You are a—burglar? (*Looking at him more attentively and curiously*).

HE: Well, I don't deny as that's the name it goes by, mum. But a man's got to live somehow, call him what you like. We ain't all lucky enough to be born rich with a place like this to live in, all genteel and servants to wait on us.

SHE (*aside*): A burglar! (*Gazing at him speculatively for a moment or two*): He thinks I am armed, and could summon the servants. Horrid as he looks, too, he seems more frightened than dangerous. Such a golden opportunity, too. I must —I will avail myself of it. (*To* HIM, *severely*): Of course I could summon assistance. There are menservants in the house, and you would be given in charge at once. But if you will give me your solemn promise to go away without doing any harm, I might perhaps——"

HE: Let me go, mum. I'll take my solemn davy to——

SHE: There is something else. (*Aside*): How in the world shall I put it to him? (*To* HIM): I am engaged upon a work. Before you go I should like to say a few words to you about—about—your way of life.

HE: Wants to conwert me. You're one of those ladies as takes an interest in us pore burglars. All right, mum, I'm ready. Been conwerted twice afore. The chaplin where I was a-wisitin' done it, and a real kind gent he was, too. Took as much pains as though

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I was his own brother, he did. 'Twould have been ongrateful not to have given in to him.

SHE: Of course, I should be glad if anything I could say induced you to recognise how very wrong it is to do as you are doing; but—(*aside*)—how can I say it to him? How small it makes one feel. (*To* HIM): At present, I am desirous of collecting evidence—that is, of ascertaining how you came into the position you are in. And—and—if you could give me an account of some of your experiences—I mean the way you carry on your hor— sad trade, it might assist me in what I am doing.

HE: I see, mum; going to give lecters or something of that sort. Some ladies like hearing them sort o' things. Curos to see the way they crowd into court when there's something uncommon in the way of badness to be heard. It's only got to be strong enough.

SHE (*indignantly*): You are very——

HE: No offence, mum. I didn't mean to be imperlite. And I don't mind telling you some of the secrets of our perfession. Come, now, if you'll promise not to give me away, I'll promise to take your word, and I can't say no fairer than that, can I?

SHE (*aside*): How dreadfully coarse it all sounds. But now I have gone so far—— (*To* HIM): Very well, I promise to keep faith with you.

HE: That's more than a good many would be ready to say to one of us, mum. Jest you ask what you like and I'll give you the straight tip. They sha'n't say as you haven't seen the real thing and don't know what you're talking about.



"HOW VERY DREADFUL!"

SHE (*aside*): Horrid creature! (*To* HIM): Sit on that chair (*pointing to the lounging chair before the window opposite. Aside*): It can be burned afterwards. (HE *sits down on the edge of the chair, his hands upon his knees.*)

HE (*insinuatingly*): I dessay you wouldn't mind paying me a trifle for my time. You see, I might be doing a stroke of business. Not here, no, no; don't you be afeared of that, mum. I've give my word, and I sticks to it. But loss of time has got to be considered all the same.

SHE (*doubtfully*): I do not think I ought—it would be like—well, I will give you a sovereign to keep you from wrong-doing.

HE (*slapping his knee*): That's the way to put it, of course. Too clever to give yourself away.

SHE: Clever, oh! (*Hesitating a few moments, then taking up her pen again. To* HIM): Have you injured your eye?

HE (*aside*): Now for it. I must take care to make it strong enough. (*To* HER): Got knocked out in a fight with my fust, mum.

SHE (*shrinking back*): Your first? Your wife, do you mean?

HE: Yes, mum; but she didn't get the best of it neither, you may take your davy about that. It wor give and take between us.

SHE: How very dreadful! (*Once more shrinking back and laying down the pen.*)

HE: So they said at the horsepital where she was took.

SHE: Poor creature! Objected to your—your occupation, I suppose?

HE: Sall? Not her. Helped me wonderful, Sall did—one of the best wives I've had, so fur.

SHE: One!

HE (*aside*): She's beginning to look horror-struck. I shall be able to make her lose interest in burglars before I've done. (*To* HER): Lor' bless you, mum, they dies off pretty quick in our perfession. You see, you gets

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run in, and when you comes out, as like as not there ain't no wife waiting for you.

SHE: I fear you have not been a good husband.

HE: Doesn't do to spoil 'em, mum—leastways, not in our perfession. When you can both be genteel together, I dessay it's all very well. You haven't got to be a getting your gent's supper ready at two o'clock in the morning, perhaps, when he comes home dead-beat with scrambling over walls, and, maybe, half-a-dozen fights.

SHE (*aside*): How dreadfully low it all sounds! How could I write about such shocking things? I almost wish——(*to* HIM): But you were not always like this. There must have been a time when you were an innocent child. Did no one try to——Did your mother die when you were too young to be taught right from wrong?

HE: I wish she had, mum. A'most always in the public, mother was, and you may be sure there wasn't much for me to eat besides what I could pick up in the gutters when father wasn't lucky.

SHE: What a bringing-up! How very sad! When did you begin to—to——?

HE: Help myself, mum? I was such a knowing little chap; begun a'most as soon as I could toddle about and lay hold on anything that happened to be about. Right proud of me, father was—said I was cut out for the perfession, and, of course, he ought to know, for he was in it hisself.

SHE: Things have indeed been against you. Have you broken into a house like this before?

HE (*promptly*): Lots of times, mum. The richer people are, the more they've got to spare. No use going where there's nothing to be got. That stands to reason.

SHE: But you are sometimes caught? You say you have been in prison.

HE: Not so often as some. I've been pretty lucky, taking things all round. You see, when it comes to *that*, we can't be so very particular about getting rid of anything as stands in the way of making off. There *was* a old gent as made hisself unpleasant and showed fight, but he didn't trouble me nor anybody else after that.

SHE (*excitedly*): You cannot mean—oh, surely you did not injure him?

HE: Don't you never trouble about him, mum. He was seventy-five if he was a day, and he couldn't have gone on much longer anyhow, and—Lor', mum, you needn't be frightened, you're safe enough.

SHE: I'm not afraid, not in the least (*making a demonstration with the paper-knife again. Aside*): At least, I hope I don't show that I am.

HE (*sentimentally*): There was a young lady as lived in one of these big houses. She made herself inconvenient. You see, I only wanted what I went there for. But here she not only gives me her gimcracks, but she goes and falls in love with me and expects me to take her too.

SHE: In love—with you? Oh!

HE: Yes, mum, and nothing would do but I must run away with her. I had to do it, too.

SHE: This is really too shocking.

HE: That's what I said, mum. It was werry inconvenient too, and so she found it when she wanted her own way too much after we was married. She was that onreasonable, the very first time I gives her a tap she screeches out enough to wake the dead. It stands to reason as I couldn't put up with that, so, of course, she had to go.

SHE (*looking very horrified*): Go?

HE: Well, that's the perlitest way I can put it, mum. But if you want the whole story, I jest twisted her long hair round my hands and banged——

SHE (*interrupting*): Stop! I cannot—I will not listen to such horrible things. You are a very wicked man!

HE (*aside*): My darling, I can't bear to shock you like this; but, to make the cure complete, I must go on now, and you'll soon have had enough. (*To* HER): You ain't never going to be shocked at that? Begging your pardin, mum, what *did* you expect when you knew what my perfession is? Lor' bless you, we can't afford to stick at trifles when business is going on. You said you wanted to know all the ins and outs of our lives, and I've made it as proper as I could.

SHE: Proper! (*Aside*): This, then, is what I was seeking to know! How could I imagine it was so dreadfully low and wicked, and—put such talk as this man's into a story! I would not soil the paper by writing about it. No one would believe it if I did. I would not have believed it myself yesterday. You were quite right, Jack, it is better not to know such things. But, monster as this man seems to be, I have given my word to him, and he must go free. Only I really ought first to show him what I, at least, think of his diabolical life. If Jack were only here—(*adds, unconsciously speaking half aloud*)—ah, Jack, if you only were!

HE (*with an ingratiating smile*): Did you speak ter me, mum? Did you say Jack?

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SHE (*contemptuously*): Do you think it is possible I could address you in that way?

HE: All right, mum. I thought I heard you say Jack, and that's my name—Jack. I was only going to observe, all perlite and respectful, that my old woman at home soots me wery well at present, and she's wery particular.

(*The French window behind where he is sitting is pushed a little wider open, and a* POLICEMAN'S *helmet is seen, though not by her.*)

SHE (*rising*): How dare you speak to me in that way—how dare you?



"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME IN THAT WAY—HOW DARE YOU?"

HE (*aside*): Now, there's a picture! What a splendid pose! I *am* proud of you, Peggy. (*To* HER): Now, don't take a man up like that when there's been such a pleasant understanding between us, mum. I thought you was one of them ladies as isn't so over particular so as they gets at the fac's about things. You asked for information, you know, and you promised not to peach. Pals don't give each other away in our perfession; leastways, not if they're the right sort.

SHE (*indignant*): Pals! This is insufferable! I am ashamed of having allowed you to go on so long. But now—go at once, or——

HE: Presently, mum, presently. (*Aside*): I must carry off a trophy. (*To* HER): Excuse me a-reminding you, but business is business, and you promised me a sovereign, you know.

SHE (*hurriedly catches up a purse, takes a sovereign from it, and throws it towards* HIM): Go!

HE (*picks it up, tries it with his teeth, spins it in the air, catches it, and puts it into his pocket. To* HER, *with an ingratiating smile*): If I might ask now—if you could give me a drink of fizz before I go? You see, it's such awful thirsty weather, this.

SHE (*laying her hand upon the bell*): Go, or I can keep my promise no longer, and must summon assistance. (*Aside*): What in the world shall I do if he will not go? If the servants are gone to bed, they might not hear the bell.

The POLICEMAN *softly enters by the open window, and takes him by the collar of his coat.* BERESFORD *looks round, and meets the stolid gaze of the constable.*

BERESFORD (*struggling to free himself from the man's grasp*): Out of the way, fellow. What does this mean?

POLICEMAN: It means you're wanted.

BERESFORD: Wanted? What for?

POLICEMAN: You've been telling us what for.

MANSERVANT JAMES (*entering by the window*): Yes, I'm a witness. I heard him. No sooner did I see him creeping across the lawn with his boots in his hands than I ran off for the police, ma'am, and we came through the garden and across the lawn. We got here soon enough to know what sort he is.

BERESFORD (*still struggling to get free. Aside*): What a fix to be in. What on earth shall I do?

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SHE: You must not take him—you shall not.

POLICEMAN: Don't you be afraid, ma'am. (*To* BERESFORD): Better come quietly; you won't gain anything by resisting—you must know that. There's two of us, and you can't escape. (*Dragging his prisoner, who sturdily resists, step by step, towards the door.*)

MANSERVANT (*conceitedly*): No chance of escape, you raskil. You won't be able to intimidate ladies again for some time to come.

SHE: I cannot let you take him! Stop, constable—James, I will not allow it! I gave my word that he should go free from here, and he must. Let him go—I insist. He has done nothing to break the law here.

POLICEMAN: Can't do it, ma'am. You're a kind-hearted lady; but it would be as much as my place is worth—dare not lend myself to such a thing.

BERESFORD (*to* POLICEMAN, *in a low voice*): Five pounds—ten—twenty!

POLICEMAN: Come along. (*Pulling him by the collar.*)

BERESFORD: It was only a jest, man.

POLICEMAN: A pretty sort of a jest. Come along, I tell you. (*A great struggle,* BERESFORD *striking out right and left; his wife protesting;* JAMES *blustering, but keeping well out of range of his master's fists.* POLICEMAN *more determined.* BERESFORD, *with a final effort, wrenches himself out of the untidy overcoat. Evening dress becomes apparent. Hat and wig get knocked off, and beard twisted round.*)

SHE: Jack!

JAMES: Master!

POLICEMAN: Mr. Beresford!

BERESFORD: Doing a little masquerading. Rehearsing a little play, that's all, constable. You know me? (*Slipping some money into the hands of the man, who understands now.*)

POLICEMAN (*grinning as he stands back*): Oh, yes, sir, I see. A bit of play-acting at home. All right, sir.

JAMES: But I haven't saved nobody from nothing. Where's my reward to come from?

BERESFORD (*coming forward to his wife's side*): Will you forgive me, Peggy? It was only an endeavour to satisfy your craving for the realistic.

SHE: And read me a lesson, Jack?

HE: Oh, well, that's as it may be. The artistic temperament may require——

SHE: It won't require any more burglars, Jack. Of that I am quite sure.

HE: Then I shall be prouder of you than ever, Peggy.

CURTAIN.



"REHEARSING A LITTLE PLAY, THAT'S ALL, CONSTABLE."

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"HE SPRANG UP WITH A GREAT CRY."

(*See page* 485.)

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Gleams from the Dark Continent.

By Charles J. Mansford.

V.—THE LOST FETISH OF WALAI.

I.

"THE natives of Bornou evidently expect something disastrous will happen to us," I remarked to Denviers as we sat round the watch-fire one still night, a few months after our last adventure as recorded with the Dervishes. "Yet, so far, nothing unusual has occurred."

"It is strange how superstitious all these African tribes are," he answered, reflectively; "the natives who dwell round here have only to enter this tract of land to obtain everything they require; the country is well wooded and game is plentiful enough—yet for some unaccountable reason they prefer to live on its borders in a state of semi-starvation. The whole matter is a complete riddle to me."

"The sahibs should not have ventured here; the natives are wise to avoid the place," interposed our Arab guide, as he glanced at us reprovingly from across the blazing embers.

"Of course you have found it all out, no doubt, Hassan," retorted Denviers, "and now you are eager to give us some explanation as fanciful as most of your yarns are. Well, what do the natives say concerning the place?"

The Arab shrugged his shoulders, then replied, shortly: "The sahib is incredulous—his slave wishes, therefore, to say nothing further."

I glanced at Hassan in surprise. "You don't surely mean to lose an opportunity of telling a story," I commented. "Never mind what has been said by Denviers; let me, at all events, hear what the natives say."

"Knowing what is said about this tract of land, I tried to persuade the Englishmen from coming here, but in vain," Hassan answered. "For a week the camp has been made here that the sahibs' rifles may slay everything they see. Perhaps, when the pile of skins is sufficiently high the expedition will be resumed. Why should the dust of the sahibs' feet trouble them with what is declared to be an idle tale even before it is heard?"

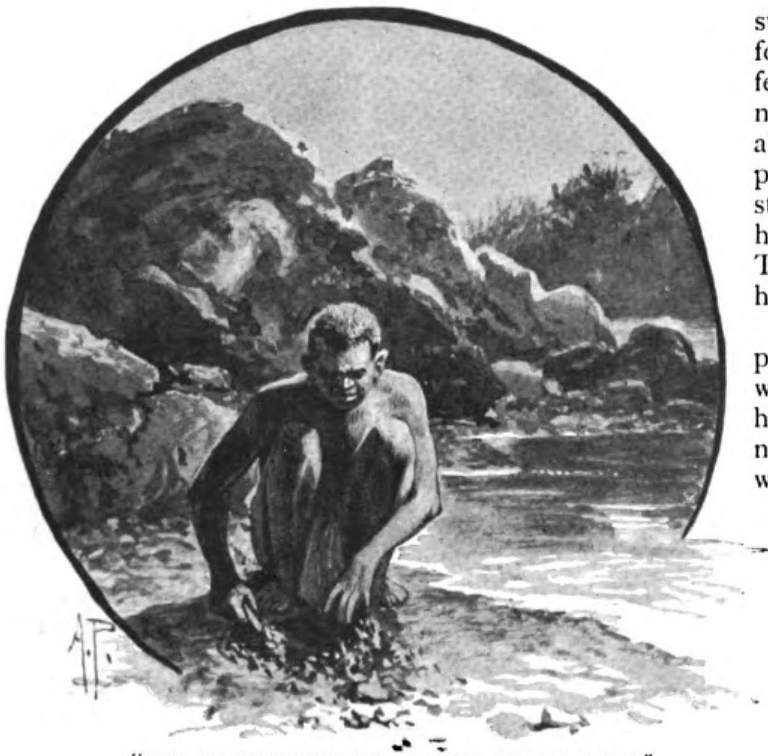
"To-morrow we cross the sandy waste, yonder," said Kass, our chief Wadigo. "Tell the story, then, to-night, unless you fear to do so because of the part an Arab trader is said to have played in it."

It was no uncommon circumstance for Kass and Hassan to have a serious difference on some trivial matter, for the Arab usually treated our native followers with scant ceremony, while they, in turn, were naturally disposed to consider our grave guide as one of the oppressors of their race. To prevent any further discussion between them Denviers commanded Kass to be silent, and then, ignoring Hassan's protests, curtly bade the latter to commence his narrative. Complying with an air of reluctance, which was far from being real, the Arab began:—

"When Walai, the Kaffir, found the great, glittering fetish stone, the wet diggings of the south were only just becoming known, sahibs. He was the Kaffir boy, or servant, of two Boers who outspanned down by Spruit Drift. By some means he chanced to hear, long before the Boers did, of the treasures which were to be had for the seeking. Keeping the secret to himself, the Kaffir watched his opportunity, and one favourable night crept stealthily down to the water's edge. The only tool he had with which to dig was a knife, wide of haft and blade. Clearing away a portion of the soft soil above with his hands, the Kaffir worked steadily for several hours at his self-imposed task. Not that night, nor on the next, was his toil rewarded; pebbles of almost every hue he found—the dull grey one he sought after he could not find. Then came a time when no moon shone; and Walai, as several dark nights succeeded each other, wrapped himself in his kaross and dreamt of success. When again the moonlight flooded the veldt the Kaffir crawled out from the Boers' shanty, making once more for the spot he had chosen to test. Now, sahibs, hear what befell him.

"Knee-deep in the swiftly flowing river Walai stood, a blanket about his loins, his great form flung in a giant shadow upon the stretch of shore over which he bent as he worked. From the excavated spot the Kaffir drew forth a double handful of stones, and washed them in the running waters as carefully as he could. Then Walai stood erect, holding the pebbles so that the moonlight fell clear and full upon them. Sharp

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"THE KAFFIR WORKED STEADILY FOR SEVERAL HOURS."

and discerning was the glance from the Kaffir's eyes as he looked the pebbles over. Tourmalines he saw, whose prisms, wet and glittering, shivered the moon's rays, lighting them up and flashing them back in hues brilliant and matchless; garnets indescribable were there; great yellow chrysolites and agates such as Africa alone produces, sahibs. One by one Walai dropped the pebbles into the stream again; one by one till all were cast away, save a single common-looking stone, over which his fingers closed tightly as he held it there—for the Kaffir had found a great uncut diamond! Forgetting everything but his good fortune, Walai gave forth a wild cry that reached far across the veldt. Checking himself he glanced fearfully round, thinking that in the moment of success he had betrayed his secret. Nothing was stirring, save the willows overhanging the river's brink, through which the night breeze sighed as it swept from across the great patches of grey and tawny veldt, rippled the river, and then was gone.

"The sahibs would think much of the diamond because of its value—to Walai, the Kaffir, from whom no one could buy such a treasure, it was more than a mere pebble; it was a fetish which would turn everything he attempted in his favour. No one could harm him; nothing could cross his path, not even the shapeless forms which every Kaffir thinks he sees at times in the gloomy kloofs; such power indeed was claimed for the mysterious, protecting fetish — and Walai doubted nothing! Day after day he spent all his available hours in roughly polishing the gem with a hard stone, such as those of his tribe have long used for the purpose. Then, one afternoon, something happened all unexpected.

"The two Boers, sahibs, suspecting something was amiss with their Kaffir boy, had watched him closely, but discovered nothing until, by chance, Walai was hurriedly bidden to saddle their steeds. The gem was in the Kaffir's hand, and, without venturing to thrust it in a clump of acacia beneath which it usually lay concealed, he quickly did the Boer's bidding. The first of them had mounted, and the Kaffir was holding the mane of the other's horse when the latter reared violently, and by some means the fetish was jerked from Walai's remaining hand upon the veldt. Forgetting everything but his loss, Walai snatched up the glittering gem—to find the unmounted Boer facing him with hand outstretched for the treasure.

"'Hand over whatever it is you have stolen,' the latter said shortly.

"'The fetish is Walai's, he found it beside the river,' protested the Kaffir.

"'So!' cried the Boer, who knew of the Kaffir superstition: 'You have a diamond there! Let me see it.'

"Walai attempted to resist, but the Boer caught the wrist of the closed hand and raised his riding-whip:—

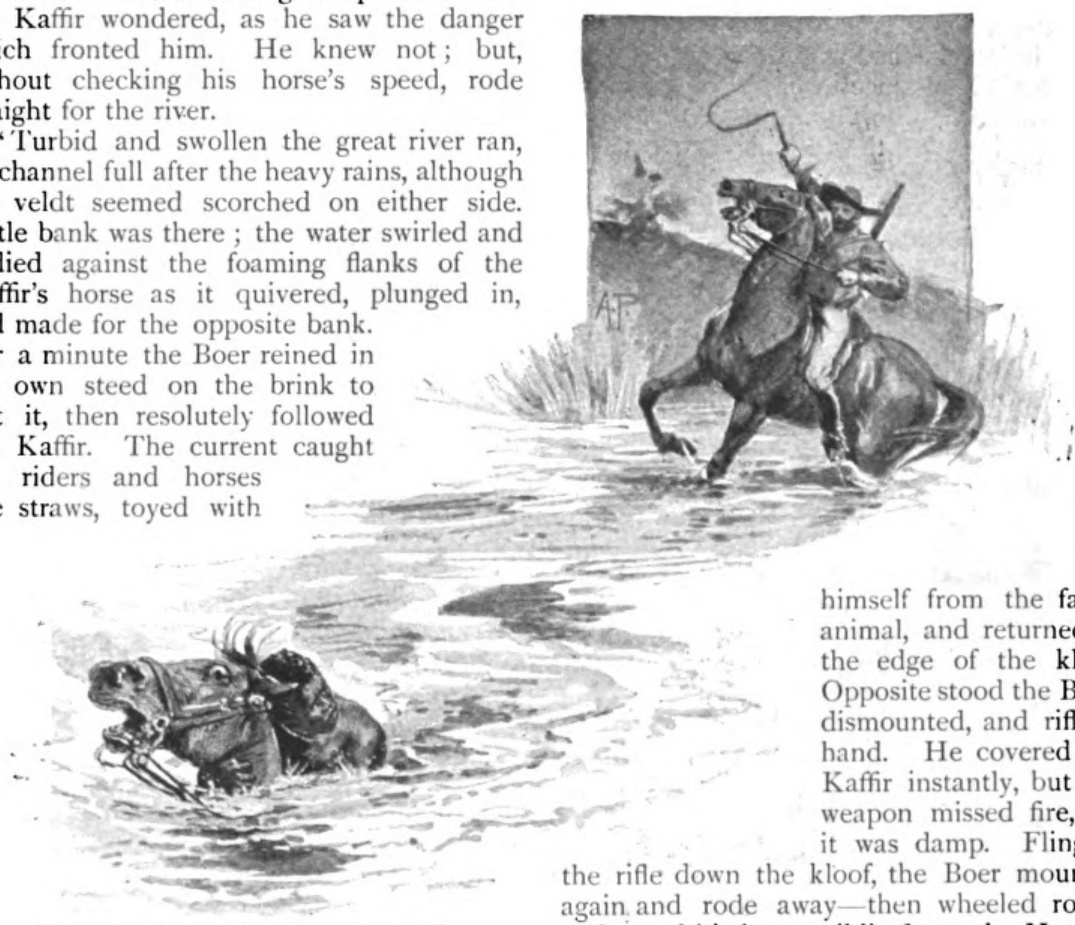
"'Come!' he exclaimed, impatiently; 'the diamond! You are our Kaffir boy; whatever you have found is ours.'

"Walai's hand tightened over his treasure as the Boer, vexed at the Kaffir's obstinacy, brought down the heavy riding-whip upon the delinquent's naked shoulders. Quickly Walai shook the Boer off, caught the whip with his disengaged hand, and dealt the astonished Boer a heavy blow with the butt. Before the second Boer could interfere, the Kaffir deftly swung himself into the empty saddle, headed the horse for the fronting veldt, and dashed off, the mounted Boer in full pursuit. On, on the Kaffir urged his steed as he heard the thud of the following horse's hoofs close behind. Mile after mile the flight and chase

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were continued, till the grey veldt gave way to a dreary waste of red sand, relieved at times by patches of prickly acacia. Without lessening his horse's pace, the Kaffir managed to glance backward at his pursuer, and saw that the distance between them was if anything decreased. He answered the Boer's hoarse shout to stop with a sharp cry of defiance, and, securing his diamond in a fold of his kaross, clasped the horse's neck with both arms and urged the foam-bespattered beast onward. Again a shout rose from the Boer's lips, and Walai, raising his head slightly, saw where the veldt before him was cleft by the river. Would the Boer give up the chase? the Kaffir wondered, as he saw the danger which fronted him. He knew not; but, without checking his horse's speed, rode straight for the river.

"Turbid and swollen the great river ran, its channel full after the heavy rains, although the veldt seemed scorched on either side. Little bank was there; the water swirled and eddied against the foaming flanks of the Kaffir's horse as it quivered, plunged in, and made for the opposite bank. For a minute the Boer reined in his own steed on the brink to rest it, then resolutely followed the Kaffir. The current caught up riders and horses like straws, toyed with



"HE RESOLUTELY FOLLOWED THE KAFFIR."

them, whirled them down mid-stream, till a great bend was reached; there the waters flung them on the bank they wished to reach, the Boer less than ten yards behind the pursued Walai. Not even then did the Kaffir give way, but still urged on his almost exhausted mount, the Boer's threats ringing idly in his ears. Away before them was a kloof; if Walai's steed could leap it the Kaffir knew pursuit would fail. He made for it over the intervening veldt.

"The sides of the kloof were almost perpendicular; far beneath scattered boulders of rock lay, half hidden by ragged herbage; on either sheer wall of stone nothing grew, not even a dwarfed bush of heath. Walai knew to the full the risk he ran, and that he would not be the first who had tried the leap and failed. After him, still resolutely pursuing, the Boer came as the Kaffir rode his beast at the kloof. The animal quivered with fear as it rose in the air above the yawning abyss—a second after both rider and steed were on the opposite side. For a few yards Walai's horse staggered on, then sank lifeless on the veldt. The Kaffir extricated himself from the fallen animal, and returned to the edge of the kloof. Opposite stood the Boer, dismounted, and rifle in hand. He covered the Kaffir instantly, but the weapon missed fire, for it was damp. Flinging the rifle down the kloof, the Boer mounted again and rode away—then wheeled round and urged his horse wildly forward. He, too, meant to leap the kloof. Walai sank down upon the veldt, then as he saw the horse bound forward he sprang up with a great cry, the weirdness and suddenness of which startled rider and steed. The horse's forelegs missed the rock beyond by the breadth of a hand; Walai caught one brief glimpse of the Boer's horrified face, then ran from the spot as he heard the dull thud that came from below—the pursuit was over, and the Kaffir's fetish was safe."

"But about the Arab trader, Hassan," Denviers interposed; "Kass mentioned one

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— what had he to do with Walai's fetish?"

"Patience, sahib, and you shall hear. Walai pushed on for several hours, then made his way into a cave, where he rested. Afterwards he rose and struck across the veldt once more, wandering on for several days, till at last he entered the land where those of his tribe dwelt. To the kraal of the chief he went, showed the fetish, and, declaring that he had returned to live among his people, demanded one of the chief's daughters in marriage. The chief offered to exchange his daughter for the fetish, since Walai was unable to pay the number of head of cattle required, but the Kaffir refused. Once before he had made the request and been denied—whence he had hired himself to the Boers, who, however, managed to evade paying what they promised to Walai in return for his services. The Kaffir, relying on the protection of the fetish, determined to have his way.

"One night, when the chief was away hunting with most of the braves of the kraal, the two lovers stole away from the rest of the tribe and struck into the wooded land beyond, where for days they hid, while the chief's headmen hunted for them in vain. When the search was over the two made a canoe of bark and passed down the river, hiding by day and continuing their journey by night, until an uninhabited territory was reached, where they dwelt undiscovered for a space of four years. All that time, by snares and his spear, Walai found food for the companion of his solitude. Then came a great year of drought, and the Kaffir was forced to follow far northward the birds and animals which furnished sustenance. Unhappily for Walai, he was injured in attacking some wild beast, so that for weeks he lay unable to move. Then it was that the Arab trader heard of him. A party in search of ivory was crossing that part of the continent when one of their number saw a native woman carrying a child. Pursuing her as she fled from him, the Arab trader, who had fitted out the expedition, saw the woman disappear behind some brushwood. With two of his companions, whom he hastily summoned to his assistance, the Arab broke through the intervening brushwood, and found facing him a cleft in the rising ground. Passing through this they entered a great cave, to find Walai lying helpless and the woman standing before him, the Kaffir's spear held threateningly in her hand. Finding no harm was intended, the spear was lowered, and the Arab, by much questioning, learnt the story of the fetish and the Kaffir's wanderings. Much as the Arab wished to see the diamond he restrained his impatience, and by the advice of one of his companions, hit upon a way in which to get possession of the gem."



"THE KAFFIR'S SPEAR HELD THREATENINGLY IN HER HAND."

Hassan stopped speaking, whereupon Denviers, who wished to hear the conclusion of our guide's story, remarked:—

"We sha'n't think any the worse of you because of what some Arab trader did, Hassan; you need not hesitate to tell us the rest."

"The sahib is lenient, the dust of his feet hastens to obey," Hassan replied. "Hear, then, what happened to Walai. The Arab

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explained how unwise it was for the Kaffirs to dwell as they did in a territory which was annually scoured for slaves. He offered them an opportunity to join his expedition, to which they eventually agreed. Soon Walai recovered and proved himself of great service to the Arab, so that he became much thought of by the natives who had been engaged in the prolonged expedition. Many times did Walai tell the story of the discovery of the fetish and his escape from the Boers; once he showed the great, glittering stone to those about him, the Arab looking on astonished at the size and beauty of the gem. Next day he importuned Walai to barter the fetish for some cattle, with several tusks of ivory added, but the Kaffir would not. Where the diamond was concealed, usually, no one knew; certain it was that Walai had it not upon his person, as the trader found out when too late. Somehow the Kaffir suspected he was to be deprived of the fetish, and once more he and the woman prepared for flight. Their plan was discovered, and the Arab, glad of an excuse to get the diamond, ordered the Kaffir to be seized and brought before him. Great of limb and stout of heart was Walai, a Kaffir, sahibs, who had the courage of a white man. With his heavy spear he fought those who overtook the fugitives before they had passed an arrow's flight from the camp. The Arab, waiting for the Kaffir to be brought back, saw only the woman and child—for Walai lay speared where the subservient natives had surrounded him. Not alone he fell, four others lay about him slain before the Kaffir's spear shivered on the shield of a fifth. Upon him the fetish could not be found; they searched the woman, but without success; then, by the Arab's order, she was left behind when the journey was continued, and for all the trader knew, Walai's fetish was lost."

"What, then, became of it, Hassan?" I asked. "Had the Kaffirs concealed it in the ground?"

"Not so," he replied, "the woman possessed it, as you shall hear. Now, sahibs, comes the strangest part of the story."

II.

"LEFT to die in that great lone land, the Kaffir woman wandered aimlessly about trying to track out a path, and returning quite unintentionally to the same place time after time. At length she grew weary of making what was plainly a useless attempt, and, staying near the spot where Walai had been slain, she managed to live, it seems, for several months. One day she narrowly escaped being seen by a party of slavers, who encamped where the Arab had done. For two days the woman hid, but at last was forced to leave her place of concealment to search for food. From her luxuriant hair she first drew forth the diamond and fastened it about the neck of the child. Carefully as the Kaffir woman moved she was discovered, however, seized, and added to the gang of slaves already captured. Of the child she spoke not, nor saw it again; to enslave it with herself she never once thought of doing.

"The natives say, sahibs, that at night the child woke, and, having gone out of the cave where the woman had hidden her offspring, wandered into the forest. There she saw two tawny whelps playing together in the moonlight. No fear the child knew of ought that lived; quickly she ran forward and caught the nearer one, which seemed to her only a great playful thing, as it toyed with her in turn with its soft velvety paws as the child's arms clasped it about. Together all three sported until the silence of the night was broken by the roar of a lioness, at whose cry the whelps ceased to play as they ran towards her — the child, unconscious of danger, following. The great beast glared at the new-comer as it clasped one of the whelps once more and again played with it, then, disconcerted, slowly went up the glade, striking down the matted tangle of undergrowth, and leaving a trail, along which the child and the whelps went together."

"So you really think, Hassan," began Denviers, at the conclusion of a prolonged, incredulous whistle——

"The sahibs wished to hear what the natives declare concerning the place where we now are, and their slave is telling them," the Arab replied; then continuing, he added: "Nothing more was heard of the lost child or the fetish until a few years ago, when one of the natives chanced to come here hunting, even as the Englishmen are now doing. An intrepid hunter was he, to whom danger was pastime, death a thing to scorn; great was his spear and straight his cast of it; second only to the chief of his tribe was he held as a brave. As I said, sahibs," Hassan went on, "the native came here to hunt. All one day he had followed the spoor of an elephant, whose tusks he coveted, but had not come upon. Towards afternoon his quick ears caught the sound of branches snapping somewhere ahead of him; then, suddenly, the animal he was tracking

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emerged into the open. Behind a tree the native stood, backward he drew his spear, then with a whirr it was cast forward with all his force. The weapon caught the moving elephant full in the chest, whereupon, with a scream of pain, the animal charged blindly down the glade, then turning aside dashed into cover, the native closely pursuing. Suddenly the wounded beast gave vent to a second cry, and the man saw to his surprise that it had apparently trodden upon a lioness, which had fastened its claws and teeth in its fleshy neck. The elephant tried every expedient to shake its opponent off, which it at last succeeded in doing. Avoiding the infuriated animal's trunk and its varied attempts to kneel upon the lioness, the latter slipped agilely aside, then quickly renewed the attack. At last the greater beast appeared to acknowledge its defeat, for, getting free from its foe, it dashed away once more. The native, who expected an easy task now that the elephant was wounded and almost exhausted, cautiously followed. Not far had he gone when, turning round as he heard a crash in the dead-wood, he saw that the lioness was pursuing him, and stranger than all, from near where he stood irresolute, there emerged a woman whom the lioness made no attempt to touch.



"THE GREAT BEAST GLARED AT THE NEW-COMER."

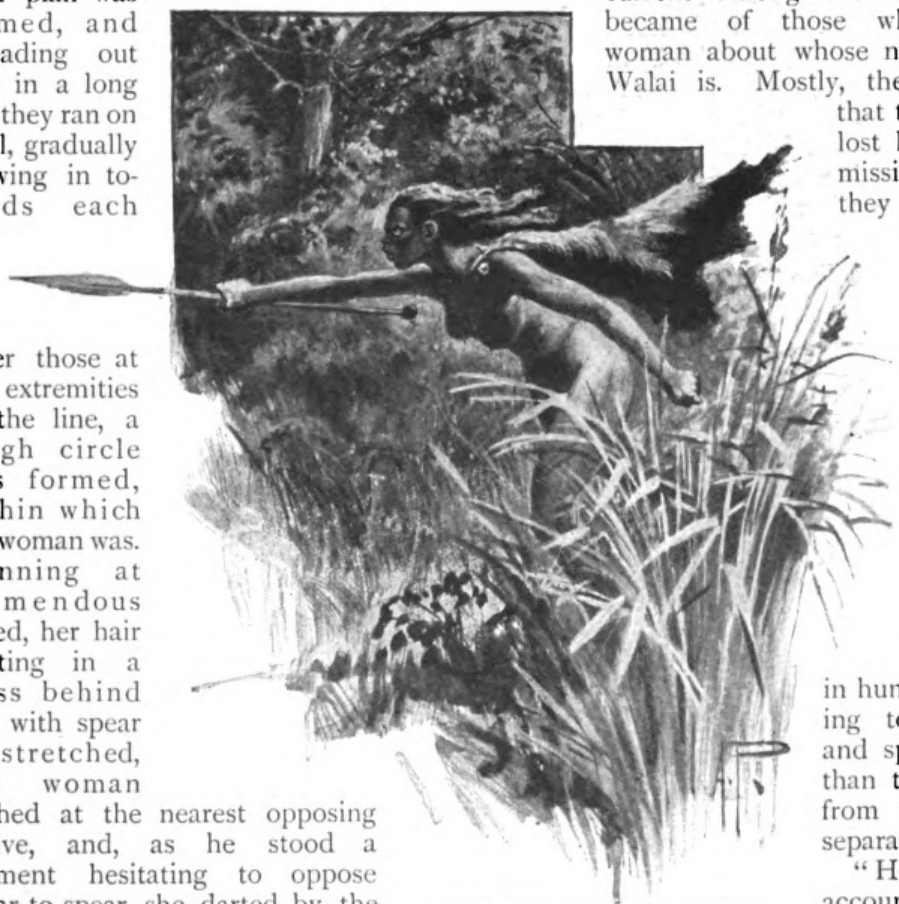
"Down to the woman's waist fell her dishevelled hair, framing features dark and striking, but quite unlike the women of the native's tribe; supported from her left shoulder there hung about her a garb of antelope skins; in her right hand she carried a short spear, while before his astonished eyes their gleamed a wondrous stone hanging about the woman's dusky throat. A cry of surprise came from his lips as she pointed her spear at him. Even as the sound was uttered the lioness sprang forward, and the native needed all his skill as he slipped quickly aside. Little more did he tell to those of his tribe on his return of the grim combat in which that day he had engaged — the rends and rips which scarred his limbs told silently the rest of the man's story as he sank down, nor spoke again; when another day came the man was dead. Long the chief discussed the strange account the tribe had heard from him who would speak no more; then the determination they arrived at was to scour the whole district and destroy all the beasts of prey there; the woman they decided to hunt down, so as to get from her the strange fetish stone of which their tribesman had spoken. Accordingly, they set out, but in spite of the most careful search, nothing was speared or snared of importance, although the tracks of the beasts of prey in search of which they went were everywhere discernible. One of the natives, however, declared that he had caught sight of the woman, and despairing of overtaking her, he had hurled a spear at her, which missed its mark.

"After several days had been spent in their useless task, the natives returned discomfited to their tribe, thinking that the adventure was at an end. This was not so, sahibs, for, as often happens in the native settlements, the inclosure of the village one night was found broken in several places, and many of the cattle had disappeared. Men of the tribe were set to watch during the next night while the rest slept. At dawn the alarmed cries of men were heard, and those who ventured forth to see what had occurred, found the watchers beating off, as

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best they could, several lions which had entered the inclosure.

"Low burned the watch-fires, for, in the east, the dawn was stealing up grey and chill; shrouded in mist the forest was, the giant trees upon its borders looming hazily out of the enwrapping cerements which left them dripping and sparkling as the sun lifted itself above the horizon. The shouts of the natives, and the din which they raised as they beat their spears upon their shields, drove the beasts away, and as the braves pursued them to the edge of the forest and into it, they saw the woman darting from tree to tree--even her of whom the native who was mortally wounded had spoken. Time after time they could have brought her down with the cast of a spear, but the chief wished it not, but rather that she should be captured unharmed. Quickly their plan was formed, and spreading out first in a long line they ran on until, gradually drawing in towards each other those at the extremities of the line, a rough circle was formed, within which the woman was. Running at tremendous speed, her hair floating in a mass behind her, with spear outstretched, the woman dashed at the nearest opposing native, and, as he stood a moment hesitating to oppose spear to spear, she darted by, the tribesmen following hard behind her. Through the forest they went, nor caught her up until they saw her disappear in the cleft of a rock which rose up before their eyes. Heeding nothing of possible danger, the natives followed, save two who chanced to be injured in that mad chase through the forest. When they came to the rock they searched for the cleft through which the woman and their companions had appeared to go, but found it not! From that day all those who had joined in the pursuit were lost to the rest of the tribe save these two alone. Returning, the men told their story, a fear coming upon those who were still left in the native village as they heard it. When night came again they raised huge fires of brushwood, which the women kept replenished as fast as the flames grew low, while the men, with their shields and spears held ready, stood in groups anxiously scanning the marge of the forest. All that night, and during many others, they watched, but nothing transpired. Never again was the village attacked as it had been that once; stranger than all else, neither the chief nor the braves who went with him ever returned. Many are the rumours current among the tribe as to what became of those who followed the woman about whose neck the fetish of Walai is. Mostly, the natives declare that those so strangely lost have become submissive to the one they pursued. It is even considered that under her guidance they invaded the land of another tribe, carrying back many slaves, from among whom they chose wives, and, making the rest do all the labour necessary, they pass their time in hunting and in learning to use the shield and spear more deftly than those of the tribe from which they were separated."



"THE WOMAN DASHED AT THE NEAREST MAN."

"How do the natives account for the knowledge they pretend to have of the doings of this strange tribe?" Denviers asked Hassan.

The Arab, who had a reply ready whenever the veracity of one of his yarns was questioned, replied, gravely:—

"Does the sahib suppose that none of the braves who were left of the original tribe had

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the curiosity or the courage to seek for some further information of the lost ones? If he thinks so, then is he in error, for various young chiefs, anxious to distinguish themselves among their tribesmen, have set out to discover, if possible, the entry through the rock such as is said to exist. Such of those who have gone on the quest by day have returned without discovering anything, but not so those who seek the place at night, for then the natives declare the way lies open. More than one chief has ventured to pass through it, and has told to the tribe the result of his search, disappointing enough, sahibs, and yet proving much, for on advancing a little way each has been driven back by the spear. Long has the present chief of the tribe, from whom the story has been learnt, endeavoured to rouse his braves to force a way into the land and abodes of the strange tribe, but in vain. The natives believe it is fated that they should not enter against the will of the one who rules by means of Walai's lost fetish, and in that the sahib's slave is in accord with them, for do not all those who are the faithful followers of the Great Prophet believe in fate, and are not the Arabs even wiser than such African tribes? This is the reason why I have besought the sahibs not to stay here lest they, too, might see the wearer of the fetish, and, following her, become captives of her tribe, or even be slain. Since the hour when, against my wish, the Englishmen have encamped here, the latchet of their shoes has been in dread that some evil will surely befall them. To-morrow, ye say, we are to advance on our way; Hassan, their slave, will then indeed be glad."

"Do you happen to know where the rock is in which you say is the cleft that exists at times?" Denviers asked the Arab, ignoring the reference which the latter had made to his belief in fate, or Kismet, as he termed it.

"Why, sahib?" Hassan responded, answering one question with another.

"Because we should like to see it, that's all," Denviers returned, as he idly tossed a half-charred ember into the watch-fire. "So as to learn what became of the lost men of the tribe."

"You would never return alive; surely it would be madness to venture there," the Arab replied, as he raised his hands in expostulation.

"That remains to be seen. Where is the rock, Hassan?"

"Not one of the natives will show the way; Kass will not, and even I dare not."

"Then we will go alone—that shall not prevent us," my companion persisted. "You can await us here; all we require is the position of the place."

"I would not lead the sahibs into such danger by showing them, or even by speaking of the way."

"Very well, Hassan," Denviers responded. "I daresay Kass can direct us," and addressing himself to the Wadigo, he repeated the question. Kass rose from the place where he had been resting before the watch-fire, and gathering a little heap of soil, he flattened it down, after which he traced out upon it, after the manner of his tribe, a rough plan of the forest about us. We stooped over him as his spear-head marked out the direction necessary for us to take, then, when we considered his explanation sufficient for the discovery of the rock, we determined to await the morning before setting out to investigate the truth of what Hassan had learnt from the natives.

Little by little the hum of the voices of those talking over the watch-fires grew fainter and fainter: glancing at Denviers I saw he was asleep, and wrapping myself in one of the rugs which Hassan brought me from the tent, I followed his example. We were destined, however, to have a strange awakening.

III.

SOMEONE shook me roughly by the arm, and, glancing up sleepily, I saw the Arab bending over me, a look of fear marked plainly enough upon his usually immobile countenance.

"Wake, sahib, wake!" he cried, and, before I could recollect myself sufficiently to ask the reason why I had been disturbed, I felt the cold barrel of my rifle touch my hand, as Hassan exclaimed:—

"Look, we are attacked, and the natives have fled!"

I started from the ground and ran forward a few yards, where I saw, to my consternation, Kass the Wadigo lying motionless, face downwards, and with his arms flung wide apart. Over him crouched a lioness, the moonlight, which was breaking through a wide sweep of clouds, showing up the glare of the beast's eyes as Denviers knelt scarcely a dozen feet away, with his rifle levelled at the brute. For a moment I stood almost spell-bound; then, as the light of the moon was obscured, I heard the sharp ping of a bullet, followed by a roar which mingled with a cry from Denviers's lips. Forgetting all else but the danger of the two men, I hastily

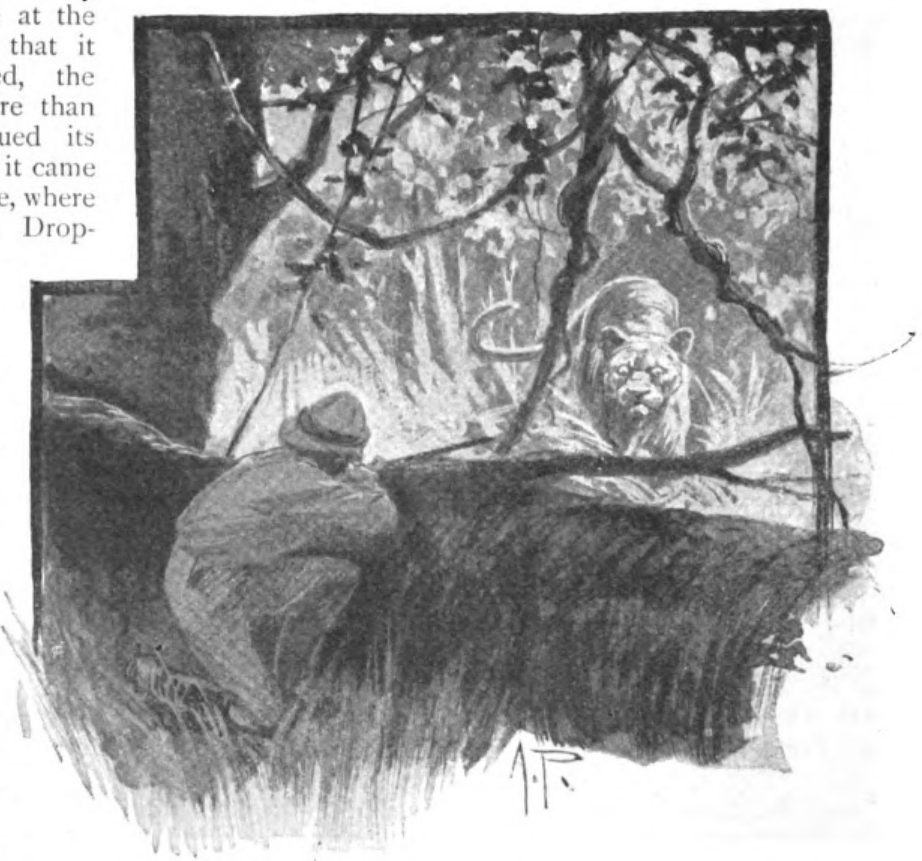
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covered the intervening space, where I stumbled suddenly over the body of Denviers in the shifting light, and correctly surmised that he had missed his aim and been struck down by the infuriated beast. No sound came from his lips as I bent over him, wondering vaguely for the moment what had become of the lioness. Hassan was almost immediately at my side, and finding that Denviers was giving some signs of returning consciousness, I endeavoured to make out where the animal was which had struck him down.

Glancing behind where the watch-fire was still burning, I saw the lioness stealthily making its way past the spot, and with a cry to Hassan to see to Denviers and Kass, I dashed after the brute, determined to end its career. With a few easy bounds it vanished into the forest, where I pursued it. As the clouds drifted eastward I caught a glimpse of the lioness again, but did not think it advisable to try a shot in the uncertain light. After it I went, until, in the excitement of what had occurred, I found that I had got considerably away from the camp. Feeling tolerably sure that the natives who had been so easily scared away would return and assist Hassan with the injured men, I determined to go on, watching carefully for a chance to fire at the beast. Conscious that it was being followed, the lioness stopped more than once, then continued its retreat, until at last it came to a stand in a glade, where it was well exposed. Dropping down behind the trunk of a tree, which had been uprooted apparently in a storm, I rested my barrel upon it, and taking steady aim, fired. Careful as I thought I had been, the shot missed the lioness, which instantly bounded towards me. One leap it took, and then a second. Before me, in mid-air, the animal rose, and, with a final effort to bring it down, I emptied the contents of the second barrel into the brute's body as it loomed close before me. Down with a thud it fell; for a moment it made one desperate effort to rise, then lay still. I advanced, and having noticed carefully the place where the animal lay, returned to my companion. Denviers was less injured than Kass, and even insisted on going with me to the spot where the cause of our night alarm lay dead; Hassan having tightly swathed a linen band about a rather bad gash in my companion's forehead. We had nearly reached the spot when a low cry broke upon our ears, and, as we glanced towards where it seemed to have come from, we saw, bending over the dead lioness, a native woman!

Denviers whispered to me to stand still, and together we watched the woman before us. Again we heard her cry, plaintive and scarcely human as it seemed to us, then slowly she rose and left the spot as we cautiously followed her. A few yards away she stopped and glanced back irresolutely at the body of the lioness. As she turned about, her quick ear caught the sound of the dead-wood snapping beneath our feet, and, before we could hide from her view, our presence was discovered!

Away the woman sped down the open



"TAKING STEADY AIM, I FIRED."

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glade, and, as the recollection of what the natives declared concerning her dawned upon me, I cried out to Denviers :—

"Come on, it almost seems as if Hassan's story were true!"

"We shall see," he answered, and without further attempts to converse we resolutely pursued the woman until we saw that we had reached the edge of the forest, and then, sheer and unscalable, there rose up before us a great wall of rock, towards which the one we were following ran at headlong speed. Clinging with her hands to tufts of verdure growing in the crevices of the rock, she drew herself up and disappeared in a cleft above us, which we could just discern. We slung our rifles upon our shoulders, and, after repeated failure to reach the spot we were making for, eventually succeeded. Behind a straggling, stunted tree, which had taken root there, we saw a gap, less than three feet high, through which we crawled for some distance, then entered what was apparently a great hollow in the rock. We could see nothing as we groped with our hands, striving to make out the shape of the cave in which we supposed we were. After lacerating our hands badly we got back to the part where the entrance of the cave was, and there we determined to await daylight. We sat talking together, for we were too excited to sleep, and as the darkness about us was at last dispelled, we saw how narrowly we had escaped death in entering that strange place.

Some dry material we found, and this we succeeded in firing. As the tongues of flame rose up we saw that we were within a cave of considerable proportions, the roof and sides a mass of glittering stalactites. The forms which the latter had assumed were as varied as they were grotesque—to us it seemed as if only the hand of a sculptor could have fashioned the shapes we saw about us on every side. Great pillars rose, a mass of delicate tracery, till they touched the lofty roof. Arch upon arch, along the sides, we saw filled with the grotesque, unfinished forms of gigantic men and beasts. Across the central part there hung down what seemed to be a transparent curtain, its folds broken as though rent and decayed with age. Beyond it we passed, holding up some improvised torches, and saw before us the most curious shape of all which the stalactites had formed. With distorted limbs twisted about each other, two mighty figures of men seemed engaged in a struggle for life or death upon the edge of the rocky floor, for behind them the latter broke sheer away, leaving a great void. Glancing down we saw something more, and, stretching ourselves flat upon the rock, we peered over.

"If we had pursued the woman much further who led us here, that, too, would have been our fate," Denviers said to me as he pointed downward. "Fortunately, we waited till daylight reached the part of the cave we are in and helped us to find the material for the fire we have made."

"I can make nothing out below," I replied, straining my eyes to the utmost. My companion rose, and together we walked along the edge of the rock until we chanced to find a narrow ledge which led downward. Along this we went, using the utmost care, for sometimes it was scarcely a foot in width, and we had to press our bodies close to the wall of rock to steady ourselves. Without accident, however, we reached the spot we were making for, and there I saw, clearly enough, the reason of Denviers' remark. Into the cave, through which we had passed, she who wore the lost fetish of Walai had lured the natives who had determined to despoil her of it. Across the rough floor they had hurried on and on, till suddenly, without any suspicion of what fate awaited them, they had reached the edge of the chasm, and, unable to check their speed in time, they had fallen headlong into the abyss.

There lay the remains of the lost braves in every conceivable position, some still clutching their shields, not a few grasping in a skeleton hand the fragment of a broken spear! Over them we curiously bent, and, searching idly among the forms we saw, we recognised by the abundance of his tarnished adornments he who had been the chief Hassan described, the fanciful conclusion of the Arab's story being strangely marred by the grim reality which confronted us.

"Nothing but ill-luck seems to follow those who have attempted to get possession of the fetish," I remarked, as we entered into conversation again. My companion did not answer, for even as I spoke, from out the darkness which wrapped about the far part of the great hollow in which we were, a spear was deftly flung, which narrowly missed his head as it whizzed past.

"Look out, Harold!" he cried. "I'm afraid we haven't seen the end of this adventure." Scarcely were the words uttered when a second spear was cast at us, and, determined to get at nearer quarters with whoever was attacking us, we dashed forward into the gloom, and as we did so, out before

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us sprang the woman into whose strange haunt we had come. We tried to stop her, but evading our grasp she ran past us, reached the bottom of the narrow path down which we had passed, and quickly ran on, making for the upper part of the cave. Try as we did we could not come up with the barefooted, fleeing woman, who easily outdistanced us. We saw her stop at last, glancing back at us, half fearful and half curious, as we continued the pursuit. A minute after she disappeared. Following quickly down the long, rocky way, we found ourselves at last beside the waters of an arm of a lake which, studded with wooded islands, stretched placidly in front of us. Yet once more we were doomed to disappointment, for when we reached the shelving bank the woman was already upon the lake, thrusting forward a little boat made of bark, with a speed which showed practised hands. She raised an answering, mocking cry to that which rose from our lips when we found further pursuit was impossible, and then, as for a moment she ceased to urge her craft along, we saw, as the sun's rays caught it, flashing white against her dusky skin, the glittering fetish of Walai!



"SHE RAISED AN ANSWERING, MOCKING CRY."

"Well," I said to Denviers, when we had reluctantly retraced our footsteps, and, after passing through the cave, had climbed down the rock which fronted the forest, "if that really is a diamond which the savage woman has about her throat, it seems a great pity such a gem should be lost to civilization."

"I am not so sure about that," he replied, "but here comes Hassan, whose anxiety concerning us has brought him here. We can contradict him on one point at all events, which is, as to the end of the natives whom this strange woman is reputed to still rule."

"Allah and Mahomet have preserved the sahibs," our grave guide remarked, after salaaming in his usual obsequious manner: "Did the Englishmen find the rock in which is the hidden cleft?"

Denviers answered in the affirmative, and stated that we had, moreover, seen the woman, whereupon the Arab quickly responded:—

"So the natives' story is true! Even the sahibs attest to it, although at first they were incredulous. Doubtless they succeeded in getting possession of the wonderful fetish; shall their slave take care of it for them?"

Denviers looked into the Arab's face with an amused smile as he saw the latter holding out his hand expectantly for the fetish.

"Walai's treasure is still lost," he replied; "or, rather, the native woman has it still."

"For the sahibs not to secure the gem, even if it were necessary to slay the woman to get it, seems strange to their slave—what is a life, more or less, that Englishmen should hesitate?" Then convinced that to argue the matter further was futile, he added, philosophically: "Yet Allah's will is Allah's will, and the sahibs' slave is theirs always!"

All the same, however, our guide did not cease for several days to lament the lost diamond; but, eventually, he consoled himself by weaving a fanciful story of the future history of the gem, stranger than the one we knew concerning it.

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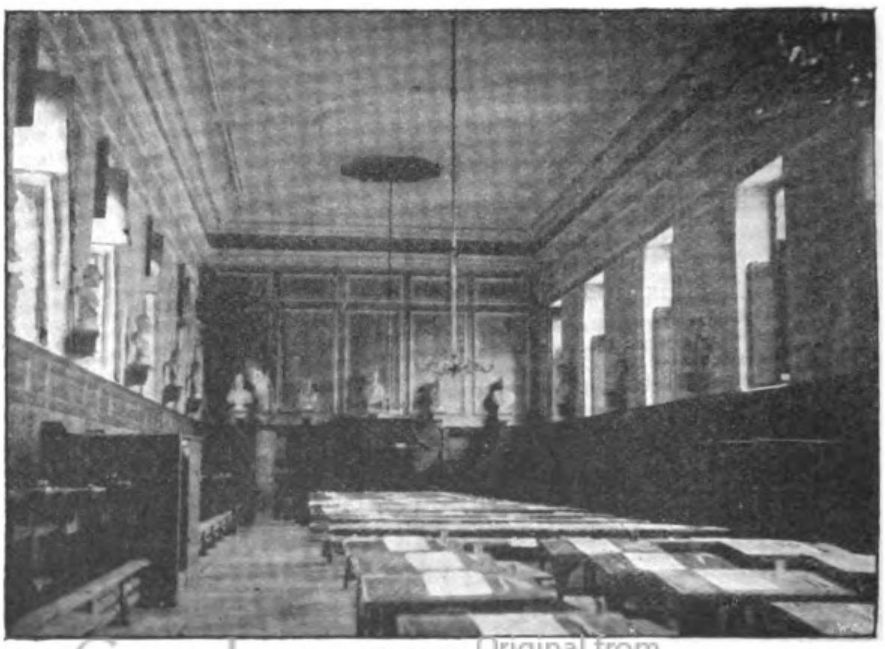
Great Names at Eton and Harrow.

THE passion for cutting one's name upon the surroundings in general occupies a corner, more or less remote, in every human breast. When tourists carve their names in staggering letters all over some relic or monument of world-wide interest, it is the fashion—and rightly—to heap obloquy upon Samuel Jones or Thomas Wilkinson for ever and ever, that his name, cut in the most conspicuous place possible, may go down to succeeding generations as that of an inconsiderable ass. But let us make all allowances for Samuel Jones or Thomas Wilkinson. The rage for carving one's name is at its wildest during schooldays, and if it then be checked, frustrated, and pent up, it will burst forth in manhood, and produce a surrounding eruption of dates and initials far into responsible middle age. Wherefore we will be charitable, and suppose that the pocket-knives of Samuel and Thomas were restrained, or even taken away from them at school—or, perhaps, that Samuel and Thomas never went to school at all.

A boy who has not cut his name somewhere probably does not exist—most have done it somewhere about school. But when the school is a very old one indeed—hundreds of years old—there is apt to remain no single inch upon which to make the required digs and scrapes. Eton and Harrow are schools of this sort, and the boys of old time—very like the boys of this time in disposition—did so manfully dig, scrape, and carve in certain favourite spots on the walls of these schools, that in the earlier parts of the present century it became necessary to prohibit the practice; indeed, the practice had spread over a sufficient superficies to prohibit itself. Therefore it was enacted — and the enactment still holds good—that any boy, upon leaving, might commission an approved workman to cut his name upon some new piece of wainscoting or upon some wall-lining inaccessible to a boy of ordinary length with no ladder. Half a sovereign is the price of this particular slice of immortality at Eton.

Among all these thousands of names it would be extraordinary if none were to be found of boys who grew into famous men. There are many. No more interest, however, attaches to those cut by deputy than to the name inscribed in the ordinary school register. With these, indisputably cut by the boy himself, it is different.

Eton is the older of the two schools under notice; let us therefore begin with Eton. Founded by the mild scholar-King, Henry VI., in 1440, and intended as a sort of "feeder" to King's College, Cambridge, it has turned out many brilliant statesmen, among them Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Fox, his son's great rival. The Upper Schoolroom is the place where one must look for the thickest crop of names, although more unknown names, of much earlier dates, are to be found on the window-shutters of the picturesque old Lower School—the earliest date being 1528, I believe. Here, then, in the Upper School, we look and soon find on the right-hand wall, and almost underneath the bust since erected in his memory, the name "C. J. Fox." It is boldly cut on the wainscot frame between two panels, and is, without doubt, the autograph of the boy who was to become a Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-one, and live the life-long oppo-



THE UPPER SCHOOLROOM—ETON.

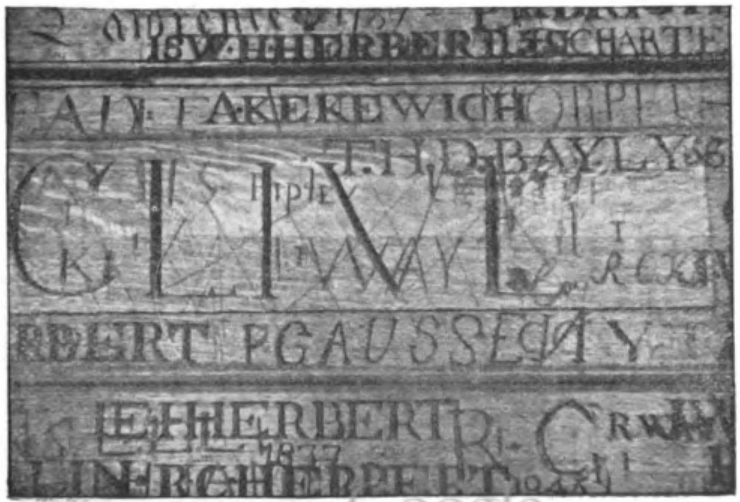
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C. J. FOX.

nent of William Pitt—the boy of whom, I regret to say, it is recorded that his father's "extravagant and vulgar indulgence" had a bad effect upon the tone of the whole school at the time. He did well, however, both at Eton and Oxford, in spite of his quaint vanities and his gambling habits. The portion of the wainscoting which has been photographed, containing his name, will give some idea of the closeness with which the entire wall is covered with similar inscriptions—indeed, there are many places where the names crowd even thicker. Many of the more regular names, however, are those executed by the paid carver.

Some distance farther along, on the same side, the name "Clive" stands in very large letters. This is not, as more than one visitor has supposed, the signature of the



LORD CLIVE.

founder of our Indian Empire (who was a Merchant Taylors' boy), but that of his son Edward, who became the first Earl of Powis. He lived a very able and useful life as governor of Madras, but his father's great Indian fame so overtopped his own that he stands less conspicuously in our memory than he otherwise might. He was a man of remarkable physical strength, and was in the habit of digging in his garden at six in the morning, in shirt-sleeves, when eighty years of age.

Out of doors, in the quadrangle, at the foot of the clock-tower, a name and date may be distinguished cut in the weather-beaten stone and partly overhung by the leaves of a



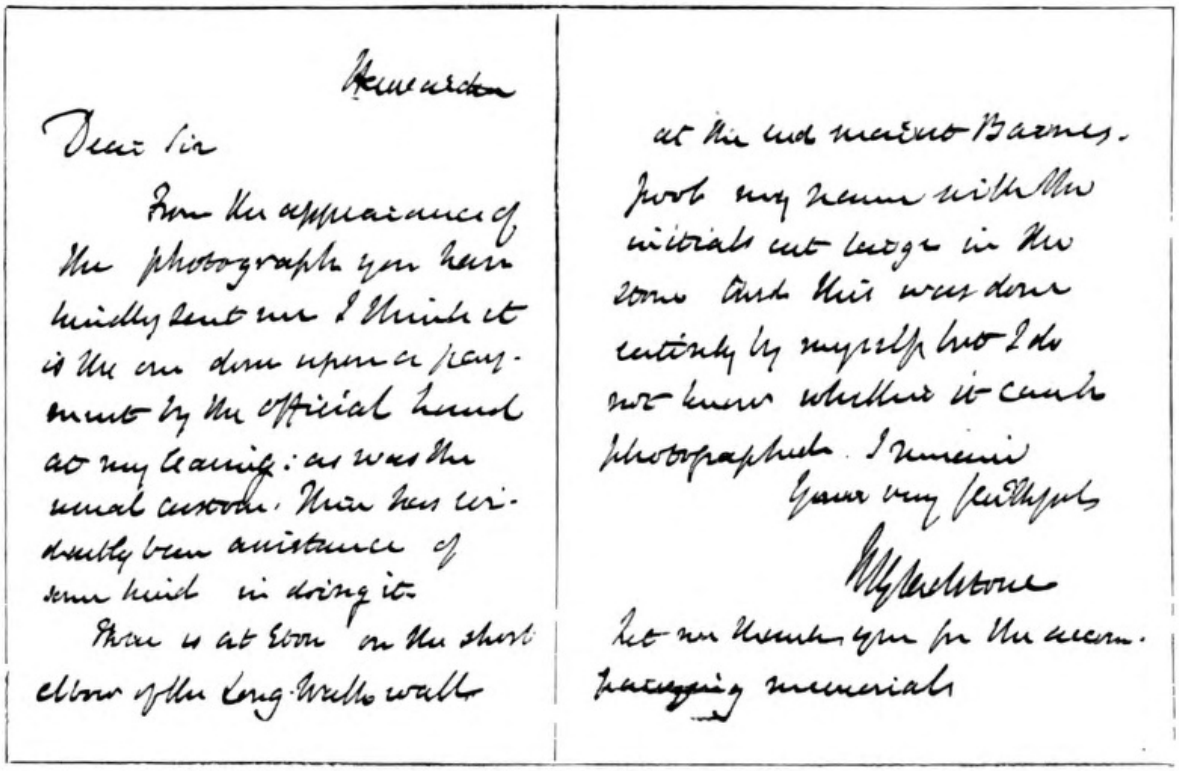
S. CANNING.

creeping plant. The name—"S. Canning"—is that of the boy who became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, after he had established the influence of this country in the East in the manner which has enabled so strong a check to be placed upon the designs of Russia. This was the man so often described as the eternal foe of Nicholas, the Czar whose power and spirit were broken in the Crimea. Stratford Canning was a great favourite at Eton, and became captain of the school. The Eton scholars were at that time always welcome at Windsor Castle, and it was about the Castle that George III. met Canning, and asked him which form he was in. Canning told the King the sixth. "Then you are a much greater man than I can ever make you," replied good "Farmer George," with an apt knowledge of the

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sentiments of schoolboys toward their leaders. At Windsor, Canning met Addington and Pitt, and they took him to hear debates in the House of Commons—so that the young diplomatist began his political education full early, and in good hands.

walls, and, if so, whether this particular inscription were his own. To that end he wrote, sending a copy of the photograph, together with those of the other interesting names, and here is a facsimile of Mr. Gladstone's reply:—



Hawarden

Dear Sir

From the appearance of the photograph you have kindly sent me I think it is the cut done upon a payment by the official hand at my leaving: as was the usual custom. Mine has evidently been assistance of some kind in doing it.

There is at Eton on the short elbow of the long Wall's walk at the end nearest Barnes. I took my name with the initials cut large in the stone. And this was done entirely by myself but I do not know whether it could photographed. I remain

Yours very faithfully

W. E. Gladstone

Let me thank you for the accompanying memorials

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

One among famous Etonians is William Ewart Gladstone, and in search of his name we were directed to the door of the Upper School—close to where stands the historic swishing-block. There, sure enough, was the name, just as the photograph given on this page shows, carved upon the door near the edge, and not far from it the names of other members of the Gladstone family. But the letters and all those thereabout bore unmistakable signs of having been cut by the same hand. Wherefore it occurred to the writer that it would settle a matter of some general interest if Mr. Gladstone would say himself whether or not he cut his own name in the Eton

Thereupon it became necessary again to visit Eton, and there, upon the coping of the low wall before the old "Long Walk," near the end, and not far from where the "bounds" lay in Mr. Gladstone's time, the name "Gladstone" in bold, though worn, letters



W. E. GLADSTONE.

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was plainly visible. Mr. Gladstone speaks of initials in his letter, but beyond the "G" no initial letters are now visible. The flat stone, exposed as it has been for something between sixty and seventy years to wear and weather, nevertheless keeps the letters of the surname fairly clear. It certainly was not an easy thing to photograph —partly from its horizontal position, partly from the wear and even colour of the stone in flat and incision alike—but photographed it was, and below is a copy.

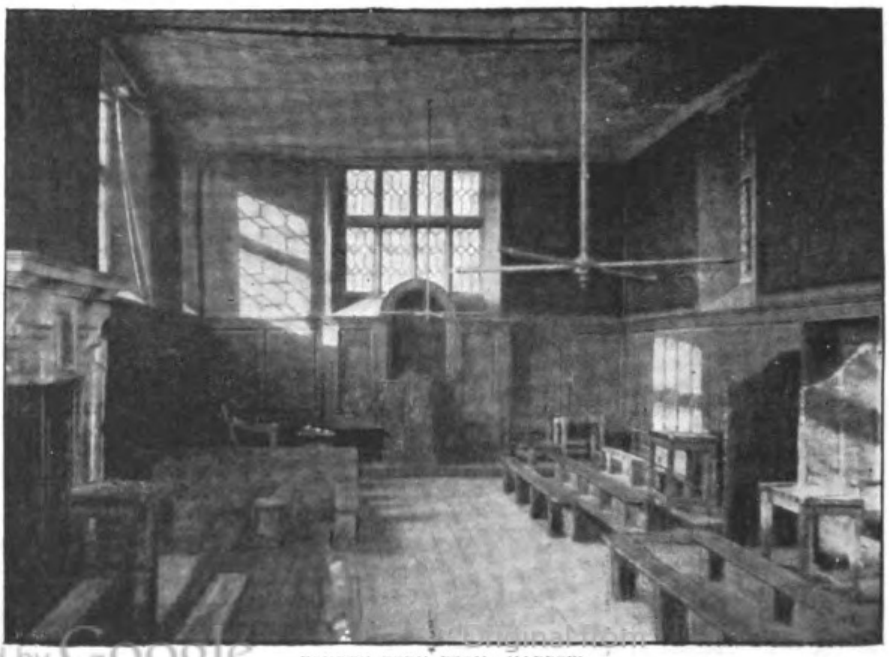


GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone was at Eton from 1821 to 1827. This was in the time of the celebrated Dr. Keate, whose floggings are as famous as, or more so than, those of Dr. Busby, of Westminster, Dryden's master. Dr. Keate, who has been described by Kinglake (one of his scholars) as barely five feet high, stout, and so dressed as partly to resemble Napoleon Buonaparte and partly a widow-woman, never spoilt a boy through sparing the rod. Rather, indeed, like Hood's Irish schoolmaster, he spoilt the rod and never spared the boy. Many are the anecdotes told of the worthy doctor—and his constant threat: "I'll flog you"—notably of his way of enforcing the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said Dr. Keate. "Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart I'll flog you!" The story, too, of the candidates for confirmation is good. The list of these boys' names had been written out on just such a piece of paper as was used for the "bill" of culprits destined for the swishing-block, and the doctor, in fact, took the document to be such a "bill." Swished, accordingly, each catechumen was, in regular order; catching it all the more heavily for his attempted explanation that he was to be confirmed instead of swished; the doctor considering it an absurd and irreverent attempt at evasion of merited punishment.

At Harrow the historic room is that known as the "Fourth Form Room," which, indeed, was the original schoolroom provided by the founder, good John Lyon—"Lyon of Preston, yeoman, John," as the song has it. School songs, by the way, are a chief feature of Harrow life. Dr. Montagu Butler gave singing the prominent place in school routine which it now occupies, and many and good are the songs written by masters and old Harrovians specially for the school. School and "socker," fives and "footer," all have their appropriate songs, and these songs do much to make the school a happy one and foster the good school spirit that Harrow may justly be proud of. Indeed, scarcely a single song but has some reference to fun and sport out of school walls. Thus, good Queen Bess is sung of as giving her charter to the school in this way:—

> And this is my charter, firm and free,
> This is my royal, great decree:
> Hits to the rail shall count for three,
> And six when fairly over!



FOURTH FORM ROOM, HARROW.

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LORD BYRON.

To the Fourth Form Room, however. A charming old room this, with its dark oak lining, cut, every inch of it, thick with names. The name which every visitor makes for at once is over in the darkest corner, to the right of the large fireplace. It is Byron's, cut by himself, in 1805, before leaving. Of Byron's life at Harrow and of his friendship with young Robert Peel much has been said. Much, too, of how Byron lay meditating his verses on the Peachey tomb in Harrow churchyard, summer afternoon after summer afternoon. It is of Byron's friendship with Peel that an anecdote has been often told, which, however, will always bear repeating as an illustration of the noble character of Byron as a boy. A big boy had claimed the right to fag Peel, which claim Peel resisted. The big boy expressed his pretensions by twisting little Peel's arm almost to dislocation point, what time he inflicted bastinado-cuts on the inner fleshy part of the limb. Byron, himself too small to fight the tyrant, saw the torture with tears of indignation, and asked the big boy how many strokes he intended to inflict. "What's that to you, you little rascal?" was the retort. "Because, if you please," Byron responded, offering his arm, "I would take half."

Peel cut his own name in the end wall of the room on the right-hand side of the spectator who stands facing the master's seat of state. He cut it large and broad, and deep too, as the photograph will show. From end to end the name occupies exactly 14in. —no small space for five tall letters. Indeed, perhaps the only boy who has written his name larger than Peel on the fourth form walls is one Warde, whose name sprawls across the panel on the other side of the rostrum in letters about a foot high. Truly some of these boys employed characters compared to which Mr. Bob Sawyer's "corpulent letters of four inches long" were but tiny.

There is a school-song which tells of the different characters of Byron and Peel, and in which this carved name is referred to. Here are two verses:—

Byron lay, lazily lay,
Hid from lesson and game away;
Dreaming poetry all alone,
Up-a-top of the Peachey stone.
All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil due.
Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have,
Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood, steadily stood,
Just by the name in the carven wood
Reading rapidly, all at ease,
Pages out of Demosthenes.
"Where has he got to? Tell him not to!"
All the scholars who hear him cry;
"That's the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,
That's the lesson for next July!"

Dr. Drury was head-master in Byron's



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

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time, and the two verses well indicate the opposite reputations of Byron and Peel with the masters in the matter of industry.

On the opposite wall to that carrying the fireplace, on the left of the door as one enters, is a panel full of names, which is here reproduced — some of the names being famous ones. Almost the first name that catches the eye is the not uncommon one of "W. Jones," framed round with a plain border. That was cut by Sir William Jones, the illustrious Oriental scholar, linguist, and lawyer of the last century, who, although he died at Calcutta when only forty-eight, left a name which will live while language is spoken. Away toward the left of this is seen the name "S. Perceval," cut by the ill-fated Spencer Perceval, who, in 1812, when Premier, was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham. The date, 1801, which seems to belong to this name, and to be an anachronism, in reality belongs to the name "W. Ricketts" just above.



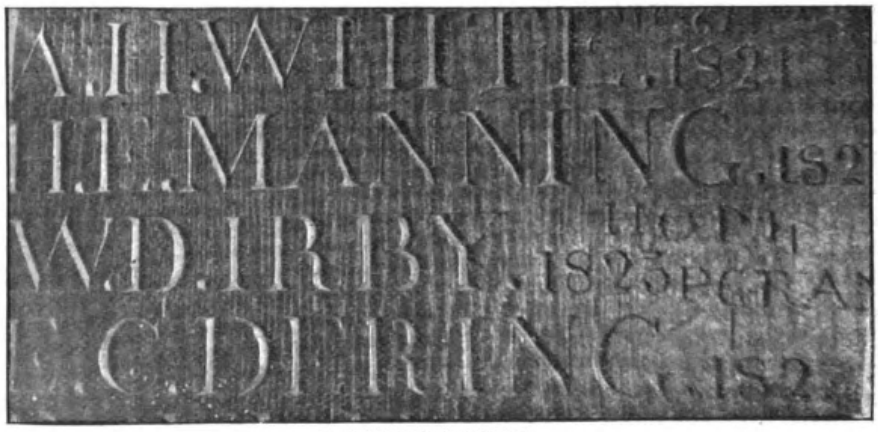
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Down lower, just below the big-lettered "Mirehouse," appears the name "Haddo." This is the autograph of the subsequent Earl of Aberdeen, who was Prime Minister during the Crimean War.

Exactly opposite Peel's name, at the other end of the room, near the great window, appears a whole column of names regularly and cleanly cut in a neat and workmanlike manner. All being so well cut and so precisely in the same style, one is apt to suppose that these are examples of the official handiwork, and not autographs. On inquiry, however, it will be found that this column of names was cut by two of the boys who had skill in wood-carving, for themselves and friends. One of these skilful carvers of wood was the late Cardinal Manning — his youthful wood-carving, it will be remembered, he referred to very fully during the interview with him reported some time ago in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Here is the name "H. E. Manning, 1824," half-way down the column. Readers will also find, in the number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE referred to, many of the Cardinal's remembrances of his school life.

The name of Lord Palmerston ("H. J. Temple") cut at Harrow is often mentioned as an autograph. It was, however, cut for him by a schoolfellow—subsequently Bishop Wordsworth.

None of the names of Etonians and Harrovians now in their schooldays will go down to future generations of schoolboys as autograph carvings, wherefore the signatures of famous old boys have, if anything, added interest, and should be regarded as precious relics.



CARDINAL MANNING.

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By H. Herman Chilton.

I.

On Friday, 17th March, 1848, the city of Milan rose against its Austrian tyrants. The spirit of revolution, which had expelled the Bourbon from Paris and made the Emperor a fugitive from Vienna, sprang to life in the capital of Lombardy like the fabled phœnix from her ashes.

A crowd clamouring for liberty had surrounded the public buildings, and to overawe it the soldiers had been ordered to fire blank cartridge on the people. But the causes of the crisis lay too deep to disappear at a semblance of hostility. A pistol suddenly went off in earnest, probably a preconcerted signal, and the populace uprose in its might. "Viva l'Italia!" rang out on every side. The guards were overpowered, the vice-governor made prisoner. That night the tricolour floated above the palace and from the Duomo's highest pinnacle.

Next morning it was observed that, in all directions, the rudiments of barricades had sprung up in the streets. All day thousands of willing hands toiled without ceasing, and when Sunday dawned, the defences, such as they were, had been perfected. The tocsin pealed from every steeple in the city. And to the strains of martial music, men, women, even children, marched to battle. "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!"

On the Austrians, retreating step by step along the corsi to the gates, rained tiles from the roofs, stones, bottles, any and every missile from the windows. Fire and lead the white-coated Croat had faced on many a field, and would face again, savagely intrepid, but such a hail as this outraged his conceptions of war. He did not slacken his retreat until the sheltering gates were reached. There, the rear was open and tiles scarce. He planted his cannon in position to sweep the approaches, and awaited reinforcements.

The corso Porta Toza (now Porta Vittoria in honour of that fray) is a straight wide road from the Porta Toza to the naviglio, a fine canal running right round Milan, inside the walls and parallel to them. The road strikes the canal at right angles.

At the Porta Toza the Austrians had mounted three cannon. It was an ideal position. The straightness of the road robbed an advancing force of any shelter, in such sort that, howsoever determined and numerous, a hostile body could be mown down by hundreds. The populace had no artillery save a few toy guns ingeniously contrived of wood and iron hoops, like casks, that burst at every other discharge. The besiegers felt secure.

But the Evil One (according to the Austrians) or Heaven (according to the Milanese) put it in the heart of some child of the revolution to devise a means of resisting the irresistible and storming the impregnable. Fascines built of sticks and branches bound tightly together with cords, and well cemented with mud, were prepared. When complete these engines seemed columns of great girth laid flat upon the ground. They were capable of being rolled along, and four of them, end to end, reached from pavement to pavement of the corso. Picked marksmen crouched behind them taking pot-shots at the cannoneers, and the street urchins, foremost when mischief is afoot, trundled the unwieldy masses forward.

Of course there were delays. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of the marksmen, the cannon at the gates thundered steadily, and then the round shot would hum along the streets, scattering fascines and defenders like a nest of hornets. Gaps, both in the moving breastworks and in the ranks, had to be made good. Wounded and dead had to be borne tenderly into the adjacent houses, that the work might go on unimpeded. But ever above the din of battle, the plunge of cannon balls, the crack of musket, rose the indomitable chorus, "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!" Many a mangled citizen voiced it with his last breath. Many a mother's

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"PICKED MARKSMEN CROUCHED BEHIND THEM."

darling, instinct with life, had it battered from his beardless lips in the utterance.

Along the naviglio runs a granite balustrade, and on this, some distance from the fighting, the din of which is here but a muffled roar, a young girl is seated. A daughter of the people, beyond doubt. Her bare, brown legs hang down swinging, and the soles of her feet, when they show, reveal a close acquaintance with the white street dust. Her dress is poor, though rather gaudy. But her swarthy southern face, crowned by a mop of coarse, black hair, has beauty of flashing eyes and pearly teeth to redeem it. Accordingly, she is already a woman in her delight for admiration and the power it gives, even in her small world, of conferring pleasure and dealing pain. Pleasure by fits and starts, when the perverse mood needs change. Pain for choice.

For the moment she must perforce be content with the devotion of Giacomo Berti, who supports himself upon his crutch a yard away, for her knight-in-ordinary is at the fascines. The sickly-looking cripple, whom they call "El Nanin" in allusion to his affliction, looks at her in wistful despair. She is humouring him to keep her hand in, and he knows it. But he loves the little tyrant so, from the not too clean sole of her foot to the spoilt pout of her lip and the shock of capricious hair! What can he do? Carlo Sacchi is away at the fascines. He must worship at the shrine while opportunity offers. Carlo may return at any time, and then—good-bye, Teresina.

Meanwhile Teresina swung her bare, brown legs, and he gazed up at her, entranced.

"Carlo," she said at last, "is at the fascines shouting 'Viva l'Italia!' Why not go, too? You have no courage."

From the corner of her eye she watched the flush her words called to his sallow cheek.

"You know, Teresina, why I do not go."

"Yes, I know why you do not go, but stick in safety to a woman's skirt," retorted the girl, grandly. "You are afraid."

The colour deepened on his face, but he answered her, quietly:—

"You only say that to tease me, Teresina. You know that I would die, as so many are dying at the barricades, to see the last Croat driven from the dazio. But of what use am I?"

"Die?" sniffed the other, contemptuously, tossing her mane. "It is easy to talk, Nanin; but Carlo is at the fascines."

The boy stumped up to her. His face was blanched with passion, his eyes shone with suppressed emotion and desperate resolve.

"I dare do what Carlo dare not, for all you think him so strong. Speak the word, and I will throw myself into the naviglio."

His earnestness startled her a trifle. But looking up, she saw Carlo Sacchi coming towards them. In an instant she sprang upright on the granite balustrade and ran at topmost speed in his direction. "El Nanin" followed painfully upon his crutch.

Opposite her lover the girl sat down again upon the smooth granite and fell anew to swinging her legs. "Look you, Carlett," she screamed, "El Nanin has been saying you are a coward."

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The cripple hurried up.

"No, I did not say that. But I said that I would do what Carlo dare not."

"Ho, Carlett," tittered the girl, "he says that he is braver than you."

"Then," said Carlett, in a fury, "I will break his crutch over his shoulders."



"I WOULD DO WHAT CARLO DARE NOT."

"There's bravery!" sneered the other, roused at last. "No, I said that I would do what you dare not, and I will."

"What will you do?"

"Look you, we two love Teresina. Mount with me upon the balustrade, and when she gives the signal jump into the water. Come, or I say you are a coward."

He swarmed up and stood erect beside his mistress, beckoning to his rival. But the warrior hung back.

"A fine fool's trick that would be!" he said. "No, I will run you, or I will fight you, or I will load muskets behind the fascines."

"Then," said "El Nanin," simply, "you are a coward," and sadly stumped away.

Carlo Sacchi would have followed to carry out his threat, but a nod from Teresina restrained him. After all, she had had fun enough out of the cripple for one afternoon.

II.

STUMPING away by himself, the lad felt his heart swell as if it would burst. What had he done, he, that the good saints had afflicted him? No one cared for him—his parents were ashamed of him; his brothers beat him; his sisters mocked him; Carlo Sacchi, whom he hated, was the favourite of Teresina; and Teresina, whom he loved, taunted him because he could not go to the fascines, and preferred that bully, Carlo Sacchi. What was the good of living under such miseries? Better end it all in the naviglio. One plunge in its sluggish waters would silence all these callous voices for ever. And then, perhaps, Teresina would think kindly of him and be sorry for her cruelty.

An idea struck him. Was it so very brave, after all, to challenge Carlo Sacchi to follow him into the naviglio? Carlo Sacchi was beloved already, had everything to lose, nothing to gain, while he, Giacomo Berti, would sacrifice nothing for which he really cared. Looked at in that light, his heroism, for he had felt heroic, shrank into a fool's trick, as Carlett had called it. Was there, then, nothing that a poor cripple could do in this world? To be a man, to work such deeds as live in human memory, must one be strong as well as brave, agile as well as devoted? He had heard somewhere the history of Pietro Micca, who at Turin had fired a powder store beneath the walls, when the French surprised the town, and so had overwhelmed them in ruins, knowing that he himself must be the first victim. The people of Turin had raised a statue to his memory. Now he, Giacomo Berti, could have done that. It meant lighting a fuse, and listening for the tramp of many feet. Then, when the enemy burst into the vaults, just a touch upon scattered powder——.

By-and-by he passed the corso Porta Toza. The firing had ceased for a space, but the fascines had not advanced far. The lad

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ventured fifty paces towards them, but was arrested by a groan beneath a portico. Going nearer, he heard a wounded man talking to a friend who bound his hurt.

"The deuce fly away with their cannon! Who can stand against them in this accursed street? It is like firing down a gallery!"

The boy passed on and came to the fascines themselves. Men were busy in all directions making good the damage, and he was unnoticed. Just to convince himself he had no fear, he stole onward still, beyond shelter, and sat down in a portico. Far away under the dazio he could see the grim muzzles of the Austrian cannon, on which the sunlight played till they shone like rings of burnished gold. He could see the cannoneers bringing out fresh ammunition, and piling up fresh pyramids of shot. His thoughts reverted to the wounded man.

"Deuce take their cannon!"

Oh, if he could but silence those brazen throats. If he could but overwhelm the dazio in some explosion, as Pietro Micca had done, that would be a deed! His parents would never blush for him more, nor Carlo Sacchi threaten, and perhaps Teresina would regret him. But it was impossible.

He wandered through the open door in front of him and over all that deserted house, revolving such ideas. In one room he came upon a carpenter's box full of long nails, with a hammer. A sudden inspiration flooded his brain, and made him tremble with excitement. He took the hammer and filled his pocket with nails.

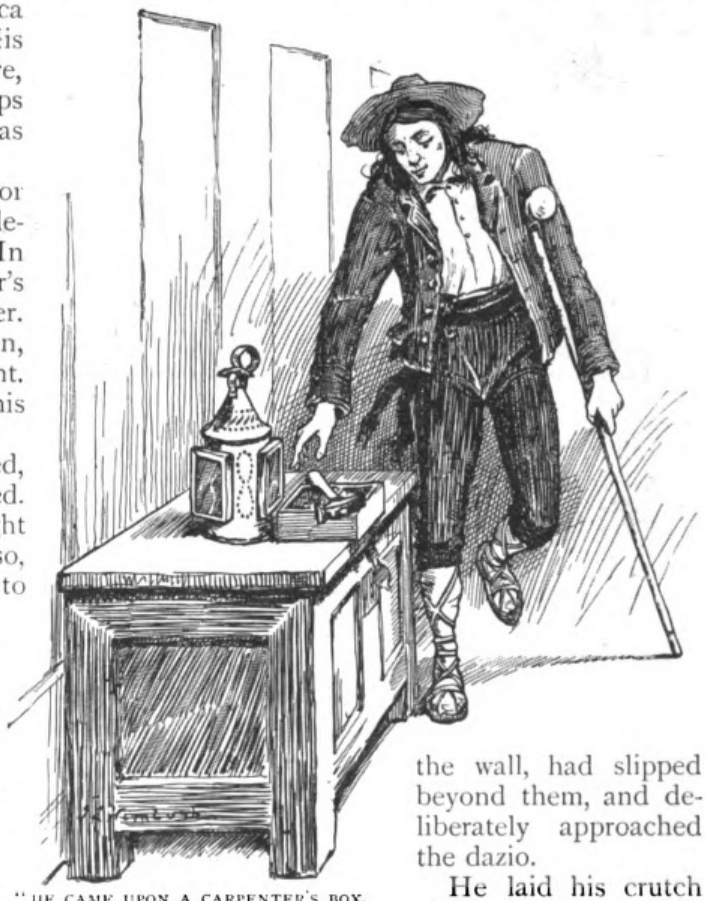
He had heard of cannon being spiked, had heard the operation described. What hindered that, when the night came, he should steal along the corso, in the shadow of the houses, creep to where the silent cannon stood, and spike them all? True, sentries would be stationed; but, if the night were dark, might not the sentries be evaded?

Oh, how impatiently he waited for night. The cannonade began again and the fascines replied. From the roof he watched the round shot plough along the street, scattering the barricades, and heard the screaming fusillade. The fascines appeared to be making little or no progress, though every now and then a Croat would topple in the act of applying the fuse.

All through the waning afternoon he watched the fray. At dark there was another pause. He prepared for his undertaking.

Between ten and eleven the street was so black that one could scarcely see a yard in advance. Nerving himself now, the lad sallied out. He had found a lantern in the house, and it had given him a fresh notion. He lit it and hung it from the window in such a position as to attract the notice of the sentries, but be invisible to the insurgents. Then he softly made his way to the other side of the street, and keeping close against the wall hurried forward in the direction of the Austrians.

Three sentinels had been stationed well in front of the position, one on either pavement, and one between them. The light disturbed these men. The Croat on the side by which the lad advanced, and he in the middle, drew towards their comrade. But as the lantern did not move and was followed by no other signal, they by degrees resumed their posts. Meanwhile the cripple, hugging the wall, had slipped beyond them, and deliberately approached the dazio.



"HE CAME UPON A CARPENTER'S BOX.

He laid his crutch down when he thought himself near enough, lest by dropping it accidentally, or striking it against some obstruction, he should draw attention to himself. Then, on hands and knees, he crawled towards the cannon, whose shadows he could

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just discern. Presently he reached them in safety.

Underneath the muzzle of the first he paused to rest, and to get his tools handy. There was no sound, but as he struggled up the spokes of the first wheel the hoarse cathedral bell tolled forth the hour.

He dragged himself flat on his stomach along the cold length of the gun. He took a nail from one pocket and his hammer from a will. Horror! It missed the nail and crashed against the gun, that clanged like a bell. There was a rush of feet.

All prudence left him at that. The courage that had animated him, the thumping of his heart, the exultation of an accomplished object, burst from him in a hysterical shout as he straightened himself upon the ruined gun: "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!"



"VIVA L'ITALIA."

the other, and with a finger felt for the touch-hole. Insinuating the iron point, he slowly drove it home without noise, having taken the precaution to wrap rag round the heads. When he could drive no farther he knew that one death-dealing engine would be mute upon the morrow.

By the opposite wheel he let himself upon the ground, and in a trice had mounted the second carriage. Here, too, his work was short and swift. Descending again, he reached the third. His excitement almost mastered him when he passed his finger over the touch-hole and fitted in the spike; but he gulped down the emotion and stuck to his work.

Tap, tap, tap, went the hammer, but only with a muffled noise. One blow more, and he could creep back as he came.

He raised the hammer high to strike with

The simultaneous crash of three rifles silenced him. He leaped into the air and fell, a mangled mass, upon the ground. When the confusion had subsided an old officer turned the body over with his foot.

"Spawn of the revolution!" he growled, "throw him in the ditch." Then, as he examined the cannon: "Donnerwetter! the rascal has spiked the guns!"

At midnight the attack was renewed. But the bronze mouths were quiet, and the round shot missed their share in the carnage. At dawn the dazio was taken, and great was the surprise among the Milanese that it had fallen so easily at last.

By the naviglio Teresina flirted and swung her bare, brown legs, while Carlo Sacchi boasted of his share in the triumph. In his ditch "El Nanin" slept soundly, unheeding praise or gibe.

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Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties.

By James Scott.

IT is a noteworthy fact that shopkeepers, as a general rule, are not so enterprising as is desirable in the matter of attractive display in their windows. The bulk of our shops, it must be confessed, exhibit a very meagre, untidy appearance to the eye, causing one to ask whether it would not serve as well if the windows were deprived of their exposure to the public. Some few of our tradesmen, comparatively speaking, do, however, possess a keen perception of the power of attraction inherent in novelties when exhibited to the general community. Of their systems of securing this desirable end, I have selected a few notable examples for illustration and explanation.

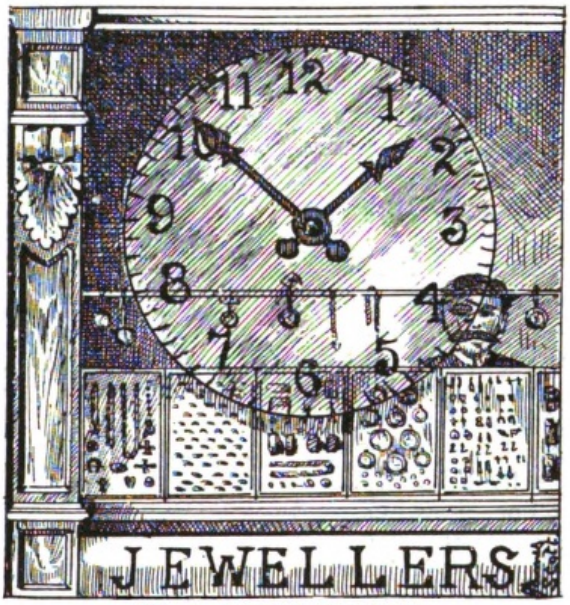


FIG. 1.—A MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.

The strange clock (Fig. 1) has been very popular, though its adoption has not recently been so extensive as was evident a few years ago. Its merits have been discussed by many people who were quite ignorant of the method followed to work it. It records time accurately, and effectively carries out the significance conveyed in its title.

A circular sheet of clear plate-glass is suspended in the window, and is adorned with gilt numerals and divisions in the proper form of a dial. Two enormous hands travel over this peculiar clock, and are calculated to arouse inquisitive and curious people to ask how it is done. Many surmises, relative to the motive force used to drive the hands, were current at the period of its introduction to the public; and these surmises still continue to be broached by people not acquainted with the comparatively simple mechanism of the clock. It was commonly supposed that electricity was the agent employed to manipulate the hands; but this assumption was wrong. Without being technical and entering into a detailed explanation, I will state that the wheels of an ordinary watch were the medium controlling it.

A well-known journal for workmen, to which I contribute, some months ago gave full details of its construction. The works of a watch are concealed within the central disc to be seen in the drawing, and are connected with the large and apparently heavy hands. The latter are, however, cleverly balanced by means of small compact weights, which are in continuous line with the respective hands, and are of a coincident weight with them.

A very effective display once made by a china and earthenware dealer (Fig. 2), and which served to create an inquisitive crowd,

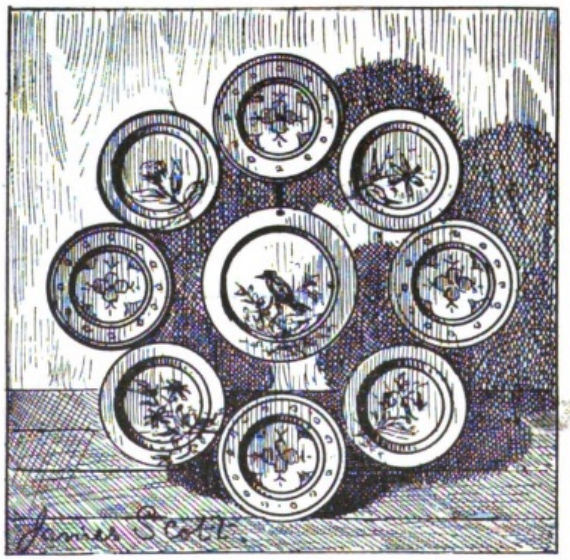


FIG. 2.—A CHINA SHOP ADVERTISEMENT.

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who, doubtless, remembered his shop when they afterwards required plates, cups, and saucers, consisted of several plates placed one above another, edge to edge, in the pattern of a circle, and had, furthermore, a suspended plate of larger diameter within their radius. To cement them properly in this position would be almost a matter of impossibility, so opinions were hazarded in regard to the connection which upheld them. There they stood, bolt upright, as if challenging, yet defying, detection. I subsequently discovered the method utilized by the ingenious tradesman, who thoroughly deserved the success which was greatly fostered by this uncommon show. Many thought that it was a peculiar instance of unaided equilibrium; but in this they were mistaken—and, indeed, one glance is sufficient to show the impossibility of such an occurrence. The attractiveness of the exhibition was enhanced by the occasional appearance of an assistant, who made matters more puzzling by lifting, simultaneously, the top plate and the larger one suspended from it, without the remainder altering their positions in any way.

Here is the artful man's method: A very strong double wire passed up through the flooring of the shop-window, and travelled behind the plates, in contact with them. In order to prevent the plates from "wobbling" or slipping out of proper line, the wires were formed into loops, flat against the backs of the plates. There they were firmly held by means of staples driven into the plates. The top movable one had a short projection at each side, which fitted into small eyelet holes made in the top points of the wires upholding the remainder of the plates.

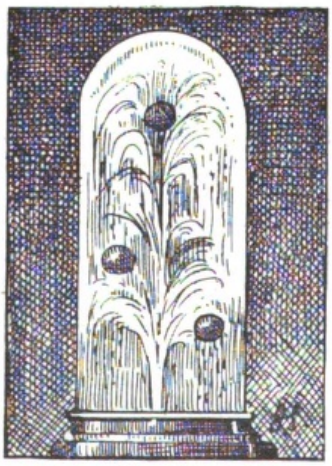


FIG. 3.—THE DANCING BALLS.

A novelty (Fig. 3) was once exhibited in the window belonging to a tradesman occupying a conspicuous shop at the east end of the Strand. A glass shade, with a wooden base, was enlivened by the splashing of a fountain playing into its interior from a source beneath the shelf supporting the article. Three or four coloured balls were inserted within the shade, and they occasioned much merriment among the spectators by their eccentric antics. The jet would carry them with a sudden jerk completely to the top of the shade, whence they would tumble back again for a short distance, only to be again hurled upwards. One might

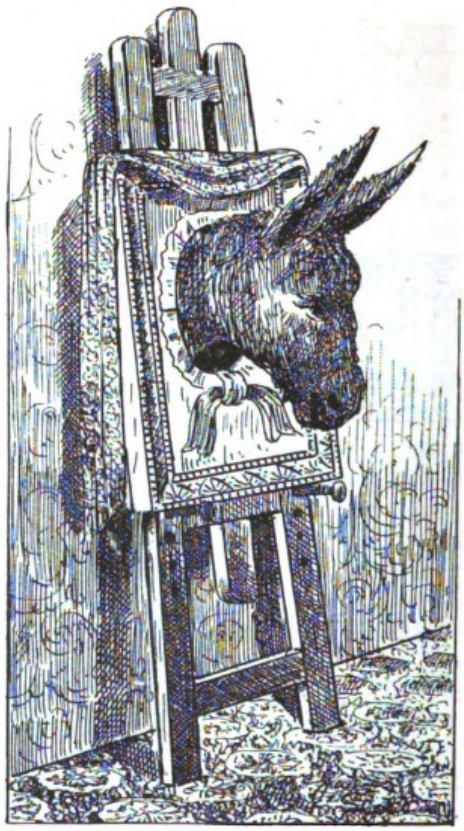


FIG. 4.—A LIVING PICTURE.

be dancing curiously on the crest of the jet; another racing wildly round and round the hole whence the water issued; a third bobbing about at furious speed, careering now and then against its fellows. Altogether, the bewildering confusion engendered within the shade was enough to "draw" a crowd, and leave the shopkeeper's name impressed upon the mind.

A picture (Fig. 4) caused endless fun among the persons residing in the vicinity of the picture-dealer, whose cute foresight enabled him to dispose, by thus attracting people, of a large quantity of framed Christmas-number productions of colour work. Feeling convinced, no doubt, that the proverbial obstinacy of a donkey to proceed in a forward direction was a matter of truth, he evidently harboured no anxiety concerning the possibility of the animal becoming impetuous, and dashing nimbly through his plate-glass window.

By a clever arrangement of drapery and goods for sale, the body of the patient, wondering donkey was concealed from the

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grinning gaze of a jubilant crowd, who good-humouredly bantered the proprietor concerning "his excellent portrait" in the window. How the donkey was sufficiently coaxed to induce him to pass his head through the elastic "canvas" is a secret not yet revealed. Perhaps some of the carrots which were frequently provided for his enjoyment whilst undergoing the ordeal of publicity were an important factor towards success.

Whenever I passed, some few years ago, a certain shop-window in the West-end of London, I usually had an additional peep at a large card to which was attached a mummified cat grasping a mummified rat firmly in its jaws (Fig. 5). If I remember rightly,

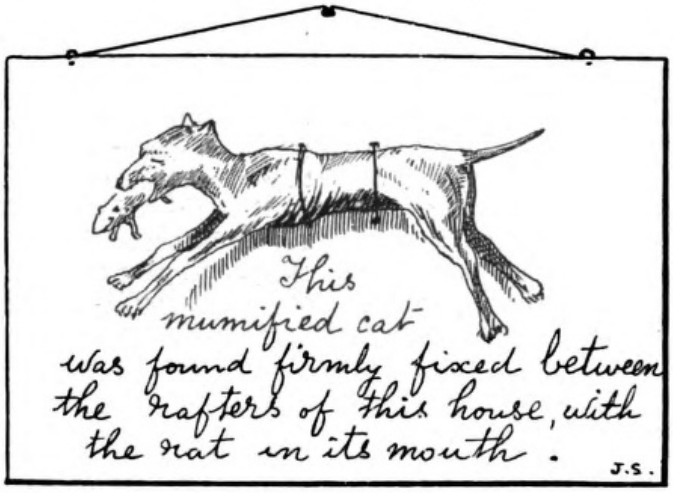


FIG. 5.—A MUMMY.

these animals were discovered, in a preserved, albeit shrunken and dusty, condition, imprisoned between some rafters in the house during repairs. Evidently the unfortunate cat got jammed in its peculiar position accidentally, and being averse to releasing its own prisoner, and thereby being better able to release itself, held it securely until suffocation to both ensued. It was a striking illustration of the powerfulness of determination exercised by even the smaller class of animals.

From inquiries I have made, I am convinced that these particular specimens are not the only ones extant; and I am afraid that many must be manufactured specially for the purpose of exhibition, though I do not insinuate such deceit in connection with the pair to which I have more specifically been referring.

Fig. 6 shows an article which must be ranked among the mystery-arousing section of inventions. A glass cask of whisky, ginger-beer, or tea was displayed in a conspicuous and handy situation, and customers were invited to help themselves upon making the necessary payment for the commodity required. Although it was easily ascertainable that the contents of the cask were really genuine, and passed through the tap into the glass held beneath it, the elevation of the top of the liquid never varied. Tested either by sight or by measurement, sufficient proof there was that, no matter what quantity was withdrawn, there still remained the original quantity within the cask. Being constructed of glass, a person could see completely through it. It stood at a distance of a few inches from the wall, and was altogether a most interesting and attractive piece of work.

Notwithstanding the apparently insolvable system followed in order to gain this result, the idea was founded upon a well-known law of Nature, viz.: that all liquid will, if allowed, find a common level. If you have two receptacles connected by a pipe, and pour water into one of them, it will run into the other reservoir until the level of the liquid contained in both receptacles is identical. Abstraction from one would mean an equal reduction in both.

In the drawing, A represents the glass cask, which is connected by means of a pipe with a tank placed in another apartment, and hidden from view by a wall. Both tanks are half-full, say, of whisky, which also fills the pipe E. If the cask were an isolated article, and a certain quantity of fluid were extracted from it, the level of the contents would sink to a certain extent. Were the tank B called into requisition, under similar circumstances, the liquid would naturally fall but half the before-mentioned depth in each, as that contained in B would help to replace the stuff withdrawn from A. So, in order to deceive the purchaser as effectively as

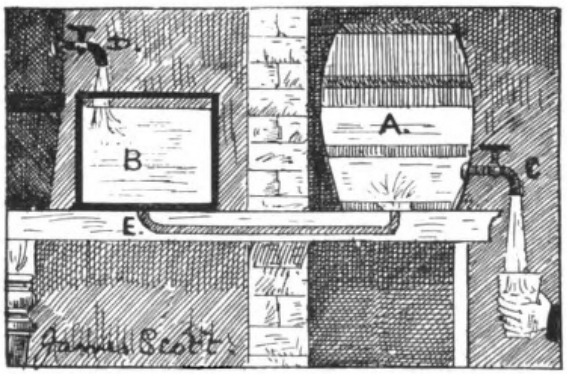


FIG. 6.—A WHISKY PUZZLE.

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possible, a confederate kept close watch upon the customers, and as soon as he observed that the tap C was turned, he also turned on tap D. The rate of outpour being exactly coincident in both cases, the consequence was that as soon as both taps were simultaneously turned off, the amount withdrawn by the purchaser had been replaced at an exact rate corresponding with the abstraction, and therefore no deviation in the height of the fluid contained in A had been manifested.



FIG. 7.—A GRIM DEVICE.

The mouth of the pipe entering the tank A was concealed by means of a false glass bottom, pierced with a sufficient number of minute holes to allow the proper quantity of liquor to pass from one receptacle to its companion.

A rather grim device was that shown by an enterprising tobacconist (Fig. 7). A skull—whether human or not I could not ascertain

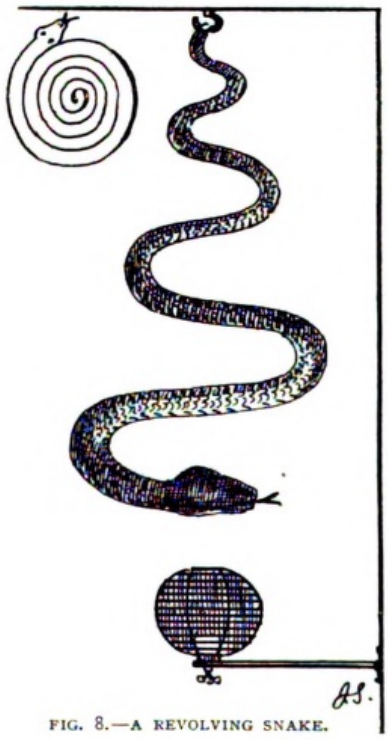


FIG. 8.—A REVOLVING SNAKE.

with absolute certainty—decked in a masher-collar, stood upon a shelf, and puffed at a lighted pipe with a hideously real appearance. The pipe was frequently replenished by a smiling, affable gentleman, who was the genuine cause of keeping the pipe alight. The mouthpiece of the latter was connected to an indiarubber tube, through which the artful fellow, concealed from view, smoked contentedly, anon puffing the fragrant fumes through another tube, the outlet of which was in contact with the teeth of the grinning exhibit.

Fig. 8 constituted a pretty and simple, yet attractive, medium for concentrating children around a confectioner's shop-window. It consisted of the blown-out and properly weighted and suspended skin of a snake, chemically prepared to resist any evil effect from a gas-jet below it. Its form was that of a coil, and the continuous result of the hot currents of air beneath it was to revolve it in a steady and almost fascinating manner. As the rays of light sparkled upon its brilliant surface, scintillating colours succeeded each other in a charming way, and gave prolonged delight to the group of mouth-watering juvenile spectators assembled to witness such a promising display.

Other tradesmen, in lieu of adopting so expensive a sight, have taken advantage of cut-out coloured sheets of cardboard. For the information of some enterprising shopkeeper who may wish to try the effect of the imitative method, I may say that, if a large sheet of cardboard be marked as shown by the small sketch accompanying my illustration of the suspended snake, and be then cut along that line, and the cut-out result be hung over a gas-jet or lamp by its tail, in a swivel, all that is needed to be done will have been accomplished.

Genuine and rare specimens of Nature are always capable of arousing public notice and

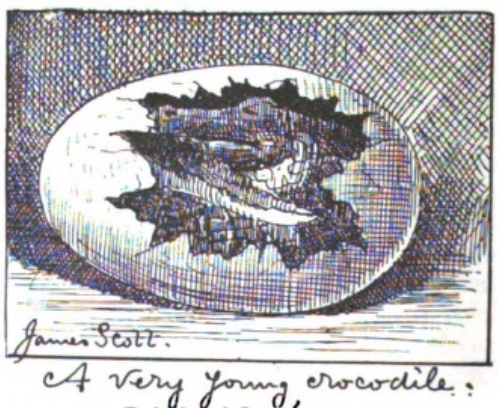


FIG. 9.

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comment, which are, when associated with the names of the persons who reveal such information, serviceable means of advertisement. The unhatched crocodile, contained in its broken shell of but a few inches length, is an object which excited the curiosity of the passer-by in a certain street in London a short time back (Fig. 9). To see this class of unwieldy and hideous reptiles in the Zoological Gardens, and to learn that they often attain an enormous size and length; and then to reflect that these self-same products of mysterious and wonderful Nature were hatched from shells smaller in dimensions than those of an ostrich egg, is a fact almost incredible.

The two-headed goose (Fig. 10), shown by a taxidermist, is an example of Nature when she has a disposition to be frivolous and surprising. Swans with two necks must have been plentiful at one period of our history, if we may judge from the large number of taverns called "The Swan with the Two Necks"; although it must be stated that some authorities aver that "necks" is a corruption of "nicks"—marks for certain purposes.

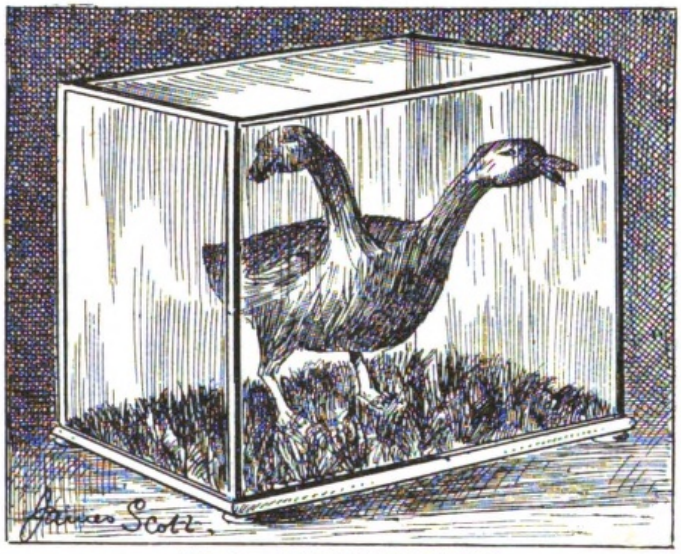


FIG. 10.—AN ATTRACTIVE FREAK.

A well-known caterer for the requirements of the stomach, who has many branches of his business about the town, is wont to attach a pair of convex mirrors (Fig. 11) outside some of his establishments, in order to lure people into his crowded, and sometimes very uncomfortable, shops. Your reflection, as seen in one mirror, is supposed to represent your very lean aspect *before* you have partaken of his very cheap meat puddings. Of course, you should rightly have a very dejected mouth, to accord with your thinness; but, despite this expectation, you are bound to smile. The companion looking-glass is intended to convey your appearance *after* having indulged in the prominently-flattered luxuries. Concerning in what manner such a transformation is to be so quickly developed, there is no evidence forthcoming which may be accepted as truthful. But if the mirrors *do* exaggerate the facts, they answer their main purpose, and as such may be regarded as serviceable companions to the other novelties described.

An ordinary pyramid of oranges in a fruiterer's window cannot be regarded in any way as a novelty; but a pile—or, rather, an apparent pile—such as that depicted in my illustration (Fig. 12) must be looked upon as somewhat of a curiosity, and has the merit of newness. It is a matter for surprise, when one considers the vast number of uses to which mirrors may be extended, where illusory effects are desired. Stage wonders are often obtained simply by the judicious arrangement of a number of silvered plates of glass.

The small sectional diagram annexed to the larger illustration under reference will be clear enough, I think, to convey sufficient enlightenment respecting this novelty. An ordinary pile of oranges is placed within a small box, and a mirror laid almost horizontally in direct contact with the apex of the pyramid. The front of the case is inclosed between the front edge of the mirror and its top; and the whole is then fixed in

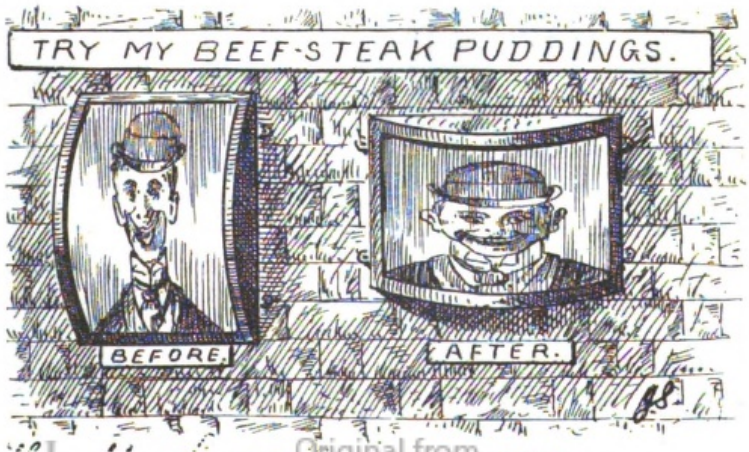
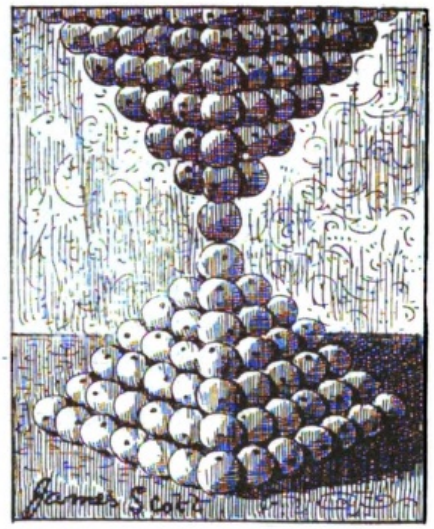


FIG. 11.—THE EFFECT OF MEAT PUDDING.

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the window at an altitude almost corresponding with the height of a pedestrian's eyes. To a passer-by, the contents of the box appear as shown in the larger drawing, as the reflection of the lower half of it conceals the fact that its upper portion is really an inclosed and empty space. By judiciously papering the lower interior of the receptacle with a neat pattern, the whole appears as a long box containing a pile of fruit supporting an inverted and equal quantity.



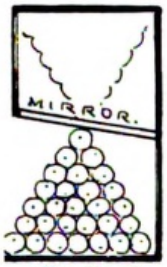


FIG. 12.—A DECEPTIVE PILE.

Chicken-hatching by artificial means has become so universal a process as to excite but little comment; yet when one philosophically considers that by the aid of a specially-prepared contrivance, and the application of gathered knowledge, exercised by skilful manipulation, we are able so successfully to supplant Nature as understood by the instinctive hen, we must rank artificial incubation as one of the wonders of the age.

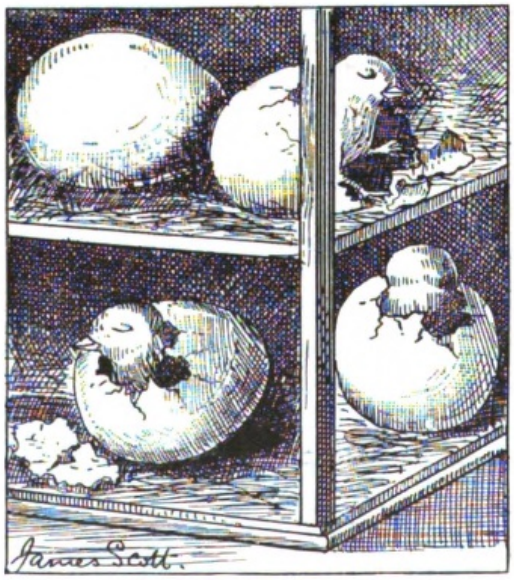


FIG. 13.—CHICKS HATCHING.

A certain West-end tradesman must be credited with possessing a keen perception of human curiosity, allied to a praiseworthy desire to satisfy that curiosity and advertise his wares simultaneously. He exposed in his window some incubators containing eggs which belched forth their lively contents before the eyes of the public (Fig. 13). Although I have not personally witnessed the actual birth of these tiny creatures, I have seen them when they were but a few minutes old, if the term "old" is permissible. Of course, it must be admitted that the unborn chicks would not have developed sufficient shyness to debar them from issuing into this world whilst the human gaze was fixed upon them; so it was quite possible to see the actual demolishment of the shells.

A living and apparently severed head (Fig. 14) rightly belongs to the domain of conjuring; but as at least one tradesman has availed himself of this bewildering optical illusion, I feel that it has a right to be noticed among other attractions. Certainly an enterprising shopkeeper could utilize his shop and cash to worse purposes, if he desired to supply himself with an effective advertisement. To an onlooker the spectacle appears as a severed head, possessing the full vigour of life, resting upon two brass bars fixed within a kind of cupboard. The head smiles and speaks, and proves conclusively to the wondering audience that it is devoid



FIG. 14.—A SEVERED HEAD.

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of no essential possessed by a head attached to a body. This perplexity is produced by the aid of a few mirrors and fittings placed as hereafter described. First, two boards are placed in an upright position, and are surmounted by a third one, with an intervening space of convenient dimensions. A glance at the smaller sketch will assist my brief explanation. Within the space are fitted, at right angles to each other, two upright mirrors, their front edges being bevelled from the back, each being sloped at the top to permit a third mirror, having a large central hole, to rest upon them. The top glass is a thin one, and upon its top face are laid the two longitudinal halves of one brass rod, the reflections of which provide two apparently solid rails for the head to rest upon. A young lady occupies a seat behind the mirrors, and pops her head through the opening. Her neck is surrounded by a very wide lace collar, which conceals the opening referred to. By using a floor covering having a neat geometrical pattern upon it, the mirrors may be so fixed in relation to each other as to reflect the pattern, and thus convey the idea that between the head and the floor nothing but space exists. Judicious drapery completes the illusion.



A china and glass pyramid.

FIG. 15.

A china and glass pyramid can claim to be no more than an illusion, as nothing but skilful manipulation and a steady, firm foundation are requisite for its construction. To the passer-by an array of this kind induces comments of suspicion concerning the probability of the articles being cemented and bound together ; but as a matter of fact, equilibrium alone is responsible for the formation of the pyramid. Four basins, weighted with sugar or liquid of some kind, are placed at the corners of an imaginary square (Fig. 15). Upon the rim of each basin a large cup is so balanced that its tendency is to fall into the basin. Each cup is then required to support a glass tumbler, whose tendency is to fall away from the cup. The arrangement is neatly formed in such a way that the four glasses contact with each other, and as each presses equally against its companion, nothing can possibly fall, providing proper balancing of the cups has been secured. If the whole of the articles have been properly fixed and weighted, they will sustain a teapot or similar article. Of course, cups may be replaced by glasses, or glasses by cups, as the case may be ; but in any case, more than one person must be employed upon the building of the pyramid, which should be relegated to the quieter streets, for the sufficient reason that the rattle of vehicles in a busy thoroughfare would soon destroy the fascinating equilibrium.

A universal consideration of the subject upon which I have been engaged would, perhaps, tend to bring about a more extensive application of attractive displays of novelties in some of our shop-lined streets, and cause a walk through them to be a more enjoyable occupation than can now be claimed in connection with it.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

XI.—THE SMALL HOUSE ON STEVEN'S HEATH.

AMONGST my numerous acquaintances was an old friend who lived on a somewhat remote part of a common situated between fourteen and sixteen miles out of London. For the purpose of this strange story I shall call it Steven's Heath, although its real name is another. The common stretches for many miles in several directions, and although within a very short distance of the Metropolis, is as lonely as if it belonged to one of the Yorkshire moors. My friend was a retired officer in the Army—he had a great fancy for lonely places, and chose the neighbourhood of Steven's Heath with a due regard to its solitude when he arranged to build a house upon its borders. He was an old man of between sixty and seventy—his children had long ago left him, and he and his wife lived a very happy Darby and Joan existence in their pretty new house and extensive grounds. The air was of the purest and freshest, and I always enjoyed paying my friend a visit. It so happened that an illness of a trifling character called me to Clover Lodge towards the end of a certain October. Colonel Mathison would never consult any medical man but myself, and I found him nervous and excited when I went to visit him. After a careful examination I was able to reassure him with regard to his physical condition. My verdict instantly put him into the highest spirits, and he insisted on my remaining to dine with him and his wife. Mrs. Mathison took me for a walk round the grounds just before dinner.

"Your verdict about Edward has made him very happy," she said.

"If he follows my advice he will be all right within a week from now," was my reply.

"Yes, yes," she answered; then she added, with a sigh, "You admire this place very much, don't you, Dr. Halifax?"

"You have the finest air in the county," I said; "no one would imagine that you are so close to London."

"Ah, that is just it," she answered; "but for my part, fine as the air is, I should much prefer wintering in town—the fact is, I am fond of seeing my fellow-creatures, and except one or two old cronies, the Colonel would rather spend his days in solitude. The fact of my being lonely is, however, a small reason, and it is not on that account that I am particularly anxious to go to a more civilized part of the country for the winter."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I don't like the people I meet on this common."

"I daresay you do come across strange characters," I replied, "but surely they have nothing whatever to do with you?"

"Oh, I don't mean gipsies," she said. "I am not the least afraid of the ordinary gipsy; but of late, when out walking, I have met two or three very savage-looking men. It was only a fortnight ago that one of them, a man with dark eyes, a sweeping moustache, and very tawny complexion, suddenly started up in front of my path, and asked me, quite politely, what the hour was. Some sort of instinct told me not to take out my watch. I replied by guesswork, and the man did not say anything further. Now, his tone was quite gentlemanly, and his dress was that of a country squire—nevertheless, his manner, and the look on his face, terrified me so much that I returned to the Lodge trembling in every limb. The Colonel asked me what was the matter, and I told him. He naturally laughed at my fears, and, of course, I could not get him to see the affair at all in a serious light. In short, it needed to come face to face with that man to see anything serious in such a trivial incident—but the Colonel is an old man, doctor, and of a very fiery, irascible disposition, and if there were any danger——"

"Which of course there isn't," I interrupted, with a smile.

I looked hard at the little old lady as I spoke—she had evidently got a shock. I thought it was scarcely well for her to wander about this desolate common by herself.

"After all, it would be a very good thing for you to go to town for the winter," I said. "I will speak to Colonel Mathison on the subject after dinner. There is nothing serious the matter with him, but if he were close at hand I could look him up at intervals, and perhaps put him on a treatment which might

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"SOME SORT OF INSTINCT TOLD ME NOT TO TAKE OUT MY WATCH."

prevent the recurrence of the attack which alarmed you both."

"I wish you would speak to him," she said, eagerly.

Soon afterwards we returned to the house. After dinner I broached the subject, but found the Colonel quite obdurate.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said, "no towns for me. If Mary is nervous, and finds the place lonely at night, we can get in another man-servant, or the gardener can sleep in the house. As to my health, that is folly; I should die in a fortnight in your stuffy London, and when I am ill, and need your services, I know you won't refuse them to me, Halifax."

"That I won't," I replied, heartily.

There was nothing further to say, and soon afterwards I rose, remarking that it was time for me to catch my train.

"I will ring the bell for the trap to be brought round," said Colonel Mathison.

The servant answered the summons, and an order for the trap was given. In a moment the man re-appeared with a long face—the mare had suddenly gone lame and was unable to travel. Colonel Mathison was greatly upset, jumped from his chair, and began to excite himself in a very unnecessary manner. I went to the window and looked out. There was a moon, which would set within about an hour and a half—it would give me plenty of light to walk to the station. The nearest way thither lay straight across the common about the distance of from three to four miles. I felt that I should enjoy the exercise.

"You must not give the matter a second thought," I said to my old friend. "I shall start at once, and walk to Haverling Station. The fact is, I shall like it, and there is plenty of moon to show me over the ground."

"But the common is so lonely," said Mrs. Mathison.

"All the better for me," I replied. "I like to be alone with Dame Nature now and then. But I have no time to spare. I will wish you both good-evening."

I left the house, holding my umbrella in one hand, and a bag which contained a few surgical instruments and a Burroughs and Wellcome medicine case in the other, and started on my long walk. The clock in the hall just struck eleven as I left—my train would arrive at Haverling at ten minutes to twelve. I should therefore do the walk comfortably in the time. The night was a perfect one, and the moon flooded the entire place with a soft silver radiance. The trees which were dispersed at intervals across the common cast huge shadows, but my path lay where the moonbeams fell in an uninterrupted line.

The air was crisp and bracing, with just a touch of frost in it. I was in particularly good spirits, and could not help feeling that Colonel Mathison was right in refusing to exchange this fragrant and perfect air for the close atmosphere of town. I had a certain sympathy also, however, for the wife, who had not the passion for the country which her husband possessed, and was evidently easily frightened. As to her meeting a rough-looking man with a fierce aspect on a common like this, nothing was more natural, and I did not give the matter a serious thought. I walked quickly forward, little

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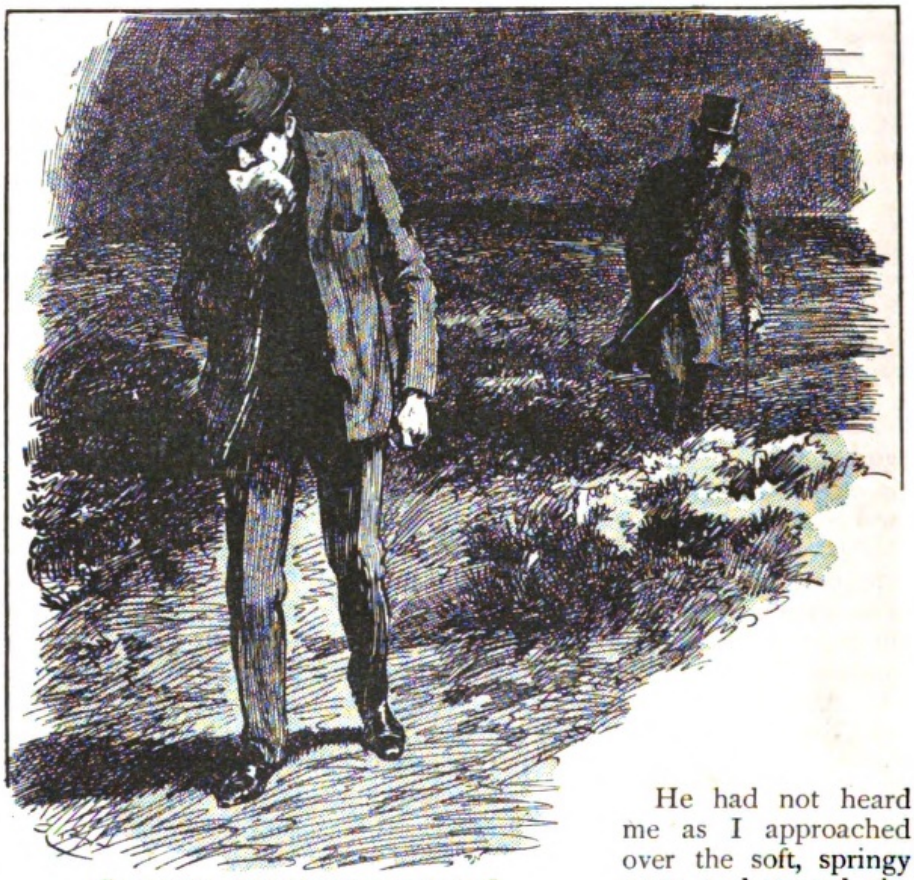
guessing what horror was lying directly in my own path.

I have, in my long and varied experiences, turned some sharp corners and gone through more than one moment of peril, but the adventure which I am now about to describe I shall always look back upon as the high-water mark of my own personal suffering and deadly peril. The situation, in the very midst of our civilized England, the close vicinity to London, the apparently trivial beginning of the incident—only heightened the horror when it did occur; but I must hasten to tell my story.

I had gone about half-way across the common, and the moon was rapidly approaching the horizon—in a short time she would set, leaving the entire place in complete darkness. I hurried my footsteps, therefore, wishing to gain the high road before this took place. I must by this time have reached almost the centre of Steven's Heath — miles of undulating, broken land stretched to right and left of me.

A sensation of loneliness suddenly struck at my heart. I am not a coward, and was surprised at the sensation. The next moment, with a sigh of relief, I saw that I was not alone. A tall man, dressed in the garb of a country gentleman, was walking slowly in advance of me. He was evidently keeping to the same path over which I was travelling—a clump of trees must have hidden him from my sight until now; but now, owing to the peculiar position of the moon, I saw him with great distinctness. There was nothing remarkable in this sight, and I should soon have passed my fellow-traveller without a thought, had not my attention been arrested by his peculiar gait and manner. He walked slowly and with some pauses; he stooped a good bit, and stopped from time to time to cough. His cough was wafted back to me on the evening breeze—it had a sound of great distress about it, and seemed to indicate that the man was in severe pain. When he coughed I further noticed that he took a handkerchief out of his pocket and pressed it to his lips. At once I felt an interest in him, and, hastening my footsteps, came up to his side.

"Forgive me," I said, abruptly, "you seem ill and in pain."



"AT ONCE I FELT AN INTEREST IN HIM."

He had not heard me as I approached over the soft, springy grass, and started violently when I suddenly addressed him. He wore a soft felt hat, which was pushed rather far over his eyes, and now, from under his bent brows, two haggard, suffering, and very dark eyes peered restlessly at me.

"I am not well, I thank you, sir," he said, speaking with a cultivated accent; "but I am not far from home, and when I get there, I have not the least doubt that a little rest will restore me."

His words were uttered in jerks, and he had scarcely come to the end of his sentence before he coughed again, and immediately a quantity of blood poured out of his mouth.

"You are seriously ill," I said. "I am a doctor on my way to London. Can I do anything to assist you?"

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"A doctor!" he exclaimed.

He pushed his hat away from his forehead, and gazed at me earnestly.

"Good heavens, this seems like a Providence," he muttered. "Do I understand you to say that you are a London doctor, sir?"

"I am," I replied.

He carried a stout stick, on which he suddenly leant heavily.

"The fact is," he said, abruptly, "I have met with a nasty accident; I am seriously hurt, and——"

He broke off to resume the painful coughing.

"Will you permit me to see you to your house?" I said.

"No," he replied; "that would not be wise. I am much obliged to you, but I would rather you did not see me home. Perhaps it might be possible for you to give me a little advice here."

"Scarcely," I said. "You are either wounded or have broken a blood-vessel. You must lie down, and be properly examined before anything can be done for your relief."

He coughed again.

"I—I thank you, sir, but I would rather go home alone," he repeated.

A fresh fit of coughing interrupted the words, and the red stream flowed from his lips.

"Come," I said, "you have met me unexpectedly; you must look upon it, as you have just remarked, as a Providence. You are not fit to go home alone. Accept my assistance, and regard yourself lucky to have met someone who can help you."

"There's my wife to consider," he said. "I—I can't speak much—my wife will feel it if anything happens to me. You can get away quickly after you have examined me, sir—yes, perhaps it is best."

"It is the only thing to do," I said. "Take my arm now, and pray speak as little as possible, or the bleeding will become worse. Just answer me one question, however. What do you believe to be the nature of your injury?"

"A bullet wound," he said, speaking now in gasps. "The villain has shot me in the lung, I believe."

His words were unexpected, and they startled me, but I had not a moment to think of myself.

"Lean on me," I said, in an authoritative voice, "and indicate from time to time with your finger the direction we are to take."

He was too weak and ill to expostulate further. I drew his hand through my arm, and we turned abruptly to the left.

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Our way led us directly from the railway station. We soon reached a dingle, into which we descended. The man was now past speech, but at intervals he pointed out the direction which we were to take. We crossed the dingle, ascended a slight hill, found ourselves in a thicket of trees, and the next moment out again in the middle of a little clearing, in which a long, low, old-fashioned house stood. A faint light was shining out of the porch, which streamed direct on our path—the man gave a perceptible sigh of relief.

"Is that your house?" I asked.

He nodded. The next moment we were standing in the porch. A young woman, who evidently must have heard our footsteps, rushed out. She wore a white dress, and her hair fell in some disorder down her back.



"A YOUNG WOMAN RUSHED OUT."

"Oh, Ben!" she said, putting one arm round the man's neck, "how terrified I have been, and how late you are!"

She suddenly saw me, and started back with a stifled exclamation of alarm.

"Why have you brought this stranger home with you?" she asked of the injured man.

My patient was evidently making an effort to speak, which I saw in his present condition would be highly hazardous. I took the initiative, therefore, without delay.

"This gentleman is seriously hurt," I said.

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"Pray do not question him at present. I happened to meet him on the common, and, seeing the state of his sufferings, volunteered my assistance. I am a doctor, and it is possible that I may be able to relieve him. Let me help you to take him to a bedroom immediately. We must get him to bed at once. I shall then examine him, and render what assistance lies in my power."

The girl did not speak for a moment or two, then, with a deft movement, she flashed the full light of the lantern upon my face. From me she looked earnestly at the deathly pale face of my companion.

"Ben," she said, "did you knowingly bring this gentleman here?"

He nodded and frowned at her. The expression of his face seemed to convey some sort of warning. She took the initiative at once—her manner changed, her nervousness vanished, she became self-controlled and calm.

"It was kind of you to see my husband home," she said to me. "If you will give him your arm, we will take him to his bedroom at once."

She set down her lantern as she spoke. A large paraffin lamp was burning in the hall. It had been turned low; she went to it and raised the light. Motioning me to follow her, she ascended some stairs, and in a moment or two we found ourselves in a good-sized bedroom, which opened on to a small landing. It did not take me long to get the sick man on the bed and partly undressed. I unfastened his cravat, and opened his shirt. A glance at his chest showed me that the hemorrhage was caused by a wound. The nature of the wound made it evident that it was caused by a revolver; most probably the bullet was now embedded in the left lung.



"HAL."

The full nature of the injury it was impossible for me to discover, but it was all too evident that the man's life was in a precarious state, and if something were not quickly done to stop the excessive hemorrhage, his life must be the forfeit. I quickly opened my medicine case, and without a moment's delay injected a dose of ergotine. I directed the young woman to prepare cold bandages to lay over the man's chest, and having plugged up the wound, I turned my patient on his side, and told him quite plainly that his chance of recovery depended entirely on his lying perfectly still. When I spoke he fixed his eyes on my face—there was an expression of dumb anguish about them which painfully upset the young woman, who was standing close to him. She leant against the bed, trembling in every limb, and for an instant I feared that her self-control would give way—but another glance showed me that she was made of sterner metal—she soon recovered herself, and as at that moment hurried footsteps were heard in the hall beneath, she suddenly drew herself up, and a watchful, alert look crept into her face. The steps came quickly along the passage, they bounded up the stairs, the room door was flung noisily open, and a tall man with broad shoulders and much muscular strength entered.

I could not help giving a very perceptible start when I looked at him. I have seen evil faces in my day, but I do not think I ever before beheld one so sinister, so absolutely devoid of all trace of goodness. His eyes were small, of piercing blackness, and closely set—his features were aquiline, but his mouth was flabby and nerveless, and the under lip was so large and protruding that even the heavy moustache which he wore could not effectually hide it. He marched quickly up to the bed, and stood looking down at the wounded man without speaking; then his eyes caught sight of me, the angry colour flamed up all over his face, and a muttered oath dropped from his lips. The wounded man could not speak, but his eyes became painfully anxious in expression. The girl went up to the new arrival, and touched him on his shoulder.

"Leave the room, Hal," she said; "you see that Ben is very ill, and must not be disturbed. He has met with a bad accident—you doubtless know all about it; this gentleman met him on the road, and brought him home."

"I should have thought the gentleman

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would have known better than to interfere," muttered the man called Hal; "we don't care to have strangers about this place."

He bit his lower lip as soon as he had spoken—I was watching him narrowly. I saw that he was a man of violent passions, which he had very little power of keeping under control. The young woman touched him again on the arm, and drew him aside to a distant part of the room. He bent his ear to her, and she began to speak in an eager whisper.

My patient again fixed his eyes on my face; he motioned me nearer with his hand. I bent over him.

"Get out of this as fast as you can," he murmured.

His hoarse whisper nearly cost him his life. A fresh and violent flow of hemorrhage set in. The wife, uttering a cry, rushed to her husband's side, and the other man left the room. I did all that I could to stop the fresh flow of blood, and after a time it ceased. The patient was now drowsy, and closed his eyes as if he wished to sleep.

When I saw that this was the case, I beckoned to the wife to follow me on to the landing.

"Is there any hope of saving him?" she asked, the moment we were alone.

"He is in very great danger," I said, "but if we can keep him alive during the night, it may be possible to extract the bullet to-morrow. He has had a bad wound, and in all probability the bullet is embedded in the left lung. The danger is that he may die of hemorrhage before anything can be done to extract the bullet. It is lucky that I happened to meet him."

"Lucky!" she repeated, gazing up at me, her eyes staring—"Heaven knows!"

She turned away, and taking a handkerchief out of her pocket, wiped some moisture from her forehead.

"Can you really do him any good, sir?" she asked; "for if not——" Her voice faltered; she was evidently putting a great constraint upon herself—"if not, sir, it may be best for you to go away at once."

"No," I said, "I will not do that. I have come here, and I will stay until the morning."

"Well, sir, if you will not go, let me take you downstairs and get you some refreshment."

She ran down a short flight of stairs, and I followed her. The flush of excitement had now mounted to her cheeks, replacing the extreme pallor which I had noticed ten minutes ago. She showed me into a well-furnished dining-room, surprisingly large and solid for the appearance of the house. As soon as I entered, I saw that the ferocious-looking man who had come into the bedroom was standing on the hearth. He had changed his dress, which was in much disorder when I saw him last—his manner had also altered for the better. When he saw me, he came forward and moved a chair at right angles to the fire.

"Sit down," he said, "I am obliged to you for coming to our assistance. Is my brother badly hurt?"

"The wound is a very severe one," I replied.

"I thought so," he answered. "We were both together, and he must have slipped away from me in the dark—I have been all round the place waiting for him for nearly an hour—I guessed that he was hurt."

"I always knew something bad of this kind would take place," cried the wife, with passion.

"Keep your tongue between your teeth," said the man, with an ugly oath. "The fact is, sir," he continued, fixing his bloodshot eyes with a peculiar glance on my face, "Rachel, here, is nervous; the place is lonely, and there is no woman near to keep her company. Ben and I are a rough lot, and nothing will keep Ben out of mischief when his blood is up. He had a row with some fellows at a public-house not two miles from here, and this is the consequence. We are all Colonials, and, as you may know, sir, rough and ready is the word still, in most of the Colonies. We came to England two years ago, and took this cottage. We had a fancy to live a retired life. We heard that a chicken farm was a good speculation, and we started one—it gives us something to do, and the air of this common suits us. As to Rachel, she is always making the worst of things, but I suppose she does find the life somewhat tame."

"Tame!" cried the young woman, clasping her hands tightly together.

"Get the gentleman something to eat, Rachel, and then leave us," said Hal, in a blustering tone.

"Thank you," I answered, "but I do not wish for any refreshment."

"Well, at least, you'll have some wine," said Hal. "I have got a bottle of port which I can recommend—I'll go and fetch it at once. Come, Rachel, you can hold a light for me to the cellar."

He left the room immediately—his sister-in-law accompanying him. They paused in

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the passage outside to exchange some words, but I could not hear anything they said. I went and stood by the hearth and looked around me. I considered the situation peculiar, but up to the present saw no cause for any special alarm as far as my own safety was concerned. The men were a lawless pair, and I did not believe the lame story offered to me about the revolver wound, but having undertaken the case, I had no intention of deserting my patient, and felt certain that I should be able to defend myself should occasion arise. The man and young woman were not long absent. They quickly returned to the room. The woman carried a tray, on which were some glasses and a box of biscuits. The man followed with a bottle of port. He drew the cork carefully, and put ir undecantered on the tray.

"I'll go back to my husband now, sir," said the young woman, glancing at me.

"Do so," I replied; "and be sure you call me should my services be required. Pray remember, the main thing is to keep the patient perfectly quiet, and under no provocation to allow him to speak."

She nodded. She had nearly reached the door when she turned and came quickly back.

"You will like to know our names," she said. "I am Mrs. Randall. My husband and this man are brothers—my husband is Ben, this man is called Hal. I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for the services you are rendering to me and mine."

Her eyes were very bright, so bright that tears did not seem to be far away. She paused again, with her hand resting on the table.

"Is there any chance of Ben's life?" she asked, suddenly.

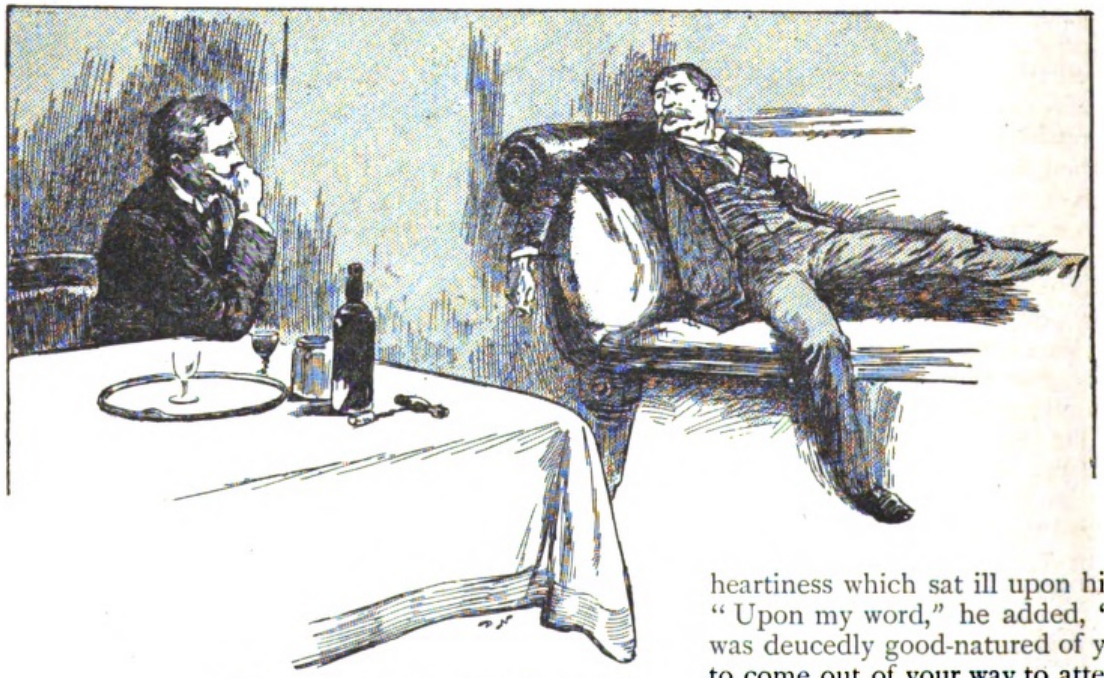
I had in reality very little hope, for the hemorrhage which had already taken place was of the most serious character, but I could not quench the longing in the young, eager eyes fixed on my face.

"Absolute quiet is the one and only chance of life," I said, emphatically.

"I understand," she said, nodding; "your directions shall be carried out to the letter." She left the room as she spoke.

When she had done this Randall flung himself on a large sofa at one side of the fire.

"Drink your wine, doctor, it will do you good," he said, with a sort of assumption of heartiness which sat ill upon him. "Upon my word," he added, "it was deucedly good-natured of you to come out of your way to attend to a stranger."



"'DRINK YOUR WINE, DOCTOR,' HE SAID."

"Not at all," I replied, "if I can save the stranger's life; but I must tell you that I have very little hope of doing so."

"Good heavens!" he cried, in excitement, "do you think that my brother will die of his wound?"

"It is not only possible, but highly probable," I answered.

He swore a great oath, jumped up from his sofa, sat down again, and ground the heel of one big foot into the carpet.

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"This thing will upset Rachel," he said, after a pause; "she's awful spoons upon Ben—the fact is, he rescued her from some of the aborigines years ago in Australia; she grew up with us, and when she was old enough he married her."

"She appears to me little more than a child now," I said.

"Women marry young in Australia," was the brief reply. "Drink your wine, won't you?"

He had filled a glass with port wine before he sat down. I raised it now to my lips and sipped it. After doing so, I put the glass down quietly; I do not think a muscle of my face showed emotion, but I knew at once what had happened—the wine was heavily drugged. It was loaded with morphia. Randall's eager eyes were fixed greedily on my face. At that moment his sister-in-law called him. I jumped up, but he interrupted me.

"She wants me," he said. "I'll let you know if your services are required—finish your wine and help yourself to more."

He left the room, when I immediately walked to the window, flung it open, and dashed the contents of the wine-glass outside. I shut the window noiselessly again, and returned to my seat. I had scarcely done so when Randall re-appeared. I noticed that he glanced at my empty glass the moment he entered the room. A gleam of satisfaction lit up his swarthy face.

"It is all right," he said; "my brother is quiet—he is dozing off. Rachel is sitting with him. She wanted to ask me a question about the chickens—we send some to the London market almost daily."

"Do you make it pay?" I asked, quietly.

"I can't say that we do," he replied, "but why should I bother you with this? My brother and I have an income independent of the farm—we keep the chickens for the sake of occupation. The night is far advanced now, and I am dead-beat, if you are not. Shall I take you to a bedroom? If you are good-natured enough to spend the night here, you may as well have some rest until you are required."

I simulated a yawn with good effect, doing so with intention. I knew that if I had any chance of escape from the danger in which I undoubtedly was, I must quiet this man's suspicions. He must suppose that I had really swallowed the drugged wine.

"I am sleepy," I said, "and shall be glad to lie down; but don't take me to a bedroom. If you will permit me to have a stretch on that sofa, I shall do admirably."

"As you please," he said, with a careless nod. "The sofa is wide, and, as I can do nothing further, I will go to my room. You will find the wine on this table if you want any more. I will let Rachel know you are here, in case she may want you. Good-night."

He left the room, slamming the door behind him, and I heard his footsteps noisily and clumsily ascending the stairs. I stretched myself on the sofa, fearing that he might unexpectedly return. There was no manner of doubt now that I was in a most grave situation, and that my life might be the forfeit of what had appeared to me to be an act of common humanity. Who were these people—what was their occupation? They were undoubtedly not what they seemed—the chicken farm was in all probability a blind to cover enterprise of a widely different character. The story of the revolver-wound was, on the face of it, false. Why had the girl looked so terrified? Why had the wounded man asked me to go? Why had Hal favoured me with glances of such diabolical hatred? Above all, why was the wine drugged? When the house was perfectly quiet, I slipped off the sofa and approached the window. It was a large one, and occupied the greater part of the wall at one end of the room.

I had opened it with ease when I had flung the wine away, and now again it yielded to my touch. I threw it up without making the least noise, and bending forward was just preparing to put out my head to judge of the possibility of escape, when I started back with a voiceless exclamation. The window was effectually barred from without with a shutter composed of one solid piece of iron. I pressed my hand against it—it was firm as a rock. Half an hour ago this shutter had not been raised. By what noiseless method had it been slipped into its place? I closed the window again and went over to the door. I turned the handle—it turned, but did not yield. The door was locked. I was caught in a trap. What was to be done?

At that moment I heard a creak on the stairs, and the unmistakable sound of heavy footsteps. I instantly returned to the sofa, lay down at full length, and assumed as I well knew how the appearance and the breathing of a man suffering from morphia poison. I made my breath stertorous and quick. I assumed the attitude of the deepest slumber. My hearing was now preternaturally acute, and the walls of this queer house were thin. I heard the steps approaching the door. The lock was noiselessly turned,

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the handle was moved, and the door opened a very little. I knew all this by my sensations, for I did not dare to raise an eyelid. There was plenty of light in the room—the fire was blazing merrily, and a big paraffin lamp shone with a large globe of light on the centre table. Beside the lamp lay the tray which contained the glasses and the bottle of drugged wine. I seemed to see everything, although my eyelids were tightly shut, and I lay slightly forward on my face, breathing loudly.

"Aye," said Randall, coming up and bending over me, "he's all right—he's fast enough—as fast as a nail. Now, what's the matter?" he continued, evidently addressing Mrs. Randall, and speaking in a growling whisper. "You don't like this job, eh? There's no use in your snivelling, it has got to be done. He's fast, ain't he? Come over here and have a good look at him."

"I won't look at him; you are the cruellest man that ever lived—you are a ruffian. I must speak to you alone—come with me at once; if you don't, I'll say what I have to say out here."

"You may shout as loud as you please, you won't wake him. I knew what I was about when I put the morphia into the wine; he's fast. What's up, girl? Now, none of your blarneying, and none of your passion, either. All our lives are in jeopardy, I tell you."

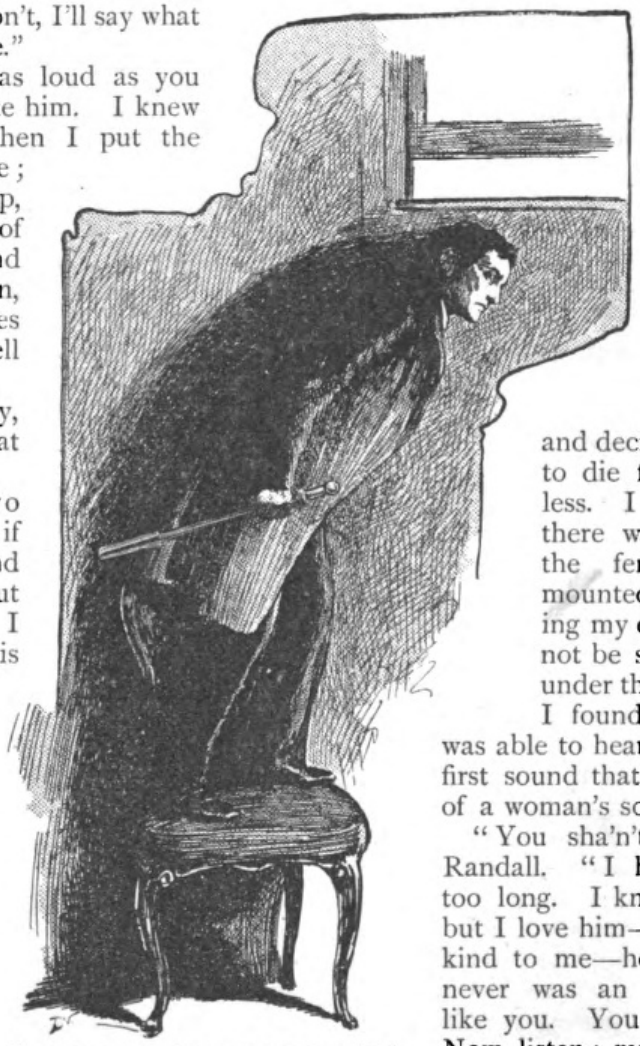
"Be that as it may, you have got to let that gentleman go, Hal."

"There are two words to that; but if you must interfere and give trouble, come out of this. He is fast, I am sure, but there is no saying what your muttering may do for him. He looks dead-beat, don't he? It seems a pity to disturb him."

The man uttered a low laugh, the horror of which almost curdled my blood.

"Come into the pantry," he said, re-addressing his companion; "he won't hear us in there."

They approached the door, walking on tiptoe; they closed it behind them, and I heard the key turn softly in the lock. If I had the faintest chance of escape, it was necessary for me to know if possible what fate was about to befall me. Where was the pantry? I opened my eyes now, and was immediately attracted by a gleam of light coming in a slanting direction through a window which I had not previously noticed. This window was high up in the wall, and was evidently used as a through light into another room. It had certainly not been illuminated when last I had examined the dining-room. Could it possibly belong to the pantry which Randall had alluded to? The sound of voices reached my ears. They were muffled, and I could not distinguish their tones, but at this instant I also perceived that the window in question was open at the bottom about two or three inches. If I could press my ear to the wall just below the open window, I might hear what the pair were saying. The risk was great, for if Randall came back and found me it would be a fight for life, and he, of course, would be armed, whereas I had not even a walking-stick. I thought the situation over carefully, and decided that it was better to die fighting than motionless. I further observed that there was a heavy poker in the fender. I seized it, mounted a chair, and pressing my ear just where I could not be seen, but also directly under the partly-open window, I found to my relief that I was able to hear perfectly well. The first sound that reached me was that of a woman's sob.



"I WAS ABLE TO HEAR PERFECTLY WELL."

"You sha'n't do it," said Mrs. Randall. "I have borne with you too long. I know that Ben is bad, but I love him—he has always been kind to me—he is my husband—he never was an out-and-out bad 'un like you. You never had a heart. Now, listen; my mind is quite made

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up—you shall not take the life of the man who came here to succour my husband."

"Stop your snivelling," was the harsh reply. "I tell you he must go. Ben must have been out of his mind to bring him here. I have no enmity against the man himself, but he was a fool to put himself into the lion's den. He knows too much, and he must go. Don't you understand me, girl? Haven't you a grain of sense left? Well, I'll tell you something. *Ben killed his man to-night*, and he'll swing for it if we let that doctor escape. The thing was clumsily managed, and everything went wrong—the police came up just at the nick of time to ruin us, and Ben put a bullet into one—the whole thing will be in the papers to-morrow, and the doctor—curse him! —knows enough to swear away the life of that precious husband of yours. Now, for Heaven's sake, stop crying—control yourself."

"The doctor must be saved," said the young woman. "You are saying all this to frighten me, but I won't be frightened. Anyhow, come what may, I am not an out-and-out villain, and neither is Ben, and we can't allow the life of the man who has been good to us to be sacrificed. You want to murder him, Hal, but I won't let you. If you don't promise to let the gentleman go, you have got me to answer to, and I'll just tell you what I'll do. I have Ben's revolvers upstairs—oh, yes, I have hidden them, and you can't get at them, but I will take them down to the doctor before you can prevent me, and tell him to fight for his life. You are a bit of a coward when all is said and done, you know you are, Hal."

The man replied with an ugly oath. He must have taken the young woman by her shoulder as he spoke, for I heard her utter a faint scream.

"Don't," she said. "Let me go this minute; you are a coward to try to hurt a girl like me."

"I could kill you if it comes to that," was the reply. "I tell you I am desperate, and what is a man's life, or a girl's either, to me? My brother will swing if that doctor gets out of this. And, then, if I escape with penal servitude for life, I may consider myself lucky. I have no taste for penal servitude, so the doctor must go—and you, too, if you don't submit."

I heard Mrs. Randall laugh in reply.

"You think penal servitude is all you have to suffer," she answered; "but I know things that may bring you in a worse fate. How would you like to be hung up yourself? Perhaps you will, if I have the managing of things. Do you remember that old man on the common last winter and the purse of twenty sovereigns?—the purse had the man's initials inside—you never could find it. Do you remember the search you made, and how I pretended to help you? Well, I had the purse all the time. I thought I might as well keep it—it might prove handy some day. I have it upstairs now. You see, I can turn Queen's evidence any day and make it hot for you, and I will if you kill that doctor."

Her words were evidently unexpected—they had weight with the ruffian. I could hear him shuffling about, and I could even distinguish the young woman's quick, agitated breathing.

"I have got the key of the dining-room too," she went on; "I slipped it out and put it in my pocket when you weren't looking, so I can do what I said. If you try to wrest the key from me, I'll rouse the house with my screams. You have drugged the doctor, but he is not dead yet."

"He'll never wake again," said Hal, with a laugh; "you can't save him, girl, even if you tried—I tell you he is done for. I put enough morphia into that one glass of port to finish two or three men. He is sound—sound as a bell; fast as a nail—dead to all intents and purposes—they never wake when they breathe as he is doing."

"You are mistaken," was the reply. "I watched him, too, and at the present moment he could be roused, I am convinced. Do you remember the man you drugged in Australia? I saw him die; he was far worse than this doctor."

Hal swore another oath, and again tried to use personal violence on the girl. I knew this, because she evidently sprang away from him, and threw open the pantry door. A breath of fresh air which came in through the aperture in the window acquainted me with this fact.

"Now," she said, "you have got to choose. You have no weapons on you at the present moment; I am nearest the door; I can lock you in in a twinkling, and fetch Ben's revolvers. I will, if you don't do what I wish. Spare that man's life, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin; but kill him, and I'll give Queen's evidence. I don't believe Ben will recover, and I don't care that for you. I am so sick of this horrible life that, so far as I am concerned, the sooner it is over the better. Remember, I have got the purse, and I can tell a lot.

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Oh, I can make things look ugly for you, Hal, and before Heaven I will."

"All right," said the man, assuming a soothing tone, "do stop canting—you always were a tigress; I've told Ben over and over that you would sell us, and I was in the right; but I suppose I must yield to you now. I'll go in and wake the doctor presently. I was only pretending that I had given him such a lot of morphia. He'll wake when I shake him up. I'll get him to take an oath that he'll never tell of what occurred here to-night. He'll do it fast enough when he sees his precious life in jeopardy; but, remember, I only do this on one condition—you hand me over that purse."

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Yes, I know you, you cat, and I don't want to feel the scratch of your claws. Fetch the purse, and I'll do what you want."

Again I heard her quick breathing—the next moment she had turned and rushed upstairs. I stepped suddenly down from my dangerous eminence, and hiding the poker just under my body—for I did not for a moment believe the man's words, and meant to lose my life hard if I lost it at all—resumed the stertorous breathing and the apparently profound slumber of the morphia victim. I heard the girl's footsteps returning through the silent house. Then she went upstairs to where the wounded man lay. His room was evidently over the dining-room, for I heard her steps moving about overhead. There was an awful silence of ten minutes. During that time, I think I lived through the worst moments of my life. Each nerve was stretched to the utmost—each faculty was keenly on the alert; I felt more and more certain that my chance of escape was of the smallest—against an armed ruffian, I could do nothing. As long as I was alone in the room, I kept my eyes wide open, but a sudden and unexpected sound caused me to shut them quickly. I had seen a head protrude suddenly from out of the pantry window—it looked right down on me where I lay, and then softly and noiselessly withdrew. A moment later the door of the dining-room was opened, and I heard Randall's heavy footsteps as he approached my sofa.

"No humbug," he shouted, in a loud voice. "If you are awake, open your eyes and say so. Wake up, I say, if you can. I had my suspicions of you just now—open your eyes."

I did not respond; my head was sunk low, my breathing was coming in longer and slower respirations than it had done when last the man bent over me. He put his hand roughly under my chin, raised my face and looked at me—then he removed his hand with an audible sigh of relief.

"He's all right," he said, aloud. "Lord, I got a fright just now—I fancied he looked at me when I thrust my head through that window, but I was mistaken—of course I was; he can't escape after that dose I gave him, and he drank the glass full—the glass was empty when I returned to the room. He's alive still, but not much more. I won't move him while he lives. If he dies like that fellow did in Australia it will be all over within an hour. Well, I have got the purse, and Rachel may do her worst now. I wonder what's keeping Jasper; I shall want him to help me move the body."

He began to pace up and down the room, not taking the least pains to keep quiet; he without doubt regarded me as practically dead.

"What a —— fool Ben was," I heard him mutter, sitting down on the edge of the table; "but for me he'd have been in quod now; I told him not to fire that shot; he needn't have done it. Lord! what a fright the police got—it is as good as a play even to think of it. That big fellow went down like a ninepin. Ben shot him through the heart as clean as a whistle. How he had strength to give it back hot to Ben, is more than I can understand. But he is dead now, stone dead, and Ben will swing if I let this doctor go.

"If!" he exclaimed, bursting into another hoarse laugh; "why, he's quiet already; I do believe the chap is dead."

He again approached my side, pushed my head roughly round, and listened to my breathing. I had made it on purpose a little fainter, but it was still audible.

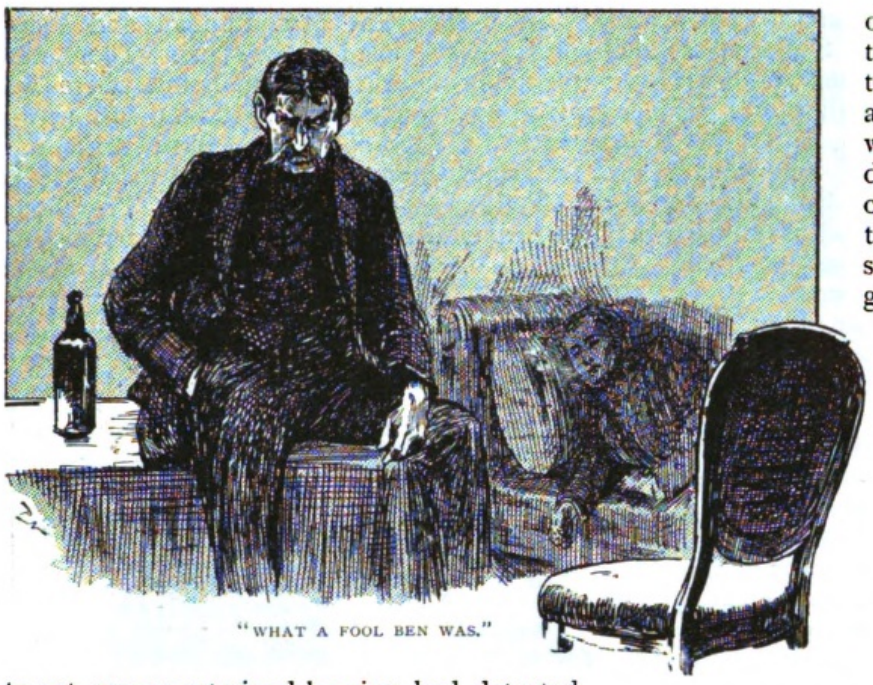
"He's going, just like the man did in the bush," muttered Randall. "Confound that Jasper, why isn't he in? I'll go to the door and listen for him—he ought to be back by now."

He left me—being so sure of his deadly work that he did not even trouble to shut the dining-room door. I felt the cold air coming in through the open hall door, and suddenly stood up.

"I won't feign sleep any more," I said to myself; "if I am quick I may be able to knock him senseless with this poker before he has time to fire at me."

I speculated whether I should follow the ruffian into the hall, but before I had time

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"WHAT A FOOL BEN WAS."

to act, my overstrained hearing had detected hurried sounds in the chamber overhead—footsteps fled across the room, they rushed downstairs, and the young wife burst into the dining-room. I came to meet her—she showed no surprise—she was evidently past surprise at that supreme moment; agony, terror, and despair were detected on her features.

"Oh, doctor, you are awake," she cried; "that is good—I knew he hadn't given you enough of that horrid drug to kill you; but come upstairs at once—he is bleeding his life away. Come, you may save him if you are quick. Oh, I love him madly—whether he is bad or good! I love him with all my heart, and soul, and strength. He is dying, my darling. Come, doctor, come."

I followed her upstairs. As I did so, I glanced back at the open hall door. I expected to see it blocked by the huge figure of the ruffian, Randall, but he must have gone to meet his pal, for the coast was clear. A fierce temptation shook me for a moment. From the wife's account, the man upstairs was evidently dying. If the wound were bleeding to the extent she described, no human help could save him. If I left the house now I might escape. The temptation came and went. Life was sweet, but my duty called me to the succour of one *in extremis*. I entered the sick room and approached the bed—the patient was alive, but little more. Over his features had already stolen the grey hue of death. One of his hands was extended outside the bed-clothes—from his lips continued to pour the flood of crimson life. I saw that the slightest attempt to move him, or even to administer remedies, would but accelerate the death which was waiting to claim him. I motioned to the wife to calm herself; she gave me a passionate glance of despair.

"Can't you do something?" she whispered.

"Nothing," I replied. "It would torture him to touch him—let him die in peace."

I took the patient's wrist between my thumb and finger—the pulse was scarcely perceptible; it came in faint throbs at longer and longer intervals—the glazed eyes were partly open. The young wife flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed and pressed feverish kisses on the man's extended hand.

"Oh, take me with you, take me with you, Ben," she panted.

Her words roused him—he made a feeble last effort to move—to speak—fresh blood poured from his lips—in that final struggle his spirit fled. I bent forward and pressed down the lids over the staring eyes. As I did so, Mrs. Randall sprang up and faced me.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"His sufferings are over," I replied.

She pressed her hand to her forehead, as if she scarcely knew what she was doing.

"Try to keep calm," I said to her; "think of yourself—you are in danger."

"I know it," she said, "and so are you—listen, what is that?"

There was a noise downstairs. Heavy footsteps sounded through the little hall. I counted the steps—there were four.

"The man Jasper has returned," I said to the girl.

"Jasper," she said, in astonishment; "how do you know his name?"

"I heard your conversation with your brother-in-law," I replied. "He has no intention of sparing my life, and went a moment or two ago to fetch a man called Jasper. I heard him mutter to himself that he would require Jasper to remove my dead body. He has been false to you: he is not going to keep his word."

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Her face could scarcely turn any paler, but her breath came quickly. She gasped and suddenly clutched at the neck of her white dress, as if it were strangling her slender throat.

"I might have known," she said, in a hoarse voice, "but I was distracted, and I had no time to think. Hal is more fiend than man; his word signifies less than nothing—I might have known."

She tugged again at her dress, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Let me think," she said.

I did not interrupt her. I was listening to the footsteps downstairs. For some reason they were quiet. The men had evidently not yet approached the dining-room. When they did so, and discovered my escape, all would undoubtedly be lost. They would make a sudden rush for the bedroom fully armed, and take no account of the man whom they supposed to be dying within the chamber.

During that moment's suspense, Mrs. Randall recovered her courage. She had been bending forward, something in the attitude of a broken reed; now she drew herself erect.

"I believe we shall manage them," she whispered; "anyhow, we'll try. My husband is dead, and I care nothing whatever for my life. You did what you could to save Ben, and I am your friend. Here is a case of revolvers."

As she spoke, she walked to the dressing-table, took up a case which lay upon it, and brought it forward.

"All the chambers are loaded," she said, handling the revolvers as she spoke; "take this and I will take the other. Now follow me: don't hesitate to fire if necessary."

"You had much better stay here," I said; "I believe I can fight my own way out with these fire-arms."

"You would not leave me to be butchered in cold blood?" she cried. "No, you can't manage them alone—there are two of them, and they are without scruple—I know them."

I said nothing further. My hearing, strained to the utmost, had detected the sound of the men's footsteps approaching the dining-room. I heard the door open and knew that they had entered the room. There was a full moment's pause, and then the bustling, eager, angry sound of incredulous and alarmed voices.

At that instant Mrs. Randall and I approached the head of the stairs. There was plenty of light in the hall, but where we stood was comparative shadow. Just as we reached the top of the last flight of stairs, the two ruffians, who had returned to the hall, looked up and caught sight of us. They both carried revolvers, but were evidently astonished



"THEY WERE EVIDENTLY ASTONISHED."

to see us also furnished with deadly weapons.

"Fire at once, if necessary," she whispered.

I saw her at the same moment cover Randall with her revolver.

"Hold!" he cried. "You've played me a dastardly trick, Rachel; you shall pay for this."

"Ben is dead, and my life is valueless," she replied. "Let this man leave the house immediately, or I'll blow your brains out."

The ruffian turned his ugly eyes full on my face.

"So you think you have done me," he said. As he spoke he backed a step into the hall. I covered him with my revolver. I saw him shrink, and his tone changed. "I see I must give you a chance," he cried.

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"You may go if you take an oath. As you hope to meet your God, swear that you will never tell what has happened here to-night! You can go, if you swear it; but if you don't, before Heaven I swear——"

"Folly," cried the high-strained girl's voice at my side; "of course the doctor won't swear. You know perfectly well you haven't a leg to stand on. If you or Jasper attempt to raise your revolvers, we'll both fire."

Hal swerved again, and looked uneasy—his full, loose lower lip shook, but the man Jasper was of tougher metal.

"We must do for 'em both," he said. "Why should our lives be sacrificed to the whim of a minx?"

"Jove!—you're right," cried Hal.

I saw him raise his revolver—he aimed it full at my forehead. But before he could touch the trigger, a sharp report sounded through the house—the revolver fell from the man's right hand—his arm dropped—he gave a howl of agony—Rachel had shot him clean through the shoulder. At the same moment, I covered Jasper with my revolver.

His courage oozed out of him at the sight of Hal. "For God's sake don't fire, sir," he called out.

"Put your revolver down, Jasper, or I'll shoot you," shouted Rachel. He instantly complied.

"Now, doctor, you must get out of this at once," cried the excited woman. "Make way, Jasper; Hal, get out of the way."

She pushed past me, running down the stairs, and before either of the men could prevent her, picked up their revolvers.

"Come," she said to me, "we are safe now; they have got no others."

The next moment we found ourselves in the open air. She had been as cool and alert as possible during the whole of this brief and terrible scene, but now she trembled so violently, I thought she would have fainted.

"Don't worry about me," she panted; "I'll be all right in a moment. I never fired at a man before, and I nearly took his life—well, I would, before I'd have allowed him to touch a hair of your head. He is badly wounded, and there'll be no more courage in him for a day or two. As to Jasper, he is wretch enough to follow us, only he has no fire-arms—stay, he might remember Ben's old gun. Well, that's not worth considering. I'll see you to the edge of the common, doctor; come, let us get off quickly."

"I can go alone," I said, "you are not fit to walk."

"I am; it will do me good," she said. "Come."

She plunged suddenly to her right—we found ourselves in a thicket of trees and pursuing a winding path which I, alone, would never have discovered. We walked without articulating a single word for two to three miles. When we got to the edge of the common, Mrs. Randall paused abruptly.

"You are safe now," she said; "the railway station is not half a mile away, and that is the high road yonder."

"How am I to thank you?" I said.

"By not thanking me," she answered; "you did what you could for him. I tried to save you, but remember that my life is valueless."

"You have no right to say that—you are very young. Surely you can get yourself out of your present terrible predicament."

She shook her head.

"I don't know that I want to," she answered. Then she paused, and looked earnestly at me.

"You will, of course, give evidence against us?" she said.

I was not prepared to reply, and did not speak.

"Do not scruple to," she continued; "the life I lead is beyond endurance, and now that Ben is dead, I want to end it, one way or another."

"I think I can help you if you will let me," I said. "You will be in danger if you go back to the cottage. Let me try to get you into a place of safety."

"No," she said, "I am all right; I know how to manage them. I belong to the gang, and must take the rough with the smooth. Besides, my husband's body lies unburied, and I can kiss him again. Good-bye."

She turned as she spoke. The day was just beginning to break in the east, and I saw her white dress vanish amongst the furze-bushes and wild undergrowth of the common.

When I reached town, I sent a messenger to Scotland Yard to ask an inspector to call upon me. I had a sort of hope that I might be in time to save Mrs. Randall, for, notwithstanding her brave words, I dreaded the fate that would be hers if she were left to the tender mercies of ruffians like her brother-in-law and Jasper. My interview with the police inspector resulted in his going down that very morning to the cottage on Steven's Heath. News of a daring burglary and of the murder of a policeman had already got into the papers, and my evidence was

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considered of the utmost value. In order to expedite matters, I accompanied the inspector to the scene of my last night's adventure.

The small house in which I had endured such long hours of agony looked calm and peaceful seen by the light of day. It was a rustic, pretty place; a few barn-door fowls strutted about; in a field near by were some downy chickens. Doubtless, the idea of the chicken farm was kept up as a sort of blind. On making inquiries, we found that the Randalls were known by their few neighbours as harmless, reserved sort of people, of the name of Austen; they had lived in the cottage for over two years; they had made no friends, and never until now had a breath of suspicion attached to them.

The cottage was two or three miles from any other dwelling, and beyond the fact that a young woman and two men lived there, the neighbours could give little information. The police and I passed now through the little porch and entered the hall, which was flooded with sunshine. The door stood wide open—a more peaceful spot could scarcely be imagined. It was almost impossible to connect so pretty a cottage with scenes of bloodshed and murder. I looked around me for any sign of Hal or Jasper, and still more anxiously for Mrs. Randall, but although we shouted and made a noise, no one appeared. Accompanied by the police I went upstairs. The dead man lay on the bed just where I had left him the night before—his eyes were closed, and someone had thrown a white sheet over him, but no sign of any human being was visible. The police and I searched the cottage from cellar to attic. Not a trace of Jasper or Hal could we discover—not a trace either of Mrs. Randall. A quantity of stolen goods, plate, and other valuables were found in one of the cellars, as well as some almost priceless wine, which was afterwards identified as the property of a gentleman who lived not far from my friends, the Mathisons.



"PLATE AND OTHER VALUABLES WERE DISCOVERED."

For a long time large rewards were offered, and there was a hue and cry all over that part of the country for the three missing individuals—but from that day to now, no trace has been found of them. The dead man could tell no tales, and the living had vanished as completely as if they had never existed.

These things happened a few years ago, but even now, in the midst of my active life, I think at times of Mrs. Randall—of her youth, and of the horrible life which was hers. Is she still in the land of the living, or what has been her fate? I am not likely to be able to answer that question until the curtain is lifted.

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The Signatures of Napoleon (with Portraits).

From 1785 to 1821.

(Born 15th August, 1769: died 5th May, 1821).

By J. Holt Schooling.

THE first Napoleon was a remarkable man, and did many remarkable acts: some of the most extraordinary of these remain to posterity in the form of his signatures.

During many years a man may collect many things of different kinds, while, if he specialize his energy, he may collect a great many things of one kind. From a large



Fig. 1.—As a Cadet in 1785. Age 16.

collection of handwritings which I possess, I have selected the accompanying autographs of Napoleon, and have arranged them in chronological order. Some of these specimens are individually remarkable, and if viewed as a series extending over thirty-six years of Napoleon's life, they may be regarded as a collection which is probably unique.

Let us look at these black and white tracings of Napoleon's hand-gesture, which he permanently recorded when he wrote his signatures: they are interesting as curiosities, and their interest will be increased for such readers as may consider that handwriting is one form of personal gesture by which a good deal of a man's individuality is expressed. The facsimiles here shown have been reduced to three-quarters of the linear dimensions of the originals.

The first signature was written in 1785 by young Buonaparte—he had not then altered the Italian form of spelling his name—when



BUONAPARTE IN 1793. AGE 24.



GENERAL BUONAPARTE IN 1795. AGE 26.
From a Drawing by J. Guerin.

a cadet in the Paris Military School; the second and third (Figs. 2 and 3) when an officer of Artillery, and the fourth as Captain



Fig. 2.—*Officier d'Artillerie*, 1792. Age 23.

in 1793. Before the close of that year Buonaparte was a General—at twenty-four years of age.

Little of Napoleon's immense will-power is shown in the first signature, although the

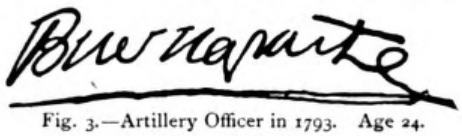


Fig. 3.—Artillery Officer in 1793. Age 24.

emphasis of its strokes shows force of character even at age 16. In the next three signatures the *active* force of his will begins to assert itself, noticeably in Fig. 4, with its upward movement, and its heavy, outstretching final stroke.

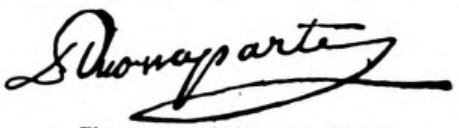


Fig. 4.—Captain in 1793. Age 24.

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EARLY IN 1796. AGE 26.
Painted at Milan, by Appiani.

In Figs. 5, 6, and 7 we have signatures of Napoleon as General Buonaparte, and the growing power and force of the man are matched by the increasing vehemence and activity of his writing. The double *B* of Fig. 7, and the excessive heaviness of the

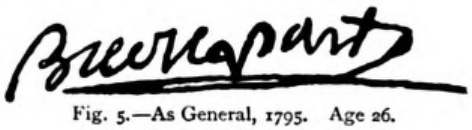


Fig. 5.—As General, 1795. Age 26.

under-line, are truly significant, when we note that these imperious strokes were written by a young man in his twenty-seventh year.

In February, 1796, Napoleon was appointed General-in-Chief of the army in Italy, and he signed "Buonaparte" up to the 29th of that month. From Nice, on the 28th of March, 1796, he wrote to the Executive Directory in Paris, informing them that he had taken command of the army, and he signed as in Fig. 8—without the *u*—an alteration generally adopted by Napoleon from that time.

Fig. 9 is the signature from a letter reporting the Battle of Montenotte, and the next was appended to his proclamation at Milan,



EARLY IN 1796. AGE 26.
From Life, by C. Vernet.



Fig. 6.—*Le général Buonaparte.* 1795. Age 26.

on the 20th May, 1796: "Soldiers, you have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the top of the Apennines—Milan is yours!"



Fig. 7.—As General. A double *B*. 1796. Age 26.

(translation). The ascendant direction of Napoleon's signatures is here very marked, and from this time they increase in reckless-



Fig. 8.—March 28, 1796. Age 26.

ness of gesture until they reach their limit; and then we shall see how this terrific force of will and reckless action die away in the weakness of defeat and ruin.

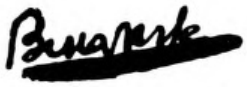


Fig. 9.—April 14, 1796. Age 26.

From Egypt, Napoleon wrote Figs. 11 and 12; the latter as First Consul, and Consul for Life of the Republic of France. The



Fig. 10.—At Milan, May 20, 1796. Age 26.

outward, aggressive-looking thrusts, which are seen in these specimens, are present in many of the signatures of those men whom Napoleon selected for his generals. This No. 12 is a striking example.

The address, of which Fig. 13 is a facsimile, was written by Napoleon, the messenger was intercepted by Nelson, and Fig. 14 shows the latter's indorsement — "found on the person of the Courier." This was written by Lord Nelson with his left hand.

The letter to which Figs. 13 and 14 relate is

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so interesting that it is worth quoting in full; here is a translation of it:—

Cairo, 7th Thermidor [*i.e.*, July 25th, 1798].

You will see by the public papers the account of the battles and conquest of Egypt, which has been sufficiently disputed to add a leaf to the military glory of this army. Egypt is the richest country on the face of the earth for corn, rice, vegetables, and meats.



Fig. 11.—In Egypt, 1798. Age 28.

Barbarism is at its height. There is no money, not even to pay the troops. I expect to be in France in two months. I trust my interests to you. I have many, many domestic annoyances, for the veil is completely raised; you alone on earth remain to me; your friendship is very dear to me; nothing more is wanting to make me a misanthrope but to lose it, and to see you betray me. It is my unhappy lot to entertain in my heart every feeling at once for one single person. You understand me.

Make arrangements that I may have some country place on my arrival, either near Paris or in Burgundy.



Fig. 12.—As First Consul, 1798. *Bonaparte* Age 28.

I count upon passing the winter and burying myself there. I am sick of human nature; I require solitude and isolation; pomp wearies me; all feeling is withered up; glory is insipid; at the age of twenty-nine I have exhausted everything; there is nothing left for me but to become a thorough egotist. I reckon upon keeping my house; never will I surrender it to anyone. I have only wherewith to live! Farewell, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you; you owe me this justice in spite of the wish of my heart to be so. You understand me!

This remarkable letter contains 266 words, among which are twelve *I*'s, nine *me*'s, seven

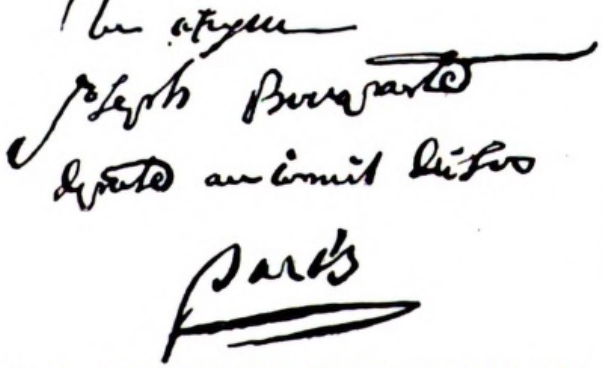


Fig. 13.—From a letter addressed by Napoleon to his brother, July 25, 1798. Age 29. *Au citoyen Joseph Bonaparte, député au Conseil des 500, Paris.* [See Fig. 14.]

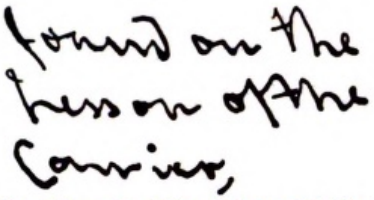


Fig. 14.—[See Fig. 13.] Nelson intercepted the letter, and endorsed it with his left hand. *Found on the person of the Courier.*

my's, and one *myself*; twenty-nine "personal" words, which amount to nearly 11 per cent. of the 266 words which compose the letter. We may suspect that already—at age twenty-nine—Napoleon had "become a thorough egotist." Another interesting feature of this letter which Nelson captured is



NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL IN 1799. AGE 30.

the droop of the handwriting across the page, especially where Napoleon wrote, "I am sick of human nature," etc. As we shall see later on, this droop of handwriting below the horizontal level from which each line of writing starts is thoroughly in accord with the physical action of depression and weariness.

But here come some good examples of the utter recklessness and the extraordinary will-force of this man. Look at Fig. 15; it is



Fig. 15.—At St. Cloud, as Emperor, May 25, 1804. Age 34.

one of Napoleon's first signatures as Emperor—he was then thirty-four years old. Fig. 16 was written in the same year, 1804. The

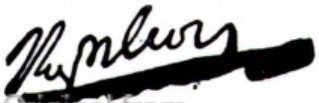


Fig. 16.—As Emperor, 1804. Age 35.

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IN JUNE 1800. NAPOLEON AT MOUNT ST. BERNARD. AGE 29.
A Photograph from the Original Painting by David.

next facsimile (Fig. 17) is a copy of the Emperor's signature on his instructions to General Massena, who had command of 50,000 men in Italy, and the letter ends: "Gain me victories" (translation). We are almost reminded (in a minor key) of the



Fig. 17.—". . . Gain me victories.—Napoleon." September 18, 1805. Age 36.

Yankee who said to his son: "Git dollars! Git 'em honestly if you can, but if not, Git dollars!"—but for the impossibility of crediting with any scruple a man who could make such a signature as Fig. 17. We often unconsciously betray ourselves in our trivial actions, and Napoleon has well earned his character as an utterly unscrupulous man by these hand-gestures he has left behind him. "Gain me victories!" Yes! And at any cost, gain ME victories!—reads this message to those who have studied men's written-gesture.

The next signature (Fig. 18) is positively rampant, and is accompanied by another of these cruel and fierce pen-thrusts. It was written immediately after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz.

The "mounting" movement so strongly shown by Fig. 18 may often be seen in the handwriting of ambitious and eager men. An ardent and active man shows this peculiarity in his writing, perhaps unconsciously, probably because ardour, activity, ambition, and their allied qualities are usually accompanied by a plentiful store of nerve-force; and plenty of nerve-force causes a



Fig. 18.—Written immediately after his victory at Austerlitz, December 3, 1805. Age 36.

man to perform all his acts in a buoyant and expansive fashion: he readily, and without conscious effort, expends the extra nerve-force which is needed, in order—for example—to continually thrust his pen upward and further away from his body than is really necessary to the act of writing.

After the campaign of 1806, Napoleon often signed only the first letters of his name, to be later on reduced to merely the initial *N.*

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A REPRESENTATION OF THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR IN 1804. AGE 35.

We see this abbreviation in Figs. 19 and 20; while at Berlin, in 1806 (Fig. 21), the signature was slightly fuller—another ferocious final stroke. Thirteen days before this



Fig. 19.—In 1806. *Nap.* Age 37.

signature was written at Berlin, its writer had won the Battle of Jena, and had thus justified his arrogant boast to lay Prussia at his feet.

It was at Berlin, where the signature in Fig. 21 was written, that Napoleon did one



Fig. 20. At Potsdam, October 26, 1806. *Nap.* Age 37.

of the very few acts of generosity which can be traced to him. The Prince of Hatzfeld, continuing to live in Berlin under Napoleon's protection, corresponded, nevertheless, with Hohenlohe, then in the field and opposed to Napoleon, and Hatzfeld sent information of the state and movements of the French army. One of his letters to Hohenlohe fell into the hands of the French; the Prince was arrested; his wife gained access to Napoleon, and, ignorant of her husband's treachery, spoke with the boldness of innocence in his favour. The Emperor handed to her Prince Hatzfeld's letter, and, confounded by the clearness of the evidence against her husband, the Princess fell on her knees in silence. "Put the paper in the fire, madam," said Napoleon, "and there will then be no proof." It is, of course,



Fig. 21.—At Berlin, October 29, 1806. Age 37.

impossible to say to what extent Napoleon was guided in this action by his susceptibility to female influences, but let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and ascribe the act to a sudden impulse of generous feeling.

At this time—when the French were at Berlin—perhaps no part of Buonaparte's conduct created more general disgust than his meanness in robbing the funeral monument of Frederick the Great of his sword and

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THE EMPEROR IN 1805. AGE 36.
From the Original Painting by Gerard.

orders. These unworthy trophies he sent to Paris, along with the best statues and pictures of the galleries of Berlin and Potsdam—conduct which may be described as house-breaking and robbery, glorified under the name of war.

The signature in Fig. 22 was written at the close of the 1806 campaign, and that of Fig. 23 early in 1807.

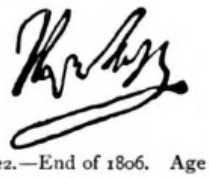


Fig. 22.—End of 1806. Age 37.

At this date—January, 1807—Napoleon had just been illustrating his entire unscrupulousness by making use of a forged letter. He authorized the circulation of an appeal to the Poles which bore the forged signature of the venerated Polish general, Kosciusko. "Dear countrymen and friends," said the forged proclamation, "arise! The Great Nation is before you—Napoleon expects, and Kosciusko calls on you. We are under the Ægis of the Monarch who vanquishes difficulties as if by miracles, and the re-animation of Poland is too glorious an achievement not to have been reserved for him by the Eternal." This forged appeal to the Poles for their assistance against Russia deceived many of those to whom it was addressed, and very soon after it was issued two Polish officers who had joined Napoleon's army sent from Berlin another proclamation, which commenced: "Poles! Napoleon—the Great, the Invincible—enters Poland with an army of 300,000 men. Without wishing to fathom the mystery of his views, let us strive to merit his magnanimity. 'I will see *(he has said to us)* whether you deserve to be a nation!' Your avenger, your restorer is here . . . . ." Thus did the great Napoleon trick the Poles into the belief that he had come to restore them. It is strange, indeed, that anyone could ever have felt any confidence in a man with a face like this 1806 portrait, for example, which shows Napoleon as he looked a little while before he wrote the original of Fig. 23. Indeed, all the portraits of him



Fig. 23.—Written at Varsovie. *Napoleon.* January 27, 1807. Age 37.



IN 1806. AGE 37.
Engraved by J. Thomson, from an Original Painting as Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

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NAPOLEON IN 1807. AGE 38.

which may be considered likenesses suggest a powerful and dangerous member of the actively aggressive criminal class, whom one would probably fight shy of if it were possible to meet him nowadays as one's *vis-à-vis* inside a London omnibus.

Now comes the first of Napoleon's terrific *N*'s (Fig. 24), which he used as a signature;



Fig. 24.—From the Imperial camp at Tilsit. *N.* June 22, 1807. Age 37.

it was written nine days after he had defeated the Russians at Friedland. The signature given in Fig. 25 was written at Madrid in 1808. Napoleon had transferred his attention to Spain, and had placed his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. There was no pretence of justice in the action, which was followed by the long and cruel war which ended in Napoleon's downfall. Are not these two *N*'s



Fig. 25.—At Madrid. *N.* December 7, 1808. Age 39.

suggestive of the violent and aggressive force of their writer?

On the 18th of April, 1809, Napoleon wrote to Marshal Massena as follows: "Activity, activity, celerity: I commend myself to you" (translation). In Fig. 26 we have his signature to this letter.

From the Imperial camp at Ratisbon on the 24th of April, 1809, the Emperor addressed a proclamation to the army, ending thus: "Before a month has elapsed, I shall be at Vienna" (translation)—a facsimile of the signature is given in Fig. 27. The extraordinary forcefulness of the man is there; look, too, at its eager, upward direction, and at the

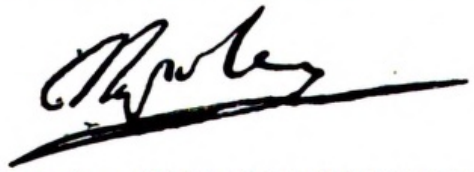


Fig. 26.—". . . Activity, activity, celerity: I commend myself to you.—Napoleon." April 18, 1809. Age 39.

tell-tale final stroke again. Fig. 28 was written by this marvellous man *at* Vienna; he got there with his army in less than three



Fig. 27.—". . . Before a month has elapsed, I shall be at Vienna.—Napoleon." April 24, 1809, from the camp at Ratisbon. Age 39.

weeks out of the month he allowed himself. Notice the exultant movement this specimen shows.

If we turn back to the first page of this article, and glance over the signatures from

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Fig. 1 to this Fig. 28, we can scarcely fail to notice one very prominent trait in them—the great *activity* of the hand-movement which formed them, a quality which is particularly well shown in Fig. 28.



Fig. 28.—At Vienna. *N.* May 13, 1809. Age 39.

In fact, if I were asked to describe in one word the most salient quality of Napoleon's handwriting, I would say—activity. This is not merely the activity of an ordinarily energetic man, but it is a restless, impetuous sort of brain excitation which caused this hand—now dead for seventy-five years—to make these extraordinary and unique movements which have been left outside death, and which remain to testify to the possession by Napoleon, in a supreme degree, of the quality he so much valued. And, side by side with this activity, another trait is hardly less plain—the reckless, unscrupulous, unrestrained nature of the man who wrote the signatures. Rarely do we find activity such as this, and rarely do we find such recklessness: still more rarely do we find these two qualities, both highly developed, combined in the nature of one man. But when we do find such a combination, we may look for a man with criminal propensities of the first water, and with the active power to make himself a common danger to society. Fortunately for society, such a combination seldom exists: we may find the criminal propensity without the active power, or we may find the active



AT THE TIME OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN IN 1812. AGE 43.
From the Painting by Charlet, "En Bivouac."

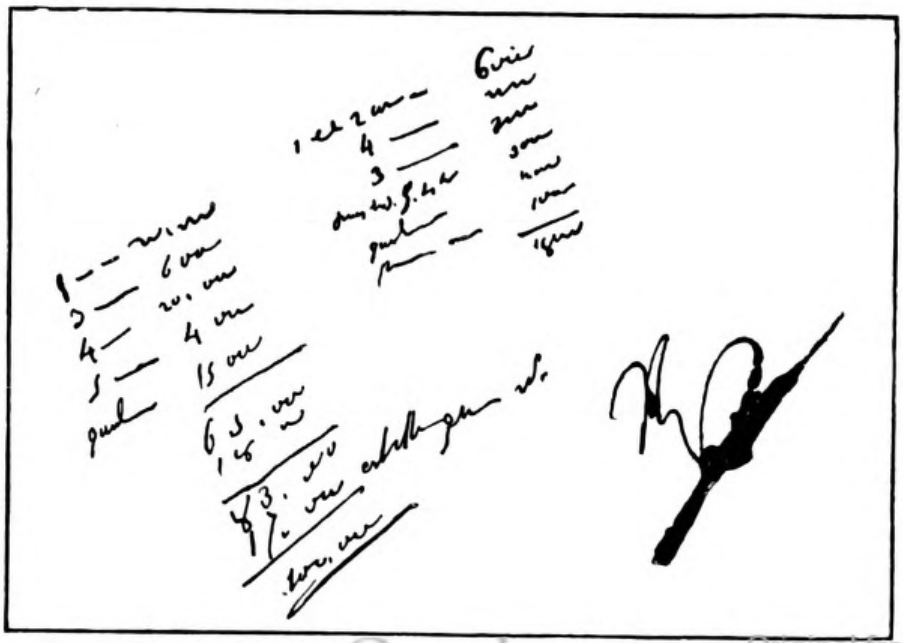


Fig. 29.—The adding-up of an army-corps, signed *N*, all written by Napoleon just before his march on Moscow, 1812. Age 43.

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power without the criminal propensity—rarely does Nature combine the two in one man to the degree in which Napoleon possessed both qualities.

Fig. 29 was written just before Napoleon's march on Moscow, in the autumn of 1812. With a fierce recklessness—akin to that which led him to disregard the lives of his devoted soldiers—he has here jotted down some of their numbers. The figures on the left relate to infantry, those on the right to cavalry, thus:—

Infantry.		Cavalry.
20,000	.....	6,000
6,000	.....	4,000
20,000	.....	2,000
4,000	.....	3,000
15,000	.....	2,000
—	.....	1,000
65,000		18,000

He combined the two totals, and to their sum ("83,000") Napoleon added "17,000 artillery," making up a grand total of "100,000" men for this one army corps. And what a reckless and exultant "*N*" is this one which sets the stamp upon this piece of paper! It is the gesture of a man who is mad with the passion of an ambition which takes no count of cost. One hundred thousand lives—most of which became deaths during the subsequent retreat from Moscow—are here dashed down with pen and ink like so many worthless counters at a game of cards!

In September, 1812, Napoleon entered Moscow as a conqueror—to leave it, soon after, under circumstances which cost him nearly half a million of soldiers' lives, and went far to break his power. Figs. 30, 31,



Fig. 30.—Entering Moscow, September 12, 1812. Age 43.

and 32 were written when entering or at Moscow, and the ascendant movement of Fig. 30 is striking. This is



Fig. 31.—Written at 3 a.m. on September 21st, 1812. Age 43.

in strong contrast with Fig. 33, written when in retreat from the burning city,



Fig. 32.—*Napoleon.* September 21, 1812. Age 43.

and at a time when even Napoleon must have felt the gravity of such a retreat during a Russian winter. However, he left his soldiers



Fig. 33. The retreat from Moscow. *N.* October 6, 1812. Age 43.

two months later, to live or die as they could manage, and went to Paris to get together more men to fight for him and to supply his hungry love of power.

The illustration in Fig. 34 shows Napoleon's signature twice scratched out by him and written a third time. It was written at Dresden, and General Pelet has recorded that the Emperor meditated some time before sending the orders to which this signature was appended.



AS A PRISONER IN JULY, 1815. AGE 45.
The Portrait of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon."
Painted by Sir Ch. Eastlake, R.A.

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Fig. 34.—*Napoleon.* Scratched out twice, and written a third time. Dresden, October 1, 1813. Age 44.

Now comes the most remarkable signature that Napoleon ever wrote. Whether you view it merely as a signature, or, looking more closely, as a human gesture, Fig. 35

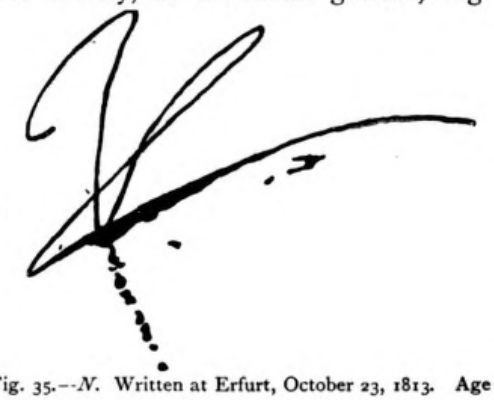


Fig. 35.—*N.* Written at Erfurt, October 23, 1813. Age 44.

is extraordinary among an extraordinary series. The man had just been disastrously beaten at Leipsic—a fatal battle—and he re-crossed the Rhine with only 70,000 of the 350,000 fresh victims he had got together after his Russian disaster. The rage and fury shown in Fig. 35 can scarcely be overlooked: Napoleon appears to have crushed down on the paper and splintered the pen he used.

The *N* shown in Fig. 36 was written after the allied forces had at last succeeded in



Fig. 36.—*N.* Written at Fontainebleau, April 4, 1814. Age 44.

taking possession of Paris, and Napoleon's downfall had commenced. The following signatures are in marked contrast with those



Fig. 37.—A scrawled *Napoleon.* Written at Elba, September 9, 1814. Age 45.

written at the height of his power—they are all less forceful, and some are significantly weak. Look, for example, at Fig. 37, which was written at Elba after Napoleon had abdicated—its droop is at once seen. And in Fig. 38 we have his signature after Waterloo had been won by Wellington, and when even Napoleon knew he was at last beaten. The letter from which Fig. 38 has been copied was written by Napoleon to the Prince

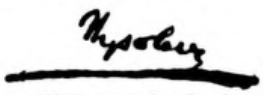


Fig. 38.—*Napoleon.* Written on the day before he surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, July 14, 1815. Age 45.

Regent of England on the day before he surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon.* There is here no ascendant angle of forty-five degrees or more, but the



Fig. 39.—Written at St. Helena, December 11, 1816. Age 47. This is Napoleon's first signature in the island.

signature drops below the level from which the *N* starts.

The three remaining signatures, Figs. 39, 40, and 41, were all written at St. Helena. Contrast them with those which came earlier



Fig. 40.—At St. Helena, 1818. Age 49.

in this series. The comparison is very suggestive of Napoleon's broken power. Fig. 41 is a facsimile of the concluding sentence



AT ST. HELENA IN 1819. AGE 50.

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of Napoleon's will—"ceci est mon testament ecrit tout entier de ma propre main. — Napoleon"—and was written by him twenty days before his death. Nearly every word droops below its starting level, and the bold, aggressive strokes of the signature have vanished, even the underline does not extend beyond the final *n* of "Napoleon." How different are these later signatures from those written when this man was conquering all Europe, no matter at what cost of human lives!



NAPOLEON DEAD.
Engraved by W. Humphreys, from a Drawing made at St. Helena by Captain Marryat, C.B., an hour after the Emperor's death, 5th May, 1821. Age 51-52.

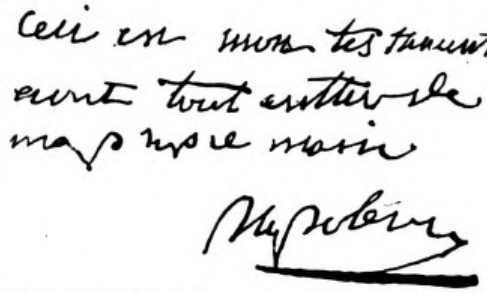
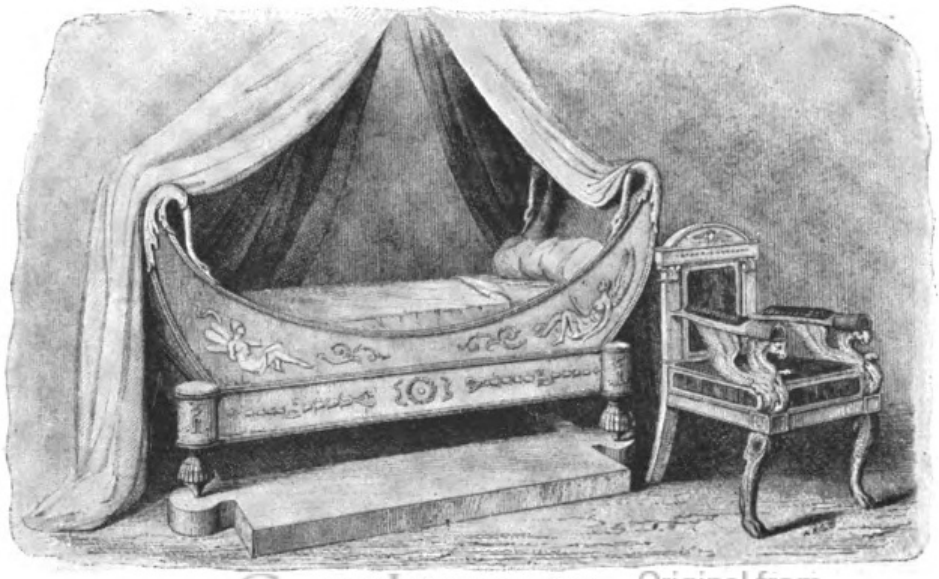


Fig. 41.—(Translation) ". . . this is my will, entirely written with my own hand.—Napoleon." St. Helena, April 15, 1821. Age 51.

It would be rash to say that signatures alone supply adequate material from which to diagnose character; it would be equally rash to deny that signatures are often very expressive of characteristic traits — the present series can scarcely fail to impress us with the truth of the theory that handwriting is a recorded tracing of our gesture, which is, moreover, highly expressive of our individual peculiarities.

The temperate and scientific treatment which this study has lately received in France and England has done much to counteract the injurious effects of a sufficiently widespread charlatanism, and of superficial treatment by its too enthusiastic supporters.

NOTE.—I thank Mr. William Tegg for permission to reproduce some facsimiles published by him twenty years ago, and also Mr. Samuel Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, W.C., for an extended permission to reproduce from my *Handwriting and Expression* (Kegan, Paul & Co., 1892) some of Napoleon's signatures which Mr. Davey lent me for the illustration of that work. Also, I refer readers who may like to know more about the *rationale* of this study to my paper on "Written Gesture" in the *Nineteenth Century* for March of this year.—J. H. S.



NAPOLEON'S BED AND CHAIR.

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THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

BORN 1848.

THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D., formerly Bishop of Rochester, who succeeded the late Dr. Thorold at Winchester, graduated



AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall East.

at Oxford. Ordained in 1874, he was appointed in 1877 chaplain and private secretary to Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canter-



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

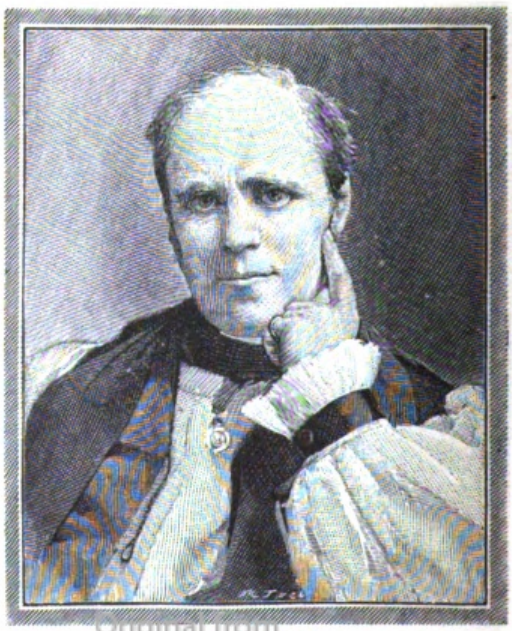
bury. In 1882 he became sub-almoner and honorary chaplain to the Queen and one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral.

In June, 1883, Dr. Davidson was appointed by the Queen to the Deanery of Windsor, became also Resident Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Registrar of the Order of



AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street.

the Garter. He is the author of many standard works, and in 1891 succeeded Bishop Philpott as Clerk of the Closet to the Queen.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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From a Photo. by] AGE 13. *[W. & R. Gowland, York.*

LORD WENLOCK.

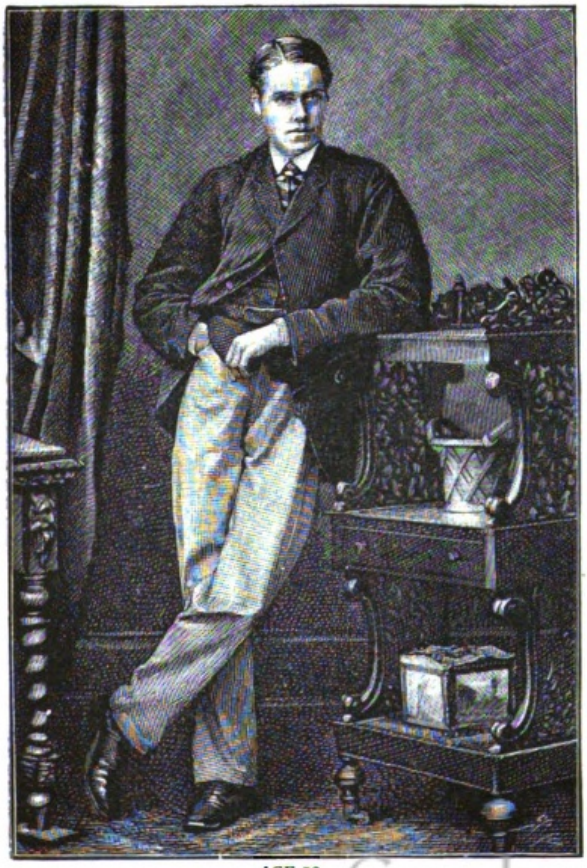
BORN 1849.

BEILBY LAWLEY, Lord Wenlock, is the eldest son of the second Baron and the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster. He was born in Berkeley Square, London, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1872 Lord Wenlock married Lady Constance Mary Lascelles, C.I., daughter of the fourth Earl of Harewood. He succeeded his father in 1880; is a Major in the York-



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Silvester Parry, Chester.

shire Yeomanry Cavalry; a J.P. for Yorks, North and East Ridings, and late Chairman of the County Council for East Riding. He was M.P. for Chester from April to July, 1880, when he was unseated on petition. He was appointed to the Governor-



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

ship of Madras in 1890, his term of office expiring this year, and was made a G.C.I.E. in 1891.

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From a] AGE 20. *[Daguerreotype.*

COL. SIR VIVIAN MAJENDIE, C.B.
BORN 1836.

COLONEL SIR VIVIAN MAJENDIE, C.B., Chief Inspector of Explosives, began his career in the Royal Artillery, and served with distinction at Sebastopol and at the capture of Lucknow. In 1861 he was appointed a Captain-Instructor



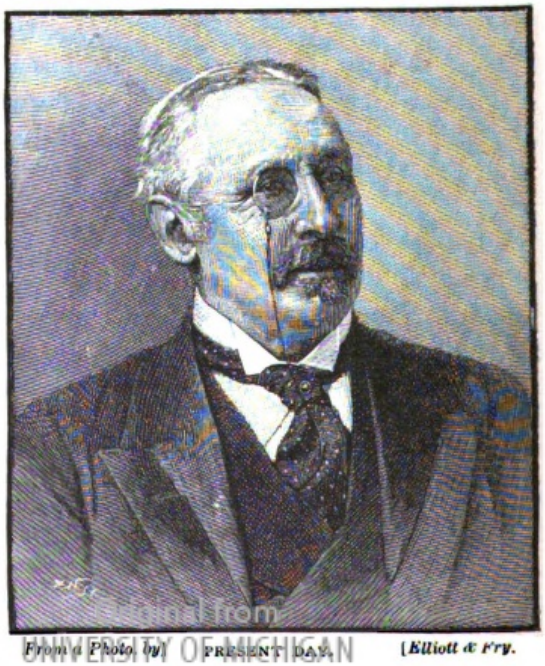
From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Dupont, Brussels.*

of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, and in 1866 became Assistant Superintendent, whence he was promoted to be Chief Inspector of Explosives, Home Office, in 1870. For the last quarter of a century he has examined and reported on all kinds of bombs, infernal machines, and explosives found by the police



From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[J. Bateman, Canterbury.*

in the pursuit of their vocation. When the cloak-room at Victoria Station had been blown up, he opened a clockwork infernal machine, which was working at the time, and might have exploded and killed him at any moment.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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MISS MAUD MILLETT.

THIS young *ingénue* actress is the daughter of the late Major Hugh Millett. Miss Millett, who was born in India, came to England with her mother, and, having determined to adopt the stage as a profession, made her début as *Sebastian* in "Twelfth Night," and then appeared at the Globe Theatre during the run of the "Private Secretary," in which she played the part of *Eva Webster*. Engagements for minor characters followed at the Vaudeville, Comedy, Novelty, and Royalty theatres, after which she appeared in Miss Kate Vaughan's old comedy revivals at the Gaiety. It was in "Sweet Lavender," however, that she achieved her first substantial success, and her unaffected acting was quite one of the features of the play. She was next engaged by Mr. E. S. Willard to personate *Mary Blenkarn* in "The Middleman." In 1891 she was engaged by Mr. George Alexander for the *ingénue* lead in "The Idler," at St. James's. Amongst her other accomplishments, Miss Millett is a first-rate lady cricketer. She has been honoured by the most distinguished patronage in her art, enjoys the friendship of Royalty, and has only lately appeared with much success in the "Home Secretary."



AGE 10 MONTHS.



From a Photo. by] AGE 3. *[Mursee, Peshawur.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[W. & D. Downey.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alex. Bassano.*

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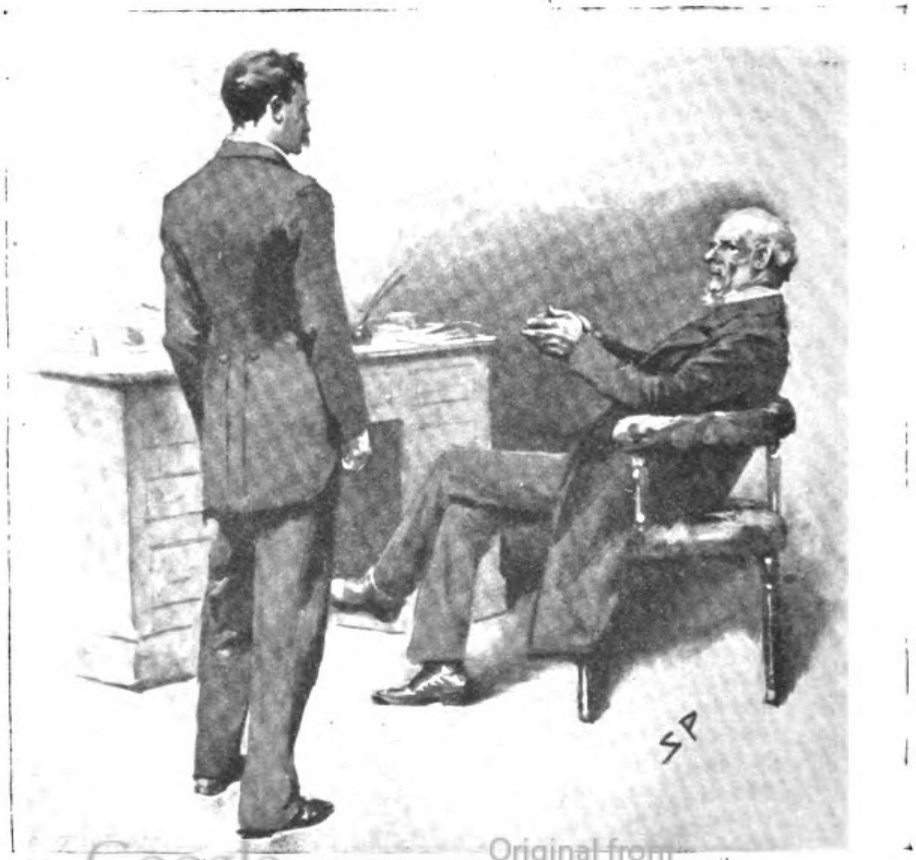
A Black Diamond.

By Marianne Kent.

IT was a dull spring morning when the great steamer *Nelson*, which for the past four weeks had been making its way from Calcutta, came within sight of Southampton. The men at the look-out had seen the land long before the unaccustomed eye could discern it even through a glass. But, as the morning mists cleared away suddenly, a long belt of coast appeared, and very soon the harbour and its surroundings were plainly visible. Many of the passengers had gathered on deck, each eager to catch the first glimpse of land. There were sunburnt soldiers, some of whom had not been in their native land for years, and who thought wistfully of the changes time had made in the homes to which they were returning. There were delicate, fair-haired children, watched over by anxious mothers, whose hearts were torn with the conflicting thoughts of the husbands they had left behind them, and of the little ones they were so soon to abandon to a stranger's care.

As I stood among the little group and watched the eager faces all turned in one direction, I told myself that, perhaps, none of them would be quite so glad to reach their journey's end as I. One is apt to reason in this fashion, for to each his own concerns seem of so much more consequence than those that engross his neighbour. Still, my egotistical reflection was, in a measure, true, for to me the landing at Southampton meant more than that a safe passage from India had been accomplished. It meant that the goal had been reached on which every thought and hope had been centred for months past. It meant that a mission upon which my future career depended had been triumphantly carried through. It meant to me, in fact, the difference between success and failure.

During my five-and-thirty years of life I had gone through many varied experiences, but none that had caused me so much anxiety of mind as this voyage home from Calcutta. My fellow-passengers on board the steamer little knew the responsibility with which I was weighted—that if I had found a watery grave, £80,000 would have gone to the bottom with me, and Brassington, the well-known firm of London jewellers, would have been unable to fulfil a Royal commission for a wedding present for a Princess. For more than ten years I had been in the employment of the Messrs. Brassington, and although they had always



"WE HAVE DECIDED TO INTRUST YOU WITH THE TASK."

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treated me with confidence, sending me out to India to complete the purchase of an historical diamond belonging to an Eastern Rajah was the highest mark of distinction they had ever paid me. I can recall the thrill of delight that passed through me when the elder Brassington, the chief of the firm, called me into his room, and after speaking of the negotiations that had been going on concerning the diamond, said :—

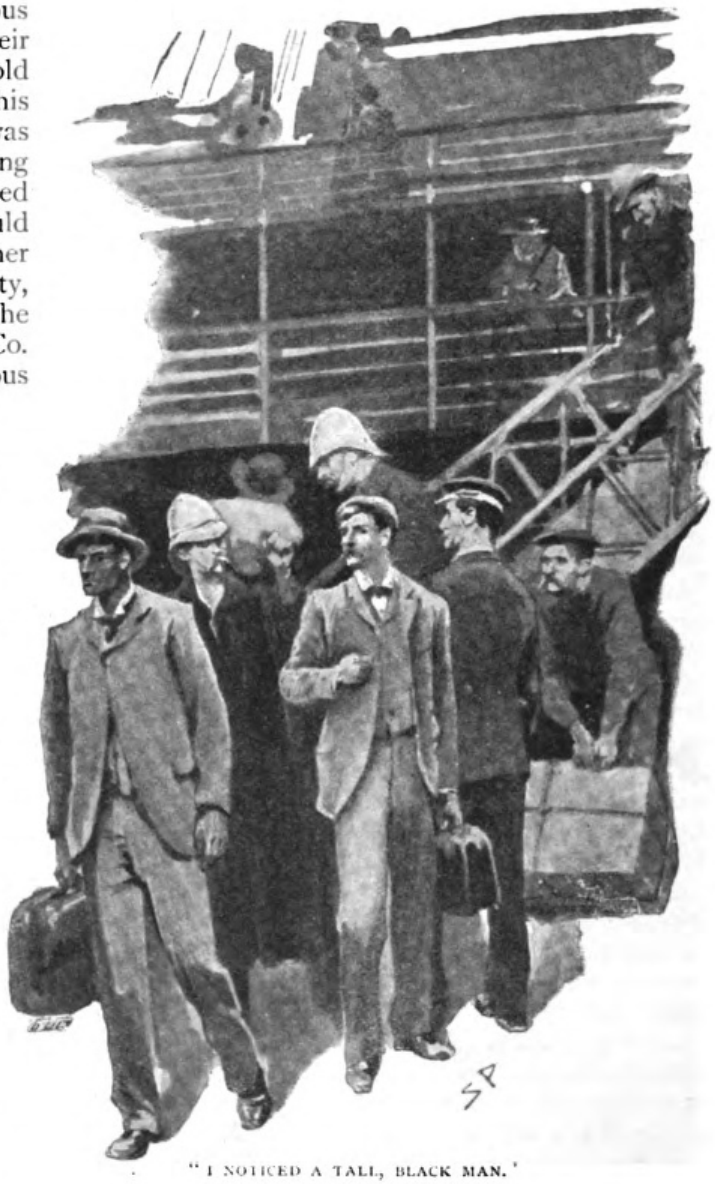
"Mr. Fenton, we have decided to intrust you with the responsible task of fetching it from India."

My fellow-clerks, if a trifle envious of my preferment, were loud in their congratulations, declaring that "old Dick" was in luck's way—that his fortune was made! Indeed, I was somewhat of that way of thinking myself, for I reflected that if I carried out my mission successfully I should never again be ranked with the other clerks, but should, in all probability, be given a junior partnership in the flourishing firm of Brassington and Co. With these sanguine and ambitious thoughts in my head, I went out to the East, where I executed my instructions to the letter and secured the costly bauble, which was a magnificent stone, the size of a large hazel-nut. Under my coat and waistcoat I wore a strong leather belt, in which was a small pouch, or pocket, and in this I was to carry the diamond home. I had resolved that the belt should never leave me day or night until I had delivered my precious charge to my employers.

After the diamond came into my possession I had an anxious time of it before embarking at Calcutta. For the sale of the stone was soon noised about, and the natives there are a crafty, cunning set, jewellery having an attraction for them such as a magnet has for a needle. However, I managed to elude all would-be plunderers, and went on board the steamer feeling that, if only the elements were propitious, I had nothing more to fear. On the whole, the voyage home was a fair one, and once in sight of Southampton I felt elated, as one who knows that a victory is secured.

On landing, I had to make my way to a jeweller in the town, who was an agent of our firm, and to whom Mr. Brassington had promised a sight of the diamond *en route*. After I had interviewed this man, I had only to choose a convenient train and make the best of my way to London, where I hoped to arrive before our business establishment closed for the night, and so rid myself of all further responsibility.

As I passed from the steamer with the other passengers, I noticed a tall, black man, who, strangely enough, I never remembered to have encountered during the voyage. He



"I NOTICED A TALL, BLACK MAN."

was dressed in a shabby suit of European clothes, but he had a striking resemblance to a native servant of the Rajah from whom I had bought the diamond. The man had an evil-looking face, and I had a strong suspicion that he had designs for robbing me

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of the stone, for he had dogged my footsteps as I made my way from his master's palace to Calcutta. However, on reflection, I felt that the Rajah's servant and the man who disembarked with me at Southampton could hardly be the same. For, while the first had lost no opportunity of following me with his cunning, watchful eyes, the latter passed me without a gleam of recognition, and was soon lost in the crowd upon the harbour.

I made my way at once to Mr. French, the first jeweller in Southampton, and was annoyed to find that he was from home. I was only instructed to show the diamond to him, so that I was forced to await his return, and this prevented me from catching the early train I had fixed upon, and I found that I should be unable to leave for London until the evening express.

I wandered about Southampton, had some refreshments, and went back to the jeweller's early in the afternoon, where I found Mr. French expecting me. He was a melancholy little man, one of those odd creatures who, dissatisfied with life themselves, try to make others see things from their gloomy point of view. He admired the diamond, as in duty bound, but when I was expressing my pleasure at having brought it over in safety, he said, with a sinister smile:—

"Ah! my dear sir, don't exult before you are out of the wood! You have some miles farther to carry your treasure, and there is time for many things to happen on the road!"

Having made me feel depressed, to say the least of it, by these remarks, he followed them by a cheering anecdote.

"Ah!" he said, shaking his head, "how well I remember poor Foley bringing the Countess of Blank's rubies from New York. It is true he was a garrulous Irishman, and unable to keep his business to himself. Any way, he was followed, I believe, all the way from America, and was found in a ditch a few miles out of London, with his throat cut, and every vestige of the jewels gone!"

In my position this was not a comfortable tale to hear. Mr. French watched me critically for a few moments, and then inquired if I carried fire-arms? I replied that I had not done so since I went on board the steamer. He assured me that this was a great mistake. He was so positive about it, that I was induced to go out with him and purchase a revolver before going to the train. I parted from my new friend with a sense of relief, and tried to shake off the gloomy fears with which he had infected me. I went to the railway book-stall and laid in a stock of papers to beguile my journey. Who is there who revels in a daily paper as an Englishman but just returned from abroad?

I chose my seat in the train—a small, second-class compartment—and then, my head still running on Mr. French's stories, decided to secure the carriage to myself. I flung my rug and papers upon the seat and walked down the platform in search of the guard. Slipping something into the hand of that intelligent individual, I desired him to see that I was left undisturbed. He came back with me and, when I had taken my seat, locked the carriage door, and I settled myself comfortably in a corner, feeling a sense of security that I had not experienced for some time. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train left the station, but without being able to effect an entrance, and I steamed out of Southampton in solitary state.

There was still sufficient daylight for me to read by. I turned over my papers and selected my favourite, and leant back on the cushions to enjoy it at my leisure. As I did so, it seemed to me that the revolver in my pocket stuck out at an unpleasant angle. Now I must confess to a weakness, and that is an intense dislike to weapons of all kinds. As Bon Gualtier expresses it, "I have a wholesome horror both of powder and of steel," so I drew the revolver from my pocket and placed it on the seat beside me. It was not a wise thing to do, as a sudden lurch of the train might have sent it flying off, when the mischief would have been done. However, this was what I did, and then I resumed my reading with redoubled relish.

For some quarter of an hour I was buried in an article, but at the end of that time I laid the paper down and glanced about me. Then I became aware of an extraordinary fact: the revolver had disappeared. At first I was incredulous. I looked on the seats on either side of me, I felt in my pockets to see if I could have replaced it there, but it was not to be seen. And as I sat dazed and bewildered, the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was not alone, that someone was concealed beneath the seat and had been locked in with me. It was a hideous thought. I sat motionless, making no sign, trying to face the position I was in as bravely as I could.

I told myself at last, that whoever was in hiding could have no possible designs on me. It was but a chance that I had selected the

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carriage where some unfortunate creature was already concealed: someone, perhaps, who was being pursued and in want of a weapon of self-defence, and who therefore had been unable to resist the temptation offered by my revolver. That must be it! My hopes began to revive as I reasoned out this theory. I did not touch the alarm bell, not knowing in what quarter of the carriage my mysterious companion might be, thinking he would doubtless spring upon me to prevent my making the signal. If my notion of the felon wishing to escape were correct, I felt that by keeping still I might reach the place where the train stopped for the first time in safety.

I need not say that I was unable to continue my reading. I sat with a paper held in my hand, staring fixedly before me. I don't know what length of time passed when, suddenly, I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body in the least,



"I FELT SOMETHING TOUCH MY FOOT."

I bent my head and looked down, and what I saw sent a thrill through me, that was felt in every nerve. On the floor, close to my foot, was a hand, and the hand was black!

Then for a certainty I knew that I was in the deadliest peril; that I was alone and unarmed at the mercy of the malignant wretch who had followed me from the far East with the fixed determination of securing the diamond. I felt that he was trying to slip a cord about my feet and so render me more helpless. It was a hideous dream, a grim nightmare from which each moment I expected to awake. But I seemed doomed. No chance of escape was possible. Death stared me in the face. Still, whatever my failings may be, I am no coward, therefore I resolved that if die I must, I would die game.

I gathered all my strength together and, with a sudden movement, caught that dusky hand and dragged the Indian from his hiding-place. My attack was so unexpected that he had not time to get at the revolver, which he had evidently thrust into his breast while he was busy with the cord. I saw my advantage in this, and clung to his right hand with desperate energy. But the brute was on me like a panther. He was a big, powerful man, with far more physical strength than I possessed, and from the first I saw that my case was hopeless; nevertheless, the struggle was a fierce one.

In reality, I suppose, it lasted but a few seconds, yet I had time to ask myself, more than once, what the end would be, little imagining the strange termination that was at hand. All at once, without any warning, the train dashed headlong into some great obstacle in its path. There was a terrible crash, and then the carriage we were in collapsed—crushed and splintered as a nut between the crackers.

The first lurch the train gave had separated me from my enemy. I knew not what had been his fate. As for myself, I was buried in the *débris* of the carriage. My right side (both arm and leg) was terribly crushed. The pain was too acute to allow of my quite losing consciousness, although I was dazed and stupefied. For the last half-hour I had been trying to face death bravely, feeling that my end was near, so that, in a measure, I was spared the terrible panic that filled the rest of the passengers in the train. I could hear their frantic, agonized cries for help. I could hear the hurried footsteps of those who went to their aid, and now and then I could see the flickering light of the lanterns

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they carried. But I heard and saw all in an indistinct way, not realizing exactly where I was or what was going on. At times I fell into a stupor, from which the pain in my crushed limbs roused me and brought me back to life once more.

After a while the wood that weighed upon me was lifted, and kindly faces looked down at me, expressing pity for my condition. I must have fainted when they tried to raise me, for when I next remembered anything, I was being carried along in the dark, with the feeble light of a lantern bobbing up and down before me. Again there was a blank, and when I next came to myself I was lying in a bed in a small place which had evidently been hastily arranged as a hospital for the wounded.

I felt weak and shattered by all I had gone through, and sank back on my pillows with a sigh of relief. Close to the bed a gentleman was standing, who I supposed was a doctor, and at a little distance was a nurse in a white cap. I took in all these details in a dreamy way, when suddenly, with a rush that sent my heart into my mouth, came the recollection of the diamond. What had become of it? My right arm, which must have been very badly broken and was now in splints, was quite useless. I could not move it in the least. With my left hand, which was also bruised and strained, I was able to feel that the leather belt was still about me, but the pocket, in which the stone was, was under my wounded arm. In the condition I was in, it was impossible for me to get at it, turn and twist as I might.

The doctor must have heard my restless movements, for he came and looked down at me inquiringly. He had a shrewd, kindly face, which I felt I could trust, and I explained my trouble to him. I spoke in a low tone, and as briefly as possible. It was a strange story—although I made no mention of the Indian—and my listener might have thought it the ravings of delirium, but on slipping his hand under me, as I directed, he felt the pocket in the belt and assured me that the stone was there.

"But you are hardly in a fit state to guard your treasure," he said; "shall I take charge of it until you can resume your journey?"

I thanked him warmly, but declared it was impossible that I could part with it for a moment. I know I was very excited when I said it, for I felt my temples throbbing, and my tongue seemed hardly able to form the words. The doctor watched me critically for a moment, and then, as he laid his hand upon my pulse, said soothingly:—

"Never mind, do not distress yourself. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. For who knows of the stone's existence? So put your fears aside and try to get well."

He poured something into a glass and gave it to me, and very soon I forgot all my troubles in a long, dreamless sleep.

It was in the cold darkness of early dawn that I awoke once more and gazed about me. I felt far more myself than I had done before I slept, and able to take an interest in the things about me. I noticed, now, that there were three beds in the room. The one on my left was empty; doubtless the poor creature it had contained had died and been removed while I slept. The room was only lighted by one feeble night-light, so that at first it was not easy for me to distinguish the different objects. But after a while, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I turned to get a better view of the bed on my right, and see who my companion in affliction might be. And there on the white pillow I saw the black head of my treacherous enemy!

I was very weak from all the pain I had undergone, and in that first moment I was paralyzed with fear—fear that had been a stranger to me during all that had happened in the train. My first impulse was to cry out for assistance, but I reflected that there would only be the nurses about, and they would be certain to think me delirious. Then, again, it was evident that the black man had not recognised me. So I summoned up the little courage I had left, and resolved to remain perfectly still, keeping my head turned away so that those crafty, cruel eyes should not see me. I don't know how much time passed, I only know that as I lay there my heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and the bed-clothes rose and fell with each labouring breath I drew.

At last a nurse stole softly into the room, and seeing I was awake gave me some medicine. I whispered an entreaty that she would not leave me. She smiled assent, and took a chair by my side. There must have been some narcotic in the mixture, for I had scarcely swallowed it than I fell asleep again, and then I suppose the nurse departed to look after some patient in an adjoining room.

It was feeling stealthy hands moving the bed-clothes about me that at length brought me back to consciousness, and looking up I saw that dark, evil face bending over me. Before I had time to utter a sound a heavy hand was laid upon my mouth, and the

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"I SAW THAT DARK, EVIL FACE BENDING OVER ME."

leather belt, which had evidently just been cut through, was dragged from me, and the next instant the Indian was stealing towards the window. Then I shouted as loudly as I could for help, but even as I did so, the black man was through the window and had disappeared in the darkness.

I had tried to struggle up to go in pursuit, but my maimed limbs refused to bear me, and I fell fainting across the bed as the nurse and doctor hurried into the room. As soon as I came to myself I cried out wildly, passionately, that I had been robbed, that I was ruined, that my position in life was lost!

The doctor looked at me with a smile.

"Don't make too sure of that," he said. And taking something from his waistcoat pocket, he placed it on the palm of his hand and held it towards me.

It was the Rajah's diamond! For the first few moments rapture and relief left room for no other thoughts. But, then, I asked, in bewilderment, how it had happened; for I had been so certain that the diamond was on me. After the doctor had assured me of its safety, I had managed more than once to press my wounded arm against my side and had then felt, distinctly, the small, hard substance that was worth so much.

The doctor laughed.

"That was a substitute," he said; and then he explained that, seeing I was in such a weak, excited state, he had not thought it prudent to leave the diamond with me. At the same time, seeing I should fret myself into a fever at parting with it, he had compromised matters by taking the diamond from me while I slept, and putting something in its place to keep me quiet.

"I intended to put a small pebble," he said, "but in the hurry of the moment could not find one of the right size, so made use, instead, of a bit of coal, which was exactly what I wanted. So you see your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own colour."

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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLIV.—REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, R.N., F.R.G.S.

By William G. FitzGerald.



ADMIRAL AND MRS. MARKHAM IN THE GARDEN AT AMAT LODGE.

IT is by no means an easy task to find the subject of this interview when you want him. Mayhap an exceedingly close acquaintance with the North Pole has imparted to the gallant Admiral something of the retiring—not to say receding—nature of that apochryphal entity. Be this as it may, I met Admiral Markham, after much correspondence and an appalling railway journey, in the extreme north of Scotland.

I think I was the only passenger that alighted at Bonar Bridge Station, on the confines of Sutherlandshire, one miserable afternoon, when the dreary Dornoch Firth looked like a big splash of ink at the foot of the mountains. A smart dog-cart was waiting for me, and I was presently bowling along the winding strath towards Amat Lodge, an ideal, old-fashioned shooting-box, wholly buried in three thousand acres of deer forest and grouse moor. This delightful place, a view of which is reproduced here, belongs to the Admiral's father-in-law, Mr. Francis T. Gervers, late of Kimberley, South Africa. In the photograph Admiral and Mrs. Markham are seen picking gooseberries in the garden of the lodge, and on the right is the flag-staff on which the white ensign is hoisted daily by Mrs. Markham's baby brothers.

As in Creation, the first day was comparative chaos. I had travelled from Inverness to Bonar Bridge over the Highland Railway, and this will convey much to those whose pleasure or profession takes them to Scotland. Briefly, it meant that prolonged rest was urgently needed. Advising people not to visit Scotland during the rainy season simply results in perpetual banishment from a fine country, for it always rains. This, however, was not an unmixed curse, for it provided me with a capital excuse for resisting all out-door temptations. True, I watched the salmon leap at the foot of the Charron Falls, and I visited a few crofters in their primitive dwellings; but I was consumed with a desire to get the Admiral to myself for an hour or two, with Mrs. Markham as prompter during the rehearsal of a romantic, glowing, and dramatic life-story.

At last the study of this distinguished man was cleared for action, and we three—the Admiral, Mrs. Markham and myself—commenced operations, to the haunting melody of the indescribably lovely salmon river that raced and seethed at the foot of the flag-staff in the garden. Rear-Admiral Albert Hastings Markham, whose portrait in the magnificent uniform of a Rear-Admiral of the British Navy is shown on the next page, was born on November 11th, 1841, at Bagnères de Bigorre, in the Pyrenees; his parents were travelling at the time. Admiral Markham's father was a captain in the Navy; his grandfather was private secretary to Warren Hast-

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REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.

ings ; and his great-grandfather was Dr. William Markham, Archbishop of York. The Admiral received his education at a school in Guernsey, and also from various private tutors.

In 1855 he entered Eastman's Naval Academy, at Southsea, in order to prepare himself for the Navy. He passed his examination at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, at the age of fourteen ; there were thirty competitors, of whom seventeen were successful. On learning that he had passed, young Markham went home to London on fourteen days' leave, at the expiration of which he was ordered to join the old *Victory*, at Portsmouth ; this precious old hulk was in commission at that time, and could have gone to sea if necessary.

Markham remained in the *Victory* five months, during which time he was initiated into the duties of a naval officer ; he was then drafted to the sixteen-gun brig *Camilla*—"one of the old coffins," said the Admiral, merrily, "so called because they had an unpleasant way of turning turtle. I served in her on the China Station for three years, and then, a few months after I left her, she sailed away and was never heard of again." It is supposed that the *Camilla* foundered in a typhoon in the China Sea.

During young Markham's service in the *Camilla*, that vessel was actively engaged in operations against the Chinese pirates. One bright, hot day, when the brig was twenty miles off Amoy, some twenty or thirty piratical junks were espied, and our hero, *ætat* fifteen, was ordered to board and capture one of these villainous craft, which carried a crew of forty or fifty men armed with pistols and cutlasses, after the manner of Mayne Reid. Markham's boat contained six lads, the oldest of whom was only nineteen, but they accomplished their seemingly impossible task all the same.

Later on, the *Camilla* took part in the Chinese War, being one of the squadron of British ships under Sir Michael Seymour, uncle of the present Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Squadron. This was an exciting time. The warships were towed up the Canton River by gunboats, and operations were commenced against Canton, which lasted for more than twelve months. As a sort of side issue, there were more pirates to be dealt with—pirates who sent fire-rafts among our fleet, and did other spiteful things. By the way, Admiral Markham tells me he once saw forty-eight of these gentry laid out "all in a row," and then decapitated by a deft-handed compatriot, who walked from one to



MRS. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by Vandyk, Queen's Gate.

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another whisking off their heads with a small but heavy sword.

After Canton was occupied by a military force, Markham went to India in the *Retribution*, and had served there about a year when news was brought of the defeat of Sir James Hope, at the Taku Forts, in 1859.

A call for volunteers for China, to fill up the vacancies caused by this defeat, was made, and soon after Markham left India in a mail steamer, accompanied by about forty volunteers, of whom he had command. He then joined the *Chesapeake*, and at the age of nineteen was taken on the personal staff of Sir James Hope, with whom he served throughout the whole of the operations that resulted in the capture of Pekin.

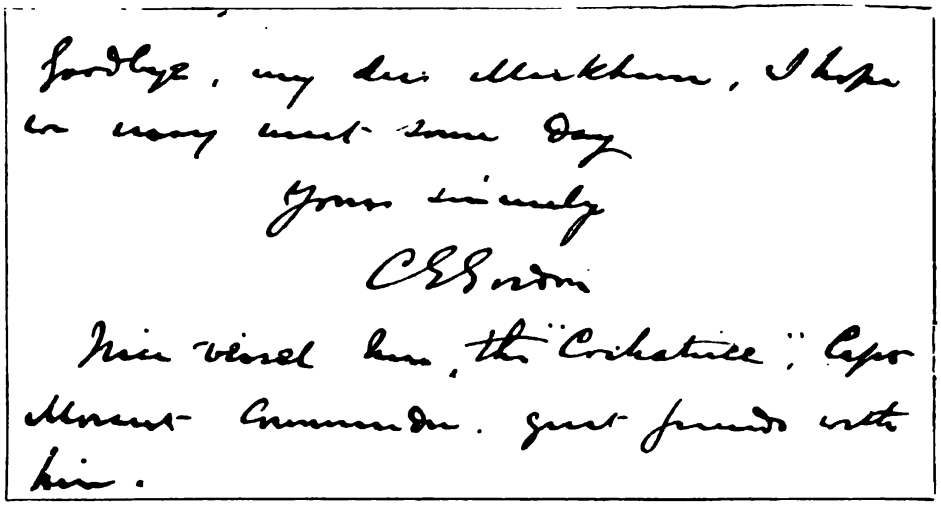
Of course, the great event of this campaign was the storming of the Taku Forts in 1860. Besides the fleet, there were some 30,000 British and French troops (under Sir Hope Grant) engaged on this occasion. "We opened fire at five o'clock in the morning," remarked the Admiral, "and at three in the afternoon the forts were in our possession." For his services in this war, Admiral Markham received the China medal with the Taku clasp, which, together with the Arctic medal, is seen upon his breast in the portrait.

After this, Markham passed his examination for lieutenant at Shanghai, and was immediately given an acting commission in the six-gun paddle frigate *Centaur*, in which vessel he saw much service against the Tai-pings in 1861–2. It was about this time that young Markham met Gordon, who took passage on board the *Centaur*, from the Taku Forts to Shanghai.

The two men were thrown together a good deal during these stormy times, and they naturally became very friendly. Many years afterwards, the Admiral wrote to Gordon, asking whether he might borrow and publish some journals and notes given by the hero of Khartoum to Mr. John Markham, Admiral Markham's brother, when the latter was Consul at Shanghai.

Before me as I write are the letters sent in reply to this request by the famous soldier. The first is dated from Constantinople, on the 18th of September, 1872: "I am now in quarantine for eight days," wrote Gordon, "having just come from Crimea, where I have been with General Adye to visit the cemeteries; and this will account for the delay in answering your note." Gordon is delighted to authorize the publication of the manuscripts, "and I hope you will put my name down for three copies" — *i.e.*, of the history of the Tai-ping Rebellion, which Admiral Markham was then engaged on, but which, however, was never published.

The next letter is written from "Galatz, 4th October, 1872." It recalls the meeting of the two men on board the *Centaur*, and answers some queries put by Markham. I reproduce here the conclusion of this letter, as illustrating the geniality of this nineteenth-century Joshua:—



FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF GENERAL GORDON'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL MARKHAM.

Now let me take up the thread of Admiral Markham's career. While serving in the *Centaur*, he was present at the capture of several Chinese towns—Sung-Keong, Na-jou, Shuk-Sing, and Ning-po. While off the latter place, Markham was sent in a Chinese junk, with a crew of twelve men, and a fighting force of twenty, to capture a piratical junk manned by eighty desperadoes, armed with matchlocks, jingalls, and other strange and fearful weapons. After a really desperate encounter, lasting four and a half hours, Markham succeeded in accomplishing his mission—with a loss, however, of five men. For this he was promoted by the Admiralty, who also caused a letter to be read on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, setting forth their

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lordships' satisfaction and approval of the gallant young lieutenant's pluck and resource.

"As regards Ning-po," remarked Admiral Markham to me, "it may be remembered that that large and important city was captured by us from the Tai-pings in 1862. The force that took Ning-po consisted only of some 300 blue-jackets, under Captain Roderick Dew, R.N., of H.M.S. *Scout*." The only relic of this stirring episode that the gallant Admiral possesses—for he was among those who occupied the town—is a large Chinese god, which he took from a deserted joss-house in Ning-po. This god, which is here depicted, at present occupies a commanding position on the staircase at 21, Eccleston Square, the town house of the Admiral's cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, P.R.G.S. We next find Lieutenant Markham at Yokohama, at the time when Japan was first being opened up. An English merchant, Mr. Richardson, had been murdered at Kanagawa, in the south of Japan, and Markham marched out from Yokohama with twelve men to recover the unfortunate man's body. The result of this outrage was the naval battle of Kagoshima in 1863, when eight warships were engaged. During this battle, Captains Josling and Eardley Wilmot were simultaneously killed by one shot.



CHINESE GOD, TAKEN BY ADMIRAL MARKHAM AT THE CAPTURE OF NING-PO.

In 1868 Markham reappears as first lieutenant of the *Blanche*, a six-gun composite cruiser, in which he spent four years on the Australian and New Zealand stations. Now we come to one of the most important episodes in the Admiral's adventurous career. In 1872 a Bill was passed to prevent kidnapping in the islands of the South Seas; and in consequence of the complicated state of affairs existing in these islands, Commodore Stirling, senior naval officer on the Australian Station, was ordered to send a man-of-war to cruise among the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups. The *Rosario*, of which ship Markham was in command, was the vessel selected for this important duty. She was a wooden sloop of 673 tons, carrying an armament of three revolving guns, and a complement of 145 officers and men.

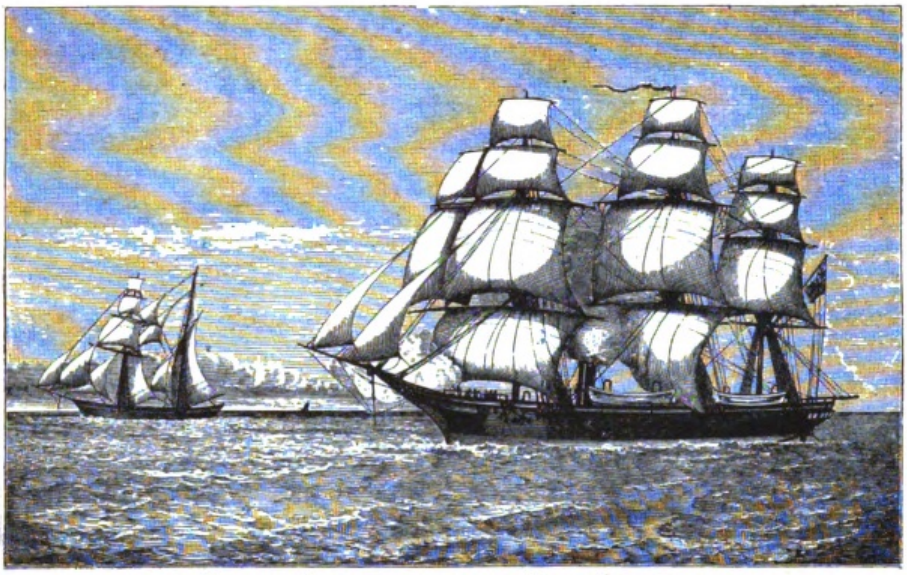
Markham had orders to visit as many of the islands as possible, and to interview missionaries and planters, concerning the murder of British subjects and the kidnapping of natives — an industry that throve exceedingly in those latitudes just then. The *Rosario* sailed from Sydney, and, after an uneventful voyage, she anchored off the Cascade, Norfolk Island. Here Markham learned of the murder of Bishop Patteson and others, at Nukapu, one of the Swallow Group, thirty miles northward of Santa Cruz. The Bishop used to cruise among the islands in his little yacht, the *Southern Cross*, a sixty-ton schooner. One day, however, he was greeted by his potential converts with a shower of poisoned arrows, and they finished off the heroic old man with clubs.

Admiral Markham's account of the cruise of the *Rosario* is one long, romantic story of the chasing of slavers, the burning of cannibal villages, and guerilla combats with savages who shot poisoned arrows.

The ingenuity of the white skippers, who waxed rich by man-stealing, was really remarkable. One individual went from island to island in a schooner-yacht very similar in appearance to the one used by Bishop Patteson, who was supposed to be invalided on board this identical vessel. The Bishop's supposed emissary, armed with an umbrella and a Bible, implored the guileless islanders to come on board to see the sick prelate. Once on board the vessel, the unfortunate creatures would be carried off to Queensland, where they were sold to the planters for £3 apiece. Or, worse still, the natives would be enticed off to a still larger vessel, their boats swamped with lumps of pig-iron, and themselves stunned with slung-shot and then decapitated, in order that their heads might be retailed to island chiefs who fancied such trophies for wall decoration.

In the illustration on following page we see the *Rosario* chasing the slaver, *Carl*, of Melbourne. On overhauling her, however, Markham's second lieutenant found every-

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H.M.S. "ROSARIO" CHASING THE SLAVER "CARL," OF MELBOURNE.

thing correct on board, and the hold newly whitewashed. This was a narrow escape for the *Carl*. Only the previous night there were eighty kidnapped islanders in the vessel, and these poor wretches, having fought among themselves and created a row, drew upon themselves the execration of the skipper and part owner of the ship, Dr. James P. Murray. This man and his crew, knowing that the *Rosario* was in the vicinity, spent the whole night in shooting the unfortunate occupants of the hold. Next day dead and wounded alike were thrown overboard to the sharks, while the shambles below were expeditiously whitewashed in expectation of the inevitable visit of an officer from the warship.

Lieutenant Markham left New Caledonia and returned to Sydney sixteen weeks from the date of his departure. Among the relics at 21, Eccleston Square, is a trophy of savage arms in the hall. This is made up of clubs from Fiji; poisoned arrows from Nukapu; tomahawks from Nguma; and bracelets and spears from the Solomon Islands. Markham's drastic treatment of these ungentle islanders was the subject of much criticism, but the Admiralty marked their approval of his conduct by sending him a Commander's commission.

On his return to England, Commander Markham found everyone greatly interested in the subject of Arctic exploration; and a little later, at the instigation of his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn, C.B., F.R.S., he resolved upon a pioneer Arctic trip, in order to study the nature and condition of the ice with a view to further exploration.

At that time, however, daring, adventurous men like Commander Markham met with scant encouragement; so in order to carry out his plans he actually signed articles as second mate on board the Dundee steam whaler *Arctic*, bound for Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Bothnia. "I agreed to be orderly, faithful, honest, and sober," remarked the Admiral, gleefully; "and my wages were to be one shilling a month, in addition to one penny for every ton of oil procured, and a farthing for every ton of whalebone." There was a further bonus paid to the members of the boat's crew that first struck and captured a payable "fish"—that is, one whose whalebone is over 6ft. in length.

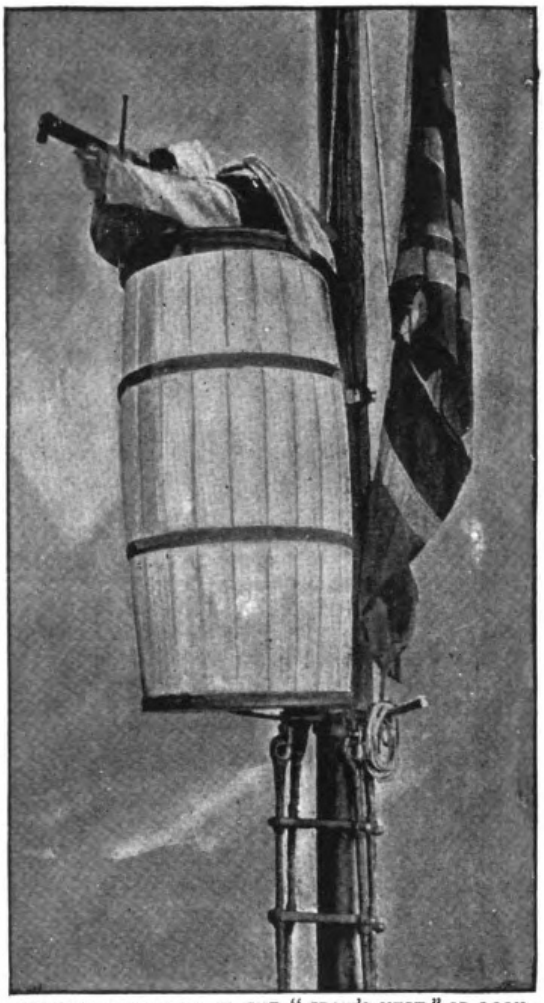
The *Arctic* was a vessel of 439 tons and 70 horse-power. She sailed on May 3rd, and returned to Dundee in the middle of September with twenty-nine whales—the largest cargo ever brought to Great Britain. And at that time the price of whalebone was £500 a ton! This trip—which, I need hardly say, was one itinerary of romantic adventure—conclusively showed Markham what a revolution steam had made in ice navigation. He reported to Admiral Sherard Osborn and to the Lords of the Admiralty; and soon after this he was appointed Commander of H.M.S. *Sultan*, then forming one of the Channel Squadron, under the late Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. While serving in the *Sultan*, Markham was in constant communication with his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn on the subject of Arctic exploration, and at the end of fifteen months the amazing intelligence came to him that Disraeli's Government had voted a grant of £100,000 for an organized expedition to the Polar regions, and that, furthermore, he himself had been selected for appointment to the *Alert*, one of the two ships of this expedition. Markham left the *Sultan* at Lisbon, and came home at once by mail steamer. So, too, did his illustrious chief,

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Captain (afterwards Sir George) Nares, who was then in command of the *Challenger* expedition at Hong Kong.

Of course, the preparations lasted several months, and were conducted mainly by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, the then Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The *Alert* was a 17-gun sloop that had already served two or three commissions on foreign stations, before being converted for Arctic service. She was given an external sheathing of seven inches of teak, and was lined with felt. Like her sister-ship, the *Alert* carried a crew of about sixty men, with nine boats, some of which were provided with swivel harpoon guns, such as the one shown in this picture. The *Discovery*, which was commanded by Captain Stephenson, now Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, had been a whaler; and she was bought and fitted at a cost of about £25,000.

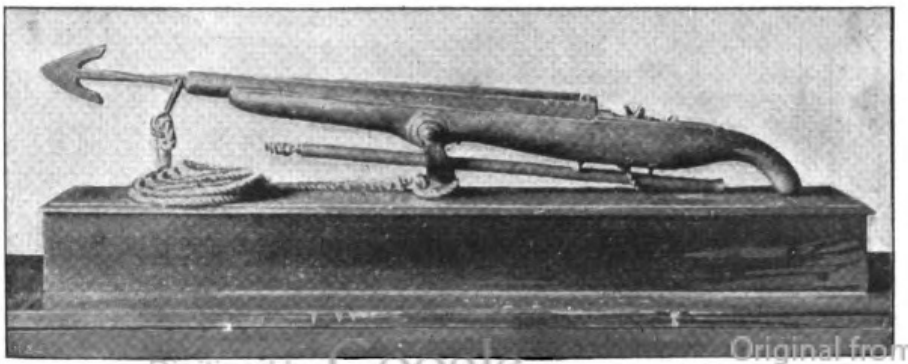


ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN THE "CROW'S NEST," OR LOOK-OUT STATION, OF THE "ALERT."

There was no dearth of volunteers for this service, and perhaps the most interesting question in the searching examination they underwent was: "Can you sing or dance?" Ability to entertain one's fellow-men counted for much. Did not the gallant Admiral himself take lessons in prestidigitation from a professor of that subtle art, in order that he might amuse his men when encamped in the desolate regions of the North Pole? Besides, games of every kind were purchased, from a pack of cards to a football. There were also taken musical instruments for a complete drum and fife band; pictures (to prevent snow-blindness); a printing-press; a piano; and a magic lantern.

Volunteers were not lacking. One of the captains of our Navy sent this plaintive message to Sir George Nares: "An order has come to my ship for volunteers. What am I to do? The whole ship's company, nearly 800 men, have given in their names." All sorts and conditions of men and women sent along presents. Her Majesty the Queen contributed something, and the Empress Eugénie "weighed in" with woollen caps for the men. The ladies of Queenstown formed a Christmas Box Committee, but their mysterious donations were not to be investigated until that festive season was in full swing.

The two ships set sail on May 29th, 1875, in the presence of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a host of soldiers, and an enthusiastic, cheering multitude. But I must not omit to mention the canine explorer, "Nellie," Admiral Markham's favourite dog, who accompanied the expedition, and for whom were specially made a set of four flannel moccasins. Nellie slept in an arm-chair in her master's cabin, snugly covered



THE HARPOON GUN.

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with her own blanket, on which her name was neatly embroidered.

I need scarcely say that observations and discoveries of the highest interest and value to science were made by Admiral Markham and other members of this expedition; but into discussion of these things it is not my intention to enter. Rather let me speak of the amusements of the members of the expedition. They played football on the ice, they skated, they drove dog-sledges at break-neck speed over insecure ice, and they played cards for precious wax matches and tallow candles, whose value was beyond price. On officers' birthdays there would be printed dinner menus, containing really clever French jokes; and then there were the programmes of the "Thursday Popular Concerts" and theatrical performances.



THE ADMIRAL'S FAVOURITE DOG, "NELLIE."

The "Royal Arctic Theatre" opened on November 18th, 1875, under the management of Commander Markham, and "under the distinguished patronage of Captain Nares, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood." The circle was not extensive. The actors rehearsed in their cabins, and, being far away from Clarkson and Harrison, their ingenuity was sorely taxed to devise wigs and costumes from oakum and musk-ox skins. Here is a scene from "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." The lovely Oriental princess wears a robe fashioned from a couple of eider-down quilts. But the "programmes" reflect so faithfully the exuberant humour of the expedition, that it is well worth while to reproduce one in its entirety.

Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated with considerable pomp. An effigy, stuffed with squibs and seated on a tar-barrel, was carried round the upper deck of the *Alert*, the drum and fife band playing meanwhile "The Rogues' March." It was then dragged on a sledge to the summit of a neighbouring hummock, and there solemnly burnt before the entire ship's company. The band went on playing until the lips and fingers of the fifers became frostbitten.

Here is depicted a bottle of "Arctic Ale,"



"ARCTIC" ALE.



A SCENE FROM "ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP."

specially brewed in 1875 for the expedition; also a box of Bryant and May's matches. It occurred to me to write to the famous brewers, Messrs. S. Allsopp and Sons, Ltd., of Burton, concerning this ale; and also to Messrs. Bryant and May. Mr. A. Maxwell Tod, the director of Allsopp's, writes me as follows:—

"The special qualities which

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ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

December 23rd, 1875.

☞ Positively for the first time in Lat. 82° 27′ N

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will have the honour to perform the popular and laughable farce, entitled the

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

After which

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will give an operatic representation of

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP:

A burlesque extravaganza,

In one act.

CHARACTERS.

The Emperor of China, a monarch in difficulties, who was under the necessity of marrying his daughter to the richest man about town . . . . . Mr. G. Le C. Egerton.

Aladdin, a lively youth, but a sad boy, who was more fortunate than he deserved to be . . . . . Mr. G. A. Giffard.

Abanazar, a magician, who had been round the world, but who could not get round Aladdin . . . Commr. Markham.

The Widow Twankay, Aladdin's ancient mother, who in her youth had never been beautiful, and who had not grown more lovely in her old age . . . . . Capt. Feilden.

Princess Badroulbadour, the Pearl of the East, and the Light of her Father's Eyes . . . . . Mr. Wyatt Rawson

Scene 1. Pekin.
Scene 2. The jewelled cavern.
Scene 3. The interior of Widow Twankay's dwelling.
Scene 4. Hall in the Emperor's palace.
Scene 5. Aladdin's palace in the suburbs of Pekin.
Scene 6. The same transported by magic to Africa.

The beautiful scenery wholly designed and painted by Professor Moss.

Music arranged and executed by Signore Aldrichi.

To commence at 7.30 precisely.

God save the Queen.

Messrs. Giffard and Symons, Printing Office, Trap Lane.

PLAYBILL OF THE "ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE."

rendered this beer so valuable for the purposes of the expedition were its strength and nutritive qualities. It is one of the strongest ales ever brewed by Allsopp's, and it may be mentioned in passing that the consistency of the wort was such that it would not run from the copper through the tap in the ordinary way, but had to be lifted out in buckets. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the public that the sustaining qualities of a beer such as this are far greater than those of wines or spirits.

"Allsopp's have only at the present time eleven bottles of this beer left. It has been re-corked, as if it were Waterloo port. It is almost 'still' and, indeed, has never been very effervescent, although not at all flat. Its colour is a rich brown, and its flavour is suggestive of old Madeira. It is to-day as sound as on the day of its birth, twenty years ago." "Birth" is good, as who should say, the dawn of a new era—of beer.

Wax matches, Messrs. Bryant and May tell me, are always used on these Polar expeditions. About a gross of boxes of matches were supplied to Markham's party, and these were wrapped in double sheets of zinc.

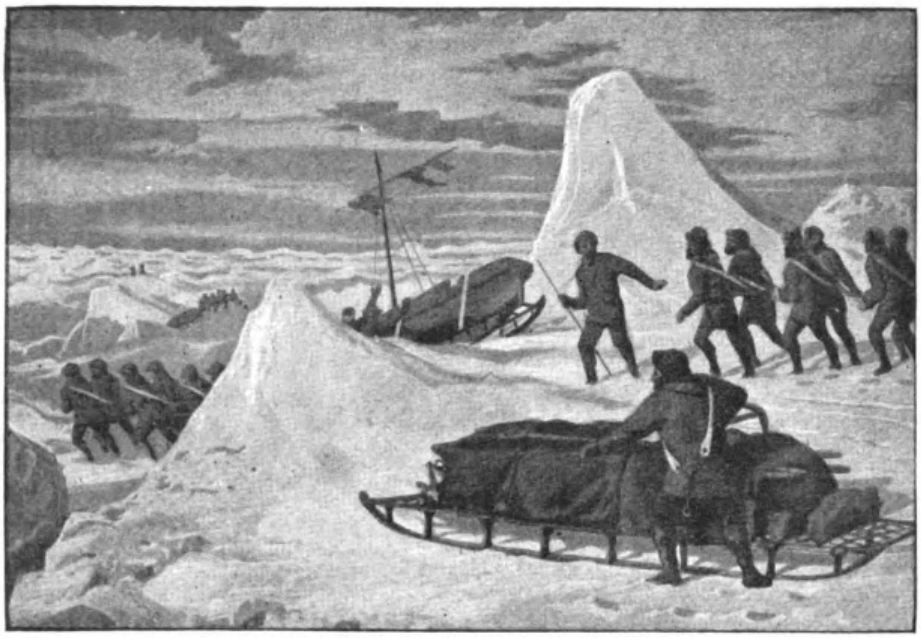
The *Alert* left her consort on August 26th, 1875, and the northern sledging party from this vessel started on April 3rd, 1876. It consisted of seven sledges; Markham's own sledge being called the "Marco Polo." In the reproduction the sledging party is seen setting out; and the united crews of the "Victoria," "Bulldog" and "Marco Polo" are hauling the latter sledge down through a gap in an ice-floe that was 150ft. in thickness. The original sketch was outlined in pencil on the spot by Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*.

On the 12th of May, 1876, our indomitable hero placed the Union Jack among the ice in latitude 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N., or 399½ miles from the North Pole—the highest authentic northern latitude ever reached by man, and a truly appalling region into the bargain. The announcement of the position was received with three cheers; and then all sang "The Union Jack of Old England" and the "Grand Palæocrystic Sledging Chorus"



"ARCTIC" MATCHES.

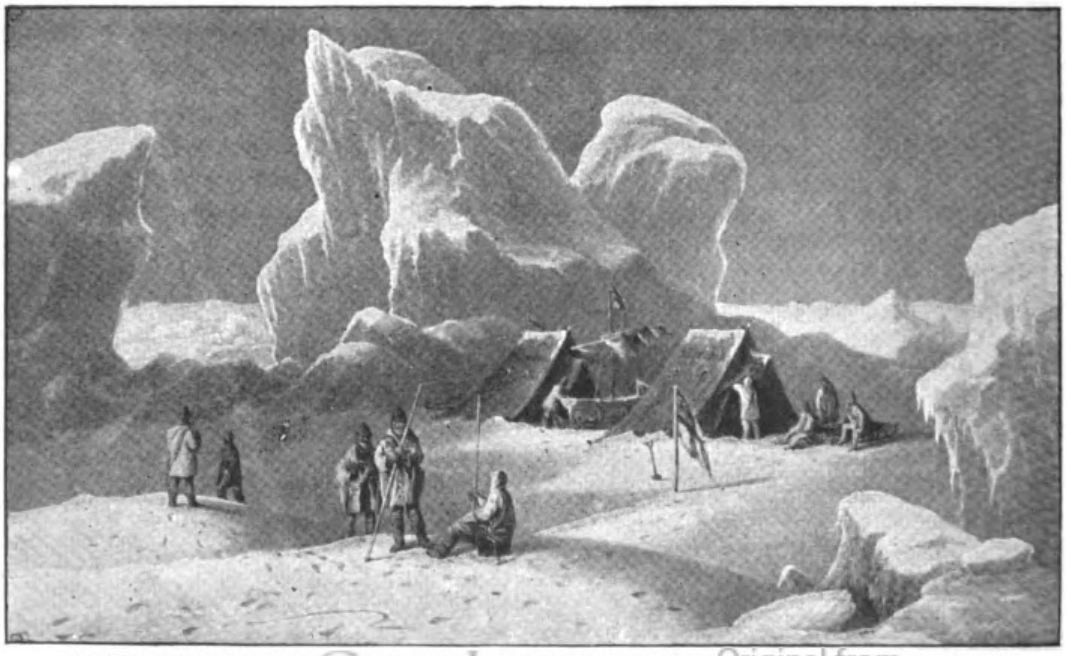
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THE SETTING OUT OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

(composed by one of the "talented company"), winding up with "God Save the Queen." The illustration given here is from an oil-painting by Markham's friend, Admiral Beechey, whose father, Sir William Beechey, was President of the Royal Academy some forty or fifty years ago. The silken flag was worked by Lady M'Clintock, and is now preserved in the Franklin Room, at Greenwich College.

At this time, five of Markham's men were disabled, many more showed decided scorbutic symptoms, while others were suffering from frost-bite and snow-blindness. On returning to the tents, after planting the flag, the party broached a magnum of whisky, that had been presented for the express purpose of being drunk when the highest northern point was reached. On the 8th of June there was a funeral in the icy desert, for poor Porter, one of the sledging party, succumbed and was buried in a hole in the ice, a rude cross of sledge battens marking his desolate grave. At last, on June 14th, Markham's party returned to the *Alert*. Besides himself and Lieutenant Parr, who had heroically walked on to report the crippled condition of the party, there were only three men who could drag the sledges; all the rest were invalids, and it is a miracle that they were brought back at all. The return of this heroic band of explorers is depicted in the accompanying illustration;



ADMIRAL MARKHAM PLANTS THE UNION JACK IN THE HIGHEST NORTHERN LATITUDE EVER REACHED.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.

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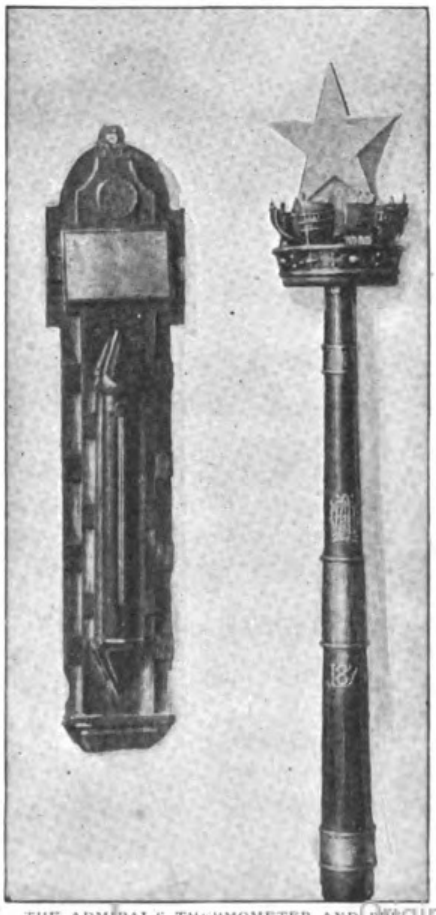


THE RETURN OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

and the gallant Admiral assures me that he was not recognised by Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*, who came out to his succour and offered him some wine. Both the *Alert* and the *Discovery* returned to Portsmouth Harbour on Nov. 2nd, 1876.

Here are two more relics of Admiral Markham's, which are now at his father-in-law's town house in Ashburn Place. On the left we see the *Alert's* thermometer, whose inscription tells its own tale: "This thermometer registered—77deg., or 109deg. below freezing point, at H.M.S. *Alert's* winter quarters, on March 4th, 1876. It was carried on the 12th of May, 1876, to Lat. 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N. The frame is made from a batten of the sledge 'Marco Polo.'"

The other relic is a highly ornate, silver-mounted sledge staff, presented to the Admiral by Captain (now Admiral Sir Anthony) and Mrs. Hoskins. On the top is seen the Pole Star surmounting the naval crown; and the inscription is: "I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."



THE ADMIRAL'S THERMOMETER AND PRESENTATION SLEDGE STAFF.

On the staircase at 21, Eccleston Square, may be seen an enormous glass case filled with Arctic animals and birds, collected by Admiral Markham during his whaling cruise, and in Novaya Zemlya. They were all killed and skinned by him, and they include various foxes, a white hare, Fulmar petrel, ivory gull, snowy owl, jer falcon, small seal, lemmings, eider ducks, a long-tailed duck, terns, guillemots, kittewakes, etc.

I should mention here that Mrs. Markham's wedding ring has an interesting history. It was fashioned from a sovereign for her distinguished husband in the Polar regions by the ship's armourer. The Admiral wore it for eighteen years. Many of the other officers had similar wedding rings made, and these in nearly every case figured prominently at their owners' weddings.

We next find this wonderful man departing for Novaya Zemlya in the forty-ton cutter *Isbjorn*, on a hunting expedition with Sir Henry Gore-Booth, after walrus, seals, and reindeer. Six months later, Markham returned to Tromsöe, where he found awaiting him a telegram from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment as Flag-Captain to Admiral Stirling in the *Triumph*, destined for service on the Pacific Station. For three years Captain Markham served in the *Triumph*, and during this

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time he witnessed the whole of the operations in the Chili-Peruvian War; he was, moreover, an ardent collector of natural history specimens—birds, insects, reptiles, etc. The Admiral tells me that while on the Pacific Station he sent home upwards of 600 birds, of which four were new to science.

On his return home, Captain Markham was selected for the command of the *Vernon*, the naval torpedo instruction ship at Portsmouth, and this appointment he held for more than three and a half years. On being relieved of the command of the *Vernon*, Markham, at the request of a company formed for the construction of a railway between Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, undertook a journey in his old ship, the *Alert*, from Halifax, through Hudson's Strait, to York Factory; and thence in a birch bark canoe, accompanied only by a couple of Indians, to Winnipeg — perhaps a thousand miles. During this extraordinary journey of four months' duration, food ran so short between the various Hudson Bay depôts, which were fourteen or fifteen days apart, that for three consecutive days Markham and his two Indians had to subsist solely on tea and tea-leaves. Yet, notwithstanding innumerable hardships and a low diet, Captain Markham sent in a favourable report, and the railway is even now in course of construction. In October, 1886, Markham was recalled by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the telegraphic message offering him the command of the Training Squadron, with the rank of Commodore. He received a great ovation on his departure from Winnipeg, and Sir Charles Tupper subsequently said nice things to him concerning the inestimable value and importance of his work to Canada.



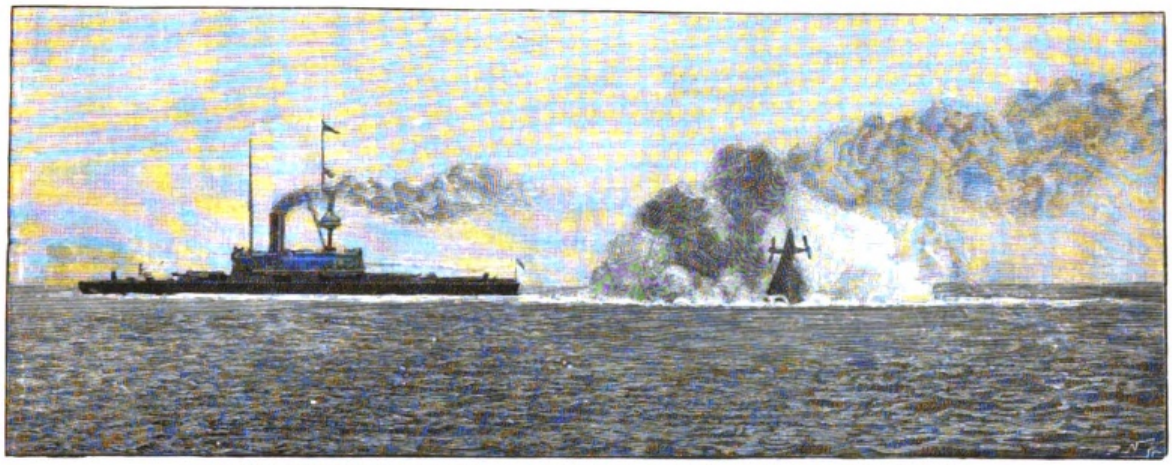
ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN ARCTIC COSTUME.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.

In 1887 Markham was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen; and in 1889 he was appointed to the important command of the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, which he held until his promotion to Rear-Admiral on the 1st of August, 1891. On March 4th, 1892, Admiral Markham was selected by Lord George Hamilton as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, in succession to Lord Walter Kerr. Some time after this, as the engines of the *Trafalgar*, his own flagship, needed some repairs, Admiral Markham temporarily transferred his flag to the *Camperdown*—a battleship whose name is but too well known in connection with the lamentable and inexplicable *Victoria* disaster. All the world knows the story, but it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the details. On Tuesday, June 22nd, 1893, at ten o'clock in the morning, the entire Mediterranean Squadron, consisting of eight battleships and five cruisers, under Sir George Tryon and Rear-Admiral Markham, left the harbour of Beyrout and proceeded north along the Syrian coast, steering for the port of Tripoli. When the squadron was about five miles from the proposed anchorage, Sir George Tryon ordered the fleet to be formed into two columns, six cables, or 1,200 yards, apart, with the *Camperdown* and *Victoria* leading. Their respective columns were then to turn inwards towards each other, and thus, by a very neat manœuvre, arrive at the anchorage in what might be described as highly elegant order.

Sir George Tryon's staff officers pointed out to him that six cables was an impossible distance for this manœuvre, whereupon he said: "It should be eight cables." Yet the order was given to turn at six cables' distance; no one will ever know why. One can

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only suppose that Sir George was for the moment in a state of dreamy abstraction, not to say mental aberration. On reading Sir George Tryon's signal, Admiral Markham, seeing that the manœuvre was an impracticable one, asked for confirmation, and received the impatient reply, by semaphore, "What are you waiting for?" It then struck Admiral Markham that Sir George wished him to turn sixteen points, as indicated by the signal, while he himself, in the ill-fated *Victoria*, would circle round Markham's division, leaving them on his port hand.



THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER—SIR GEORGE TRYON'S FLAG-SHIP SINKING OFF TRIPOLI.
By Permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

Almost every captain in the squadron interpreted the signal in this way; any other interpretation meant destruction. "There were two ways of reading the signal," remarked the gallant Admiral, earnestly, to me; "and I, knowing Sir George Tryon to be at least a sane man—putting his brilliant reputation as a tactician out of the question—read it in a sane way. All that rodomontade in the newspapers about 'blind obedience,'" added the Admiral, "was the veriest nonsense." The order to turn inwards was therefore obeyed, with the geometrically certain result that Admiral Markham's ship, the *Camperdown*, struck Sir George Tryon's flagship, the *Victoria*, on her starboard bow, about 20ft. before the turret, the two mighty battleships being inclined towards each other, at the moment of collision, at an angle of about 80deg. Thirteen minutes afterwards, the *Victoria* disappeared in a frightful maelstrom, her screws revolving to the last, and cutting up the poor fellows who leaped into the sea from the stern of the doomed vessel. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., was drowned, together with 22 officers and 336 men.

The extraordinary view of this disaster reproduced here is from an instantaneous photograph taken by an officer on board one of the other ships of the squadron. On the left is seen H.M.S. *Nile*, on which vessel Admiral Markham subsequently hoisted his flag. Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, the *Victoria;* but the verdict was a foregone conclusion, and the Captain's sword was promptly handed back to him, as he only obeyed his superior officer. Of course, not even the faintest shadow of blame attached to the heroic man who forms the subject of this interview. The court-martial sat for ten days at Malta, on board the old *Hibernia*.

Nine months after this terrible disaster, Admiral Markham's flag was hoisted in the *Trafalgar* at Malta, and it was while there that he met the lovely girl who is now his wife. She, with her parents, had gone to Malta, in order to see her brother, who was serving as a midshipman in Admiral Markham's flagship.

A few months later the couple were engaged, and the wedding took place on the 11th of October, 1894, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W. For information regarding Mrs. Markham's singularly interesting "Arctic" wedding-cake, I must refer my readers to the article entitled "Some Remarkable Wedding-Cakes," which appeared in the July issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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ENTERING my wife's boudoir, after a temporary absence from home on business, I discovered her upon her knees before an arm-chair, upon which sat a small boy with very large, round, surprised eyes. She rose, came rustling towards me, and greeting me with neither more heartiness nor more formality than was then her wont, "There it is!" she cried, pointing to the child.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She was crouching again in front of the little one, holding a biscuit close before his eyes, and, turning half towards me, she said:—

"Why, don't you know we read about it in the paper the other day? Isn't it nice?"

I remembered then that a few evenings back she had thrust a newspaper into the circle of light beneath my lamp, and had said, pointing to an advertisement, "There! just read that!" It was the well-known "petition to the charitable"—a despairing cry from a stricken heart, from a mother, offering her child for adoption by well-to-do people.

"What do you think about taking it?" she had asked, and I had only given her back the sheet with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But, Martha, what is the meaning of all this?" I cried, with a sharp note of indignation. "You can't have really——"

"Certainly I have, as you see," she replied. "And it belongs to *me*. I have made a bargain with the unhappy mother, and made her a solemn promise, too, that it shall be well taken care of. Yes, that it shall!"

She took the little head, with its light brown, silky, curling hair, caressingly between her hands.

"Eh, little one? You shall have a good time, sha'n't you?"

Not a feature of the little, delicate, rather sickly, face changed; but from the bow-shaped mouth came one of those curiously deep child-sighs. I soon gave up all serious protest against the arrangement, and, indeed, for years each of us had been in the habit of going our own way.

Our marriage was not happy; anything but happy, in fact—although we had *not* married for love. The union had been arranged by our respective fathers amid the

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clink of money on the exchange. She had wrenched her heart away from another's—in mine a silent passion still glowed; but figures were mightier, and we fully intended to be obedient children. At first each of us was a dumb reproach to the other, then followed wretched days of declared war, till at last we settled down to a polite but colourless peace.

And yet she was pretty and good, she had brilliant parts, and other people went so far as to call her "a perfect angel." How about myself, then? Well, I don't think I was exactly a monster. Analysis revealed the existence of the finest rainbow colours, yet

goldfish! That was reasonable enough. But that she should wish also to have *her* child all to herself—it was really a little too much. The thought worried me during two days. On the third, when she had driven out, a muffled woman desired an interview with me. It was the mother of "*her* child." Like a shadow she stole through the door, and pleaded with low, half-stifled weeping, "to see her darling once again—she could not part from him like this."

I immediately opened my cash-box. "There, my good woman," I said, "take this—you have not been paid enough."



"THERE, MY GOOD WOMAN, TAKE THIS."

the sun was lacking. We had been married six years and had no children—perhaps otherwise. Well, and so the child was *her* property! What was more, she had given the mother 1,500 guldens, the value of some jewels which she had sold secretly and in haste.

"Why did you not tell me about it?" I burst out at this intelligence.

"Because it would have been too late if I had waited till you came back—and I wanted to have it for myself alone!" she said, defiantly.

My horses, *my* dog—*her* canary, and *her*

Then she broke into wailing sobs. I must not condemn her until I knew the extent of her misery. She had another child, a poor, helpless cripple, and she herself was ill and had not long to live. What would become of this unfortunate being when she was gone? Well, she had thought to herself—the sentence was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—she had thought, as I made out the broken words: "I will sell the healthy child that the cripple may have something to live on when I am dead." Ah, she was not to be condemned—we rich folk have an easy code.

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When my wife came back I told her about my visitor. "I gave the poor thing exactly the same amount as you had given her," I said. "So now, you understand, the child belongs to both of us."

She bit her lip. "It is all the same to me," she observed, after thinking for a moment, and kissed the little one with a vehemence that sounded like a challenge.

Our child, forsooth! I hardly ever got a sight of it, and all the changes our establishment suffered on his account happened as it were away over my head. Sometimes, in more than usually important matters, my consent was grudgingly asked. "We need a nurse; I have already secured one, Anselm."

I nodded mutely.

Or it would be, "We must arrange a nursery—it is too warm for the child up there."

Again I nodded, without a word—the workmen were already busy in the passage. There was nothing to be done, for was it not all for *our* child?

We two seldom talked about him. When we did, we always spoke of him as "It." But I was all the more conscious all day long of the presence of this It in the house. "Hush! not so much noise; It is asleep. It must have its dinner. It must go out. It has hurt itself." The whole household began by degrees to revolve round It. This nameless Neuter annoyed me.

"It is absurd; he must have a name," I said at last.

"I quite forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—his name," answered my wife. "She said she was coming again, but she has never been; I suppose she is ill. Well, I shall call It Max. Max is pretty and short, don't you think so?"

"H'm," said I, between two puffs of my cigar. "Fritz is a nice name, too."

"It can't have its name changed about for what everyone thinks," she answered, shortly; and going to the door she cried, "Is Max up yet?" *Our* child, indeed!

On one occasion, however, I did assert my due share in our child. At lunch-time It was having dinner at a little table in the adjoining room. In the intervals of our scanty, flickering conversation we heard his



"SITTING IN ITS HIGH ELBOW-CHAIR LIKE A PRINCE."

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merry babble, accompanied by the rattle of his spoon. My wife had not a moment's rest; she was perpetually to and fro between our table and his, to see if the soup were not too hot, or if It were not perhaps taking too much.

"Wife," I said, quietly, but very decidedly, "from to-morrow It shall have its meals at table with us. It is two years old—quite old enough."

From that time It dined with us. Sitting up in its high elbow-chair like a prince, close beside my wife, the two opposite seemed like a hostile party. The poverty-stricken, yellowish pallor of the little face had given place to a delicate, aristocratic bloom, and the round cheeks above the stiff folds of the dinner-napkin looked prosperous and cherubic. Bravely did it work away at its soup, and when it was finished the little, round fist grasped the spoon on the table like a sceptre. My wife and I had exchanged a few words and now sat silent. As the silence was prolonged, the great eyes seemed to open wider and wider. They gazed at my wife, gazed at me, in astonishment, almost uncannily comprehending, like the eyes of a grown-up person who felt that all was not as it should be between us. I confess frankly that those eyes confused me, and that it was a relief when Friedrich entered with the next course. And I know my wife felt the same.

It was the same thing next day. The big, wonderfully blue eyes always seemed to be gazing a sort of reproachful question at the pauses in our talk, and, absurd as it may seem, we two, man and woman, felt ashamed before the child. Thus it happened that by degrees our talk became more animated; we explained and elucidated the opportune lispings to one another, and even sometimes laughed heartily together over the little one's stumbling efforts at talk.

Her laugh was as clear and pure as a bell. How was it I had never noticed it before? It happened often now that as I bent over my writing that ringing laugh seemed to sound clearly in my ears, as though borne from afar.

With the first spring days It carried on its doings in the garden, of which I commanded a view from my seat in the office; and she was generally there too. I heard the patter of the little feet in the gravel, and then her step. Now, as she made a snatch at it, its chirping voice vied with the chorus of sparrows—now she held it, and I heard the sound of kisses.

How could I work with such music going on? I had opened the window; a warm balmy air streamed in, and a butterfly strayed on to my writing-desk. Then she appeared from behind a green-besprinkled thicket, dressed in dazzling white upon which the sun poured a flood of golden light; only her face was in the rose-coloured shadow of her parasol. Slim and graceful, she came towards me. I must have been blind! Why, the aunts and cousins were right—she *was* beautiful! A charming smile lit up her features; certainly at that moment she was happy—and the happiness came from "her child."

A voice within me said, perfectly distinctly, "You are a monster."

I got up and went to the window.

"What a fine day!" I said. The prosaic words fell cold as the shadow of a heavy cloud upon a sunny landscape. She made some reply which I did not hear, but the happy light had vanished from her face. Then she lifted up the child, which stretched out its arms to her, and caressed it before my very eyes.

It was then that the first feeling of jealousy awoke in me. Real jealousy, though of so odd a kind that I was not quite sure as to its object. When It called her "mamma" a stab went through my heart, and the caresses with which she overwhelmed the little one put me beside myself. I was jealous—of both of them! I was sore at having no share in the drama, at not making a third in the bond, and resolved to take steps to give myself a claim to it. Alas, I thought drearily, the child was afraid of me; and as for herself, I had kept her, as it were by force, at a distance, through long years.

One day at dinner there was a profound silence after a skirmish of words—a painful silence. I stared down at the painted flowers upon the Meissen plate before me, a pucker of anger upon my forehead; but all the time I felt the great eyes of It full upon me—and hers too. The rays from those four eyes seemed to burn upon my forehead. Suddenly the silence was broken. "Pa-pa!" And again, louder and more confidently, "Pa-pa!"

I started. It was sitting there gazing at me in terror of the storm its word would call down. She had turned scarlet, and her lips trembled. No one but herself could have taught him that "papa." My heart was warm within me—why did I not spring up, and with a word, a touch, cancel for ever those dreary six years? The right word at that moment would have done it, but I was under a spell. I did not say it.

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There was no doubt that with young curly-head a new spirit had taken possession, a spirit which made me a stranger in my own house. The rooms were illumined even when the sun without was hidden by clouds. The faces of the servants, even inanimate objects, seemed to reflect it; only I was left untouched.

I became more and more wretched in my solitude. My jealousy grew apace and filled me with mad thoughts. I would oppose the little tyrant—absurd idea! I would set before her the choice between him and me—ah, but which way would her heart have gone? At one time I thought of taking my wife observed it. Something like a tear of pity made her eyes bright.

She held the little one towards me as I was going. "Won't you say good-bye to our child too?" she asked, in a gentle, persuasive tone.

I suppose I took him up too roughly, for he began to cry, and fought against my embrace. I put him down and hurried away. I wandered hither and thither about the world, and to my first companion—ill-humour—another soon joined himself, who informed me straight that I was a fool. I heard it first as a whisper, but the words grew louder and more mocking; what a fool I was! At last



"HE FOUGHT AGAINST MY EMBRACE."

steps to trace the unhappy mother, and to enable her by a gift of money to take back her child. Yet, behind my wife's back, that was too mean.

I could not work—I looked troubled and confused, and when people asked what ailed me I pleaded indisposition. But the sunlight would not be wiped out, and the spirit of love was stronger than I, and drove me forth.

"I must go on a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said the words, and I began to read it in the newspapers. I saw it written on the blue mountains; it was borne to me in the shriek of the engine. Yes, yes, I quite believed it—enough! But why did I not turn round at once and go home? Ah, the fool had to work out his folly before all could be set straight.

At last, full of tumultuous feelings, I returned home. A solemn stillness reigned in the house; every sound seemed subdued and mysterious. My wife came towards me, her eyes red with weeping. "It is very ill—

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dying!" she sobbed. I tried to calm her, but her fears were only too well founded. Only a short respite of hopeless anxiety! Through the last night we both sat by his cot, one on either side, and each of us held one of the little hands. How the pulses beat and throbbed! Quick, sharp, fever beats; and every beat was an admonition: "Love—love—be good." Together we felt the measure and understood the exhortation. Our eyes met through tears, and the look was as a sacred vow. Words would have been sacrilege. Then we laid It to rest in the warm spring earth.

Afterwards, when we sat again at table for the first time, again there was silence between us. But it was another sort of silence to that which the poor little stranger had interrupted with his lisping "pa-pa." His high elbow-chair still stood against the wall, and on the board in front of it lay the spoon-sceptre.

My wife held out her white hand to me across the table. "Did you love It a little, too?" she said, and her voice shook.

"My wife, my own dear wife!" I was at her feet, I held her hands. . . . . .

And then I pointed to the high chair. "It came to teach us love," I whispered.

"And when It had done its work It went back to the angels," she said, crying.



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Lord Mayors' Shows—Past and Present.

By Harry How.



THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH.

BY the time these lines appear in print another Lord Mayor's Show will have been added to a long line of civic pageants, for from the days when Henry Fitz-Alwyn was first appointed by the Crown, in 1189, and continued in office for twenty-four years, London has had no fewer than 516 different Lord Mayors. With but few exceptions, all of these have kept up the time-honoured custom, and presented an appreciative and admiring public with a "Show," or, at any rate, something resembling one.

The Corporation of London has always been famous for its great love of show, and as far back as 1453 the annual civic pageant has been held with unmistakable ceremony and *éclat*. This was Sir John Norman's year, when he proceeded in a barge, with considerable state, to be sworn in at Westminster. Previous to this year it was customary to do the journey on foot by road, or in a boat by the river without any great following, or much attempt at display; but it is due to the memory of Sir John to record the fact that he it was who introduced the ceremony which is not likely to die out, in spite of an annual agitation of which the war-cry is, "Down with the Lord Mayor's Show."

It appears that the first public account of a Lord Mayor's Show was that written by George Peele, on the occasion of the inauguration of Sir Wolstane Dixie, on October 29th, 1585. This little pamphlet consists of only four leaves and cost £20, and it is preserved in the Guildhall Library.

Successive Lord Mayors' Shows sought to vie, the one with the other, as to who could make "the annual" grander and more impressive than that which went before; and amongst these may be mentioned that of Sir Thomas Middleton, in 1613, in particular. It is recorded as being unparalleled in its splendour and artistic aspirations.

In 1616 Sir John Leman, of the Fishmongers' Company, also produced a very striking show; and especially remarkable were the pageants, which were placed on huge trollies, the wheels of which were hidden by drapery and drawn along the streets. Sir John Leman being a member of the Fishmongers' Company, particular prominence was given to the inhabitants of the sea.

In 1698, a magnificent chariot of justice was introduced into the procession. Beneath a canopy, on the top of which were two angels, sat the goddess of all things good and just. The chariot was drawn by two horses got up to represent unicorns, and ridden by negroes.

It was for a long time the custom for the Lord Mayor to ride on horseback in the procession, the last of the equestrian Lord Mayors being, according to one authority, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the time of Queen Anne. There has always been considerable speculation as to why the Lord Mayor ceased to accompany the civic procession on horseback. Some chroniclers are of the opinion that it was owing to the fact that a certain Lord Mayor on one occasion lost his equilibrium and was thrown into the mud.

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One can hardly imagine a more undignified position than that of a Lord Mayor in the gutter, and it is said that steps were at once taken to prevent the recurrence of such a deplorable accident. At any rate, in the year 1712 a coach was provided for the use of the first magistrate, and the present magnificent conveyance was built in 1757 at a cost of £10,065.

The small column illustrations reproduced in these pages formed a portion of either a programme, menu, or invitation card to the Lord Mayor's Show of 1742. It is a curiosity in its way, and really a very clever bit of engraving, and tends to show that, even after a State carriage had been placed at the disposal of the yearly tenant of the Mansion House, one at least preferred to make the official journey on horseback. Arranged round the four sides of the card is the Lord Mayor's procession, showing his lordship astride a good-looking mare, with his attendant aldermen. The different companies are well to the front with their warders and clerks, the leather-sellers, coopers, salters, etc., all of which are depicted, together with men in armour, the military, to say nothing of the King's trumpeter, with a drummer beating drums, which were carried on a man's back.

The illustration of the view in Cheapside, after J. June, published in 1761, will give a very good idea of what the shows were like a year or two after the great coach was built. Balconies ran alongside the houses, and a remarkable-looking orchestra occupied a position evidently outside a tavern. The coach is in the centre of the picture. It is followed by a noisy crowd, one of whom has upset the wares of an old apple-woman under the very nose of an individual who is evidently—to judge by his stern expression and easy way of taking things—a custodian of the law. Apart from the fact of its being a picture depicting a Lord Mayor's Show of this period, a very excellent idea may be obtained of the various wigs which were in wearing at that time, whilst the reproduction of the fine picture, by W. Millar, of swearing in Alderman Newnham at the Guildhall, in 1782, conveys an admirable impression of civic costume in the 18th century.

No less interesting are the contemporary illustrations, published as reminiscences of the Show of 1784, depicting the procession by water and the cavalcade by land. It is not possible to judge what particular part of the river the procession is at this moment passing, or from which wharf or disused piece of land the salvos of artillery are booming forth to greet the new Lord Mayor; but the spot at which the Show is passing by land can easily be localized as Ludgate Hill. There are no crowds, save at the windows. Mr. Blades, Messrs. Richardson and Goodridge, Mr. Rich, the pastry-cook, and Mr. Griffin, the colourman, have shut up their shops, and turned the windows of the first floor into admirable private boxes, in order that the Lord Mayor and his retinue may be the more easily viewed by their respective admiring families.



THE CHARIOT OF JUSTICE, 1698.

Hogarth has left on record probably one of the best notions of the annual civic pageant of a by-gone period. The

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illustration given is one of the series of "The Industrious and Idle Apprentice," a picture too well known to call for any detailed account; but it is worthy of note that the locality chosen by this very faithful, though grotesque, painter is the west end of Cheapside, and that the balcony projecting from the house at the end of Paternoster Row provides accommodation for Frederick Prince of Wales and the Princess Augusta.

Coming down to the present century, the Lord Mayor's Show of 1827 had in it two colossal figures, representing the well-known statues of Gog and Magog. These giants were constructed of wicker-work, gaily attired in the costume of their prototypes, and similarly armed. A man was placed inside each giant, bearing the wicker-work upon him as he struggled along. The giants were 14ft. high, and their heads were level with the first-floor windows throughout the line of route, and doubtless they came in for the customary amount of chaff and chucking under the chins on the part of the delighted spectators. The *Times* of the following day, in its account of the Show, remarks: "They were extremely well contrived, and appeared to call forth more admiration and applause than fell to the share of any of the other personages who formed part of the procession. Whatever some fastidious critics may say as to taste and refinement in the present day, we think the appearance of these figures argues well for the future conduct of the new Lord Mayor, and some of his other brother magistrates would, we make no doubt, be well content if, in the whole course, or at the close of their official career, they could come in for a little of the plaudits which were yesterday bestowed on the two representatives of Gog and Magog."

The illustrations showing the Lord Mayor's Shows of 1847, by T. H. Nicholson, and 1844, by David Robert, R.A., together with the companion picture by the same artist of the State barge at Westminster, are sufficiently graphic without any descriptive account.

It will be noticed, however, in many of the pictures reproduced, that men in armour occupy a prominent position. These somewhat heavily, not to say uncomfortably, clothed individuals appear to have been in high favour with the corporation, and it must certainly be admitted that they always present an air of originality, notwithstanding the fact that they have taken part in the Show for some centuries back. The



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1742.

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THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.
From the "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," after Hogarth.

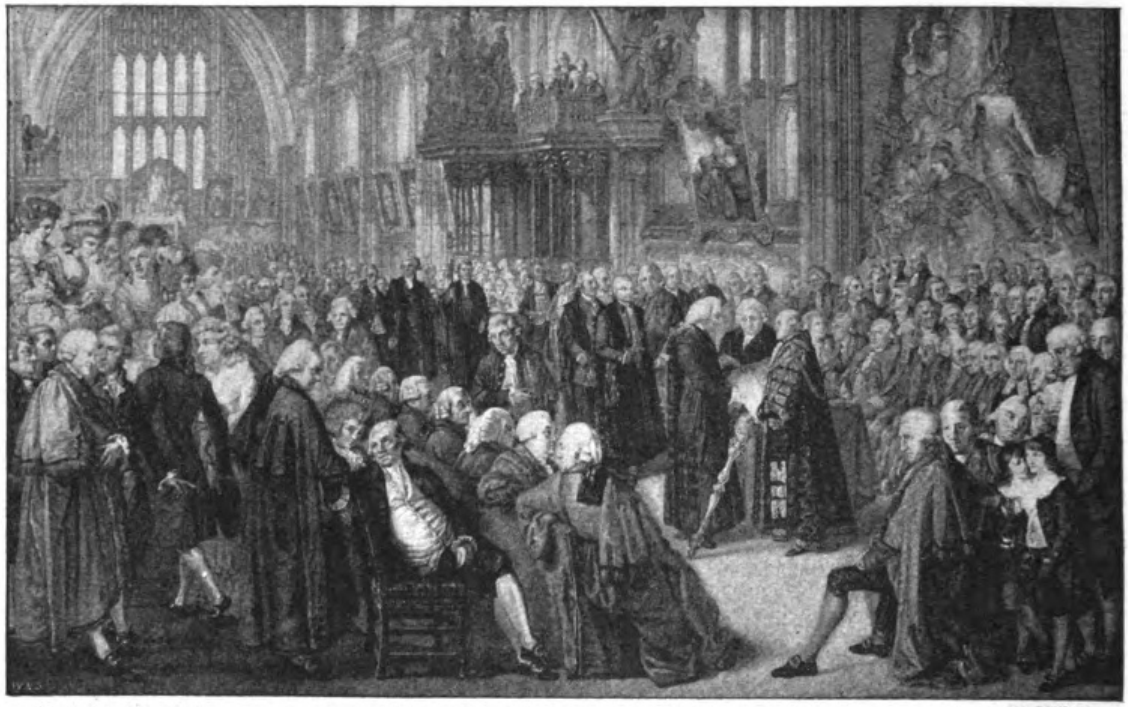
allegorical cars also have always been found in the civic procession, and as a rule have been depictive of the particular companies of which the Lord Mayor for the time being is a member. They are frequently very beautiful in design, though it is to be feared that the human figures which assist in decorating the cars by their personal presence along the whole line of route often suffer severely if the 9th of November prove to be a wet, or even a foggy, day.

Some twenty years ago elephants were introduced into the procession, and it must be chronicled that, although their attendants had black faces, their dusky appearance was even less than skin deep. The writer



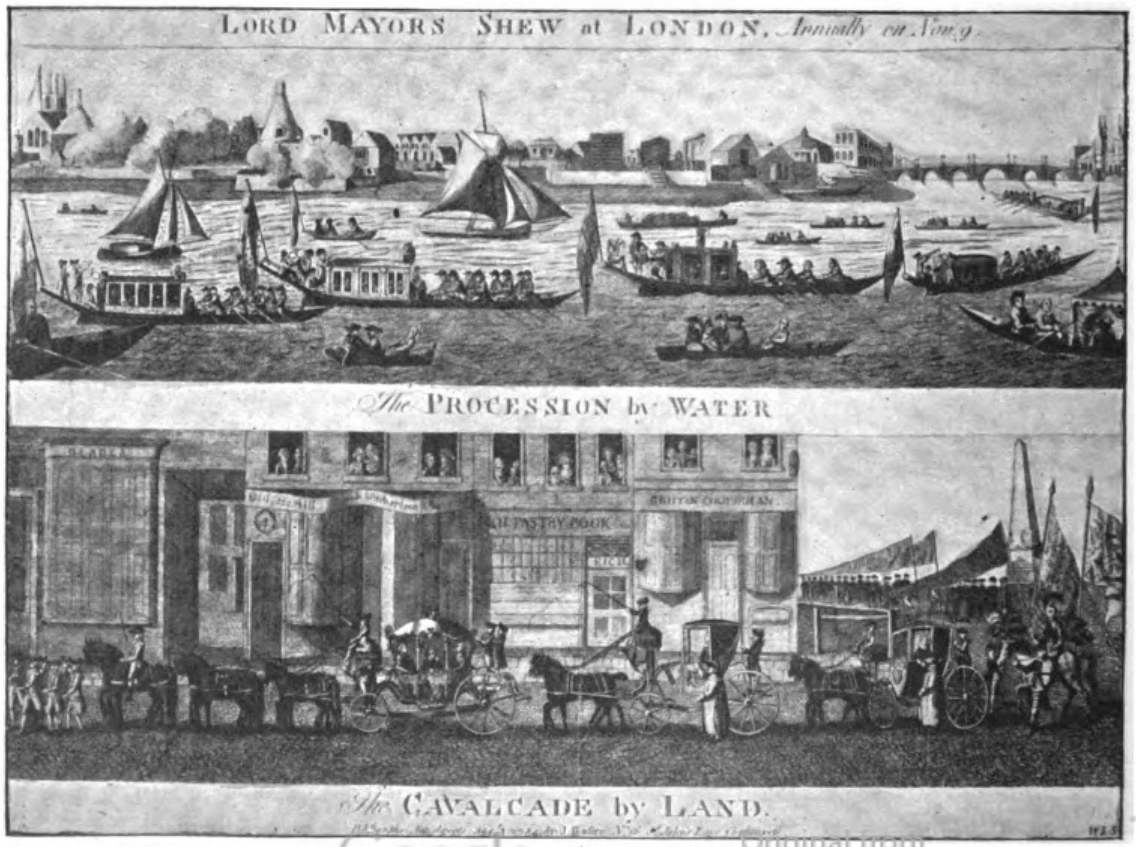
From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1761. *[J. June.*

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From a Painting by] SWEARING IN ALDERMAN NEWNHAM AT THE GUILDHALL, 1782. *[W. Millar.*

remembers one poor little fellow perched on an elephant. His face was blackened, and he was very nervous, and held on to the great animal with both hands. It was a bitterly cold day, and the little boy had a very bad cold. His nose gave him considerable trouble—he was unable to give it the attention it demanded, for fear of tumbling off. The result was that all the black from the lower part of his face was obliterated.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1784.

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From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1844. *[David Robert, R.A.*

This caused the lad to appear as miserable as he unquestionably looked ridiculous.

The cost of the present-day Lord Mayor's Show is about £2,000, whilst the banquet, which, after all, is the great event of "the 9th," must cost at least between £2,000 and £3,000, one half of the amount being contributed by the Lord Mayor, and the other half divided between the two sheriffs.

Originally the Lord Mayors' feasts were kept at the Merchant Taylors' and the Grocers' Halls; but when the kitchens and other offices were added to the Guildhall, they were utilized for the purpose of these



From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1844. *[David Robert, R.A.*

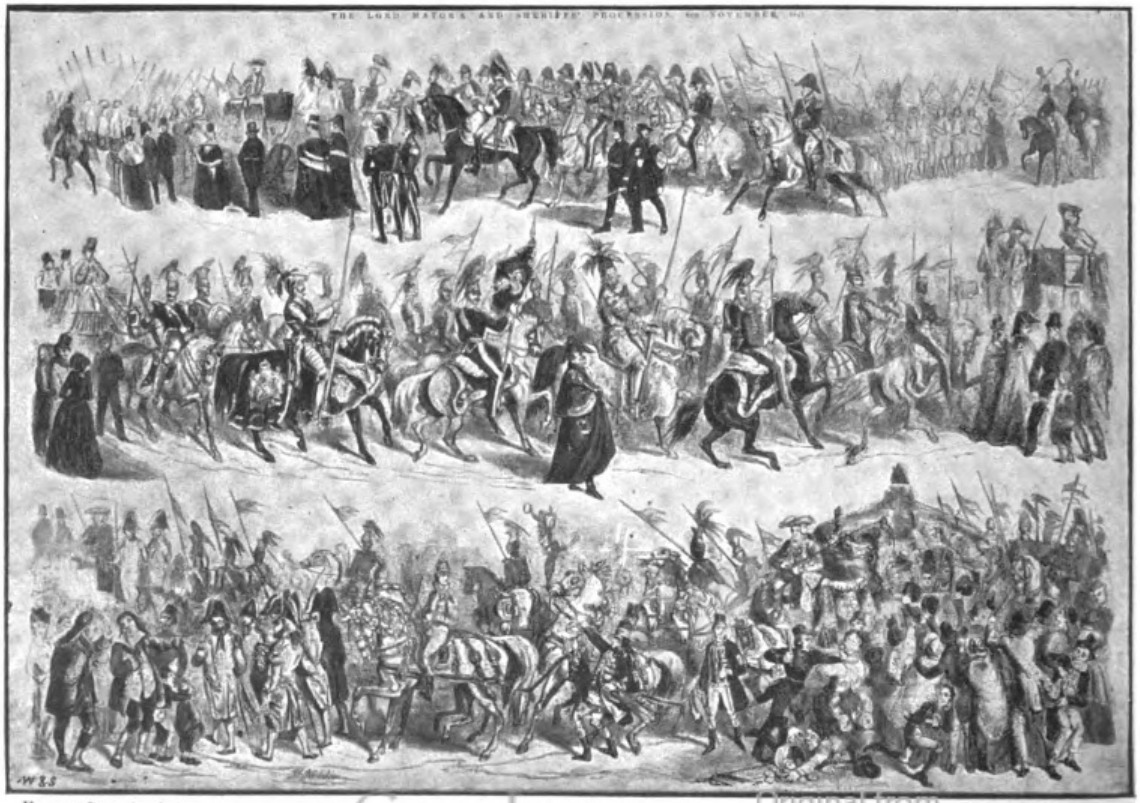
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VIEW OF LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

annual sumptuous "spreads." Sir John Shaw's mayoralty banquet was held there in 1501, and it is on record that he was the first who kept his feast there.

On Lord Mayor's Day something like 800 to 1,000 people sit down at the heavily-laden tables at the principal seat of the Corporation of London. For days before the feast and for days afterwards the odour of cooking permeates the atmosphere, and no wonder, for something like 400 quarts of turtle soup, 140 dishes of game, 85 turkeys, 36 hams, 160 lobster salads, 400 chickens and capons, 600 meat pies, 120 quart jellies, and 200 dishes of pastry will have been prepared; whilst the strength of the side-board will be tested to its utmost capacity by two great barons of beef, each weighing over 150lb. It is a pleasure to record the fact that all that remains of this magnificent banquet is distributed the next morning amongst the poor who may be the fortunate possessors of tickets entitling them to partake of their share of the Lord Mayor's banquet.



From a Drawing by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1847. *[T. H. Nicholson.*

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By J. L. Hornibrook.

WHEN the Cape steamer *Iris* was run down in the Channel, on a dark, blustering winter's night, the news of the collision created a profound sensation in the shipping world: not because the disaster resulted in any great loss of life, but that it was brought about by a singular error of judgment on the part of the commander, Captain Cronhelm. This one fatal mistake in his hitherto successful career—for, though still a young man, he was looked upon as one of the most skilful navigators of the day—would have been enough to blast his reputation had he lived to appear before a court of inquiry. But he did not survive the disaster; he disappeared from the bridge immediately after the *Iris* was struck, and was never seen again. The following story, extraordinary as it will doubtless appear, may afford some clue to the mystery, and help to clear his name from the slur cast upon it.

At the time of the collision, the *Iris* was homeward-bound from South Africa, having left Cape Town on the same day, and almost at the same hour, as the *Dalhousie*, of the Albion line. The vessels were pretty evenly matched as regards speed, and as it was an open secret that their steaming powers would be put to the test on this occasion, an exciting contest was anticipated. The two ships kept well together as far as the Canaries. The *Dalhousie* touched at Teneriffe, the *Iris* at Madeira. By a strange chance, they came abreast again off Cape Finisterre, and from thence it was a sort of neck-to-neck race for Southampton.

As they drew up towards the English coast, the *Dalhousie* forged ahead, and maintained her lead. It came on a wild night, pitchy dark, with heavy showers of sleet, and frequent flashes of lightning. After a time, the Albion liner signalled that she was about to alter her course, by passing from the port to the starboard side of the *Iris*. Captain Cronhelm immediately had his helm starboarded so as to bring his vessel out of a direct line with the other while she crossed his bows. Soon after this change of position was effected, the look-out on board the *Iris* reported a large sailing ship bearing down upon their port bow.

It ought to have been a comparatively easy matter to steer clear of her. Captain Cronhelm should have slowed down his engines until she had passed, or put his helm hard a-starboard, so as to get round under her stern. But, by some strange fatality, he held on his course until it was too late to avert the collision. The sailing ship—which proved to be the *Crusader*, of Cardiff—crashed into the steamer's forequarter, killing two of her crew, and injuring others.

One very singular circumstance—which,

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even amidst that appalling scene of darkness, terror, and confusion, did not escape notice—was the fact that Captain Cronhelm, a man noted for his coolness and presence of mind in the face of danger, should have lost his head so completely as to be utterly incapable of taking any steps to insure the safety of his passengers. When, as already stated, he disappeared from the bridge, the first officer, Mr. Eastlake, took command, and not only prevented an overcrowding of the boats, but succeeded in getting them clear of the ship before she sank. The boats were speedily picked up by the *Crusader*, and their occupants subsequently transferred to the *Dalhousie*, that vessel having put back to render assistance. All the passengers, as far as could be ascertained, were rescued, but eight of the crew, including the captain, were reported "missing."

The day following, I was sent off to the scene of the disaster, and went down to examine the sunken vessel. When I reached the bottom, and stood gazing up at the great, black hull towering above me, I couldn't help wondering what had occasioned the terrible blunder which sent this magnificent ship to her doom. The secret, whatever it might have been, was known only to the commander himself, and had perished with him. So, at least, I thought at the time.

Judging by the size of the gaping hole in her side, the *Iris* must have been struck with tremendous force. I climbed through the opening to examine the interior, and found she had been cut right across to the starboard bulwarks. I clambered up on deck, and there, entangled in a mass of wreckage, discovered the mangled bodies of the two seamen who were killed at the time of the collision.

With much difficulty I made my way aft, over the torn and shattered decks. I was anxious, if possible, to ascertain the fate of Captain Cronhelm. Perhaps the finding of his body might in some manner account for his sudden disappearance. I felt convinced he was not the man to desert his post in the moment of danger, unless it was absolutely out of his power to remain there.

Most of the deck-houses had been battered down, but one of them, close to the bridge, was still standing. From its position, I concluded it was the chart-room. As I held my lamp forward and glanced inside, I saw the figure of a man stretched full length upon the floor. It was the captain.

He was lying, face downwards, under the broken table, his head resting upon his arms, just as if he had fallen forward and made no effort either to regain his feet or struggle against the inrushing water. I bent down, pushed aside the table, and turned the dead man over on his back.



"IT WAS THE CAPTAIN."

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Good heavens! what impulse led me to touch him? The sight was enough to send me staggering back from his side. The features were swollen and distorted; the staring, bloodshot eyes still wore a look of the most intense horror and dismay, and there was a strange leaden hue in the face for which I could not account. Down the left cheek I noticed a zig-zag mark, as if the flesh had been seared with a hot iron. There was also an ugly wound in the forehead, which must have been caused by a fall.

What was the meaning of all this? Could it have resulted solely from the accident to the ship? No! That awful look in the dead man's eyes was due to some other cause. I was so shaken by the sight that I hastened to ascend, for I felt as if I could not remain down there any longer.

I returned on shore to make my report and await further instructions. That evening, as I sat in my room thinking the whole matter over, I was told that a gentleman had called, and wished to speak to me. When he was shown in, and I found him a complete stranger, I was rather at a loss to understand the motive of his visit.

"Can I have a few words with you?" he said, hastily. "I am Doctor Hamilton, the late surgeon of the *Iris*."

I noticed he was uneasy and preoccupied, and there was a troubled look in his eyes, as if he had something upon his mind that perplexed him.

"I heard you had been down to examine the ship," he went on, after a pause, taking a seat opposite me. "Might I ask if you came across the body of the captain?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering what was his reason for putting the question. "I was told to search for it, and——"

"Where did you find it?" he interrupted, quickly.

"In the chart-room. From the position of the body, I should say the captain was rendered insensible by a fall, just before the vessel went down."

"And the face—the face?" he cried, half rising from his seat.

"It was swollen and discoloured—almost black, in fact; the eyes wide open, and suffused with blood. There was a deep wound in the forehead, and a strange scar on the left cheek."

"Good heavens!" he muttered, sinking back in his chair, as if overcome by emotion of some sort.

I looked at him in amazement. His face was white, his hands trembled, and he appeared strangely agitated. "Can it be possible," I thought, "that he holds the clue to this mystery?" I waited anxiously for him to proceed.

"It was a sad affair altogether," he said, after a minute or two of silence, and I could see it cost him an effort to shake off his agitation. "There has been much comment upon the fact that the two steamers were engaged in a trial of speed, and a good deal of talk about 'reckless steaming.' Some have gone so far as to say that Captain Cronhelm was under the influence of drink at the time of the collision, but I have no hesitation in branding *that* as a falsehood. Though the facts are so strongly against him, I have reason to believe he could not be held responsible for the disaster."

"I have no wish to judge him," I replied; "but the general impression seems to be that he committed a grave blunder. I am inclined to think he would have found it difficult to clear himself had he lived."

"I am not so sure about that," the doctor said, thoughtfully. "Even as it is, if there were any means of sustaining my theory, I would not hesitate in making it public. Though it might cause a vast sensation, I am convinced the captain's conduct would be viewed in a very different light. But the facts upon which I base my belief are known only to myself and—well, there is one other, but I doubt whether *she* would come forward on his behalf."

He stood up, and took a few turns across the room, evidently much perplexed as to what course he should adopt. I saw he had some strange story to tell.

"Besides," he continued, dropping into his seat again, "if Captain Cronhelm himself could be consulted, he might wish me to maintain silence, preferring that a stigma should attach to his name, rather than have the secret of his life laid bare. Perhaps I am wrong in taking this view; at any rate, when you have heard the story, you will be in a better position to judge as to whether I am justified in withholding it.

"We left Cape Town," he began, "on Thursday afternoon, 23rd November, about an hour or so after the *Dalhousie* had sailed. Despite the time of year, we had a fair number of passengers, and the contest with the other steamer aroused much interest on board. The captain himself entered keenly into the spirit of the race, for he had all a sailor's pride in his vessel. Still, no one felt the least uneasiness

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as to the likelihood of any accident resulting from the proximity of the ships. Our commander, as I daresay you know, was renowned not alone for his skill, but for the extreme care he exercised on all occasions. He was the sort of man, too, to inspire a feeling of security even in the mind of the most timid and nervous passenger.

"It often struck me as strange that, though I had been with Captain Cronhelm nearly two years, I never met anyone who appeared upon intimate terms with him, or who had known him in his younger days. He never referred to the past himself, nor alluded to his relatives, if he had any. In fact, we knew absolutely nothing of his life outside our associations on board ship. At times he was subject to sudden strange fits of despondency—without any apparent cause—during which no one dared venture to disturb him, except in case of urgent necessity. In spite of all this, he was a man of high feeling, a thorough gentleman, and immensely popular. I have known people put off their return to England for a month or more, in order to secure a passage in his ship.

"Another strange fact about him was this: I had sailed with him for more than a year before I discovered that at one time he must have possessed a violent and ungovernable temper, so completely had he mastered it and kept it under control. Only once, in my experience of him, did his latent passion burst through restraint, and I shall never forget that scene. An able-bodied seaman was reported for refusing duty, and when brought before the commander, tried to brave the thing out by assuming an insolent demeanour. On being questioned, the fellow made some flippant reply, which I didn't quite catch. In an instant, without the slightest warning, the captain's features grew perfectly livid, the muscles of his face twitched horribly, and, in the first impulse of rage, he stretched the man at his feet, stunned and bleeding. But, as he turned from the spot, that sudden blaze of anger vanished from his face almost as quickly as it had come, and gave place to a look of profound and painful regret. He asked me, rather hurriedly, to ascertain if the man was much injured, and retired to his own cabin. Half an hour later, when I tapped at his door, I was startled by hearing a sound inside as of someone in pain. I opened the door gently, glanced around, and then hastily withdrew. Would you believe it? Captain Cronhelm was seated at the table, his head buried in his arms, positively groaning with anguish."

"A strange sort of man he must have been," I ventured to remark.

"I couldn't well understand it at the time," Dr. Hamilton replied, "but what transpired on our last voyage rather opened my eyes. We quickly overhauled the *Dalhousie*, and made a good run up to the Canaries, neither of the ships having gained much advantage so far. We touched, as you know, at Madeira, where we picked up a few extra passengers. Amongst the rest there were two ladies, for whom a special state-room had been reserved.

"I happened to be standing on deck when they came on board. I don't know how it was, but, from the very first moment, one of these ladies—the younger of the two—aroused my interest to such an extent that instinctively my eyes followed them until they disappeared from sight. This was the more singular, as I was totally unable to discern her features—for she wore a heavy veil; but there was something strikingly graceful and elegant in her tall figure that could not fail to attract attention. They went straight to their state-room, and did not appear in the saloon, as it seems they had stipulated for the utmost privacy.

"There is little doubt that, on an ordinary occasion, their presence on board under the circumstances would have caused some degree of sensation, but just then the general interest was wholly centered in the race with the *Dalhousie*, which served to draw off attention from the new arrivals. That same evening, after dark, I saw these two passengers come on deck, and—as I had already noticed—the younger lady appeared to lean rather helplessly upon the arm of her companion, and walked in an uncertain and hesitating sort of way, that somehow awakened in me a strange sense of pity, though I couldn't assign any cause for it. My interest in them led me to hunt up the purser, as I thought it likely he might be able to afford me some information. He told me they were described on the passenger list as *Mrs. and Miss MacKinlay*. That was all he knew; but our agent at Madeira had particularly requested him to see that their desire for seclusion was strictly respected.

"The following morning I noticed the elder lady on deck. She was alone. I observed her with some curiosity, feeling convinced there was a secret between those two women, which both guarded closely. Her appearance was in no way remarkable; in

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"SHE WORE A HEAVY VEIL."

spite of her white hair, she seemed scarcely past middle age, but there was a sad and subdued look in her face, as of one accustomed to behold and sorrow over the suffering of others. I remarked that she paused frequently in her slow walk, passed her hand over her eyes, and stood for a few seconds gazing wistfully out to sea.

"While my attention was still directed upon her, Captain Cronhelm descended from the bridge, and walked aft. The moment the lady's eyes rested upon him, I saw her start, turn round hastily, and gaze after him in a half-frightened kind of way. It was plain that she had recognised him—but with a certain degree of uneasiness, almost amounting to dread. She left the deck hurriedly, and as she brushed past me I could see by her look that she was startled and agitated.

"As to the captain himself, he had not even glanced in her direction, and appeared wholly unconscious of having attracted her notice. I can't tell why, but I felt as if that sudden recognition—casual as it seemed—would, sooner or later, bring to light the secret which these women took such pains to conceal. Whatever it was, there could be little doubt that Captain Cronhelm was in some way connected with it. And yet it seemed by the merest chance that these three had been drawn together.

"Did you ever notice that people who have the strongest faith in presentiments are very frequently devoid of the slightest sense of danger, when it is actually impending? Such was the case with Captain Cronhelm. Like most sailors, he was inclined to be a bit superstitious, professed a belief in omens, and used to say if any accident ever befell his ship, he would certainly have a premonition of the coming disaster. And yet I don't think I ever saw him in such high spirits as on that particular day. To watch him chatting and laughing with the passengers, one would be led almost to believe that his sole care lay in the question as to whether or not the *Iris* would reach Southampton ahead of her rival.

"That evening we had a sort of impromptu concert in the saloon, and the decks were pretty well deserted in consequence. The captain, who went on the bridge immediately after dinner, had not yet returned; but though

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the company eagerly awaited his presence, there was no lack of enjoyment for all that. About half-past eight I had occasion to visit one of the crew, whose hand had got badly crushed in a steam winch. I came back along the upper deck, and though the night was cold, loitered about a bit before descending to the saloon.

"Suddenly I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the deck. Through the open space between the deck-houses I saw two figures come into view straight opposite to where I was standing. They paused right before me, and I had little difficulty in recognising them as Mrs. MacKinlay and her niece (for that, I discovered, was their relationship). They seemed to be talking very earnestly, but just then a loud burst of music from the saloon completely drowned their voices. I noticed, however, that the younger lady appeared, by her animated gestures, to insist upon something which her companion strenuously opposed.

"While they were still engaged in the discussion, I heard footsteps approaching the spot where they stood. Miss MacKinlay laid her hand upon her aunt's arm, as if to impose silence, and seemed to listen intently. Then, in a voice of intense emotion, she said:—

"'Yes—he is coming—I know his step—lead me to him.'

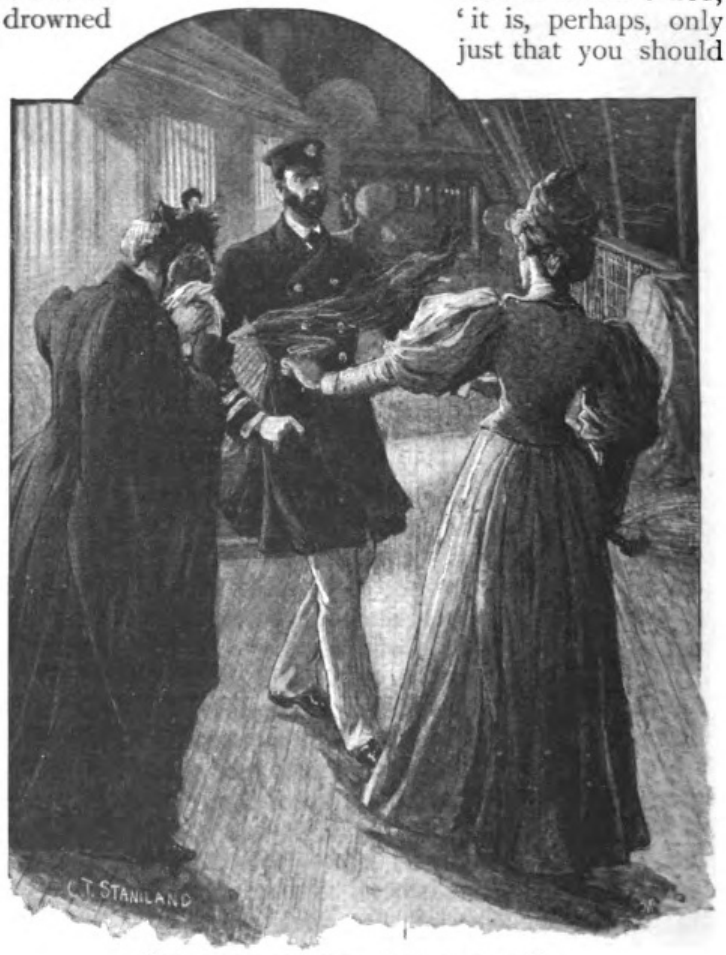
"Her companion obeyed, but with evident reluctance, and both moved forward out of sight. You can imagine my feelings at the moment: prompted by an irresistible curiosity, I advanced around the intervening deck-house, and saw Captain Cronhelm returning from the bridge. It was *he*, then, whose step Miss MacKinlay had recognised.

"Standing rather in the background, I watched the two women approach the captain. As they drew near, he stepped politely to one side to allow them to pass. But, much to his surprise no doubt, instead of proceeding on their way, they stood still within a yard or so of him, in the full glare of the light from a window of the adjoining deck-house. Then I noticed that the tall lady still wore her thick veil.

"For some seconds the three remained silent and motionless. I stood looking on with rapt attention; to me, at least, there was something almost painful in this suspense. The strains of music from the saloon, and the occasional bursts of applause, seemed to jar upon me. I felt as if the hush of awe would more befit the scene before me.

"Miss MacKinlay suddenly raised her hand, and the next moment her veil had disappeared. Good heavens! What a shock that sight gave me! Her face was frightfully scarred and seamed, as if it had been scathed by lightning, and her eyes were nothing but mere white, staring balls. I understood now the cause of that peculiarity in her walk. She was blind.

"'Captain Cronhelm,' she said, in a clear, steady voice, from which all trace of emotion seemed to have fled, 'it is, perhaps, only just that you should



"WHAT A SHOCK THAT SIGHT GAVE ME!"

be destined to gaze upon the havoc your hand has wrought; and that these lips, which have never since parted in a smile, should pronounce the judgment that will fall upon you. Look at this scarred and disfigured face: yours shall be the same. Look at these blasted, sightless eyes: yours shall be the same. You can never know the

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long days and nights of agony *I* endured: but *your* suffering, though brief, shall be terrible, for in it you will lose your name, your life, and your ship.'"

Dr. Hamilton paused, and wiped his forehead with a trembling hand. He asked me if I could get him a glass of water. I went to fetch it, and, when he had gulped it down, he resumed:—

"To my dying day I shall never forget those burning words—they seemed to fall from her lips almost unconsciously, as if she was under the spell of some prophetic power. Her utterances, too, did not betray either anger or enmity: tears, reproaches, bitterness, resentment, and wrath were all things of the past. Time might have taken the sting from her sorrow, but it left the certainty that a day of retribution would come sooner or later.

"When she ceased to speak, she turned slowly away, and with infinite sadness stretched out her arms in search of her companion, who had stood with her handkerchief to her face, sobbing bitterly. Silently they moved from the spot, and disappeared into the darkness. As to Captain Cronhelm, he remained in the same attitude—one hand clutching the taffrail, the other clenched by his side, while his body was thrown slightly back, as if the sight of that face had made him recoil in horror. During the whole interview he had never uttered a word, or allowed a sign of emotion to escape him. And yet what anguish he must have endured at that moment!

"For a minute or more he stood there like one rooted to the spot. Then his head dropped upon his breast, as if gloom and despair had settled upon his spirit, and he walked towards his cabin with a deeply dejected air. A sudden movement on my part attracted his attention for a moment, but he passed on without stopping. He was seen no more that night.

"I had little fancy, as you may imagine, for joining in the gaieties of the saloon, after the scene I had just witnessed. I paced the deck hurriedly to try and shake off the gloomy and distressing thoughts that oppressed me. But it was no use; everywhere I turned, that marred and blighted visage seemed to rise before me with painful persistency. Those few significant words—'*the havoc your hand has wrought*'—surged through my brain, and vainly I endeavoured to extract their meaning. Strive as I might, no satisfactory interpretation presented itself to my mind.

"When I encountered Captain Cronhelm next morning, I noticed a marked change in his manner and appearance. His face had a careworn look, as if anguish or remorse had preyed upon his mind during the long hours of a sleepless night. The expression of his eyes shocked me: it was that of a man utterly hopeless as to the future, impressed with a sense of impending calamity which he is powerless to avert. He spoke in a constrained and listless sort of way, and to the many inquiries regarding his health, simply replied by saying, 'I have had a bad night; nothing more.'

"He remained on the bridge for several hours at a stretch, pacing restlessly from end to end. He had always maintained the strictest discipline on board his ship, but that day he strained it to actual harshness. It was easy to tell by the surprised looks of officers and crew they noticed something was amiss. More than once I heard the covert whisper, 'What's wrong with the skipper?' Which was generally answered by a silent shake of the head.

"This state of things continued until yesterday evening, when just as the daylight began to fade, we caught the first glimpse of the English coast. The sky had worn a threatening look all day; it was bitterly cold, and the glass fell rapidly. We came in for a few ugly squalls during the afternoon, that sent the water hissing on deck.

"Between eight and nine o'clock, the clouds seemed to gather and coalesce until they hung overhead like an immense black curtain. Presently, out of this inky blackness, the lightning shot; the crash and rumble of the thunder striking terror to the hearts of the timid. I put on a warm coat and went on deck, for a scene of this kind always had a strange sort of fascination for me.

"Very soon the sharp, cutting showers of sleet drove me to seek shelter under the lee of the deck-houses. Standing there, I could see Captain Cronhelm's dark figure upon the bridge, as he passed slowly from side to side. Every flash of lightning seemed to play around his tall form in a way that made me shudder. It was a positive relief when darkness again supervened, and I saw him resume his walk.

"At this time the *Dalhousie* was about a mile or so ahead. For some reason, her commander desired to alter his course, and, in case of any miscalculation, signalled his intention of taking the starboard side. She crossed our bows in an oblique line, Captain Cronhelm starboarding his helm until she had

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passed. Not long after this I saw the lights of the *Crusader* upon our port bow, but on account of the intense darkness and mist it was almost impossible to estimate her distance.

"It is my firm conviction that our commander not only was aware of her proximity, but had decided what measures it was necessary to take in order to avoid her. Just at this moment an intensely vivid flash rent the air, of such dazzling brilliancy that involuntarily I clapped my hand over my eyes. Almost instantaneously a cry so awful, so unearthly, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe it had proceeded from a human being, smote upon my ears. Looking up, I saw Captain Cronhelm stagger back against the rails of the bridge, his left hand clasped



"I SAW CAPTAIN CRONHELM STAGGER BACK."

over his face, while he swung his right arm high in the air. The few others who beheld that sight are firmly convinced his sudden cry and wild actions were due to the fact that the lightning flash revealed to him the dangerous proximity of the sailing ship, and he saw a collision was inevitable. I alone hold a different view: I think, even then, it would have been possible to avert the disaster, and am persuaded the blame cannot justly be laid upon the commander."

"You believe, then——"

"I believe," said Dr. Hamilton, decisively, "from the moment he uttered that terrible cry, Captain Cronhelm was stone blind!"

"Good heavens!" I cried, with a sort of chill running through me at the remembrance of the dead man's face. "It was just what that woman predicted!"

"Yes," the doctor replied, in a grave, sad kind of way, "there is no doubt upon my mind that the captain was not only blinded, but dazed—probably stunned—by the lightning flash. Call it chance, coincidence, or one of those mysterious dispensations for which neither you nor I can account, but every word of that terrible denunciation seems to have been fulfilled to the very letter. No wonder the man upon whom such a judgment had been pronounced should have uttered that appalling cry when the blow fell upon him! It would have been a mercy if it had killed him outright."

The doctor let his head fall upon his hand, and sat gazing moodily into the fire. As for me, my mind was so full of the strange story to which I had just listened that I scarcely heeded his presence. My thoughts were away with the dead man still lying in the chart-room of the sunken vessel. I understood now the cause of his seeming blunder; what I had myself seen and heard convinced me he had been the victim of a calamity, which, if it could be proved, would have exonerated him from blame. Was it merely an accident, or what had brought down such an awful judgment upon him?

"It almost seems a miracle that the disaster did not result in a frightful loss of life," I said, after a long pause. "The *Crusader*, too, must have been terribly battered about the bows; I wonder they managed to keep her afloat."

"The captain of the *Dalhousie* sent out tugs to her assistance the moment we reached Southampton," the doctor replied. "I believe they got her safely into port. Had the collision occurred a few

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hours later, when our passengers had retired to their berths, probably the greater number of them would have gone down with the ship. As it was, we had barely time to get clear of her before she sank. Only for the way Eastlake and the other officers kept their heads, there would certainly have been a panic, and a mad scramble for the boats."

"Were those two ladies rescued?"

"Yes. When the *Iris* was struck, my first thought was for their safety, and I dashed down to their state-room. You will scarcely believe it, but I found Mrs. MacKinlay vainly endeavouring to drag her companion on deck. The niece, who appeared strangely excited, positively refused to leave the ship. I told her the vessel was sinking; I pointed out that every moment was precious, and implored her to accompany us, but she would not stir. Fortunately one of the stewards came running past, and I called him to my assistance. We had actually to carry her up between us, but her strength suddenly gave way, and she fainted in our arms. I placed her in the same boat with her aunt. I have seen nothing of them since, though the second officer told me the boat was picked up all right. At any rate, I had fulfilled a promise made to Captain Cronhelm."

"He spoke to you about them, then?"

"He did. Only that very morning he called me into his cabin, and we had a long talk together. I think he must have been aware that I was present when he encountered the two ladies that night on deck, or else he felt the necessity of confiding in some one of his officers. He asked me, in the event of any accident to the ship, to go at once to their state-room, and do all in my power to render them assistance. I pledged my word to this effect, little dreaming at the time that I would be called upon to fulfil my promise before the day was out."

"Did he tell you who the ladies were, or how he came to be connected with them?"

"It is, perhaps, hardly fair to divulge his secret, but as you know so much already, I may as well repeat the rest, especially as he did not bind me to secrecy in any way. He spoke of a very tragic and melancholy occurrence that happened many years ago, and which had laid heavily upon his mind ever since. It was a sad story, known only to a few, who had good reasons for keeping it to themselves. Briefly, it was this:—

"Most people who knew him were unaware of the fact that at one time Captain Cronhelm was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The last ship in which he served was on the Australian Station. They had been out there nearly three years, and were daily expecting to be ordered home. It was just then the event occurred which blighted his career in the Navy, and left a lasting gloom upon his life. Though it was brought about solely by his own passionate temper, yet I cannot help feeling a certain amount of pity for him, knowing how bitterly he has expiated his fault.

"Some months before, he became acquainted with a Miss Mowbray, the daughter of a celebrated Melbourne physician. He met her at an afternoon entertainment on board his ship, where her name was in everybody's mouth. She was very young—only just come out, in fact—but her beauty had already caused somewhat of a sensation. She was quite the rage in Melbourne society at the time. Just think of it! That lady, 'the beautiful Miss Mowbray' as she was called, the girl so much admired, so much sought after, now strives to conceal her disfigured face, and hide her identity and misfortunes under her aunt's name. She is known as Miss MacKinlay—the one of whom we have just been speaking.

"There are some men who never strive so earnestly and recklessly to attain their object as when it seems beyond their reach, or when they have to contend against others. Without opposition, the pursuit would be robbed of half its attraction. Captain Cronhelm, in his younger days, must have been a man of this kind. To see this beautiful girl surrounded by admirers, to observe how they laboured and schemed to win her regard, was enough to fill him with a wild desire to outstrip them all, and carry off the prize. He set himself to accomplish this end; he seized every opportunity of seeing her; the admiration which she had first excited in him soon changed to a deeper feeling, and he loved her with all the force of his passionate nature. She did not remain long insensible to his devotion; little by little she gave way, and surrendered her heart to him. They became secretly engaged.

"Now that he had succeeded even beyond his expectations, one would have thought he ought to be supremely happy. But it was not so. His messmates spoke of him as a 'lucky fellow,' and he had to take their banter in good part. No one suspected what was raging in his mind, destroying his peace, robbing him of happiness, and inflicting

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incessant torment. It was jealousy: blind, insatiable, cruel jealousy!

"He begrudged every smile Miss Mowbray bestowed upon another; if she was out of his sight, he was tortured with the idea that someone else was usurping his place at her side. To stand by and watch her dance with one of his brother officers was more than he could endure. He wished her to refrain from the amusement altogether, and when she raised objections, he reproached her in bitter terms. The poor girl was wretched; she couldn't understand his violent hatred to every man who paid her the least attention, and many a pang his unjust suspicions must have cost her. They rarely met without a quarrel of some sort—ending in tears on her part, and in entreaties for forgiveness on his.

"One night there was a large ball at her father's house. Captain Cronhelm, of course, was invited; but it so happened, owing to the absence of other officers on leave, duty compelled him to remain on the ship. As you may imagine, this was a sore trial and disappointment to him. As he paced the deck that night, chafing under the restraint, his thoughts kept wandering away to the ball-room. It was easy for him to picture the brilliant scene, but that was not enough. If he could only peep in, and see how *she* was occupied! Sometimes he thought of her sitting alone, sad and pensive, his absence making the room appear a blank to her. Then he saw her whirling around through the dance, laughing and chatting to her partner, without allowing a single regret to mar her enjoyment.

"Harassed by these distracting thoughts, he determined to ascertain the truth at all costs. It was a serious matter for him to leave the ship, but he would take the risk. He need not be away more than half an hour; he would just steal up to the house, peep in through one of the windows of the ball-room, and return immediately. If he were careful, there was little chance of his absence being detected. And, to heighten the temptation, there was a small boat lying alongside in which he could row ashore.

"He stole away from the ship without attracting notice, and reached the shore in safety. So far all had gone well. Dr. Mowbray's house was not more than five minutes' walk from the beach. It was a detached building, surrounded by neatly-trimmed grass plots, shrubs, and flower-beds. Captain Cronhelm had no difficulty in making his way through the grounds; the darkness of the night favoured his design, and he took care to avoid the stray couples who were strolling about in the open air.

"The ball-room windows were wide open. He did not approach too near, but stood in the background, partly concealed behind a shrub. In this position he had a good view of the dancers, as couple after couple went whirling past. He had not long to wait. Presently Miss Mowbray came round, dancing with a tall, handsome young fellow, with whom she seemed upon very friendly terms. Suddenly she paused, with a gesture of fatigue, and they drew aside towards the window. They stood there a minute or so, talking in an easy and familiar manner. The sight aroused the demon of jealousy in the heart of the man outside.

"They left the room together before the dance was concluded. Captain Cronhelm hastened round to the front entrance. He saw them cross the hall, and disappear through a door at the opposite side. Without a moment's hesitation, he followed. I really believe the man was not responsible for his actions just then.

"I can only give you a very brief account of the subsequent scene. It was too painful a subject for Captain Cronhelm to dwell upon, and I never saw anyone suffer such intense anguish as he did, when he came to this part of his story. He nearly broke down more than once.

"I gathered from what he said that he found himself in Dr. Mowbray's consulting-room. The young lady and her companion were busily engaged in examining some sketches that lay on a side-table. They both started as he entered; and no wonder—the look in his face must have been enough to frighten them. Without giving the girl time to utter a word, he poured forth a torrent of reproaches, bitterly upbraiding her with having deceived him. He remembered afterwards that she used the words 'cruel' and 'unjust,' but he paid little heed to them at the time.

"In the midst of this stormy scene, Miss Mowbray's companion turned to her and said:—

"'Who is this fellow, Ethel?—will you allow me to pitch him out of doors?'

"If Captain Cronhelm retained any remnant of reason at that moment, it was swept away by those words. Mad with rage and jealousy, he seized the first object that came to his hand. It was a bottle, which stood on a table near him, and as he snatched it up to hurl at the man before him, Miss Mowbray sprang

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"IT STRUCK HER FULL IN THE FACE!"

forward with a cry of terror. She was too late! The missile was thrown, and—oh, heavens!—it struck her full in the face! Her screams of agony rang through the house, for the bottle had contained sulphuric acid!

"The only thought in Captain Cronhelm's mind, when he saw what he had done, was to destroy himself. He sprang through the open window, and rushing towards the beach flung himself into the tide. The splash was heard by the occupants of a passing boat, who hurried to the spot, and tried to drag him out of the water. He fought against them like a maniac, he implored them to let him drown, and not until he was thoroughly exhausted did they succeed in getting him on board. They took him back to his ship, and for weeks he was laid down with brain fever.

"When he recovered consciousness, the vessel was on her way back to England. He lost his commission, and for a whole year lived like a hermit in a little seaside village. He told me he was often tempted to blot out the past by hurling himself over the cliffs. At last he made up his mind to go to sea again, and an old friend of his father's got him appointed to one of the Cape steamers."

"Did he ever hear of Miss Mowbray from the time he left Australia until they met on board the *Iris*?"

"I believe he did. It came round to him in some way that she had sailed for England after her father's death. He also learnt that the man whose presence led to the catastrophe was her cousin, who had only returned from an inland station that very morning. He was quite ignorant of the fact that Miss Mowbray had assumed her aunt's name, but whether or not he knew anything of the nature or extent of her injuries I am unable to say. However great his fault may have been," the doctor added, as he rose to go, "I am certain it preyed upon his mind all the years he was in the Cape service. That in itself was a heavy punishment, even if you do not regard his death as a part of the penalty."

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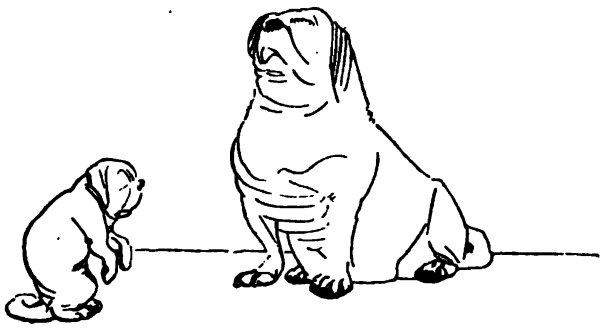
Fables

THE LITTLE DOG.

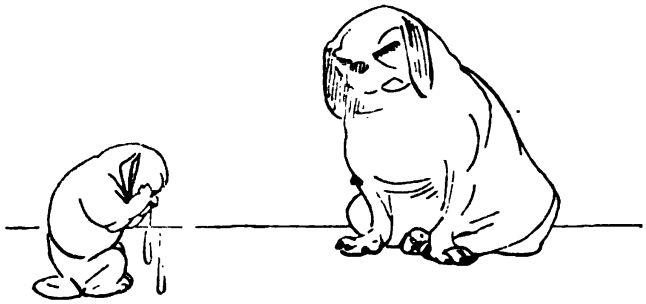
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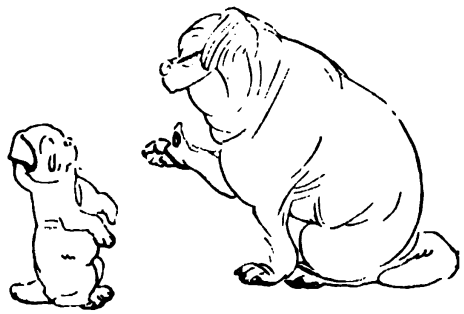
1.—"WHAT SHALL I DO," SAID A VERY LITTLE DOG ONE DAY TO HIS MOTHER, "TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE TO OUR GOOD MASTER AND MAKE MYSELF OF SOME VALUE TO HIM?"



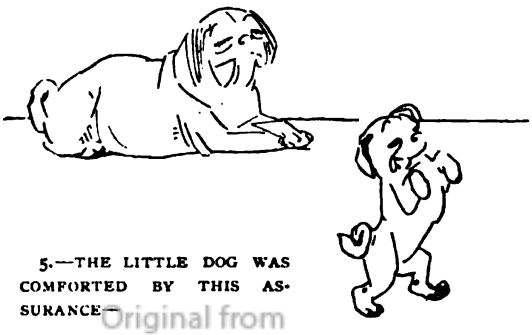
2.—"I CANNOT DRAW OR CARRY BURDENS LIKE THE HORSE; NOR GIVE HIM MILK LIKE THE COW; NOR LEND HIM MY COVERING FOR HIS CLOTHING LIKE THE SHEEP; NOR PRODUCE HIM EGGS LIKE THE POULTRY; NOR CATCH RATS AND MICE AS WELL AS THE CAT. I CANNOT DIVERT HIM WITH SINGING LIKE THE CANARIES AND LINNETS; NOR CAN I DEFEND HIM AGAINST ROBBERS LIKE OUR RELATION, TOWZER; I SHOULD NOT BE OF USE TO HIM EVEN IF I WERE DEAD, AS THE HOGS ARE. I AM A POOR, INSIGNIFICANT CREATURE, NOT WORTH THE COST OF KEEPING; AND I DON'T SEE THAT I CAN DO A SINGLE THING TO ENTITLE ME TO HIS REGARD."



3.—SO SAYING, THE POOR LITTLE DOG HUNG DOWN HIS HEAD IN SILENT DESPONDENCY.

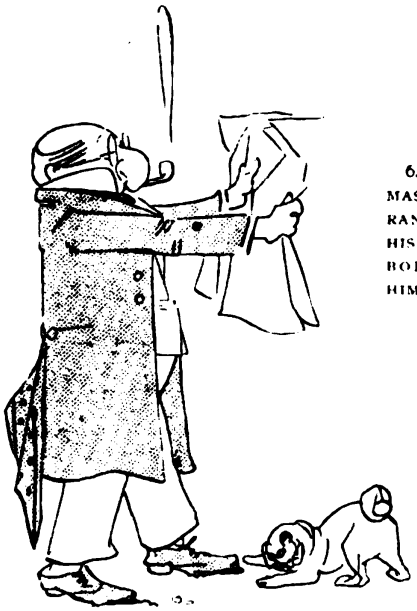


4.—"MY DEAR CHILD," REPLIED HIS MOTHER, "THOUGH YOUR ABILITIES ARE BUT SMALL, YET A HEARTY GOOD WILL IS SUFFICIENT TO SUPPLY ALL DEFECTS. DO BUT LOVE HIM DEARLY, AND PROVE YOUR LOVE BY ALL THE MEANS IN YOUR POWER, AND YOU WILL NOT FAIL TO PLEASE HIM."

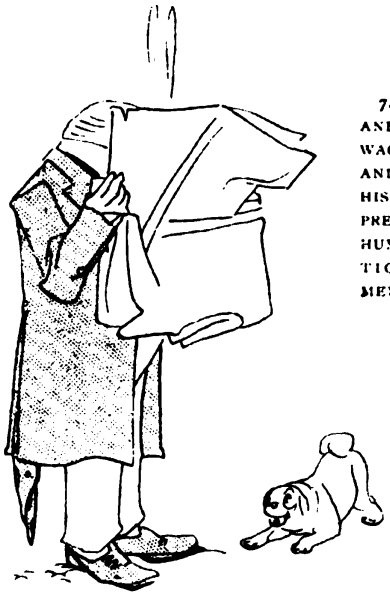


5.—THE LITTLE DOG WAS COMFORTED BY THIS ASSURANCE.

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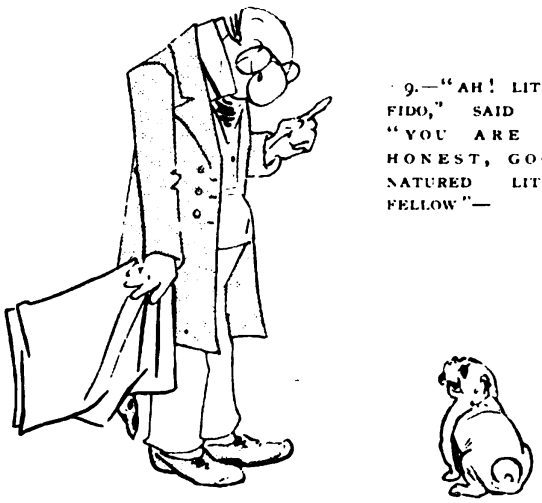
6.—AND, ON HIS MASTER'S APPROACH, RAN TO HIM, LICKED HIS FEET, GAMBOLLED BEFORE HIM—



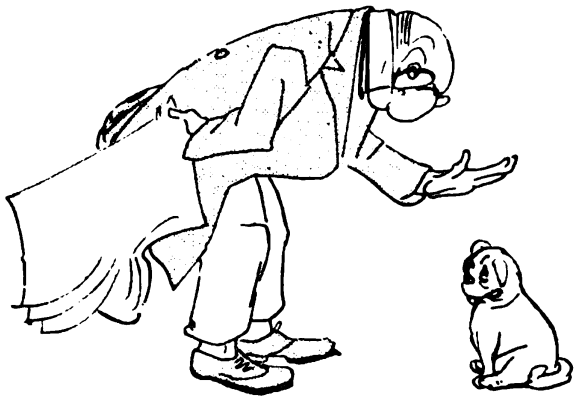
7.—AND EVERY NOW AND THEN STOPPED, WAGGING HIS TAIL, AND LOOKING UP TO HIS MASTER WITH EXPRESSIONS OF MOST HUMBLE AND AFFECTIONATE ATTACHMENT.



8.—THE MASTER OBSERVED HIM.



9.—"AH! LITTLE FIDO," SAID HE, "YOU ARE AN HONEST, GOOD-NATURED LITTLE FELLOW"—

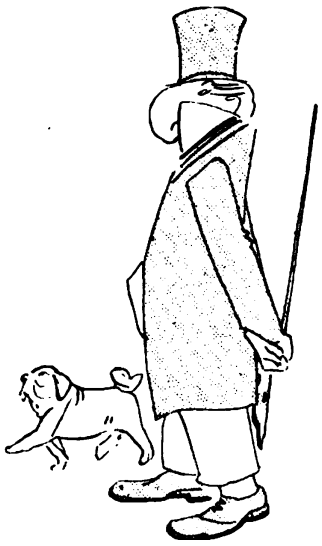


10.—AND STOOPED DOWN TO PAT HIS HEAD.



11.—POOR FIDO WAS READY TO GO OUT OF HIS WITS FOR JOY.

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12.—FIDO WAS NOW HIS MASTER'S CONSTANT COMPANION IN HIS WALKS—

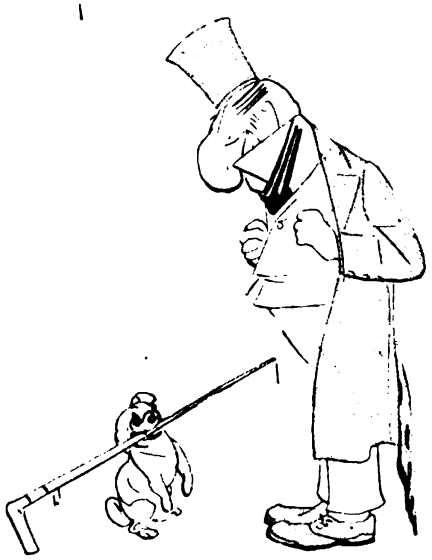


13.—PLAYING AND SKIPPING ROUND HIM—

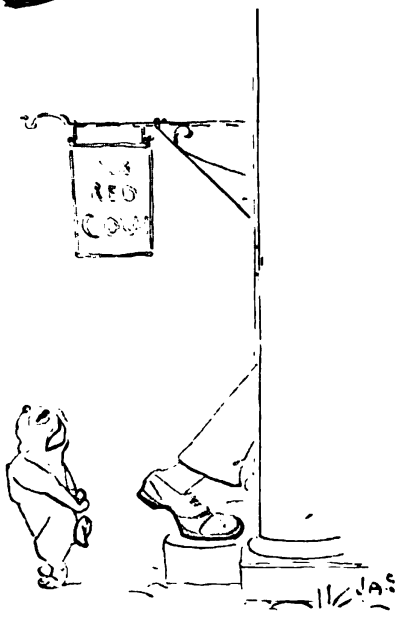


14.—AND AMUSING HIM BY A THOUSAND SPORTIVE TRICKS.



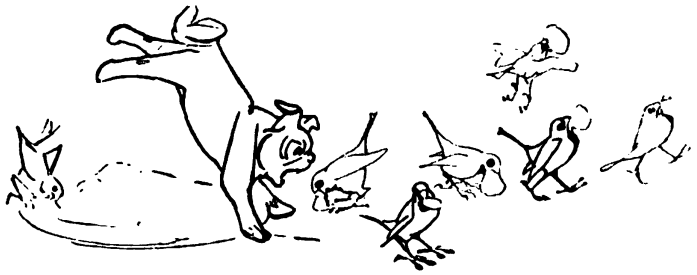


15.—HE TOOK CARE, HOWEVER, NOT TO BE TROUBLESOME BY LEAPING ON HIM WITH DIRTY PAWS—



16.—NOR WOULD HE MAKE REFERENCE TO ANY VISIT HIS MASTER MIGHT MAKE BY THE WAY.

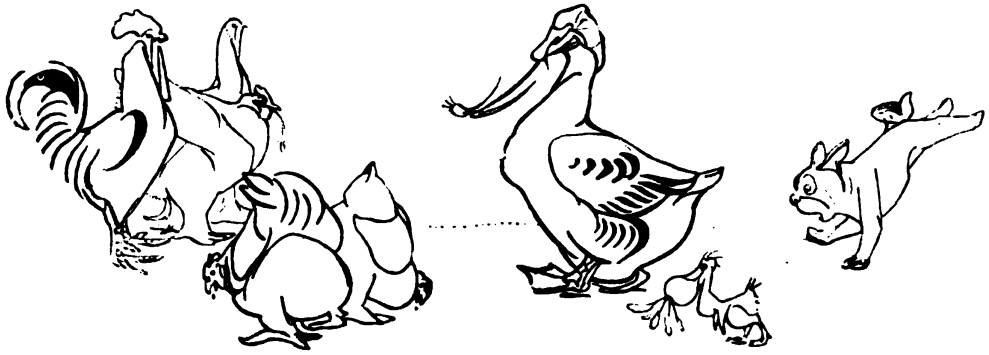
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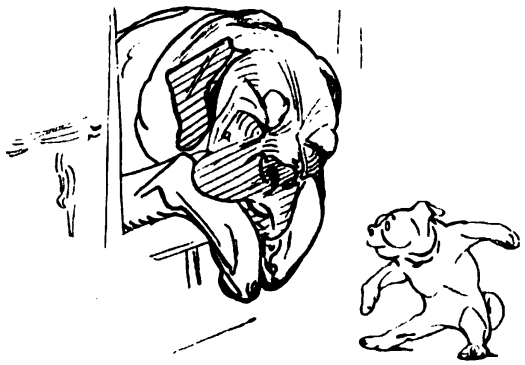
17.—FIDO NOW GROWN OLDER MADE HIMSELF USEFUL BY A NUMBER OF LITTLE SERVICES. HE WOULD BOLDLY DASH OUT AND DRIVE AWAY THE SPARROWS AS THEY WERE STEALING THE CHICKENS' MEAT—



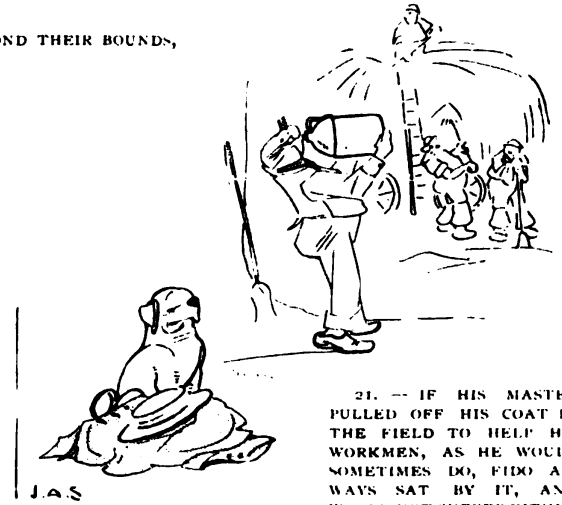
18.—AND PEREMPTORILY ORDER OUT ANY STRANGE PIGS THAT OFFERED TO COME INTO THE YARD.



19.—HE KEPT THE POULTRY AND GEESE FROM STRAYING BEYOND THEIR BOUNDS, AND PARTICULARLY FROM DOING MISCHIEF IN THE GARDEN.

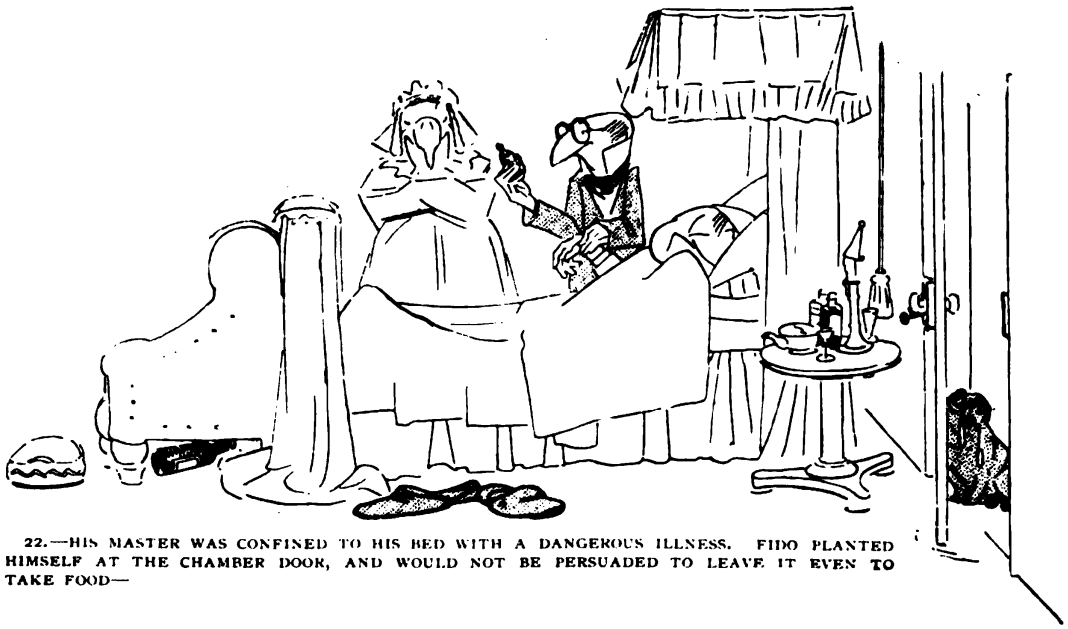


20.—AND WAS ALWAYS READY TO ALARM TOWZER IF THERE WAS ANY SUSPICIOUS NOISE ABOUT THE HOUSE, DAY OR NIGHT.



21.—IF HIS MASTER PULLED OFF HIS COAT IN THE FIELD TO HELP HIS WORKMEN, AS HE WOULD SOMETIMES DO, FIDO ALWAYS SAT BY IT, AND WOULD NOT SUFFER EITHER MAN OR BEAST TO TOUCH IT. BY THIS MEANS HE CAME TO BE CONSIDERED A VERY TRUSTY PROTECTOR OF HIS MASTER'S PROPERTY.

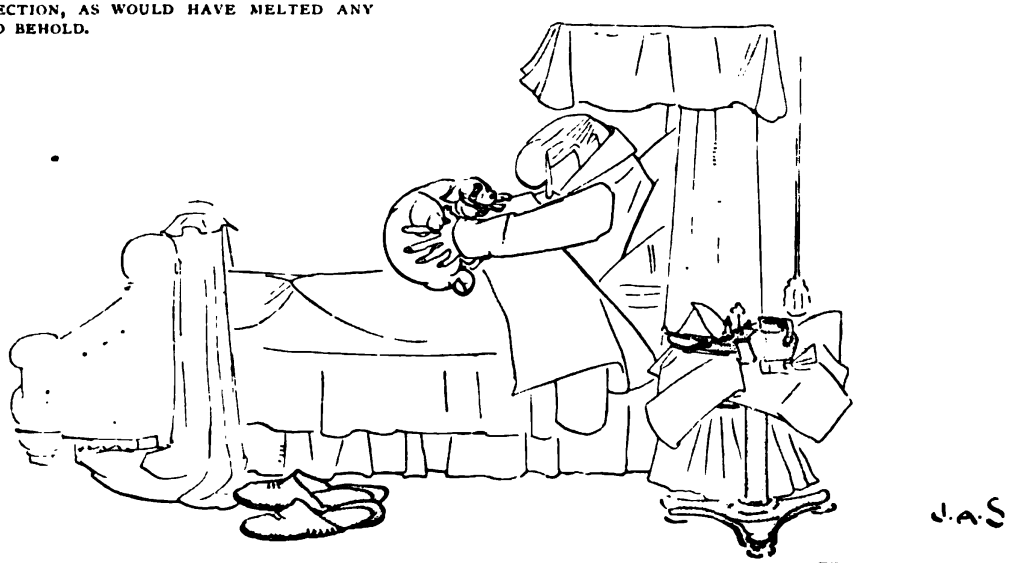
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22.—HIS MASTER WAS CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH A DANGEROUS ILLNESS. FIDO PLANTED HIMSELF AT THE CHAMBER DOOR, AND WOULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO LEAVE IT EVEN TO TAKE FOOD—

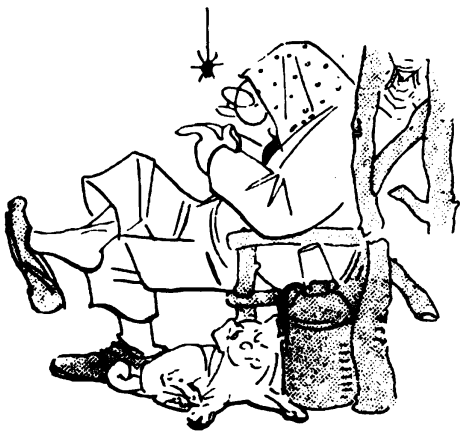


23.—AND AS SOON AS HIS MASTER WAS SO FAR RECOVERED AS TO SIT UP, FIDO, BEING ADMITTED INTO THE ROOM, RA UP TO HIM WITH SUCH MARKS OF EXCESSIVE JOY AND AFFECTION, AS WOULD HAVE MELTED ANY HEART TO BEHOLD.



24.—THIS CIRCUMSTANCE WONDERFULLY ENDEARED HIM TO HIS MASTER.

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25.—ONE HOT DAY, AFTER DINNER, HIS MASTER WAS SLEEPING IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE, WITH FIDO BY HIS SIDE. THE BUILDING WAS OLD AND CRAZY; AND THE DOG, WHO WAS FAITHFULLY WATCHING HIS MASTER, PERCEIVED THE WALLS SHAKE. HE COMPREHENDED THE DANGER—



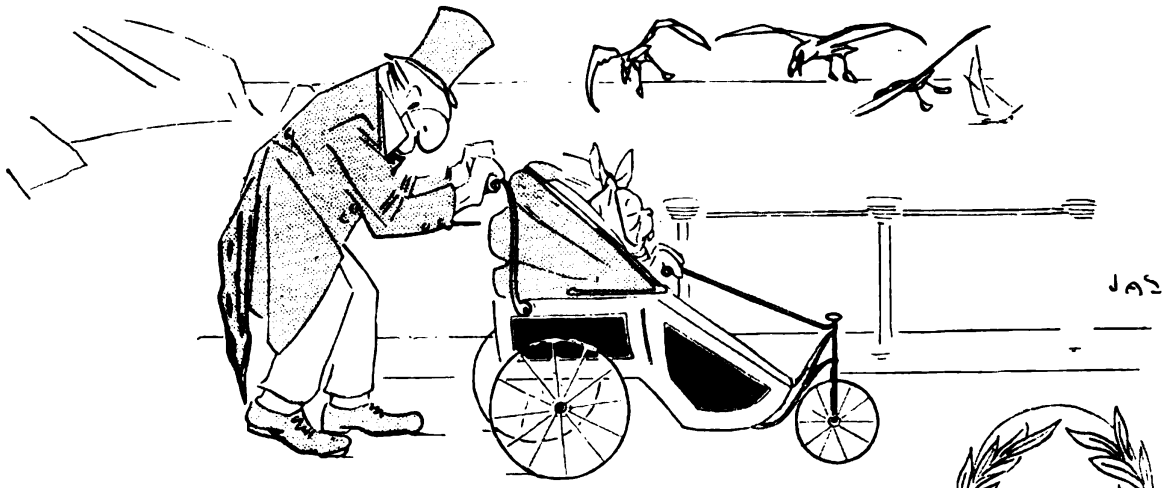
26.—AND BEGAN BARKING TO AWAKEN HIS MASTER; BUT THIS NOT SUFFICING TO THOROUGHLY AWAKEN HIM—



27.—HE PULLED HIM GENTLY BY THE LEG OF HIS TROUSERS. THE MASTER UPON THIS STARTED UP—



28.—AND HAD JUST TIME TO GET OUT OF THE DOOR BEFORE THE WHOLE BUILDING FELL DOWN. FIDO, WHO WAS BEHIND, GOT HURT BY SOME RUBBISH WHICH FELL UPON HIM.





29.—ON WHICH HIS MASTER TOOK CARE OF HIM WITH THE UTMOST TENDERNESS, AND EVER AFTERWARDS ACKNOWLEDGED HIS OBLIGATIONS TO THIS LITTLE ANIMAL AS THE PRESERVER OF HIS LIFE. THUS HIS LOVE AND FIDELITY HAD THEIR FULL REWARD.

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RING-FALLA BRIDGE

A Fairy Tale

By K. E. Sutter.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who had two kingdoms to govern—his own always the perfection of law and order, while the other was given over to confusion and rebellion, which, strive as he would, got ever worse instead of better.

It had been the worry of his life ever since he began to reign—and as he had no son to help him, he was obliged to find a ruler for it among his Ministers, but not one of them, however clever, could manage to control its unruly inhabitants.

Sometimes, at long intervals, he even went to live there himself, on which occasions his troubles in regard to it multiplied so exceedingly, that he swore they were half demons, as the name of their kingdom, Nokkëland, proved, and for his part he wished they could find an evil spirit like themselves to govern them in his stead, as no mere mortal could. And then, as he could think of nothing else, he called a council of his most trusted chiefs, and conferred with them, but as they had all given their best consideration to the subject many times before, none of them could come to any more brilliant conclusion than formerly.

Therefore King Kaftan said he would hunt on the morrow to distract his mind, so a great party set forth at daybreak, and scoured the woods far and near, but no sport could they get; no four-footed beast could they find excepting rabbits, and they were everywhere.

Unwilling to return empty-handed, and hoping for better luck on the morrow, the King gave the order to camp in the wood. Some of the men were catching rabbits for supper, whilst others were making fires to cook them, when just as the last rim of the sinking sun disappeared below the horizon, a beautiful hart as white as snow, with antlers and hoofs of gold, suddenly appeared, and walked leisurely down the glade towards the sunset.

Instantly, with one accord, King, courtiers, huntsmen, and servants rushed off in hot pursuit, helter-skelter over each other, on foot, on horseback, armed or unarmed, just

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as they found themselves when it first appeared. The King, who had not dismounted, was ahead of the others, and urged his steed with whip and spur ; but poor Rolf was very weary, and do as he would, his master could get no nearer to his quarry.

Night was rapidly closing in when the King found himself far ahead of his attendants, and alone with a spent horse in a part of the forest where he had never been before, and miles from any human habitation.

More and more faltering grew Rolf's jaded pace, and in proportion as it slackened, slower went the hart. The King's pulses quivered with excitement. He leapt from the saddle, drew his dagger, and prepared to follow on foot ; but, to his astonishment, the beast had turned and was coming slowly towards him, the moonlight turning his antlers to silver, and gleaming on his milk-white coat.



"AN ENAMELLED BOX."

Half instinctively, the King had raised his dagger, when the hart stopped and spoke in courteous, but authoritative, tones.

"Stay thy hand, and know that I also am a King in my own country. I have much to say to thee, therefore follow me and fear nothing."

So King Kaftan followed, wondering, until the hart stopped before a great rock, overhung with a tangle of eglantine and honeysuckle—and pushing aside the fragrant curtain dexterously with his horns, disclosed what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. Entering this, closely followed by the King, they proceeded for some way in almost total darkness. Gradually it grew lighter and the path wider, when the King perceived, to his amazement, that the illumination proceeded from countless numbers of bats, ridden by small imps carrying lighted glow-worms.

Presently they came to a spacious garden, where all the trees were lighted by coloured lamps hanging among the branches, and the air was filled with music and perfume.

Within the garden was a great pavilion of purple silk, most gorgeously emblazoned with scarlet and gold, and having a Royal banner floating from the roof.

Within was a table, covered with every variety of food and wine, lavishly decorated with flowers and gold plate, and laid for two. Here the hart entertained his Royal guest to supper, and after he was completely refreshed and rested, handed him an enamelled box, which, on being opened, disclosed a clay pipe, blackened with much use, a tinder, and a flint.

"Smoke, oh King!" said the host; "unfortunately I cannot join you ; and now to explain why I have lured you from your own people to my enchanted land.

"I know your difficulties in Nokkëland, because for one reason we are very near neighbours, though probably you are unaware of it. The people who inhabit that kingdom are descended from a water fiend, and the turbulent instincts inherited from him can never be quelled until the power of the Neck, who rules the river between your kingdom and theirs, is broken. Now, the Neck is my enemy as well as yours, and if you will ally yourself with me and follow my counsels, you will have peace, honour, and happiness for the rest of your life in all probability."

"I am ready," said the King, "only tell me what to do ; the Klavs are the plague of my life, but from what you say success even then is by no means a certainty."

"Much depends on luck," said the hart, "and to neither your Majesty nor myself is it given to do much. You have three daughters, Solveig, Ulva, and little Kirsten ; one of them must go over Ringfalla Bridge without stum-

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bling and without speaking one word. This done, your troubles and my own are at an end."

Now, Ringfalla Bridge it was that spanned the river between King Kaftan's own territory and that of the Klavs, and what between the Klavs themselves and the Neck who inhabited the river, it had a very evil reputation indeed.

The King looked grave, and then he laughed rather grimly. "There won't be much difficulty about that," he said. "To cross it has been the desire of their hearts ever since they were babies; it is only my strict orders that keep them from it."

"She who undertakes it must go of her own free will, and if she accomplish it without stumbling and without speaking, the kingdom is saved." Those were the last words of the hart ere bidding the King good-night, and they were ringing in his ears when he awoke in the morning. But he was no longer lying on the silken cushions on which he had rested the night before. Pavilion, garden, and hart had vanished, the sun was high in the heavens, he was lying on a heap of moss and ferns in the wood, with Rolf standing over him and thrusting his soft nozzle into his face.

The King was greatly perplexed as to whether all the events of the preceding night had actually happened, or if he had only dreamt them, and was rather inclined to the latter belief. Mounting Rolf, and leaving that good steed to find his own way back to the camp, he pondered deeply over all the hart had told him, and resolved at least to try what he had suggested.

When at last they came to the camp it was nearly deserted, as most of the party had gone to hunt for the King, but after much blowing of horns, the company was collected, and, abandoning all further idea of sport, rode back to the capital.

There they found everything silent, except that the bells were mournfully tolling, and the flag over the palace hanging half-mast high. "What is this? Who is dead?" asked the King, but no one seemed inclined to explain.

At last the captain of the guard, who could not run away, was forced to salute and answer the King.

"Sire," he said, "your Majesty's daughter, the Princess Solveig, was drowned yesterday in trying to cross Ringfalla Bridge."

Greatly to the captain's surprise, however, the King inquired no further on the subject, but went straight up to the tower where the apartments of the three Princesses were situated.

There he found the two youngest overwhelmed with grief for their sister's loss, but overjoyed to see him and give an account of the catastrophe.

On the previous day, after seeing the King start at the head of a great cavalcade on his hunting expedition, the three Princesses cast about in their minds how they might amuse themselves, and finally agreed to go down and picnic by the river. Now, although the river itself was not absolutely forbidden, they were quite aware that the King disapproved of their going there, but they pacified their consciences by taking a strong escort, their old nurse, and a very large variety of hampers containing lunch.

Poor old Nurse Gerda was as much averse to the expedition as King Kaftan himself could have been, and told gruesome tales of the evil water spirit and his doings; but the Princesses only laughed, and enjoyed preparing their own lunch, and eating it afterwards, extremely. Then they wandered along the banks, gathering primroses and long grasses, all the while drawing nearer to the forbidden bridge; but it looked so inviting with its stone parapet and curious wooden pavement, and the water flowed so peacefully beneath the arches, that they there and then made up their minds to cross it, and drew lots to decide which should venture first. The lot fell to Solveig, the eldest, and she set out boldly, with six archers to guard her—three before and three behind, walking abreast—a last precaution insisted upon by Gerda, the nurse, who watched the proceeding in terror.

All went well till they had almost reached the middle, when she tripped, and in falling touched the parapet, which instantly gave way, and the Princess fell into the river. As she touched the water a great pair of hairy arms caught and drew her under, so that she was seen no more. "And," continued Ulva, who up till now had done most of the talking, "the wall closed up again, with no sign of a break, directly she disappeared, and though two of the guard jumped in after her, the Neck took no notice of them, and they swam ashore in the end quite safely."

"The bridge is enchanted," said the King, gloomily; and then he told them of his adventure with the white hart.

"Then," said Ulva, with great decision, "I will go: it is very simple. Solveig talked to Ulf, the archer, all the time, and was looking at the river when she stumbled. Now, I

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"A GREAT PAIR OF HAIRY ARMS CAUGHT AND DREW HER UNDER."

know what is required of me: I will look at my feet and say nothing, not a word. Do, father, let me go." And she gave the King no peace till he consented; but she fared no better than her sister.

Boldly and silently she marched in the very centre of the fatal bridge, till suddenly she saw in front of her an enormous serpent with fiery eyes and forked tongue, with head up ready to spring. Poor Ulva's chief fear in life was a snake. She recoiled in terror, calling to warn the archers, who had seen nothing. And then the flooring gave way beneath her, and she too sank into the flood, a great pair of hairy hands clutching her as she fell.

Then there was great mourning throughout the land. The people clothed themselves in black, and the King reviled the hart and his own folly in acting on his advice, and refused to be comforted.

Then little Kirsten, the youngest sister, and the fairest maiden in the land, put her white arms about his neck and told him to be of good cheer, "for I will ride across," she said, "and if Freyja my mare stumble, it will be her fault, not mine, and I will neither speak nor scream, for they will tie a scarf over my lips so that I cannot. So, father, let me go, for it is I who will save the kingdom."

But the King swore a great oath, and vowed she should not, and for three days nothing could move him. Then the Princess prevailed, and the whole city came out to see her ride over Ringfalla Bridge.

This time neither guards nor soldiers attempted to cross—a dozen courtiers, richly apparelled and mounted, accompanied the youngest Princess, who, dressed in white, and all her pet jewels, with diamond fireflies glistening in the golden hair that floated to her little shoes, and her small, red mouth, bound fast with a silken scarf, rode gaily upon Freyja till she had crossed the middle of the bridge—when, once again, appeared a wonder on the verge of the forest—a great white hart, with horns and hoofs of burnished gold. And straightway all the courtiers were tearing after it helter-skelter in hot haste, entirely forgetful of the poor little Princess and everything else.

And Freyja that morning was very frisky; she minced along sideways on her golden shoes, coquetting with her own shadow, and making little, playful snaps at her bridle. So she, too, stumbled at last on the treacherous planks, throwing her mistress over the parapet into the swiftly-running stream; but this time no demon hands were stretched out to receive their prey—only a flash of white and gold ere the water closed over her head, and then all was still.

Meantime the white hart was giving the truant courtiers a lively time of it; he bounded, trotted, and doubled, keeping all the time close to the bridge, but eluding all their efforts to come near him. When, however, the maiden fell, a marvellous thing chanced—the beautiful beast vanished, and in his place stood the handsomest knight that had ever been seen in that or any other land. His armour was of gold, curiously inlaid with silver; on his helmet was a crown of

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"THE YOUNGEST PRINCESS RODE GAILY UPON FREYJA."

emeralds, and his long purple mantle was lined with ermine, so there could be no doubt about his being a King.

Then all the courtiers doffed their plumed caps, and did obeisance to him; but the stranger, after acknowledging their homage, called aloud for "Asaph," and out of the wood, running as fast as he could, came a beautiful little page, clothed in green, and carrying a golden harp.

Then the strange knight crossed the bridge and saluted King Kaftan, who was standing on the bank, looking at the river like one dazed.

"Be of good cheer, Sir King," he cried; "the Princess Kirsten has broken the charm, and I am no longer the white hart, but the rightful King of your troublesome Klavs—me they obey and no other; and now, thanks for your courtesy." So saying, he took the harp from his little foot-page, and, seating himself on the bank, began to play.

Very softly at first, but so wondrous were the magic notes that all the assembled people listened silent and motionless, for never before had they heard the like. First the sound was like the distant echo of silver trumpets, when they welcome the hosts back from battle; and then coming, as it were, nearer, like the ripple of waves on a pebbly beach, and all the fishes swam up to listen, while out of the wood flocked bird and beast also. So wondrous was the strain.

And then little Kirsten came smiling out of the water and sat upon the harper's knee, and one arm he put about her to hold her fast, but still he kept on playing. And now the music waxed fierce and terrible, like the roll of thunder among the mountains, or the crash of armies when they meet in battle. And the waves grew black and angry, and lashed themselves into foam, for the Neck, the evil water spirit, was furious, but he could not fight against his master, and so at the last he also came forth, black and hideous, but subdued, leading the two Princesses Solveig and Ulva, who looked more beautiful than ever, and none the worse for their sojourn below the river.

So there were great rejoicings in both kingdoms, for the youngest Princess had broken the spell laid on Sir Sigurd by the Neck, who caught him in the forest alone without his harp, and condemned him to wander as a white hart until a Royal Princess should of her own free will cross Ringfalla Bridge without stumbling and without talking.

This little Kirsten did, and she had her reward, for she married Sigurd and reigned over the Klavs, who were turbulent no more, because their King and Queen had been born for the special purpose of ruling over them.

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The Queer Side of Things.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF MIND.



It was the heydey of the pleistocene period. Mrs. Elephas Primigenius sat up and yawned. Then she washed the children in a pond, and untied the rushes with which she curled the hairs at the ends of their tails every night, and brushed down the little ones with a bunch of thorns. Then she went and kicked Mr. Primigenius as hard as she could.

"What a healthy sleeper George is, to be sure!" she said.

Snatching up one of the children with her trunk, she hurled it in the air, so that it descended with a resounding bump on its father's head: but Mr. P. only grunted and turned over in his sleep.

So Mrs. P. jumped as high as she could, and came down bang on her spouse. Yet the result was only a larger grunt.

"Gee-orge!" she screamed; "get up, will you? It's past breakfast time. Geee-horge!"

No use. Then she found a boulder weighing a ton or two, carried it to the top of the rock above Mr. P.'s head, and dropped it over. It descended on Mr. P.'s head with a shock that shook the surrounding cliffs: and Mr. P. opened his eyes, said "Eh, my dear?" and slowly sat up and yawned.

"What a dreadful nuisance you are to wake!" said Mrs. P., crossly. "With thousands of ants boring into your hide, and you asleep like an idiot right in that puddle—enough to lay you up with rheumatic fever, and there I shall be, a lone widow with these seven children to support, and it's a pity you can't be a little more considerate!"

Mr. P. sat chuckling in a way that frightened the ichthyosaurus, who lived next door, nearly into a fit.

"Ho! ho! Roo-matic fever!" roared Mr. P. "Roo-matic fever! I hain't delicate, my dear—don't you bother yourself about *me*. I'm a 'ealthy sleeper, Jane; that's what *I* am."

"You're a horrid rough lump; *that's* what you are!" said Mrs. P., thoroughly angry. "A rough, lumping, clumping, lumbering, pachydermatous mass of material, without any mind or sensibilities. It's a pity you don't cultivate some sensibilities by improving your mind a bit; *that's* what I think!"

And Mrs. P. stamped away to pull down a few trees for the children's breakfast.

Mr. Elephas Primigenius sat where he was.



"YOU'RE A HORRID ROUGH LUMP."

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He appeared to be trying to think. He was moody, and not in his usual spirits.

"Horrid rough lump!" he murmured, and sat stroking his trunk with his paw. Presently he muttered: "'Pachydermatous mass,' eh? 'No sensibilities.' 'Improve my mind a bit.' Humph!" And when Mrs. P. returned he was still sitting there pondering.

"Whatever on earth *is* the matter, George?" said Mrs. P. "You're not in spirits this morning. Have you eaten anything that disagrees with you?"

"Disagrees with me!" said Mr. P., with deep derision. "Dis-a-grees with *me!*" Dj'yer ever know anything disagree with *me?* It'd have to be a toughish morsel, my dear!"

Yet he certainly was *not* in his wonted spirits. Instead of partaking of his usual breakfast of half an acre of forest and a few tons of grass, he strayed moodily by the river all the rest of the day, deeply pre-occupied about something; and towards evening he hastily masticated a few trees, and then sat gloomily with his back against a rock until the small hours of the morning; after which he fell into a troubled slumber, punctuated by grunts.

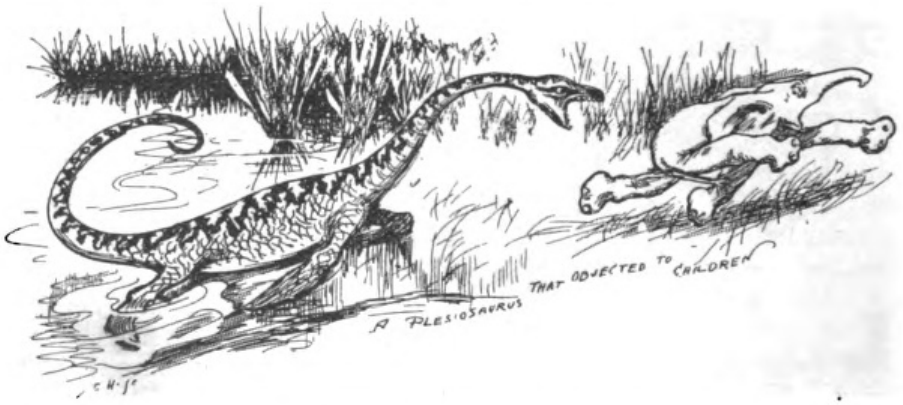
When he woke next morning he went straight off by the river; and Mrs. P. saw no more of him until, going in search of him, she found him minutely inspecting a small plant—sitting and watching it intently.

"Whatever on earth *are* you doing, George?" said Mrs. P., impatiently. "What's the matter with that little plant, that you're sitting glowering at it like that?"

"Tryin' to improve my mind, Jane," replied Mr. P. "It struck me you were about right in what you said yesterday morning; so I'm looking into things a bit to see 'ow they're done. I've been watching this plant grow—most interesting, my dear, although, o' course, it's rather slow work. But I feel it's doing me good, Jane; and that's a fact. There's a lot of wonderful things a-going on which never struck me before. What makes that plant grow? How does it do it? *Why* does it do it? Dear me! Most absorbin'."

"Poor George," said Mrs. P. to herself, "I really didn't mean it. I'm sure I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world; but perhaps it'll be good for him; he'll be all the better for something to occupy his mind all day while I'm looking after the children. I'm afraid I don't look after him so much since little James, and Maria, and Henrietta came," and she sighed, and went back to busy herself about a new bandage of grass for little James's foot, which had been bitten by a plesiosaurus that objected to children.

Mr. Primigenius seemed very much changed; every day he would bring home a lot of plants which he was studying, and litter the domestic turf with them. One day he



suddenly got up, selected two flints, laid one of them on a granite boulder, took the other with the end of his trunk, and sat patiently tapping it on the first. The little P.'s, who thought it must be some new game, gathered round and watched.

"What are you making, George?" asked Mrs. P.

"A knife, my dear—a dissecting-knife, to cut up the specimens with," said Mr. P., and he chipped patiently until he had made a keen edge, while Mrs. P. meditated wonderingly on this change from his old impatient way of tearing and rending anything which offered any resistance to his efforts.

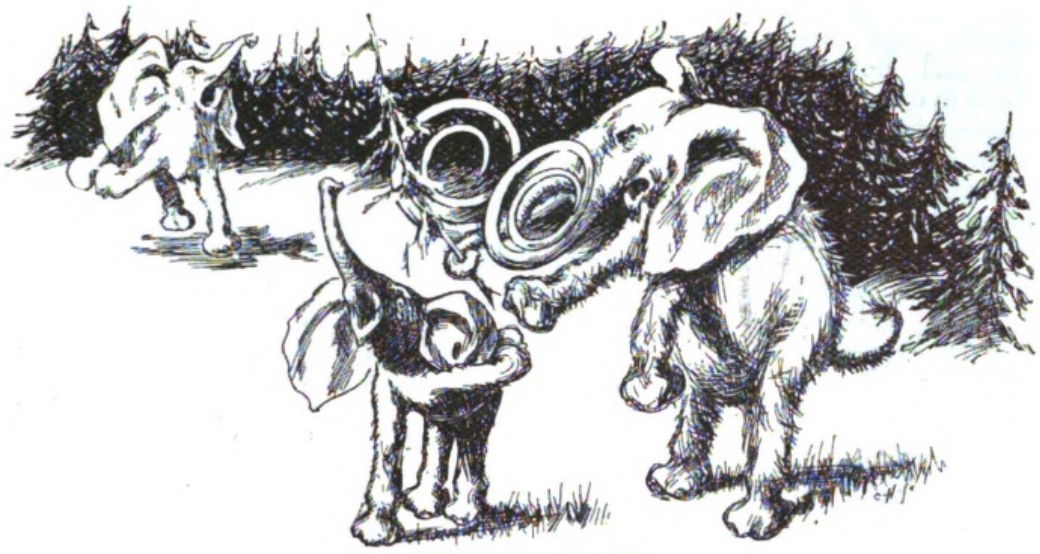
It was a few days after this that Mrs. P. heard dismal wails proceeding from one of the children, and, with a mother's anxiousness, ran hastily up, to find Mr. P. birching little James with a young pine-tree.

"Oh, George! What has he done?"

"Bin eatin' them plants!" roared Mr. P.

"Plants!" said Mrs. P., indignantly. "Of course. Don't you expect your lawful, innocent offspring to eat plants like their father did before 'em, you unnatural parent? Perhaps you look for 'em to go eating mud like the slimyosaurus and such-like low

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BIRCHING LITTLE JAMES.

characters? They'd better let me catch 'em at it—that's all!"

"But, my love," said poor Mr. P., "they're my specimens he's bin eating, and all after me a-layin' them out so careful on the shelf! Tell you what: if I'm to improve my mind, I shall have to have a study to myself; and that's all about it!"

So Mrs. Primigenius went and stroked her husband gently with her paw, and led away little James, still howling; and then she helped her husband to build a wall of boulders round a space of green turf, at the foot of a rock conveniently formed in shelves for the specimens; and this was Mr. P.'s study; and the youngsters were warned not to set foot in it.

Time went on, and Mrs. P. began to get dissatisfied. She missed the society of her husband, once so cheering to her amid the cares of a family. She sat down by him on the study wall, and took his paw.

"Don't you think, George, dear, that—that you've improved your mind enough now?" she said, ruefully. "I never thought you would take what I said so seriously to heart; and I'm sure you're looked upon as quite a superior person now by the mastodon and hippopotamus-major, and megaceros hibernicus, and anoplotheriun, and all those. They're always talking about your learnedness; and, what's more, I'm not sure they're quite pleased about it. They seem to feel hurt; they say prehistoric mammalia were intended to be prehistoric mammalia and behave themselves as such with proper palæozoicism, and not go making superior, conceited, stuck-up philosophers of themselves. I heard the hippopotamus say as much to the whatdye-callit vulpiceps only yesterday."

Mr. P. shook his head. "I feel I ought to keep on," he said. "I think it's my mission. Every day I feel more and more how horribly ignorant I am."

"You're not looking so well as you used to," said Mrs. P., with a tear in her eye. "You're paler; and I believe you're thinner. You never trumpet now, like you used to when you were merry; and the children miss it; and I miss the walks we used to take together through the palæodendric glades. You never come and paddle in the lake now. I'm sorry I ever said that about improving your mind!" And she wept.

"I am convinced that study is the right thing—the proper pursuit even for a prehistoric mammal," said Mr. P., thoughtfully; and she could not but notice the remarkable improvement in his method of speech.

It was useless to attempt to stop the ball which she herself had set rolling; and bitter regret alone was left to her.

One evening, some years after this, he arose from his studies, and sank wearily down on a knoll outside.

"You're tired, George, dear!" said Mrs. P., passing her paw over his brow. "And I never saw you so pale!"

"Tired? Pale?" began Mr. P., in a voice of derision; but he paused; and when he went on it was in quite a different tone:—

"I do believe I *am* tired, Jane! Just fancy *my* getting tired. To tell the truth, I have a bit of a headache, and a sort of a pain in my chest."

"Ah, I thought so—indigestion!" said Mrs. P.

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Mr. P. looked toward the children, who were trying to pull down a large bulkeyodendron thousandfeetium Jonesii to play with; and they came trooping to their father to beg him to pull it down for them; and Mr. P. rose wearily and plodded towards it.

Seven times he tried to pull down that tree, but without success.

"I'm—I'm afraid I'm not quite the elephant I used to be, Jane!" he said, sadly. "A few years ago I should have thought nothing of pulling down a tree bigger than that—and now——"

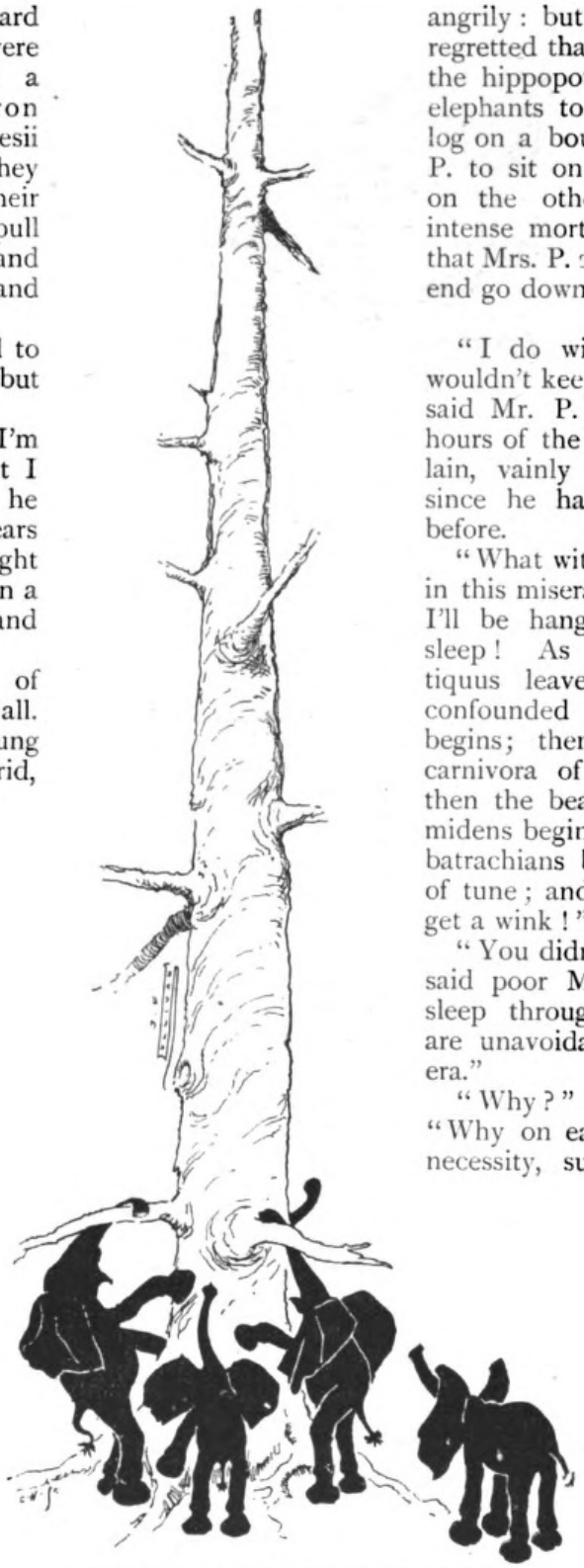
"Oh, you're out of sorts, George; that's all. Why, you're quite young yet, as I told that horrid, rowdy hippopotamus the other day when he had the impertinence to suggest that he could pull harder than you — quite young, and worth twenty of him!"

But in spite of the forced gaiety of Mrs. P.'s tone, a little sigh betrayed her inward anxiety; and she gazed furtively and sadly at her husband as he went slowly and wearily back to his seat on the knoll.

At that moment the hippopotamus strolled up.

"Hullo, Primey!" he shouted. "Why, you're looking off colour! Lost flesh too, old chappie — lost flesh. Why, I'll wager you don't weigh as much as me *now!*"

"Impertinence! He weighs as much as ten of you, so there!" said Mrs. P., angrily: but the moment after she regretted that she had said it; for the hippopotamus told the young elephants to balance a convenient log on a boulder, and invited Mr. P. to sit on one end while he sat on the other; and it was with intense mortification and misgiving that Mrs. P. saw the hippopotamus's end go down.



A BULKEYODENDRON THOUSANDFEETIUM JONESII.

"I do wish those pterodactyls wouldn't keep up such a shrieking!" said Mr. P. It was in the early hours of the morning; and he had lain, vainly trying to sleep ever since he had retired the evening before.

"What with one row and another in this miserable prehistoric forest, I'll be hanged if I can get any sleep! As soon as the bos antiquus leaves off bellowing, the confounded bubalus moschatus begins; then the palæontological carnivora of Cuvier take it up; then the beastly machairodus palmidens begins his yelling; and the batrachians begin whistling all out of tune; and—hang it all, *I* can't get a wink!"

"You didn't mind noises once!" said poor Mrs. P. "You could sleep through anything. Noises are unavoidable in the palæozoic era."

"Why?" said Mr. P., irritably. "Why on earth? Noise is not a necessity, surely? I *hate* noise. Why can't these fools of animals have a little consideration for their neighbours?"

"Well, dear; you know their other neighbours don't mind noise, and can sleep through it. Your nerves are really getting dreadfully acute. I wish you had never, never taken up this miserable improving of your mind. You'll be a confirmed invalid—mark my words, George."

He was growing daily more irritable, especially during his fits of indigestion, which

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PTERODACTYLS.

were becoming more and more frequent: his appetite had fallen off dreadfully, and he had to be very careful about what he ate, being no longer able to digest anything but the tenderest shoots of a few plants. After a time he began to find that his sight was not so good as it had been; and he had to look about for some rock-crystal, and slowly and painfully grind down two pieces into convex form, and fix them on each side of his trunk in front of his eyes.

He slept worse and worse, until he found himself the victim of confirmed insomnia.

Poor Mrs. P. would hide herself behind a mountain and sob for hours after she had seen the other prehistoric fauna whispering in corners and pointing at her husband: she knew the malicious delight those uncultivated specimens found in the misfortunes of a fellow-creature.

Mr. P. was becoming alarmingly emaciated and bald, and his nerves were dreadful; he suffered acutely from neuralgia and jumps. He knew a great deal by this time, having, in addition to his earnest study of botany, devoted much time to mineralogy and zoology; the latter being a very favourite pursuit, as it gave him much pleasure in his present unamiable and irritable state of mind to catch the smaller vertebrata and subject them to vivisection with that flint-knife he had made.

Every day the ravages made by brain upon body became more noticeable: Elephas Primigenius was a physical wreck. The acutest form of melancholia set in, resulting from complete nervous exhaustion.

Mrs. P. sat with the little P.'s in the study—they were all sobbing as if their hearts would break. The hippopotamus-major looked in.

"Hullo!" he said, awkwardly. "I say, I *do* hope there's nothing serious, Mrs. P.? I'm a rough, thoughtless fellow, I know; but if there's any blessed thing I can do for you——"

"He's gone!" sobbed poor Mrs. P. "Wandered away! I've searched for him everywhere! Oh, I'm afraid—afraid that—oh, what *shall* I do?"

"Deary, deary!" blurted out the hippopotamus, hurriedly brushing his eyes with his paw. "It's all right, ma'am—do believe me, it's all right. I'm a rough fellow, I know—but——"

He hurried away, and searched tirelessly high and low; and at length he came upon the emaciated form of Mr. P. standing



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gloomily in a shallow pond. In an instant the hippopotamus had dragged him out and was standing over him on the grass.

"P.!" he roared, stamping all his feet with indignation, "what were you doing?"

"Going to put an end to it—drown myself," said Mr. P., sullenly.

"P.!" said the hippopotamus, "you're a coward—a coward and a criminal! Be an elephant, P.! Only to think of it, and her at home, poor soul, crying her eyes out! Just look here, P.—I've known her and you for many years, and I tell you I *won't* stand by and see any more of this tomfoolery. Now you just mind what I say—you go away home right now, and you smash up every blessed one of them blessed specimens o' yours, sharp—d'ye hear? And if I ever see you studying any blessed thing again, I'll give you such a lathering that—confound my eyes, if I don't break every bone in your body! Now hustle!"

Elephas Primigenius looked at him, and saw the strange, fixed determination in his eye, and the scorn and indignation in it; and rose, and gripped his rough paw.

"Hippy!" he said, in a new voice, "I never knew what a good fellow you were till this moment. You have changed me! You are right—I'll do it, every letter of it! You are right—a palæozoic specimen should *be* a palæozoic specimen and act as such, instead of inventing nerves. Don't speak, old chap!"

Elephas Primigenius was never the same fellow he had once been; but he picked up somewhat under careful treatment, and could get about.



STANDING GLOOMILY IN A SHALLOW POND

He forbade his children to take to any form of study.

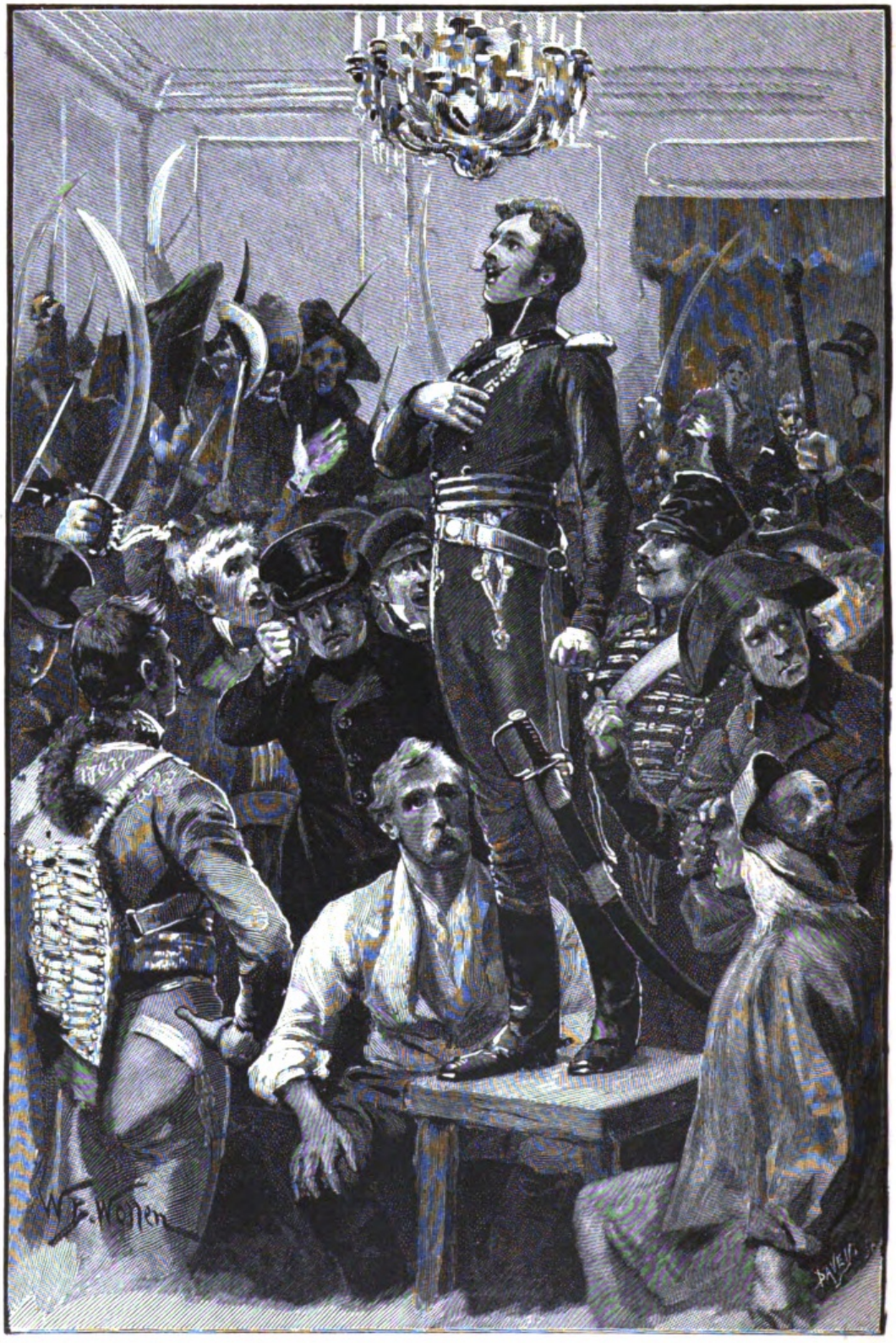
Hippopotamus-major called a meeting of the palæozoics, at which it was unanimously carried that "This meeting unreservedly condemns all cultivation of the mind, as tending to injure and undermine the physical health and well-being, and to introduce a most undesirable and disastrous innovation known as nerves: and it considers it the highest duty of the creatures of the palæozoic era to discourage and oppose all undertakings in the direction indicated, and to leave all such foolishness to races of inferior intelligence and wisdom."

So there were no more nerves nor debility until a creature called "man" arrived on the earth.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

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"AH! THAT TERRIBLE SONG!"

(See page 613.)

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The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

VII.—HOW THE BRIGADIER PLAYED FOR A KINGDOM.

IT has sometimes struck me that some of you, when you have heard me tell these little adventures of mine, may have gone away with the impression that I was conceited. There could not be a greater mistake than this, for I have always observed that really fine soldiers are free from this failing. It is true that I have had to depict myself sometimes as brave, sometimes as full of resource, always as interesting; but, then, it really was so, and I had to take the facts as I found them. It would be an unworthy affectation if I were to pretend that my career has been anything but a fine one. The incident which I will tell you to-night, however, is one which you will understand that only a modest man would describe. After all, when one has attained such a position as mine, one can afford to speak of what an ordinary man might be tempted to conceal.

You must know, then, that after the Russian campaign the remains of our poor army were quartered along the western bank of the Elbe, where they might thaw their frozen blood and try, with the help of the good German beer, to put a little between their skin and their bones. There were some things which we could not hope to regain, for I daresay that three large commissariat fourgons would not have sufficed to carry the fingers and the toes which the army had shed during that retreat. Still, lean and crippled as we were, we had much to be thankful for when we thought of our poor comrades whom we had left behind, and of the snowfields — the horrible, horrible snowfields. To this day, my friends, I do not care to see red and white together. Even my red cap thrown down upon my white counterpane has given me dreams in which I have seen those monstrous plains, the reeling, tortured army, and the crimson smears which glared upon the snow behind them. You will coax no story out of me about that business, for the thought of it is enough to turn my wine to vinegar and my tobacco to straw.

Of the half-million who crossed the Elbe in the autumn of the year '12, about forty thousand infantry were left in the spring of '13. But they were terrible men, these forty thousand: men of iron, eaters of horses, and sleepers in the snow; filled, too, with rage and bitterness against the Russians. They would hold the Elbe until the great army of conscripts, which the Emperor was raising in France, should be ready to help them to cross it once more.

But the cavalry was in a deplorable condition. My own hussars were at Borna, and when I paraded them first, I burst into tears at the sight of them. My fine men and my beautiful horses—it broke my heart to see the state to which they were reduced. "But, courage," I thought, "they have lost much, but their Colonel is still left to them." I set to work, therefore, to repair their disasters, and had already constructed two good squadrons, when an order came that all colonels of cavalry should repair instantly to the depôts of the regiments in France to organize the recruits and the remounts for the coming campaign.

You will think, doubtless, that I was overjoyed at this chance of visiting home once more. I will not deny that it was a pleasure to me to know that I should see my mother again, and there were a few girls who would be very glad at the news; but there were others in the army who had a stronger claim. I would have given my place to any who had wives and children whom they might not see again. However, there is no arguing when the blue paper with the little red seal arrives, so within an hour I was off upon my great ride from the Elbe to the Vosges. At last, I was to have a period of quiet. War lay behind my mare's tail and peace in front of her nostrils. So I thought, as the sound of the bugles died in the distance, and the long, white road curled away in front of me through plain and forest and mountain, with France somewhere beyond the blue haze which lay upon the horizon.

It is interesting, but it is also fatiguing, to ride in the rear of an army. In the harvest time our soldiers could do without supplies, for they had been trained to pluck the grain in the fields as they passed, and to grind it for themselves in their bivouacs. It was at

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that time of year, therefore, that those swift marches were performed which were the wonder and the despair of Europe. But now the starving men had to be made robust once more, and I was forced to draw into the ditch continually as the Coburg sheep and the Bavarian bullocks came streaming past with waggon loads of Berlin beer and good French cognac. Sometimes, too, I would hear the dry rattle of the drums and the shrill whistle of the fifes, and long columns of our good little infantry men would swing past me with the white dust lying thick upon their blue tunics. These were old soldiers drawn from the garrisons of our German fortresses, for it was not until May that the new conscripts began to arrive from France.



"LONG COLUMNS WOULD SWING PAST ME.'

Well, I was rather tired of this eternal stopping and dodging, so that I was not sorry when I came to Altenburg to find that the road divided, and that I could take the southern and quieter branch. There were few wayfarers between there and Greiz, and the road wound through groves of oaks and beeches, which shot their branches across the path. You will think it strange that a Colonel of hussars should again and again pull up his horse in order to admire the beauty of the feathery branches and the little, green, new-budded leaves, but if you had spent six months among the fir trees of Russia you would be able to understand me.

There was something, however, which pleased me very much less than the beauty of the forests, and that was the words and looks of the folk who lived in the woodland villages. We had always been excellent friends with the Germans, and during the last six years they had never seemed to bear us any malice for having made a little free with their country. We had shown kindnesses to the men and received them from the women, so that good, comfortable Germany was a second home to all of us. But now there was something which I could not understand in the behaviour of the people. The travellers made no answer to my salute; the foresters turned their heads away to avoid seeing me; and in the villages the folk would gather into knots in the roadway and would scowl at me as I passed. Even women would do this, and it was something new for me in those days to see anything but a smile in a woman's eyes when they were turned upon me.

It was in the hamlet of Schmolin, just ten miles out of Altenburg, that the thing became most marked. I had stopped at the little inn there just to damp my moustache and to wash the dust out of poor Violette's throat. It was my way to give some little compliment, or possibly a kiss, to the maid who served me; but this one would have neither the one nor the other, but darted a glance at me like

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a bayonet-thrust. Then when I raised my glass to the folk who drank their beer by the door they turned their backs on me, save only one fellow, who cried, "Here's a toast for you, boys! Here's to the letter T!" At that they all emptied their beer mugs and laughed; but it was not a laugh that had good-fellowship in it.

I was turning this over in my head and wondering what their boorish conduct could mean, when I saw, as I rode from the village, a great T new carved upon a tree. I had already seen more than one in my morning's ride, but I had given no thought to them until the words of the beer-drinker gave them an importance. It chanced that a respectable-looking person was riding past me at the moment, so I turned to him for information.

"Can you tell me, sir," said I, "what this letter T is?"

He looked at it and then at me in the most singular fashion. "Young man," said he, "it is not the letter N." Then before I could ask further he clapped his spurs into his horse's ribs and rode, stomach to earth, upon his way.

At first his words had no particular significance in my mind, but as I trotted onwards Violette chanced to half turn her dainty head, and my eyes were caught by the gleam of the brazen N's at the end of the bridle-chain. It was the Emperor's mark. And those T's meant something which was opposite to it. Things had been happening in Germany, then, during our absence, and the giant sleeper had begun to stir. I thought of the mutinous faces that I had seen, and I felt that if I could only have looked into the hearts of these people I might have had some strange news to bring into France with me. It made me the more eager to get my remounts, and to see ten strong squadrons behind my kettledrums once more.

While these thoughts were passing through my head I had been alternately walking and trotting, as a man should who has a long journey before and a willing horse beneath him. The woods were very open at this point, and beside the road there lay a great heap of fagots. As I passed there came a sharp sound from among them, and, glancing round, I saw a face looking out at me—a hot, red face, like that of a man who is beside himself with excitement and anxiety. A second glance told me that it was the very person with whom I had talked an hour before in the village.

"Come nearer!" he hissed. "Nearer still! Now dismount and pretend to be mending the stirrup leather. Spies may be watching us, and it means death to me if I am seen helping you."



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS LETTER T IS?"

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"Death!" I whispered. "From whom?"

"From the Tugendbund. From Lutzow's night-riders. You Frenchmen are living on a powder magazine, and the match has been struck which will fire it."

"But this is all strange to me," said I, still fumbling at the leathers of my horse. "What is this Tugendbund?"

"It is the secret society which has planned the great rising which is to drive you out of Germany, just as you have been driven out of Russia."

"And these T's stand for it?"

"They are the signal. I should have told you all this in the village, but I dared not be seen speaking with you. I galloped through the woods to cut you off, and concealed both my horse and myself."

"I am very much indebted to you," said I, "and the more so as you are the only German that I have met to-day from whom I have had common civility."

"All that I possess I have gained through contracting for the French armies," said he. "Your Emperor has been a good friend to me. But I beg that you will ride on now, for we have talked long enough. Beware only of Lutzow's night-riders!"

"Banditti?" I asked.

"All that is best in Germany," said he. "But for God's sake ride forwards, for I have risked my life and exposed my good name in order to carry you this warning."

Well, if I had been heavy with thought before, you can think how I felt after my strange talk with the man among the fagots. What came home to me even more than his words was his shivering, broken voice, his twitching face, and his eyes glancing swiftly to right and left, and opening in horror whenever a branch cracked upon a tree. It was clear that he was in the last extremity of terror, and it is possible that he had cause, for shortly after I had left him I heard a distant gunshot and a shouting from somewhere behind me. It may have been some sportsman halloaing to his dogs, but I never again heard or saw the man who had given me my warning.

I kept a good look-out after this, riding swiftly where the country was open, and slowly where there might be an ambuscade. It was serious for me, since 500 good miles of German soil lay in front of me; but somehow I did not take it very much to heart, for the Germans had always seemed to me to be a kindly, gentle people, whose hands closed more readily round a pipe-stem than a sword-hilt—not out of want of valour, you understand, but because they are genial, open souls, who would rather be on good terms with all men. I did not know then that beneath that homely surface there lurks a devilry as fierce as, and far more persistent than, that of the Castilian or the Italian.

And it was not long before I had shown to me that there was something more serious abroad than rough words and hard looks. I had come to a spot where the road runs upwards through a wild tract of heathland and vanishes into an oak wood. I may have been half-way up the hill when, looking forward, I saw something gleaming under the shadow of the tree-trunks, and a man came out with a coat which was so slashed and spangled with gold that he blazed like a fire in the sunlight. He appeared to be very drunk, for he reeled and staggered as he came towards me. One of his hands was held up to his ear and clutched a great red handkerchief, which was fixed to his neck.

I had reined up the mare and was looking at him with some disgust, for it seemed strange to me that one who wore so gorgeous a uniform should show himself in such a state in broad daylight. For his part, he looked hard in my direction and came slowly onwards, stopping from time to time and swaying about as he gazed at me. Suddenly, as I again advanced, he screamed out his thanks to Christ, and, lurching forwards, he fell with a crash upon the dusty road. His hands flew forward with the fall, and I saw that what I had taken for a red cloth was a monstrous wound, which had left a great gap in his neck, from which a dark blood-clot hung, like an epaulette upon his shoulder.

"My God!" I cried, as I sprang to his aid. "And I thought that you were drunk!"

"Not drunk, but dying," said he. "But thank Heaven that I have seen a French officer while I have still strength to speak."

I laid him among the heather and poured some brandy down his throat. All round us was the vast countryside, green and peaceful, with nothing living in sight save only the mutilated man beside me.

"Who has done this?" I asked, "and what are you? You are French, and yet the uniform is strange to me."

"It is that of the Emperor's new guard of honour. I am the Marquis of Château St. Arnaud, and I am the ninth of my blood who has died in the service of France. I have been pursued and wounded by the night-riders of Lutzow, but I hid among the brushwood yonder, and waited in the hope that a Frenchman might pass. I could not be sure

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at first if you were friend or foe, but I felt that death was very near, and that I must take the chance."

"Keep your heart up, comrade," said I; "I have seen a man with a worse wound who has lived to boast of it."

"No, no," he whispered; "I am going fast." He laid his hand upon mine as he spoke, and I saw that his finger-nails were already blue. "But I have papers here in my tunic which you must carry at once to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein, at his Castle of Hof. He is still true to us, but the Princess is our deadly enemy. She is striving to make him declare against us. If he does so, it will determine all those who are wavering, for the King of Prussia is his uncle and the King of Bavaria his cousin. These papers will hold him to us if they can only reach him before he takes the last step. Place them in his hands to-night, and, perhaps, you will have saved all Germany for the Emperor. Had my horse not been shot, I might, wounded as I am——" he choked, and the cold hand tightened into a grip which left mine as bloodless as itself. Then, with a groan, his head jerked back, and it was all over with him.

that it was impossible for me to avoid it. I opened the Marquis's tunic, the brilliance of which had been devised by the Emperor in order to attract those young aristocrats from whom he hoped to raise these new regiments of his Guard. It was a small packet of papers which I drew out, tied up with silk, and addressed to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein. In the corner, in a sprawling, untidy hand, which I knew to be the Emperor's own, was written: "Pressing and most important." It was an order to me, those four words—an order as clear as if it had come straight from the firm lips with the cold grey eyes looking into mine. My troopers might wait for their horses, the dead Marquis might lie where I had laid him amongst the heather, but if the mare and her rider had a breath left in them the papers should reach the Prince that night.

I should not have feared to ride by the road through the wood, for I have learned in Spain that the safest time to pass through a guerilla country is after an outrage, and that the moment of danger is when all is peaceful. When I came to look upon my map, however, I saw that Hof lay further to the south of me, and that I might reach it more directly



"A BULLET HUMMED PAST ME LIKE A BEE."

Here was a fine start for my journey home. I was left with a commission of which I knew little, which would lead me to delay the pressing needs of my hussars, and which at the same time was of such importance by keeping to the moors. Off I set, therefore, and had not gone fifty yards before two carbine shots rang out of the brushwood and a bullet hummed past me like a bee. It was clear that the night-riders were bolder

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in their ways than the brigands of Spain, and that my mission would have ended where it had begun if I had kept to the road.

It was a mad ride, that—a ride with a loose rein, girth-deep in heather and in gorse, plunging through bushes, flying down hill-sides, with my neck at the mercy of my dear little Violette. But she—she never slipped, she never faltered, as swift and as surefooted as if she knew that her rider carried the fate of all Germany beneath the buttons of his pelisse. And I—I had long borne the name of being the best horseman in the six brigades of light cavalry, but I never rode as I rode then. My friend the Bart has told me of how they hunt the fox in England, but the swiftest fox would have been captured by me that day. The wild pigeons which flew over-head did not take a straighter course than Violette and I below. As an officer, I have always been ready to sacrifice myself for my men, though the Emperor would not have thanked me for it, for he had many men, but only one——well, cavalry leaders of the first class are rare.

But here I had an object which was indeed worth a sacrifice, and I thought no more of my life than of the clods of earth that flew from my darling's heels.

We struck the road once more as the light was failing, and galloped into the little village of Lobenstein. But we had hardly got upon the cobble-stones when off came one of the mare's shoes, and I had to lead her to the village smithy. His fire was low, and his day's work done, so that it would be an hour at the least before I could hope to push on to Hof. Cursing at the delay, I strode into the village inn and ordered a cold chicken and some wine to be served for my dinner. It was but a few more miles to Hof, and I had every hope that I might deliver my papers to the Prince on that very night, and be on my way for France next morning with despatches for the Emperor in my bosom. I will tell you now what befell me in the inn of Lobenstein.

The chicken had been served and the wine drawn, and I had turned upon both as a man may who has ridden such a ride, when I was aware of a murmur and a scuffling in the hall outside my door. At first I thought that it was some brawl between peasants in their cups, and I left them to settle their own affairs. But of a sudden there broke from among the low, sullen growl of the voices such a sound as would send Etienne Gerard leaping from his death-bed. It was the whimpering cry of a woman in pain. Down clattered my knife and my fork, and in an instant I was in the thick of the crowd which had gathered outside my door.

The heavy-cheeked landlord was there and his flaxen-haired wife, the two men from the stables, a chambermaid, and two or three villagers. All of them, women and men, were flushed and angry, while there in the centre of them, with pale cheeks and terror in her eyes, stood the loveliest woman that ever a soldier would wish to look upon. With her queenly head thrown back, and a touch of defiance mingled with her fear, she looked as she gazed round her like a creature of a different race from the vile, coarse-featured crew who surrounded her. I had not taken two steps from my door before she sprang to meet me, her hand resting upon my arm and her blue eyes sparkling with joy and triumph.

"A French soldier and gentleman!" she cried. "Now at last I am safe."

"Yes, madam, you are safe," said I, and I could not resist taking her hand in mine in order that I might reassure her. "You have only to command me," I added, kissing the hand as a sign that I meant what I was saying.

"I am Polish," she cried; "the Countess Palotta is my name. They abuse me because I love the French. I do not know what they might have done to me had Heaven not sent you to my help."

I kissed her hand again lest she should doubt my intentions. Then I turned upon the crew with such an expression as I know how to assume. In an instant the hall was empty.

"Countess," said I, "you are now under my protection. You are faint, and a glass of wine is necessary to restore you." I offered her my arm and escorted her into my room, where she sat by my side at the table and took the refreshment which I offered her.

How she blossomed out in my presence, this woman, like a flower before the sun! She lit up the room with her beauty. She must have read my admiration in my eyes, and it seemed to me that I also could see something of the sort in her own. Ah! my friends, I was no ordinary-looking man when I was in my thirtieth year. In the whole light cavalry it would have been hard to find a finer pair of whiskers. Murat's may have been a shade longer, but the best judges are agreed that Murat's were a shade too long. And then I had a manner. Some women are to be approached in one way and some in another, just as a siege is an affair of

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fascines and gabions in hard weather and of trenches in soft. But the man who can mix daring with timidity, who can be outrageous with an air of humility and presumptuous with a tone of deference, that is the man whom mothers have to fear. For myself, I felt that I was the guardian of this lonely lady, and knowing what a dangerous man I had to deal with, I kept strict watch upon myself. Still, even a guardian has his privileges, and I did not neglect them.

But her talk was as charming as her face. In a few words she explained that she was travelling to Poland, and that her brother who had been her escort had fallen ill upon the way. She had more than once met with ill-treatment from the country folk because she could not conceal her good-will towards the French. Then turning from her own affairs she questioned me about the army, and so came round to myself and my own exploits. They were familiar to her, she said, for she knew several of Poniatowski's officers, and they had spoken of my doings. Yet she would be glad to hear them from my own lips. Never have I had so delightful a conversation. Most women make the mistake of talking rather too much about their own affairs, but this one listened to my tales just as you are listening now, ever asking for more and more and more. The hours slipped rapidly by, and it was with horror that I heard the village clock strike eleven, and so learned that for four hours I had forgotten the Emperor's business.

"Pardon me, my dear lady," I cried, springing to my feet, "but I must on instantly to Hof."

She rose also, and looked at me with a pale, reproachful face. "And me?" she said. "What is to become of me?"

"It is the Emperor's affair. I have already stayed far too long. My duty calls me, and I must go."

"You must go? And I must be abandoned alone to these savages? Oh, why did I ever meet you? Why did you ever teach me to rely upon your strength?" Her eyes glazed over, and in an instant she was sobbing upon my bosom.

Here was a trying moment for a guardian! Here was a time when he had to keep a watch upon a forward young officer. But I was equal to it. I smoothed her rich brown hair and whispered such consolations as I could think of in her ear, with one arm round her, it is true, but that was to hold her lest she should faint. She turned her tear-stained face to mine. "Water," she whispered. "For God's sake, water!"

I saw that in another moment she would be senseless. I laid the drooping head upon the sofa, and then rushed furiously from the room, hunting from chamber to chamber for a carafe. It was some minutes before I could get one and hurry back with it. You can imagine my feelings to find the room empty and the lady gone.

Not only was she gone, but her cap and silver-mounted riding switch which had lain upon the table were gone also. I rushed out and roared for the landlord. He knew nothing of the matter, had never seen the woman before, and did not care if he never saw her again. Had the peasants at the door seen anyone ride away? No, they had seen nobody. I searched here and searched there, until at last I chanced to find myself in front of a mirror, where I stood with my eyes staring and my jaw as far dropped as the chin-strap of my shako would allow.



"WATER, SHE WHISPERED.

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Four buttons of my pelisse were open, and it did not need me to put my hand up to know that my precious papers were gone. Oh! the depth of cunning that lurks in a woman's heart. She had robbed me, this creature, robbed me as she clung to my breast. Even while I smoothed her hair and whispered kind words into her ear, her hands had been at work beneath my dolman. And here I was, at the very last step of my journey, without the power of carrying out this mission which had already deprived one good man of his life, and was likely to rob another one of his credit. What would the Emperor say when he heard that I had lost his despatches? Would the army believe it of Etienne Gerard? And when they heard that a woman's hand had coaxed them from me, what laughter there would be at mess-table and at camp-fire! I could have rolled upon the ground in my despair.

But one thing was certain—all this affair of the fracas in the hall and the persecution of the so-called Countess was a piece of acting from the beginning. This villainous innkeeper must be in the plot. From him I might learn who she was and where my papers had gone. I snatched my sabre from the table and rushed out in search of him. But the scoundrel had guessed what I would do, and had made his preparations for me. It was in the corner of the yard that I found him, a blunderbuss in his hands and a mastiff held upon a leash by his son. The two stable-hands, with pitchforks, stood upon either side, and the wife held a great lantern behind him, so as to guide his aim.

"Ride away, sir, ride away!" he cried, with a crackling voice. "Your horse is ready, and no one will meddle with you if you go your way; but if you come against us, you are alone against three brave men."

I had only the dog to fear, for the two forks and the blunderbuss were shaking about like branches in a wind. Still, I considered that, though I might force an answer with my sword-point at the throat of this fat rascal, still I should have no means of knowing whether that answer was the truth. It would be a struggle, then, with much to lose and nothing certain to gain. I looked them up and down, therefore, in a way that set their foolish weapons shaking worse than ever, and then, throwing myself upon my mare, I galloped away with the shrill laughter of the landlady jarring upon my ears.

I had already formed my resolution. Although I had lost my papers, I could make a very good guess as to what their contents would be, and this I would say from my own lips to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein, as though the Emperor had commissioned me to convey



"RIDE AWAY, SIR, RIDE AWAY!"

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it in that way. It was a bold stroke and a dangerous one, but if I went too far I could afterwards be disavowed. It was that or nothing, and when all Germany hung on the balance the game should not be lost if the nerve of one man could save it.

It was midnight when I rode into Hof, but every window was blazing, which was enough in itself, in that sleepy country, to tell the ferment of excitement in which the people were. There was hooting and jeering as I rode through the crowded streets, and once a stone sang past my head, but I kept upon my way, neither slowing nor quickening my pace, until I came to the palace. It was lit from base to battlement, and the dark shadows, coming and going against the yellow glare, spoke of the turmoil within. For my part, I handed my mare to a groom at the gate, and striding in I demanded, in such a voice as an ambassador should have, to see the Prince instantly, upon business which would brook no delay.

The hall was dark, but I was conscious as I entered of a buzz of innumerable voices, which hushed into silence as I loudly proclaimed my mission. Some great meeting was being held then—a meeting which, as my instincts told me, was to decide this very question of war and peace. It was possible that I might still be in time to turn the scale for the Emperor and for France. As to the major-domo, he looked blackly at me, and showing me into a small ante-chamber he left me. A minute later he returned to say that the Prince could not be disturbed at present, but that the Princess would take my message.

The Princess! What use was there in giving it to her? Had I not been warned that she was German in heart and soul, and that it was she who was turning her husband and her State against us?

"It is the Prince that I must see," said I.

"Nay, it is the Princess," said a voice at the door, and a woman swept into the chamber. "Von Rosen, you had best stay with us. Now, sir, what is it that you have to say to either Prince or Princess of Saxe-Felstein?"

At the first sound of the voice I had sprung to my feet. At the first glance I had thrilled with anger. Not twice in a lifetime does one meet that noble figure, that queenly head, those eyes as blue as the Garonne, and as chilling as her winter waters.

"Time presses, sir!" she cried, with an impatient tap of her foot. "What have you to say to me?"

"What have I to say to you?" I cried. "What can I say, save that you have taught me never to trust a woman more? You have ruined and dishonoured me for ever."

She looked with arched brows at her attendant.

"Is this the raving of fever, or does it come from some less innocent cause?" said she. "Perhaps a little blood-letting——"

"Ah, you can act!" I cried. "You have shown me that already."

"Do you mean that we have met before?"

"I mean that you have robbed me within the last two hours."

"This is past all bearing," she cried, with an admirable affectation of anger. "You claim, as I understand, to be an ambassador, but there are limits to the privileges which such an office brings with it."

"You brazen it admirably," said I. "Your Highness will not make a fool of me twice in one night." I sprang forward and, stooping down, caught up the hem of her dress. "You would have done well to change it after you had ridden so far and so fast," said I.

It was like the dawn upon a snow-peak to see her ivory cheeks flush suddenly to crimson.

"Insolent!" she cried. "Call the foresters and have him thrust from the palace!"

"I will see the Prince first."

"You will never see the Prince. Ah! Hold him, Von Rosen, hold him!"

She had fogotten the man with whom she had to deal—was it likely that I would wait until they could bring their rascals? She had shown me her cards too soon. Her game was to stand between me and her husband. Mine was to speak face to face with him at any cost. One spring took me out of the chamber. In another I had crossed the hall. An instant later I had burst into the great room from which the murmur of the meeting had come. At the far end I saw a figure upon a high chair under a daïs. Beneath him was a line of high dignitaries, and then on every side I saw vaguely the heads of a vast assembly. Into the centre of the room I strode, my sabre clanking, my shako under my arm.

"I am the messenger of the Emperor," I shouted. "I bear his message to his Highness the Prince of Saxe-Felstein."

The man beneath the daïs raised his head, and I saw that his face was thin and wan, and that his back was bowed as though some huge burden was balanced between his shoulders.

"Your name, sir?" he asked.

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"Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Third Hussars."

Every face in the gathering was turned upon me, and I heard the rustle of the innumerable necks and saw countless eyes without meeting one friendly one amongst them. The woman had swept past me, and was whispering, with many shakes of her head and dartings of her hands, into the Prince's ear. For my own part I threw out my chest and curled my moustache, glancing round in my own debonair fashion at the assembly. They were men, all of them, professors from the college, a sprinkling of their students, soldiers, gentlemen, artisans, all very silent and serious. In one corner there sat a group of men in black, with riding-coats drawn over their shoulders. They leaned their heads to each other, whispering under their breath, and with every movement I caught the clank of their sabres or the clink of their spurs.

"The Emperor's private letter to me informs me that it is the Marquis Château St. Arnaud who is bearing his despatches," said the Prince.

"The Marquis has been foully murdered," I answered, and a buzz rose up from the people as I spoke. Many heads were turned, I noticed, towards the dark men in the cloaks.

"Where are your papers?" asked the Prince.

"I have none."

A fierce clamour rose instantly around me. "He is a spy! He plays a part!" they cried. "Hang him!" roared a deep voice from the corner, and a dozen others took up the shout. For my part, I drew out my handkerchief and flicked the dust from the fur of my pelisse. The Prince held out his thin hands, and the tumult died away.

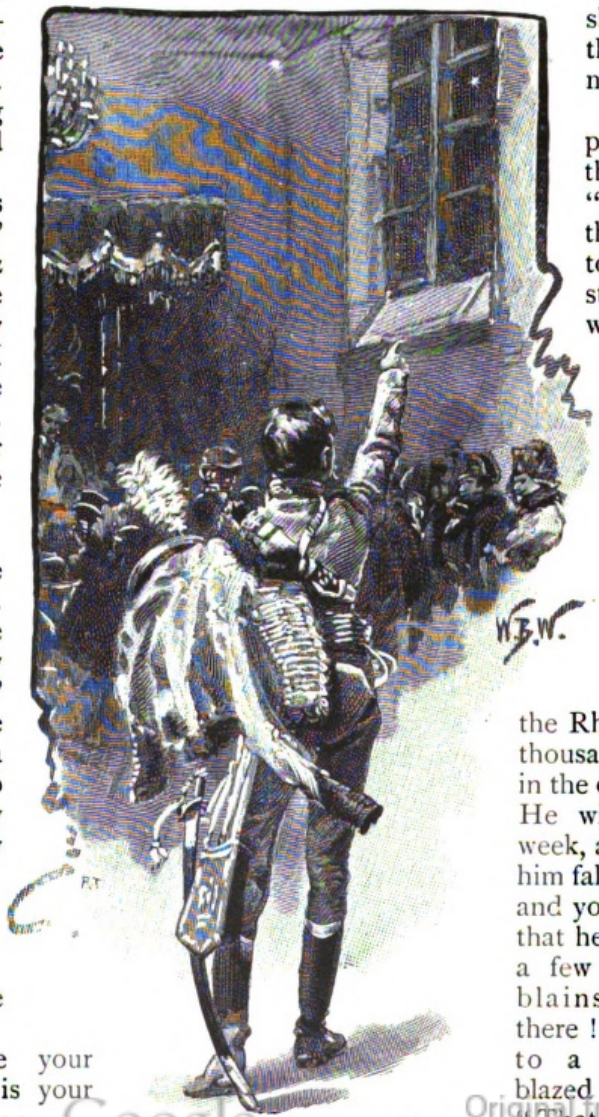
"Where, then, are your credentials, and what is your message?"

"My uniform is my credential, and my message is for your private ear."

He passed his hand over his forehead with the gesture of a weak man who is at his wits' end what to do. The Princess stood beside him with her hand upon his throne, and again whispered in his ear.

"We are here in council together, some of my trusty subjects and myself," said he. "I have no secrets from them, and whatever message the Emperor may send to me at such a time concerns their interests no less than mine."

There was a hum of applause at this, and every eye was turned once more upon me. My faith, it was an awkward position in which I found myself, for it is one thing to address eight hundred hussars, and another to speak to such an audience on such a subject. But I fixed my eyes upon the Prince, and tried to say just what I should have said if we had been alone, shouting it out, too, as though I had my regiment on parade.



"LOOK, THAT IS THE EMPEROR'S STAR."

"You have often expressed friendship for the Emperor," I cried. "It is now at last that this friendship is about to be tried. If you will stand firm, he will reward you as only he can reward. It is an easy thing for him to turn a Prince into a King and a province into a power. His eyes are fixed upon you, and though you can do little to harm him, you can ruin yourself. At this moment he is crossing the Rhine with two hundred thousand men. Every fortress in the country is in his hands. He will be upon you in a week, and if you have played him false, God help both you and your people. You think that he is weakened because a few of us got the chilblains last winter. Look there!" I cried, pointing to a great star which blazed through the window. "That is the Emperor's star.

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When it wanes, he will wane — but not before."

You would have been proud of me, my friends, if you could have seen and heard me, for I clashed my sabre as I spoke, and swung my dolman as though my regiment was picketed outside in the courtyard. They listened to me in silence, but the back of the Prince bowed more and more as though the burden which weighed upon it was greater than his strength. He looked round with haggard eyes.

"We have heard a Frenchman speak for France," said he. "Let us have a German speak for Germany."

The folk glanced at each other, and whispered to their neighbours. My speech, as I think, had its effect, and no man wished to be the first to commit himself in the eyes of the Emperor. The Princess looked round her with blazing eyes, and her clear voice broke the silence.

"Is a woman to give this Frenchman his answer?" she cried. "Is it possible, then, that among the night-riders of Lutzow there is none who can use his tongue as well as his sabre?"

Over went a table with a crash, and a young man had bounded upon one of the chairs. He had the face of one inspired— pale, eager, with wild hawk eyes, and tangled hair. His sword hung straight from his side, and his riding-boots were brown with mire.

"It is Korner!" the people cried. "It is young Korner, the poet! Ah, he will sing, he will sing."

And he sang! It was soft, at first, and dreamy, telling of old Germany, the mother of nations, of the rich, warm plains, and the grey cities, and the fame of dead heroes. But then verse after verse rang like a trumpet-call. It was of the Germany of now, the Germany which had been taken unawares and overthrown, but which was up again, and snapping the bonds upon her giant limbs. What was life that one should covet it? What was glorious death that one should shun it? The mother, the great mother, was calling. Her sigh was in the night wind. She was crying to her own children for help. Would they come? Would they come? Would they come?

Ah, that terrible song, the spirit face and the ringing voice! Where were I, and France, and the Emperor? They did not shout, these people, they howled. They were up on the chairs and the tables. They were raving, sobbing, the tears running down their faces. Korner had sprung from the chair, and his comrades were round him with their sabres in the air. A flush had come into the pale face of the Prince, and he rose from his throne.

"Colonel Gerard," said he, "you have heard the answer which you are to carry to your Emperor. The die is cast, my children. Your Prince and you must stand or fall together."

He bowed to show that all was over, and the people with a shout made for the door to carry the tidings into the town. For my own part, I had done all that a brave man might, and so I was not sorry to be carried out amid the stream. Why should I linger in the palace? I had had my answer and must carry it, such as it was. I wished neither to see Hof nor its people again until I entered it at the head of a vanguard. I turned from the throng, then, and walked silently and sadly in the direction in which they had led the mare.

It was dark down there by the stables, and I was peering round for the ostler, when suddenly my two arms were seized from behind. There were hands at my wrists and at my throat, and I felt the cold muzzle of a pistol under my ear.

"Keep your lips closed, you French dog," whispered a fierce voice. "We have him, captain."

"Have you the bridle?"

"Here it is."

"Sling it over his head."

I felt the cold coil of leather tighten round my neck. An ostler with a stable lantern had come out and was gazing upon the scene. In its dim light I saw stern faces breaking everywhere through the gloom, with the black caps and dark cloaks of the night-riders.

"What would you do with him, captain?" cried a voice.

"Hang him at the Palace Gate."

"An ambassador?"

"An ambassador without papers."

"But the Prince?"

"Tut, man, do you not see that the Prince will then be committed to our side? He will be beyond all hope of forgiveness. At present he may swing round to-morrow as he has done before. He may eat his words, but a dead hussar is more than he can explain."

"No, no, Von Strelitz, we cannot do it," said another voice.

"Can we not? I shall show you that!" and there came a jerk on the bridle which nearly pulled me to the ground. At the

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same instant a sword flashed and the leather was cut through within two inches of my neck.

"By Heaven, Korner, this is rank mutiny," cried the captain. "You may hang yourself before you are through with it."

"I have drawn my sword as a soldier and not as a brigand," said the young poet. "Blood may dim its blade, but never dishonour. Comrades, will you stand by and see this French gentleman mishandled?"

A dozen sabres flew from their sheaths, and it was evident that my friends and my foes were about equally balanced. But the angry voices and the gleam of steel had brought the folk running from all parts.

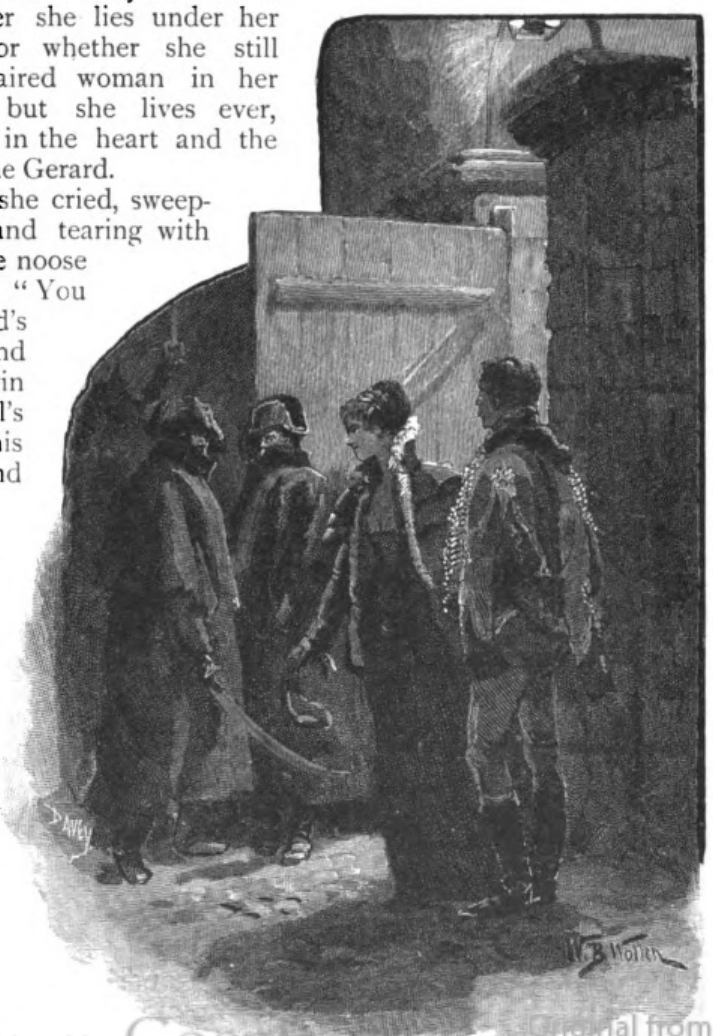
"The Princess!" they cried. "The Princess is coming!"

And even as they spoke I saw her in front of us, her sweet face framed in the darkness. I had cause to hate her, for she had cheated and befooled me, and yet it thrilled me then and thrills me now to think that my arms have embraced her, and that I have felt the scent of her hair in my nostrils. I know not whether she lies under her German earth, or whether she still lingers, a grey-haired woman in her Castle of Hof, but she lives ever, young and lovely, in the heart and the memory of Etienne Gerard.

"For shame!" she cried, sweeping up to me, and tearing with her own hands the noose from my neck. "You are fighting in God's own quarrel, and yet you would begin with such a devil's deed as this. This man is mine, and he who touches a hair of his head will answer for it to me."

They were glad enough to slink off into the darkness before those scornful eyes. Then she turned once more to me.

"You can follow me, Colonel Gerard," she said. "I have a word that I would speak to you."



"THIS MAN IS MINE."

I walked behind her to the chamber into which I had originally been shown. She closed the door, and then looked at me with the archest twinkle in her eyes.

"Is it not confiding of me to trust myself with you?" said she. "You will remember that it is the Princess of Saxe-Felstein and not the poor Countess Palotta of Poland."

"Be the name what it might," I answered, "I helped a lady whom I believed to be in distress, and I have been robbed of my papers and almost of my honour as a reward."

"Colonel Gerard," said she, "we have been playing a game, you and I, and the stake was a heavy one. You have shown by delivering a message which was never given to you that you would stand at nothing in the cause of your country. My heart is German as yours is French, and I also would go all lengths, even to deceit and to theft, if at this crisis I can help my suffering fatherland. You see how frank I am."

"You tell me nothing that I have not seen."

"But now that the game is played and won, why should we bear malice? I will say this, that if ever I were in such a plight as that which I pretended in the inn of Lobenstein, I should never wish to meet a more gallant protector or a truer-hearted gentleman than Colonel Etienne Gerard. I had never thought that I could feel for a Frenchman as I felt for you when I slipped the papers from your breast."

"But you took them, none the less."

"They were necessary to me

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and to Germany. I knew the arguments which they contained and the effect which they would have upon the Prince. If they had reached him all would have been lost."

"Why should your Highness descend to such expedients when a score of these brigands, who wished to hang me at your castle gate, would have done the work as well?"

"They are not brigands, but the best blood of Germany," she cried, hotly. "If you have been roughly used you will remember the indignities to which every German has been subjected, from the Queen of Prussia downwards. As to why I did not have you waylaid upon the road, I may say that I had parties out on all sides, and that I was waiting at Lobenstein to hear of their success. When instead of their news you yourself arrived I was in despair, for there was only the one weak woman betwixt you and my husband. You see the straits to which I was driven before I used the weapon of my sex."

"I confess that you have conquered me, your Highness, and it only remains for me to leave you in possession of the field."

"But you will take your papers with you." She held them out to me as she spoke. "The Prince has crossed the Rubicon now, and nothing can bring him back. You can return these to the Emperor and tell him that we refused to receive them. No one can accuse you then of having lost your despatches. Good-bye, Colonel Gerard, and the best I can wish you is that when you reach France you may remain there. In a year's time there will be no place for a Frenchman upon this side of the Rhine."

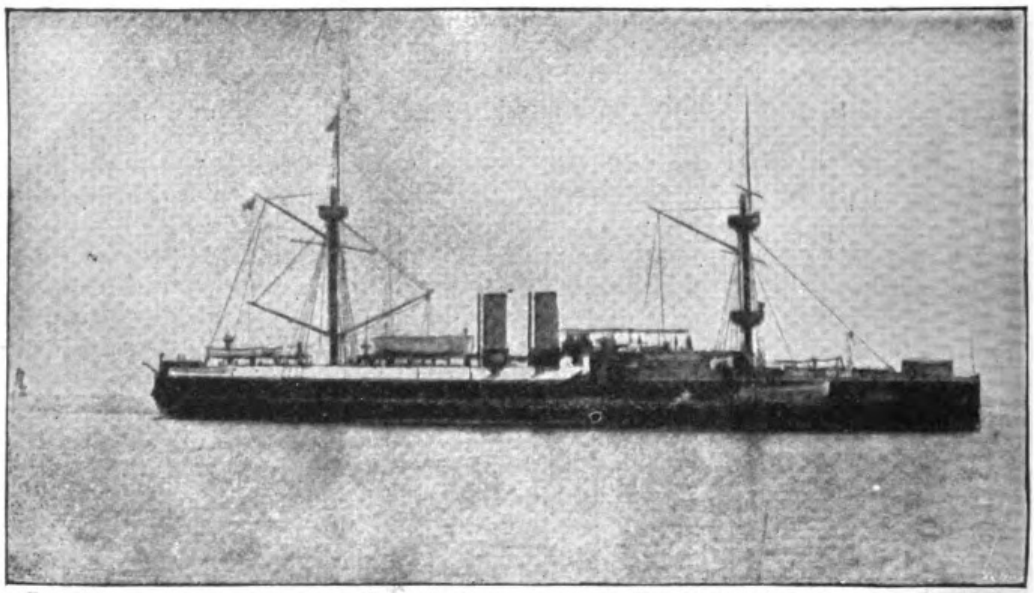
And thus it was that I played the Princess of Saxe-Felstein with all Germany for a stake, and lost my game to her. I had much to think of as I walked my poor, tired Violette along the highway which leads westward from Hof. But amid all the thoughts there came back to me always the proud, beautiful face of the German woman, and the voice of the soldier-poet as he sang from the chair. And I understood then that there was something terrible in this strong, patient Germany—this mother root of nations—and I saw that such a land, so old and so beloved, never could be conquered. And as I rode I saw that the dawn was breaking, and that the great star at which I had pointed through the palace window was dim and pale in the western sky.

[NOTE.—*Mr. Conan Doyle has written a powerful Story which will succeed "Brigadier Gerard" in* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *commencing with the January Number. It will be entitled "Rodney Stone," and will treat mainly of the period of George III. in a manner which has not hitherto been attempted. Though each instalment will, like "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "Brigadier Gerard," have separate incidents of its own, there will be a plot running through them all, and the publication of this important work will continue during the greater part of next year.*]

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No. XLV.—CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN—COMMANDER OF THE "CHEN YUEN" AT THE BATTLE OF YALU RIVER

By Alfred T. Story.



From a] CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN'S BATTLE-SHIP THE "CHEN YUEN." *[Photograph.*

ALTHOUGH the Battle of the Yalu River was fought over a year ago, it is still fresh in the world's memory, and probably will be for many a long day, not only because of the sensation it occasioned at the time, but for the reason that it showed the engines and implements of modern naval warfare in action as they had never been shown before, and so proved an object-lesson in the art of war of the most inestimable value. The eye-witnesses of the fight who were in a position to take an intelligent view of it were so few, and our information respecting it is consequently so scanty and imperfect, that too much can hardly be made of the evidence of Captain Philo Norton M'Giffin, who was the only European officer in command of any of the ships, either Chinese or Japanese. In reality, Captain M'Giffin was commander of the *Chen Yuen*, sister ship to the *Ting Yuen*, which was the flag-ship of Admiral Ting, the chief officer being Commodore Lin, who, as will be seen, was early put *hors-de-combat*, so far as all power of command was concerned, and M'Giffin had in consequence to take sole charge.

Captain M'Giffin went out to China twelve years ago, to take the position of professor of mathematics and of naval matters generally at the Naval College at Tien Tsin, which is between forty and fifty miles from the sea, while the College itself was some four miles from the nearest river—"a proper sort of place for a naval school," observed Captain M'Giffin. None of the cadets—over 100 in number—had ever seen the sea or a ship, and being nearly all married men with families, they had no desire or intention of serving in the navy. They were simply cadets because the position was a salaried one, and they had influence enough to be appointed to the posts. "They were a poor lot," said Captain M'Giffin; "if I wanted them to do a bit of work to bring them forward in their studies, they immediately got leave and went to their families." After a few months, however, he took the senior class to sea in a training ship, and in the course of a couple of years turned out some very good officers. During this time Captain M'Giffin did a great deal of surveying work, making, in particular, a complete survey of the coast of Corea, and drawing up charts of it.

In 1887, through his instrumentality, the Naval Academy at Wei-Hai-Wei was established. It was under his direction, Lieutenant Bourchier, of the Royal Navy, being his colleague as gunnery instructor. Here, most of the Chinese officers who served in the war received their instruction in naval matters. Captain M'Giffin was thus in a position to judge of the material of which the *personnel* of the Navy was composed;

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CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AND ASSISTANT.
From a Photo. by Le Fong, Chefoo.

and while he entertains the highest opinion of the common sailor for his courage and hardihood, nothing could well exceed his contempt for the Chinese officer. Although there were bright exceptions, as a rule they showed themselves to be the veriest poltroons. "The class to which they belong," says Captain M'Giffin, "the Mandarin class, is the very worst in China. It is not a part of their aim or traditions to be brave and manly; but all their thought is to get into a position where they can squeeze and oppress, and live easy, indolent lives on the fruits of their spoil."

When the war broke out, Captain M'Giffin was about to go on a visit to his friends in the United States, on sick leave, his health having been somewhat undermined by his eleven years in China; but he immediately returned his leave and volunteered to serve in the war, and was appointed to the ironclad *Chen Yuen*.

Although M'Giffin does not appear to have entertained any very ardent anticipations in regard to what the Chinese navy might do in the war, he certainly expected greater things of it than was achieved. The first brush a Chinese vessel had with the enemy gave him food for reflection, as well as some amusement. A few days before war was declared, the torpedo cruiser *Tsi Yuen* went out to Corea to watch the landing of some Chinese troops. She returned a few days later, war having then broken out. He watched her go into harbour, and saw nothing to indicate that she had seen the enemy. But presently one of his men came into his office, and in reply to his question as to how matters had gone, he replied, "Plenty men sick." "I could not understand that," said Captain M'Giffin, "as there was nothing on board to make them sick; so I said, 'What on earth has made them sick?' Then the man became very excited and said, 'Plenty men break.' I knew at once what he meant. It was his way of saying that there were a lot of wounded men on board; they had been in action. I immediately went on board, and saw the 'broken' men and the evidences of the fight with my own eyes. The narrative of the action was not a reassuring one."

These and the following particulars were obtained from Captain M'Giffin on the occasion of a recent visit of his to this country. M'Giffin is a tall, muscular-looking man, with a strong, resolute face, and an eye that indicates that he would be a bad man to have as an enemy. He is Scotch by descent, though American by birth. Judged by his accent, he might be English,

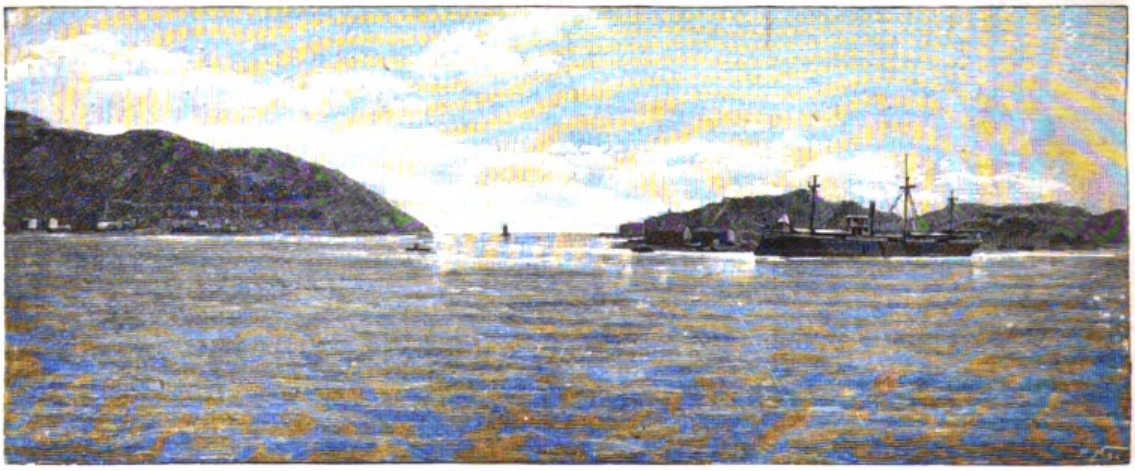


CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AT 17.
From a Photo. by F. M. Zeller, U. S. Naval Academy.

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though he uses some Yankee idioms. Speaking of his Scottish ancestry, Captain M'Giffin relates an interesting fact in connection with the career of his great-grandfather, who, though born in Scotland, fought in the War of Independence as an officer on the side of the Colonists. In one of the battles in which he was engaged, he took several soldiers prisoners, and amongst them found his own brother. Captain M'Giffin is slow and deliberate in conversation, and prefers best to talk walking backwards and forwards as though on the quarter-deck. It was thus that the following narrative was drawn from his lips.

"It was," said he, "on the morning of the 17th of September, 1894, that we first sighted the Japanese fleet. Our squadron — under Admiral Ting Ju Chang — had arrived at the mouth of the Yalu River, in convoy of transports, the day before. The



From a] THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER YALU—WHERE THE BATTLE TOOK PLACE. *[Photograph.*

disembarkation of the troops, which took place fifteen miles up the river, occupied the whole of the night. Next morning—Monday, the 17th—each ship went to general quarters, and we were busy exercising the crews at the guns, when the Japanese fleet came in sight. It was a beautiful day, with a gentle breeze, and we could see and count the number of their ships distinctly.

"As soon as we saw the enemy," said Captain M'Giffin, "and before they sighted us, we up anchor and started after them. As they were steaming ahead, and we were lying still, they made more smoke than we did, and so we got sight of them before they perceived us. But when we started in pursuit, they were immediately made aware of our presence by our increasing plumes of smoke. For a while they seemed to hold off, reconnoitring. They must have known that we had six torpedo-boats and four gunboats, besides our regular squadron, and they consequently thought we were even more formidable than we really were, because the torpedo-boats and the gunboats were up the river; and of the lot only two of the former joined us during the battle—and that when it was half over.

"While thus reconnoitring us," continued M'Giffin, "they were going parallel to our squadron, and, to the eyes of Commodore Lin, seemed to be steaming away from us.

"I shall never forget the effect the sight had upon the poor fellow. We were on the bridge together, and upon seeing them, as he thought, move away, his face became beaming, and he cried out, in English—he had previously been speaking in Chinese — clapping his hands together and striding along the bridge as he did so, 'Goddam, they retire! Goddam, they retire!' I said, 'They do not mean to go away, captain. We shall have our fight.'"

Captain M'Giffin explained that the men of the fleet had been spoiling for a fight for some time, in consequence of the jeers the soldiers at Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur had been accustomed to throw at them because they had not destroyed the enemy's ships. The Commodore had pretended to be as eager to meet the Japanese as the men; but he was now overjoyed at the prospect of escaping the enemy, and continued to pace along the bridge and cry, "They retire! Goddam, they retire!"

"We followed them in this way for some distance," continued M'Giffin, "and then, being satisfied as to our actual strength, they showed us that they intended to fight. The battle began about 12.20 and lasted till about 5.30 p.m.

"I was on the bridge taking the range when the action began, and all through the

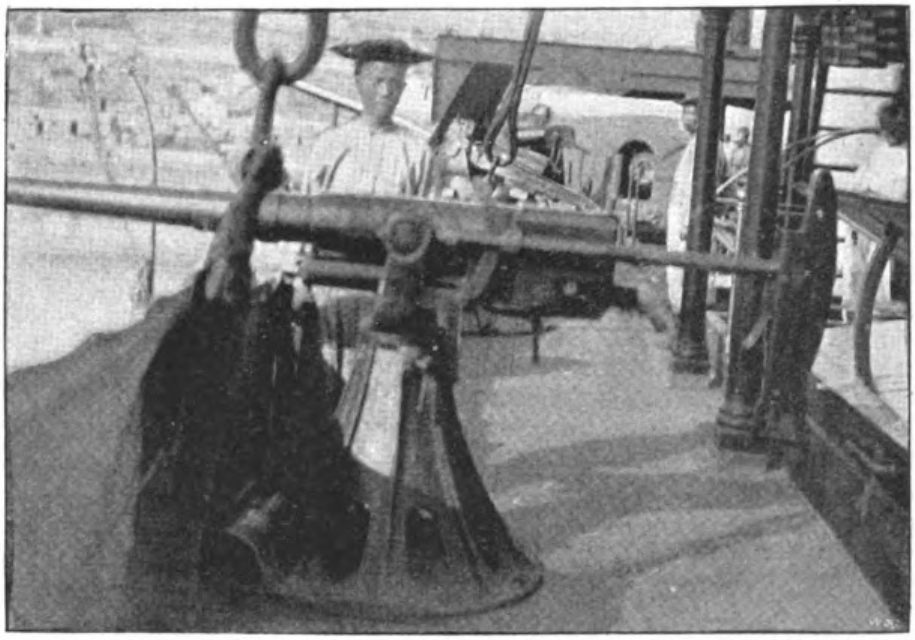
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action I had little chance of seeing what was going on beyond the fighting of our own ship. But I had time to admire the enemy's line of battle. It was formed into two squadrons—the Flying Squadron, consisting of the *Yoshino*, *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, and *Akitsushima*, which led; and the Principal Squadron, constituted of the *Matsushima* (Admiral Ito's flag-ship), *Itsukushima*, *Hasidate*, *Chiyoda*, *Fuso*, and *Hiyei*. The *Akagi* and *Saikio* formed a reserve. Our fleet, which advanced in a zig-zag line, consisted of ten ships, as follows: *Ting Yuen*, the flag-ship, *Chih Yuen*, *Tsi Yuen*, and *Kwan Chia*, forming the left wing; and *Chen Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Ching Yuen*, *Chao Yung*, and *Yang Wei*, forming the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and the *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats, did not put in an appearance until the fight was half over.

"But there was hardly time to admire the beauty of the scene before I was made aware that the action had begun in earnest by the *Ting Yuen* opening fire. We followed suit a minute or two afterwards, and the Japs soon replied to our music. It was curious to see the effect upon our officers. A shot passed over us; it was only a ricochet; but it was enough to put all the fight out of the major part of them. Indeed, I may say that hardly one was seen after that. I saw our navigating lieutenant, a Foo-chow man—all a cowardly lot—disappear, pale as a ghost, from the starboard turret at the second shot.

"I had occasion to give him a bit of my mind, or, rather, of my foot, a little later. Something had gone wrong with the training engine of one of the turrets, and I was obliged to go down into the armoured place below to put it to rights. As I was getting down, somebody caught hold of my legs and tried to stop me, shouting out, 'There's no room for any more here—you must go somewhere else to hide.' I looked down, and saw the navigating officer and some half a score more crouching there in mortal fear. I was so mad with the navigating lieutenant that I let him have one in the chest with my foot, knocking all the wind out of him. They let me go down after that, and so I was enabled to put the engine to rights."

No wonder the Japanese were victorious with such a foe. But even this was not the worst, for Captain M'Giffin found Commodore Lin—commander of the right wing, and his senior officer on the *Chen Yuen*—in an even still more degrading position than his officers. "Every now and then I heard a strange noise in the conning-tower below me," said the captain; "it was more like the howling of a dog than anything else I can liken it to, and I was very curious to know what it could be. However, I had not time to inquire then. But after a while I had occasion to go down into the conning-tower, in order to fight the ship, when, to my astonishment, who should I see but my worthy captain! He was lying grovelling on his stomach, jabbering as fast as he could in Chinese—praying, in fact praying and cursing in the same breath—and every time a shot struck the ship he howled like a dog. I shall never forget the sight, nor the sound, as long as I live. I felt inclined to kick him, although I didn't. But all through the engagement, I knew when a shot had struck us by his howls, though otherwise I was too much taken up with the fight to have noticed the impact of the shots.



VIEW OF STARBOARD SIDE OF SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN," AFT—SHOWING 3-POUNDER SEMI-AUTOMATIC MAXIM-NORDENFELDT GUN, AND TWO 6-POUNDER HOTCHKISS QUICK-FIRING GUNS. THE BREECH OF THE 6-INCH KRUPP GUN IS SEEN THROUGH THE DOOR IN SHIELD IN BACKGROUND. *From a Photograph.*

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"As to the fighting of the *Chen Yuen*," said Captain M'Giffin, "the worst risk we ran was when she got on fire forward. I was in the conning-tower, from whence I had been issuing orders, when a fire broke out in the superstructure over the forecastle. It had made considerable headway when I gave orders for a line of hose to be run out. We were then in the hottest of the fight, and the men refused to go unless an officer led them. There was only one willing to undertake the job — the gunnery lieutenant in the port barbette, a fine, plucky fellow; but we could not spare him on account of his knowing so many of the Chinese dialects, and so I had to go myself.

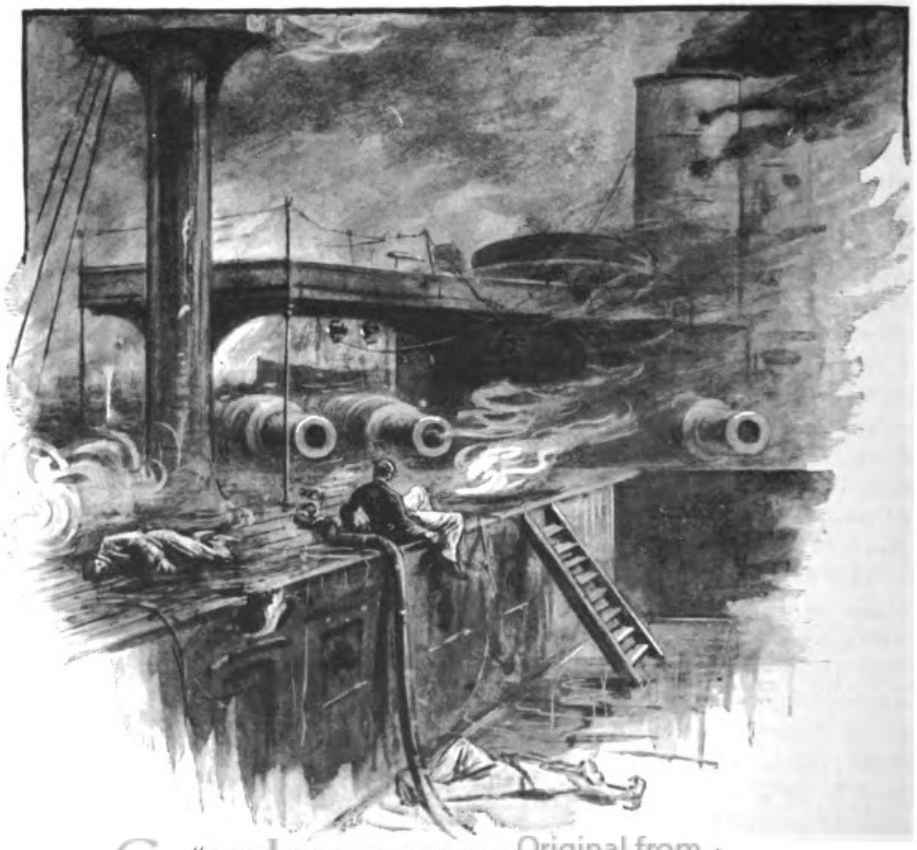
"A number of men voluntered to follow me. We had no sooner reached the forecastle than the awful fire of the enemy's guns began to tell upon us. One after another my men were fairly torn to pieces. A shot from a rapid-firing gun actually passed between my legs, wounding both wrists in its passage, and carrying away the tail of my coat. I was bending over pulling up a hose at the time. A shell hit the tower, and as it burst a piece struck me. I had just removed it when I received another wound in almost the same place, and from the same cause.

"At this time we were being peppered by three of the enemy's ships at close quarters — one on the port side, one on the starboard, and one right ahead; but the one on the port side was doing the most mischief, and so the men at the two starboard guns had been ordered to turn their guns round and try to silence the ship that was pressing us so hard on the port side. To do this, of course, they had to fire across the forecastle. When, therefore, I and the men who had volunteered to go with me to put out the fire were about to go forward, I ordered the head gunner at the starboard battery to cease firing at the vessel on the port side, and direct his guns at the ship right ahead, otherwise they would fire upon us. But the instant after I had turned my back, a shot knocked the head gunner to pieces, and the man who took his place did not know that we had gone forward, and, keeping the guns directed towards the ship on the port side, fired.

"The explosion blew all of us who were left off our legs. The man by my side, indeed, was killed. At the same time, a shot from one of the enemy's rapid-firing guns ripped across my body, cutting quite a gash, but not doing any serious injury. I was rendered unconscious, however. Fortunately, I had fallen upon a hose that had been torn by a shot, and the water spurting from the rent fell upon my face and revived me."

Captain M'Giffin here explained that the two guns were six feet apart, and he was lying ten feet in front of No. 2 gun when No. 1 went off. "The flash of it," said the captain, "was like an intense flash of lightning. It rendered me unconscious so quickly that, though I was so near, I did not hear the report of the gun.

"When I opened my eyes, I saw that I was right in front of the muzzle of the other



"I SAW THAT I WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE."

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From a Drawing by the] THE BATTLE OF YALU. *[Japanese Artist, Bungo Sakuma.*

starboard gun, and that my head was directly in the line of fire. I watched the training of the gun for a second or two; then, realizing that in another instant it would go off and I should be blown to pieces, I threw myself over the side of the superstructure on to the deck below, a depth of some eight feet. As I fell the gun went off.

"I fell heavily upon my chest, and a lot of blood gushed from my mouth, so that those who saw me thought I was dead, and left me where I was. I managed, however, to get round into the superstructure, near a shell-hoist. I hadn't been there long before a shot entered and smashed into the uptake. I then asked two of the four men at the hoist to carry me farther aft, so as to get away from the stench of sulphur, for I could not walk. We had not moved far from the spot before a shell burst just where we had been, blowing the other two men at the hoist to pieces. You will see the hole the shell made in the superstructure by this photograph"—showing the one reproduced in our illustration on page 623.

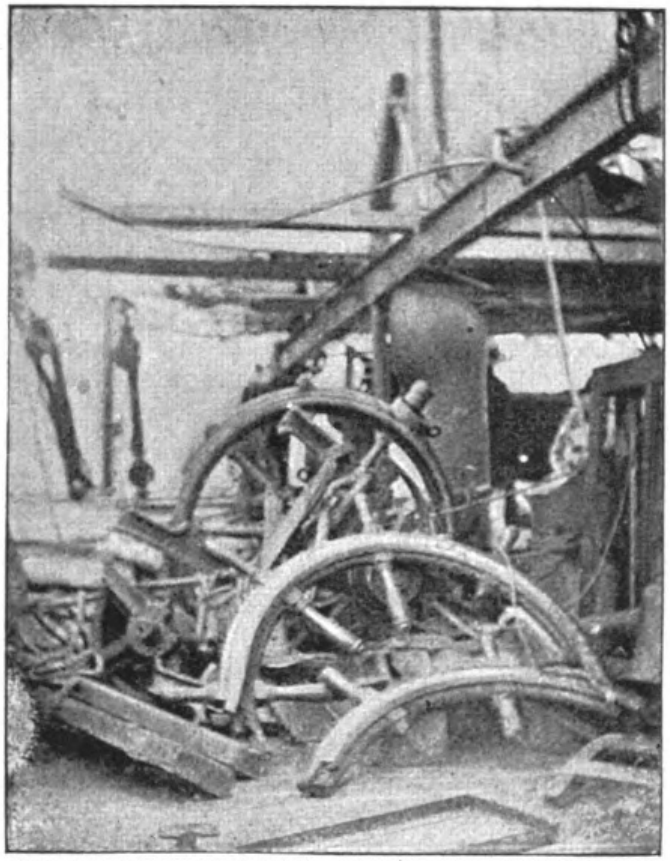
Captain M'Giffin is still suffering from the wounds he received on board the *Chen Yuen*, and he thinks that he will continue to suffer from them as long as he lives. When in England there were still pieces of shot lodged in the flesh of his left side and leg, which kept the wounds from healing. Within the circumference of about a foot he seems to have been struck by at least from forty to fifty pieces of shot or shell. How he ever came out of the engagement alive is a miracle. "Our men," said he, "considered that I had a charmed life." In addition to his wounds, his clothes got on fire, and one of his eyes was badly injured, so that during the latter part of the action he was nearly blind.

Asked a question with reference to the powers and qualities of the two fleets, Captain M'Giffin said that he went into action in the confident belief that the Chinese would win, the Japs being dubious as to the qualities of their ships in comparison with our armoured vessels. The Japanese were well served with ammunition, while the Chinese ran short. "We had very few shells for our big guns," said M'Giffin, "and the fuses of some of them were nothing but coal-dust." The captain attributes much of the disaster which befell the Chinese arms, both at sea and on land, to the treachery in high places which everywhere prevailed. Everybody, he avers, was in the pay of Japan, from Lo-Feng-Loh, the Chinese First Lord of the Admiralty, to the lowest official who had any information to sell.

"However, we did our best," continued Captain M'Giffin, as though conscious that *he* had deserved victory, if he had not

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won it. "As for the *Chen Yuen*, she was in the thick of the fight all the time. The fact that no fewer than four hundred of the enemy's shots struck us ought to be fair proof of our having been in it. We were simply cut to pieces. But I flatter myself we gave back as good as they sent. It was the *Chen Yuen* that gave the Japanese flagship *Matsushima* such a mauling. If you remember, forty-nine officers and men were killed and over fifty wounded by one shell; while the gunnery lieutenant was blown into the sea, his cap and telescope being the only articles left as mementos of him.



RUINS OF THE STEERING WHEEL. SEVEN MEN WERE KILLED BY THE FLYING SPLINTERS OF THIS WHEEL.
From a Photograph.

"Soon after we brushed up against the *Matsushima* it was discovered that we had a few steel shells left for our 12·2in. gun. These shells were about 5ft. long, weighed 800lb., and carried a bursting charge of nearly 90lb. of powder. It was one of these shots that did such fearful execution. When the smoke cleared away we could see that it had wrought terrible destruction; but I did not know until afterwards the full extent of the damage. It appears from the Japanese report that it totally disabled their big 13in. Canet gun and exploded several charges of powder, which had been brought on deck in readiness for use.

"On the whole, I think our eight ships gave a very good account of themselves as against the thirteen Japanese vessels. For it must be remembered that the *Tsi Yuen* ran off in the beginning of the action, while the *Ping Yuen* was out of the way until the close of the fight, when she fired a shot or two, as it were, for form's sake, just as the enemy's fleet was clearing off. Indeed, the brunt of the fighting was sustained by the two ironclads, the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen*. The *King Yuen* caught fire in a very short time and went down. The *Lai Yuen* came very near suffering the same fate, as she also was set on fire. For a time all that her crew could do was to fight the conflagration.

"Yes, fire did the chief havoc with us. The *Chao Yung* and the *Yang Wei*, the two Armstrong cruisers, were made a set at by the enemy early in the action, and they were soon blazing furiously. Their thin sides were easily pierced by shells, and then their interior woodwork burned like match-board.

"The pluckiest thing that was done during the engagement? Well, the coolest courage was, perhaps, shown by a small boy, the brother of our gunnery lieutenant, who was on deck the whole time helping to hand things to the gunners, and who, though shot was falling all about, never flinched or showed the slightest fear. His brother was badly wounded, but he came off scatheless. He helped to carry his brother down when he was hit, but afterwards returned to his post, and remained at it till the end of the day. He was on board simply on a visit to his brother, not in any way as a part of the ship's company.

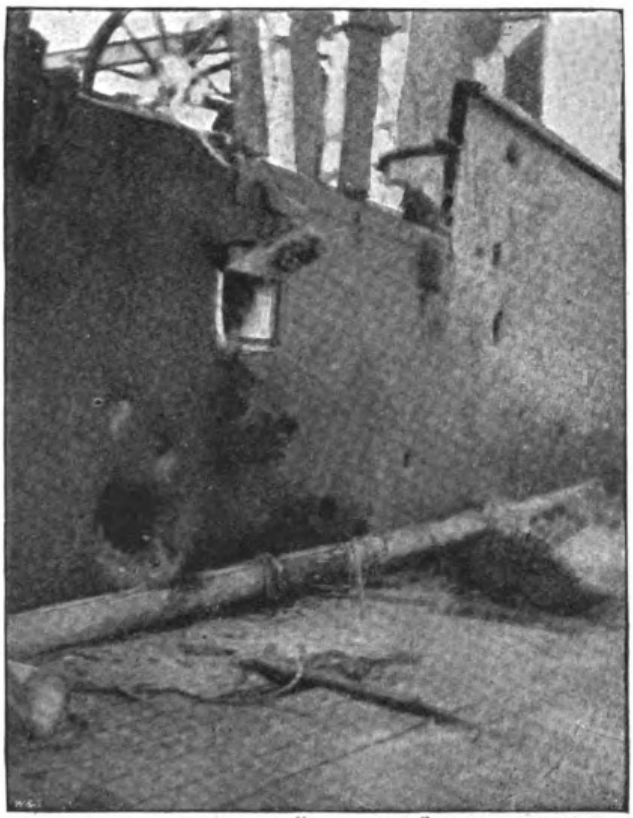
"But as regards the fighting of the ships, the most daring act was probably that of Captain Tang of the *Chih Yuen*, which, when making a move to support the *Lai Yuen*, was struck under the water-line by a shell or a torpedo — nobody knows — and at once took a heavy list. Seeing the game was pretty well up, Tang resolved to go for one of the big ships, intending to ram her. But the Japs, perceiving his game, rained a perfect hurricane of shot and shell upon him, with the result that the list became greater, and just before she reached her intended

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victim, she rolled over and plunged, bows foremost, to be seen no more. Only seven of her crew were saved.

"One of the strangest things about the affair is that Captain Tang might have been saved but for a dog he had. It was a big, savage brute—too much sometimes for his master to manage. When the ship went down, Tang got hold of a piece of floating wreckage, and was supporting himself above the water with it when his dog swam to him, mounted upon his back, seized him by the throat, and compelled him to loose his hold, thus drowning him along with himself. The seven men who were saved saw this tragedy.

"Some of the Chinese officers brave men? Yes, I have said so. But the major part of them were Foo-Chows. Those who were not Foo-Chow men were brave enough. The *Tsi Yuen* was manned largely by Foo-Chow men, and they made off at the very outset of the fight. We saw them going for Port Arthur at 12.45. Fong, the cowardly captain of the *Tsi Yuen*, afterwards said that his entire battery had been disabled at the very beginning of the engagement, and that he was obliged to make tracks to save his ship. But upon examination it was proved that this was the lamest of excuses, the only damage done to any part of his battery—and that not serious—having been received after he had turned tail!



THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN" AFTER THE BATTLE.
From a Photograph.

"If it had not been for the war interrupting our work at Wei-Hai-Wei, we should soon have put a different complexion on the Chinese navy—as regards officers, I mean," said Captain M'Giffin. "We had the greatest hopes of the young men who would have graduated shortly. The gunnery school was especially good. As I have said, it was under the charge of Lieutenant Bourchier, of the British Navy. He was a splendid gunnery officer himself, and took great interest in the work.

"The Japanese admiral, Ito, acknowledged our superior marksmanship; but it must be remembered that, on account of their large number of quick-firing guns and general numerical superiority, being twelve ships to our six during most of the engagement, we were much overmatched. As a matter of fact, though we secured about twenty hits out of 100 to their twelve, yet, as they could fire 600 shots to our 100, they made seventy-two hits to our twenty. Add to this that they had six targets to fire at and we twelve, and you will readily see our disadvantage.

"You would hardly believe," continued Captain M'Giffin, after a pause, "that while we were doing everything we could to make good sailors of our men, and good officers, and to encourage an *esprit de corps*, we were compelled to have with us a lot of men who did everything they could to mar all that we were doing. I refer to the secretaries that the officers are obliged to have about them to make their reports. Written Chinese is a difficult matter, and it is done by a class apart. These men are of the Mandarin class, and they have all their vices and nobody else's virtues. They are a mean, cowardly, and despicable set. They are, in short, an incarnation of all the Chinese vices, and as such they hang together, work together, and whenever they see anybody doing anything that is different to the old Chinese method, like wearing a uniform different to what they have been used to, or unlike their own garb, which is a long blue gown, learning drill, or anything of that kind, they stand by in groups, and point and sneer. They make remarks, too, telling them they are learning the habits of foreign devils, forgetting their Chinese origin,

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and so forth. This has a bad effect upon the men, and discourages them greatly. Yet in a big ship we are obliged to have a lot of them—as many as twenty or twenty-five. When it came to fighting, or there was a possibility of fighting, these fellows suddenly became sick, or they found that it was necessary for them to go home to bury a father or a mother. It was astonishing the number of parents there were to be buried at such times. You never saw such filial piety—and poltroonery!

"One of these fellows," continued M'Giffin, "when, just at the outbreak of the war, there was a prospect of a brush with the enemy, fell into such a funk that he pretended to be sick and asked leave to go home. The fleet was at the time in Corea, and his request was refused. Then he heard that one of the ships was ordered to return to China, and that she would sail in the morning. During the night, therefore, he managed, by bribing some sailors, to get on board, and hid himself away in the hold. But in the morning, when he ventured to show himself on deck, he found to his dismay that the rest of the fleet had sailed for home, while the ship he had taken refuge upon was ordered on another expedition. The poor secretary begged and prayed to be sent back, that he might bury his father or his mother. But that, of course, was out of the question, and he had perforce to accompany the ship. She did nothing, and got no hurt; but when, in a day or two, she returned to port, the cowardly, mangy secretary was so sick through fear that he was obliged to go home.

"This was one of the ways in which the Chinese were handicapped," said Captain M'Giffin. "We had, in fact, hardly a chance. The Japanese had by far the best of it in every way. They had the advantage of us in ships, and the majority of their guns would fire five or six shots to our one. Then their ships had greater speed; we made several attempts to ram them, but what was the good, when they could go seventeen knots an hour to our twelve? And yet, in spite of every drawback, if all the ships had been fought as well as the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen*, we should have done for the Japs. They confessed that we two—that is, the two ironclads—preserved our formation throughout, and that the *Chen Yuen*, by her steadiness and excellent gun practice, saved the Chinese fleet from actual annihilation.

"And yet the Battle of Yalu was decisive enough in all conscience. It gave the Japanese absolute command of the sea. It was a splendid strategic victory, and they deserve all credit for it. The fight was not such a great affair as regards the force engaged, but it was, in the results obtained, one of the most momentous naval engagements of the century, and by long odds the most important of the Chino-Jap War.

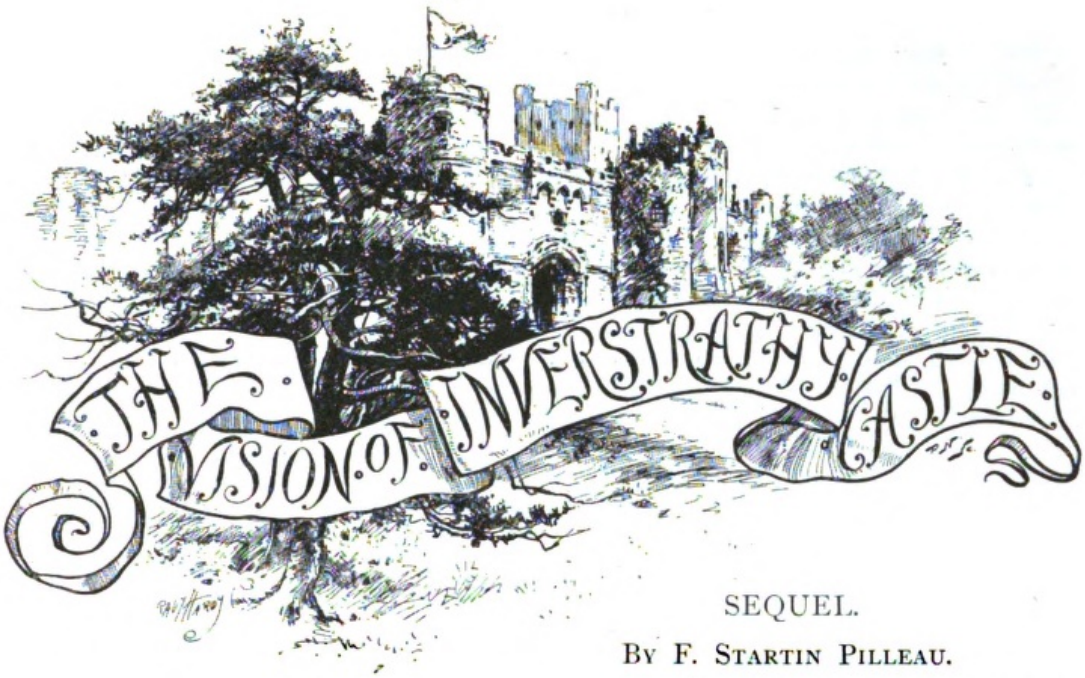
"About the price put upon my head? It's no use saying much about that. The Japs offered 5,000 yen—a yen is a dollar—for my capture. I don't know why. I was not the only one for whom they were willing to pay a price—I suppose in order that they might wreak their vengeance upon us. However, if they had captured me, I don't think they would have got much satisfaction out of me, for in the event I should not have had time to shoot myself, I always carried a small phial of prussic acid about with me for use in case of need."

In conclusion, Captain M'Giffin said: "I am sorry I have not any better photographs to offer you. I had a kodak with me, and in the beginning of the fight I took seven or eight shots; but the film proved to be bad, and so I had my trouble for nothing."



CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AFTER THE BATTLE.
From a Photo. by Le Fong, Chefoo.

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SEQUEL.

By F. Startin Pilleau.

THE extraordinary number of letters sent to the Editor, in response to the invitation given at the end of my story entitled "The Vision of Inverstrathy Castle," which appeared in the Christmas Number of The Strand Magazine for 1894, must be my apology for intruding myself once more before the readers of that world-renowned periodical. Those who read that story will remember that my old friend, Tom Farquharson, and I were diametrically opposed as to the expediency of informing either, or both, of two young people (who, at that time, were engaged to be married) of a vision we had seen concerning them; and that we determined, after much discussion, to lay the facts of the case before the public, inviting such as felt competent to do so to give us their advice upon the matter.

I now take this opportunity of tendering my thanks to those who so promptly responded to my appeal, and who will, I think, take an interest in hearing the *dénouement* of the story. But, for the information of those who did not read the first story, at the Editor's request, I will begin with a brief summary of what took place.

I, while a guest at Inverstrathy Castle, occupied a haunted room. In the night the room was suddenly lit up; a young girl, terror-stricken, rushed into the room, closely followed by a man, who killed her. The vision was repeated the following night. I was much surprised to find staying in the house a young lady named Miss Craig, who was exactly like the girl of my vision, and who also bore the same strong resemblance to a portrait of a Lady Betty Colquhoun, an ancestor of Tom Farquharson. There was a story attached to the place that, about the end of the sixteenth century, one Ronald Farquharson married a Lady Betty Colquhoun; but after three years of torture from her husband, the lady was said to have eloped with an old lover. I explained the whole matter to my host, who watched with me that night, when the vision again appeared. We pulled some of the wainscoting away and discovered a secret passage, at the end of which, in a dungeon, was a skeleton of a woman. Farquharson believed that his ancestor must have murdered his wife, hidden the body himself, and set going the story of the elopement. We were greatly perplexed for a solution to the mystery, as both the actors in the visionary tragedy were in modern evening costume. A year later, I met the villain of my vision in London. I told Farquharson of this, who informed me that Sir Philip Clipstone, the villain, and Miss Craig, the victim in the tragedy, were engaged to be married. We were very much troubled as to whether it was our duty to inform the engaged couple of what had taken place, or not; and this was the point which we determined to lay before the public.

The story, however, did not appear in print until it was too late for me to profit by the advice so freely offered by my readers. In the meantime, many important events happened, which it is now my purpose to relate.

Firstly, poor Farquharson, having returned

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too soon to Inverstrathy Castle, caught the fever and died (after but ten days' illness), thus leaving to me the sole responsibility of either telling Sir Philip Clipstone and Dora Craig what we had seen, or keeping silence and letting events take their own course.

Secondly, almost immediately after poor Tom's death, both Duncan Farquharson and his younger brother Charles, first cousins of Tom's (the former of whom had succeeded to the Inverstrathy estates), were drowned while coming back from Madeira (where they had been yachting) to take possession of the property.

Thirdly, Sir Philip Clipstone and Dora Craig, in happy ignorance of what might be in store for them, and not knowing the importance of delay, or the excellent advice about to be tendered them by the public, calmly took the matter into their own hands and were quietly married on the 2nd of October, just about the time of the wreck of the *Albatross*, poor Duncan Farquharson's yacht.

Fourthly, in consequence of this last tragedy (the wreck, not the marriage) Sir Philip succeeded to Inverstrathy Castle and property.

It was one of the society papers which informed me, much to my surprise, of this last event; for I had not, until then, any idea Sir Philip was related to poor Tom. It seems, however, he was a second cousin, and took the name of Clipstone in consequence of inheriting an estate, in the West of England, provided he added the testator's name to his own, so that his full style and title was Sir Philip Farquharson Clipstone, Bart., and is, now that he has succeeded to Inverstrathy, Sir Philip Clipstone Farquharson, Bart.

It was with a feeling little short of dismay that I heard of this rapid development of Dora's destiny, and every day I half expected to hear of some terrible *dénouement*, but this was not the case; on the contrary, for the first few months the young couple seemed to be even more devotedly attached to each other than young married folk usually are. And whenever I met them in society, which was pretty often, even my suspicious glances could not detect the slightest appearance of duplicity in the lover-like behaviour of Sir Philip to his charming bride.

At first, it was only at the houses of mutual friends that I had an opportunity of observing them, for, although Lady Farquharson immediately recognised me on the first occasion of our meeting after her marriage, and at once introduced me to her husband, the acquaintance, for a time, went no further. Indeed, it was not till after the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race that it rapidly ripened into a warm friendship. It happened, on that occasion, to be one of those unusually beautiful spring days which, now and again, visit our desolate shores, giving promise of better things to come, a promise, alas! but rarely fulfilled, and we were a merry party on Lord Coverdale's steam launch.

It was the first time I had seen Lady Farquharson without her husband, and I gathered, from what she was telling Lady Coverdale, that Sir Philip had been summoned away, on urgent business, just as they were leaving home.

No need to describe the event of the day, which, in fact, proved to be a mere procession; suffice it to say that, after the boats had passed, and the usual number of steamers and other craft were pressing in their wake, a clumsily-steered launch bumped against our quarter. The shock was not great, but more than sufficient to cause Lady Farquharson, who was standing near me, to lose her



"THE COUPLE SEEMED DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO EACH OTHER."

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balance and fall into the water. Quick as thought, I jumped in after her, and easily managed to support her till a friendly boat took us on board.

It was a simple act, and one which anyone else would have done in the same circumstances, though, from the exaggerated thanks which Sir Philip showered upon me when I took Lady Farquharson home, you would have thought I had done something unusually heroic.

Fortunately, neither of us took the slightest harm from our immersion, for, as I have said, it was a glorious, sunshiny day. Had it been otherwise, it might have proved a more serious matter, at all events for Lady Farquharson, who, at that time, was in somewhat delicate health.

From that time my friendship with the Farquharsons rapidly progressed, and scarcely a day passed without my spending an hour or two in their society. Occupying, as I soon did, the post of confidential friend to the family, I had every opportunity for observing the relations between husband and wife. At first, I had not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of Sir Philip's adoration of Lady Farquharson, and it was not till some time afterwards that I first began to suspect that there might be a slight "rift within the lute."

It is difficult to explain why my suspicions were aroused at all, so impalpable were the symptoms; but I had not lost any of the impressions of that horrible vision at Inverstrathy Castle, and my perceptions were in an abnormal condition of tension, so that I seemed to intuitively understand, rather than actually observe, that all was not quite right between them. They were both still delighted to see me whenever I put in an appearance, but on more than one occasion I could not help feeling that they looked upon my advent as a relief; that my appearance, in fact, had probably been the means of putting to an end a somewhat heated argument between them. Two or three times, too, I felt quite convinced that Sir Philip was on the point of taking me into his confidence, but some slight interruption on each occasion, unfortunately, prevented his doing so.

At length, in June, they left London for Scotland, having pressed me to join them in August for the shooting, and, though my heart bounded when the invitation was given (for what might I not witness in that gloomy old castle?), I determined nothing should prevent my going, and endeavouring, if possible, to avert the awful tragedy I felt convinced would otherwise take place.

In the early part of July I received a hurried letter from Sir Philip announcing, with much pride, the birth of a son and heir, and stating that, though the youngster had made his appearance somewhat sooner than was expected, both mother and child were doing well.

So far, so good. I was delighted at the news, and could only hope the boy would be a tie between his parents. Another week had barely passed, when I got a second letter from Sir Philip saying that Lady Farquharson was not going on quite so satisfactorily, but that he fully hoped and believed she would be all right again long before the 11th of August, when I was expected. "In fact," he added, "I wish it were possible for you to come here sooner, for there is a matter, about which I do not like to write, but which I should much like to talk over with you. However, I fear, from what you said, that that is not possible, but pray do not delay your visit a day longer than you can help, and please do not refer, in any way, to what I have said, when next you write."

These words set me thinking, and my thoughts were not pleasant. What was it he wished to discuss with me, but did not like to put into writing? And why was not Lady Farquharson to know anything about it?

Twice more I heard from Sir Philip, and, though each time his accounts of Lady Farquharson's health were more than satisfactory, there was a depression about the letters which seemed to me very ominous.

At last the 11th of August arrived, and I once again found myself in Sutherlandshire; but, as I had been visiting friends only some twenty miles off, I managed to reach Inverstrathy Castle in time for afternoon tea.

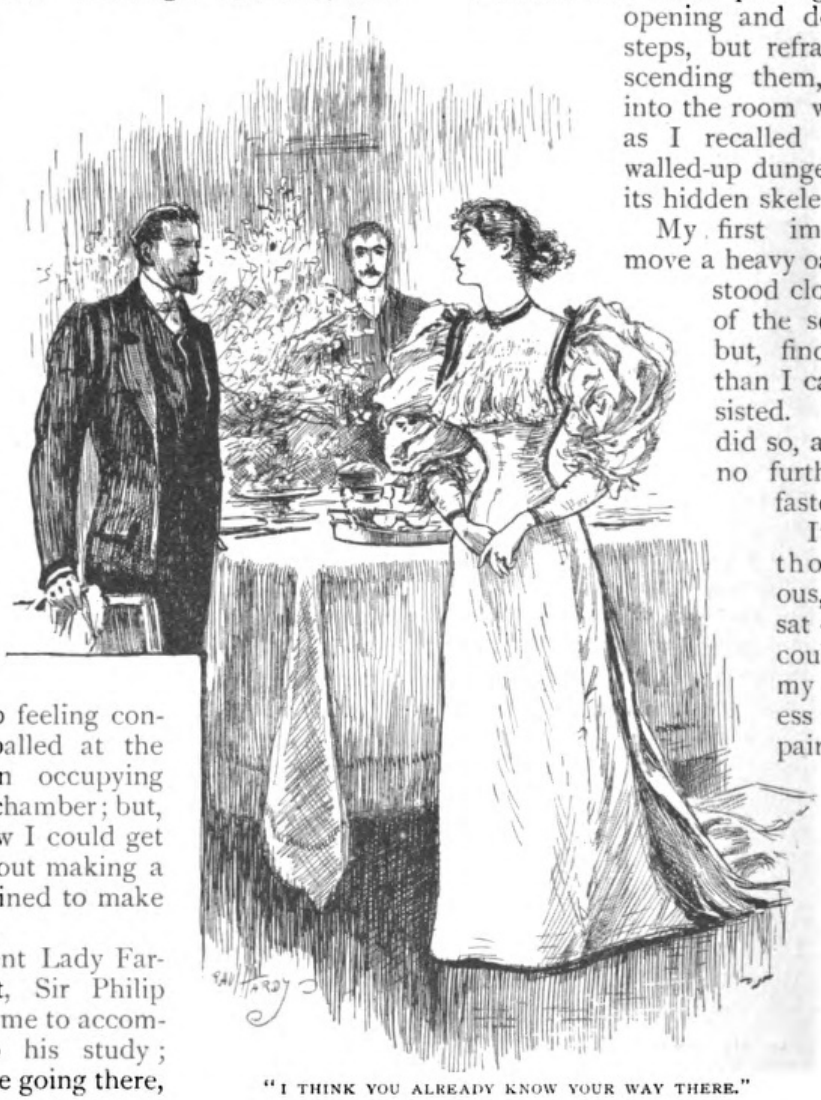
Both Sir Philip and Lady Farquharson gave me the heartiest of welcomes, but I was at once struck and grieved to see a marked and most distressing restraint in their behaviour. Though their bearing towards each other was precisely what one would expect, it wanted but a very superficial observer to detect the lines of worry and care, which were only too apparent, on the countenance of each.

I had no opportunity of getting a word alone with Sir Philip, though I could see he was most anxious to do so, and tea was barely over when, in all the glory of infant pomp and state, the future "Sir Philip" was ushered into our presence.

It would be difficult to say which of the two, Sir Philip or Lady Farquharson, was the more idiotically devoted to the child, and it did my bachelor heart good to see the extra-

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ordinary change his presence made in both my host and hostess. All signs of worry or care seemed to be at once wiped out from their faces, and they out-vied each other in their protestations of love and devotion. Nay, more (somewhat, I confess, to my surprise), neither seemed in the least jealous of the other, but alternately hugged and kissed the little chap, as they called each other's attention to his marvellous intelligence—which, by-the-bye, I could not myself detect—in a manner which only young married people, with their first six-weeks-old infant, could possibly appreciate. When, however, the "phenomenon" was once more claimed by his nurse, I was concerned to see the same worried, anxious look gradually overcast their faces. Lady Farquharson, however, seemed to do her best to shake the depressing influence off, and laughed and chatted in a manner that would have been most cheering, had it not been so obviously forced. At length she rose, and suggested I might, perhaps, like to go to my room, adding, with a smile: "I think you already know your way there, as I understand from Mrs. Morgan, who is still here, that it is the same one you occupied when staying here with poor Tom."



"I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW YOUR WAY THERE."

I confess to feeling considerably appalled at the idea of again occupying that haunted chamber; but, not seeing how I could get out of it without making a fuss, I determined to make the best of it.

The moment Lady Farquharson left, Sir Philip eagerly asked me to accompany him to his study; but, as we were going there, one of the footmen informed him that the steward wished to see him immediately about some matter of importance. He, therefore (very reluctantly I could see), said we must defer our chat till after dinner, and I at once went to my room to dress.

How well I knew it! There was the self-same antique four-poster, the same Persian hearth-rug in front of the fireplace, under which lay the blood-stain, or what Tom and I believed was a blood-stain; and the same rare old tapestry hanging round the gloomy walls. Of course I went at once to the farther corner to see if the secret door had been tampered with. I had no difficulty in finding it, for it opened of its own volition when I drew away the tapestry in front of it. Probably Tom had broken the spring when he forced it open on that memorable occasion, and had not been able, or had not troubled, to repair it, trusting to the heavy tapestry to conceal it.

I could not resist peering through the opening and down the stone steps, but refrained from descending them, turning back into the room with a shudder, as I recalled to mind the walled-up dungeon below, and its hidden skeleton.

My first impulse was to move a heavy oak press, which stood close by, in front of the secret opening; but, finding it heavier than I calculated, I desisted. Thank God I did so, and that I took no further means to fasten up the door!

It was a dreary, though sumptuous, repast that we sat down to, and I could see that both my host and hostess were struggling painfully to appear at their ease. I did my best to keep the conversation alive, but failed dismally, except when I spoke of the "phenomenon"; then, indeed,

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both my entertainers opened their lips, and I had no cause to complain of their silence. But one cannot, or at least a bachelor cannot, converse for ever on infantine matters, and the conversation soon lapsed.

At length the weary dinner came to an end, and Lady Farquharson left the room, presumably for the nursery. We filled up our glasses, and I prepared to listen to what I knew Sir Philip was so anxious to tell me, when, before he had barely commenced, Lady Farquharson hurriedly came in and said, with tears in her eyes :—

"Oh, Philip! I'm sure there's something dreadful the matter with baby!"

"Good God! you don't say so?" said Sir Philip, starting up and turning ashy pale. "Excuse me for a moment, there's a good fellow, while I go and see," and both the fond parents hurried from the room, leaving me, once more, in ignorance as to what it was Sir Philip was so anxious to impart to me.

No doubt I am a cold-blooded, heartless bachelor, but I could not refrain from chuckling at the absurdity of Sir Philip's and Lady Farquharson's behaviour. The little beggar had been lively enough a couple of hours before, and it seemed to me highly improbable there could be anything serious the matter with him. It was half an hour before Sir Philip returned, and he then informed me he had already sent off an express for Dr. McDonald, who lived some five miles off. He was in a most terrible state of anxiety, and walked up and down the room in a nervous, agitated manner, which was most distressing to witness. Thinking to distract his attention, I suggested it was a good opportunity for him to tell me what he was so anxious I should hear, but he answered :—

"Not now; I couldn't do it. I'm absolutely distracted with anxiety. My dear fellow, you don't know what an awful life Dora and I have led the last three months, and now, just when little Phil seemed sent on purpose to comfort us, for aught I know, he may be dying."

"But what does the nurse say?" I inquired. "She seems a sensible sort of woman, and, I suppose, has had experience in these matters."

"She's an old fool," he irritably replied, "and the sooner she goes the better."

"But what does she say?" I persisted.

"Why, she says there's nothing at all the matter! As though his mother and I couldn't see for ourselves that he's terribly ill."

"What are his symptoms?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about his symptoms, but, anyhow, he's pretty bad; and, if anything were to happen to him, God knows how it will all end!"

Fortunately, Dr. McDonald soon arrived, and Sir Philip at once conducted him upstairs. It turned out, as I fully expected, the wildest of scares, the doctor assuring me that there was absolutely nothing whatever the matter with the kid, except the very slightest amount of indigestion. It was ludicrous beyond description, yet pathetic, too, to see poor Sir Philip's face brighten, as, after the severest cross-examination of the unfortunate doctor, he was forced to believe the child was not *in extremis*.

We spent a much pleasanter evening than I at all anticipated in the smoking-room (for Lady Farquharson only appeared to say good-night, and returned at once to her beloved offspring's cot), and I found Dr. McDonald, whom Sir Philip had insisted upon putting up for the night, a most amusing companion. Long and racy were the yarns we regaled each other with, Sir Philip spend-



"NOT NOW; I COULDN'T DO IT."

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ing his time mostly in going backwards and forwards to the nursery, and it was pretty late before we turned in. When at last we did so, I had not the slightest intention of going to bed, as I expected little rest in that haunted room, but determined to sit up all night and see what would happen, when, upon casually looking out of the window, I was considerably surprised to see Lady Farquharson hurrying across the lawn. Astonished that she should be out so late, I watched to see what would follow, when, to my still further astonishment, she returned clinging to Sir Philip's arm, apparently endeavouring to persuade him to return to the house with her. Seemingly he would not do so, and although they were too far off for me to hear their conversation, I could distinctly recognise Sir Philip's voice raised in angry altercation.

What was the meaning of it all? Was he intoxicated? Was that the horrible mystery which darkened both their lives and caused that anxious look of worry I had seen on both their faces? Yet, no, this could scarcely be the case, for Sir Philip clearly wished to take me into his confidence, and I knew too much of human nature to suppose he would confess his domestic happiness had been wrecked by his own vice.

Puzzled as to what could possibly be the solution of the mystery, I turned from the window and sat down by the fire. After a time I must have fallen asleep, but my rest in that fateful room was ever destined to be brief, and I could not have slept more than a couple of hours at most, when again I wakened up with a horrible feeling of terror.

This time no vivid, unnatural light was the cause of my awakening, but the most awful, ear-piercing shriek, and, as I started up, once again I saw the tapestry at the farther end of the room drawn aside; once again the lady of my vision, so like Lady Farquharson, rushed into the room and fell upon her knees on the hearth-rug; once again the antique jewel slipped from off her neck to the floor; and, once again, that bloodthirsty villain, so terribly like Sir Philip, raised his dagger to plunge it into her heart.

With one bound I sprang at his throat, and this time the vision vanished not from my eyes. This time my hand clasped human flesh, instead of empty air, and I desperately strove to wrest the dagger from his murderous hand. Fierce was the struggle between us; frantically I endeavoured to choke back his breath with my right hand as I grasped his wrist, as firmly as I could, with my left. Backwards and forwards we swayed in deadly silence, till at length, tripping over the prostrate form of Lady Farquharson, we both fell heavily to the ground, he, alas, uppermost! I knew now it could only be a question of a few moments, for in falling I had lost my hold on his wrist; but I desperately clung to him with both hands and knees, twisting and turning to avoid the fatal thrust. At length the decisive moment came, when, kneeling on my chest, the infuriated ruffian



"FIERCE WAS THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN US."

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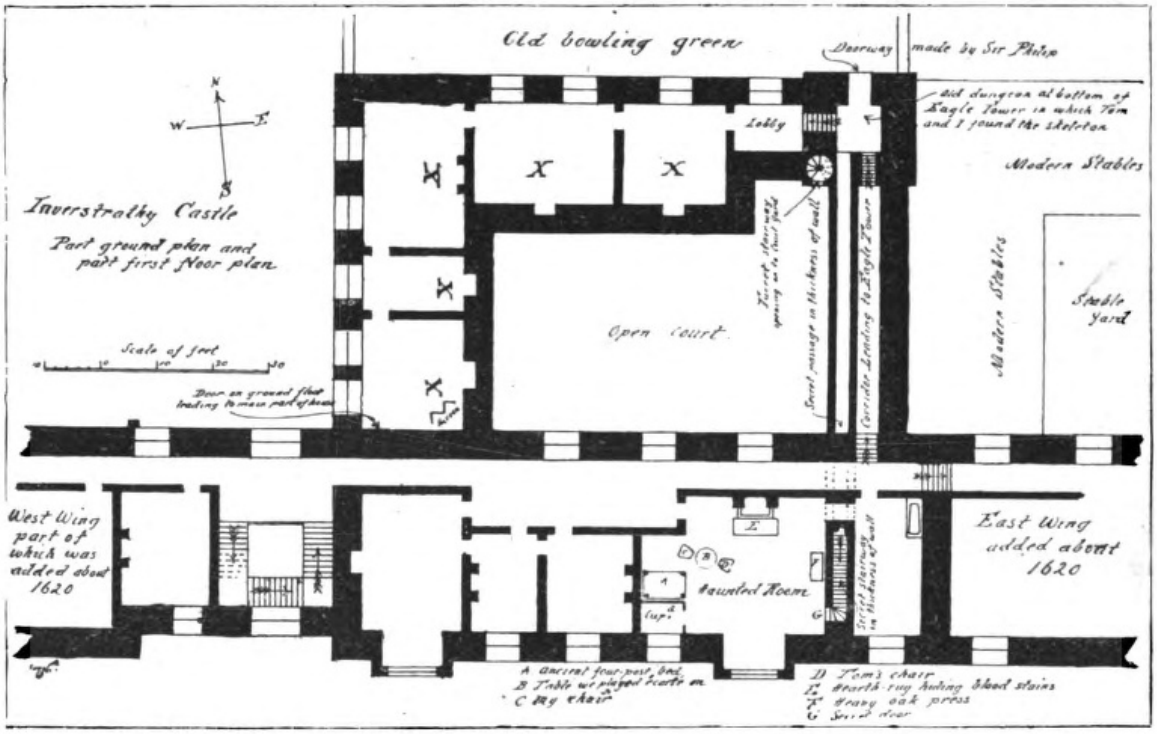
raised the dagger to plunge it into my breast. I even saw the light from the fire flash upon the blade as he waved it round his head, and then, just as it was descending, to my unspeakable relief and amazement, the door burst open and Sir Philip himself, followed by Dr. McDonald, rushed into the room, and, at the very last moment, freed me from my antagonist.

So soon as I had sufficiently recovered, Sir Philip gave me an explanation of the terrible mystery, which was shortly as follows :—

It appears that Sir Philip had a twin brother, who, delicate from his birth, had spent the greater part of his life travelling. While crossing the Libyan Desert, in the early spring of that year, he had received a severe sunstroke, which, in consequence of his not being able for some time to get proper treatment, and acting upon an already feeble constitution, had left his mind permanently affected, so that, when he at last reached England, he was quite incapable of taking care of himself. It seems it was his unexpected arrival which had prevented Sir Philip accompanying Lady Farquharson to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

At first the experts hoped that, with proper attention and absolute quiet, he might, to a greater or less extent, recover; and it was in accordance with that advice that Sir Philip had taken him to Inverstrathy.

It was naturally a great blow to Sir Philip, who was devoted to his brother, and to Lady Farquharson, and they sedulously kept the matter a profound secret, though Sir Philip suggested that I, being such an intimate friend, should be told. Lady Farquharson, however, at first, was strongly against it, and, in deference to her wishes, he abstained from doing so. The change from London to Inverstrathy, so far from proving beneficial, seems to have had an entirely opposite effect upon the invalid, and it became necessary to isolate him entirely from the rest of the household. Sir Philip had, therefore, set apart for his use a suite of apartments on the ground floor (marked X on accompanying plan of Inverstrathy Castle), which were in



PLAN OF INVERSTRATHY CASTLE.

communication with the identical dungeon-like chamber Tom Farquharson and I had broken into, and which Tom seems to have denuded of its uncanny contents, for I heard nothing of any skeleton having been found there. This chamber is at the bottom of the Watch, or Eagle Tower, at the north-east angle of the castle, and Sir Philip caused a doorway to be made in the outer wall, so that the invalid could get exercise in the old bowling-green, which is quite secluded from the rest of the grounds.

Although these precautions were deemed advisable by Sir Philip and Dr. McDonald (who was in close attendance on the invalid), it was not for a moment supposed that there was any fear of a homicidal tendency develop-

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ing on the part of the unfortunate patient, though, on the evening of little Phil's birth, Lady Farquharson had been considerably alarmed by his flourishing a knife in her face. He had, however, immediately quieted down upon Sir Philip's interference, though ever since he seems to have taken a violent antipathy to his sister-in-law, who, in consequence, rarely ventured into his society.

In consequence of the scare of little Phil's supposed illness, the usual surveillance over the patient had been somewhat relaxed, and Lady Farquharson, happening to look out of the nursery window, noticed him walking about the garden. Not wishing to alarm her husband, she went out and coaxed him back to the house, and some hours later, fearing he might have again effected his escape, she went to his rooms to see if all were right. Shading the lamp she carried so as not to disturb him, should he be asleep, she passed softly through the door leading to his apartments, and was much alarmed at not finding him in any of his rooms. She at once turned back to tell Sir Philip, when, as she reached the last room, which communicated with the rest of the house, to her horror he sprang out from behind a screen, where he had been hiding, with a naked dagger in his hand, and intercepted her escape.



"SHE THREW HERSELF AGAINST THE ONLY OTHER DOOR SHE SAW."

Scarcely knowing what she did, Lady Farquharson dashed back through the other rooms, pulling the doors to behind her, and thus gaining a few yards' start from her infuriated pursuer, whom she heard close behind, upsetting various pieces of furniture in his desperate eagerness to overtake her. At last she reached the old dungeon, but, to her dismay, found the door, leading to the old bowling-green, locked. Not knowing what to do, in her despair she threw herself against the only other door she saw, and which she believed led to the turret staircase. Fortunately it was not very firmly secured and gave way, and she at once fled along the secret passage which Tom and I had previously discovered.

By this time the madman was fast overtaking her, and, by the time she had mounted the thirty-three steps, was but a yard or two behind her. Had the secret door leading into my room been fastened, or had I persevered in dragging the heavy oak press in front of the opening, nothing on earth could have saved the poor woman from her doom; as it was, as the reader already knows, I was enabled to rescue her, though I very nearly lost my own life in doing so. Luckily Sir Philip, who had been paying another anxious visit to the nursery, and had ruthlessly called up Dr. McDonald, on account of some fancied change for the worse in the child's condition, heard the scuffle in my room, and they both came to see what was the matter, in the very nick of time to free me from my insane antagonist. Thus, happily, ended my terrible experiences of the haunted chamber at Inverstrathy Castle, but whether the horrible vision which Tom and I saw was the premonition of coming events, I leave others to determine; suffice it to say that, although I have spent many a night since at Inverstrathy, and have always, at my own request, occupied the haunted room, my rest has never again been disturbed; nor should I say, judging from my own personal observation, are the relations between Sir Philip and Lady Farquharson ever likely to be other than that of a most devoted couple. I may add that Sir Philip's unfortunate brother was at once removed to a private asylum; but I fear, from what I hear, there is small chance of his recovery.

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By Harry How.

AMONGST the many philanthropic institutions of the country, one at least has not come in for that popular recognition which it undeniably deserves. Up to the moment of writing, no Lord Mayor of London has ever given a single thought to starting a subscription on its account, and its name has never appeared amongst the recipients of assistance from the coffers of the Hospital Saturday Fund. Still it has thrived for over twenty years, and has restored many a tiny patient—patients without whose presence in the home the lives of our youngsters would not be one-thousandth part so happy as they are to-day. For who could take the place of dolly, be she a humble rag or an aristocratic wax? And who more liable to meet with accident than the same young creature, to get her face smashed in by a wicked brother of dolly's owner, or her eyes gouged out by another equally bad imp of mischief? None, absolutely none. Hence a hospital is necessary, and it is gratefully recorded in these pages that the writer has discovered one.

Dr. M. Marsh, M.D.—M.D. stands for Mender of Dolls—presides over an establishment "down Fulham way." Her husband was a wax-modeller, and when the jointed dolls came into fashion, this enterprising lady conceived the idea of giving them her closest attention, from a surgical and anatomical point of view. She issued the following prospectus :—

DOLLY'S HOSPITAL,
FULHAM ROAD, S.W.
Operations Daily from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.
M. MARSH
Cures all Complaints incidental to Dollhood; Broken Heads or Fractured Limbs made whole, Loss of Hair, Eyes, Nose, Teeth, Fingers, Hands, Toes, or Feet replaced; Wasting away of the Body restored to soundness; all Accidents are successfully treated by M.M.
Patients leave the Institution looking better than ever.
DECAPITATIONS AND AMPUTATIONS DAILY.

Heads, Arms, Legs, or Bodies to be had separately. New Heads put upon Old Shoulders, or New Shoulders put to Old Heads. Wigs and Heads for the French Jointed Dolls.

Not responsible for Patients left after Three Months from Date of Admission to Hospital.

CHILDREN'S OWN HAIR INSERTED IN THEIR DOLLS.
Dolls Dressed to Order.
DOLLS CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

114, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.

I determined to become better acquainted with Mrs. Marsh. Accordingly, on a certain Wednesday morning, some few weeks ago, I arrived at the hospital just as the shutters were being taken down. Not a moment too soon—half-a-dozen little mothers were there before me, all waiting to see the doctor. They had brought their children with them, and their faces betrayed signs of inward woe and outward tears. Poor little mothers! Only think of it. Here was one child with a broken nose, no eyes, and the sawdust actually pouring out from a nasty cut in the big toe. Another had its scalp nearly torn off; and yet another had no head at all. I heard the story of that horrible decapitation. The little mother told me.

"It was Jack," she said. "Jack's my

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brother. He was playing at executions, and whilst I was looking out of the window and listening to a piano-organ, he put Matilda—that's her name—over a big box of bricks and cut her head off with the shovel."

The doctor took charge of Matilda, and hoped she would be able to leave the hospital in a day or two. So the little mothers were attended to one by one, and they left by the dispensary door a great deal happier than when they entered.



A CANINE DOLL-DESTROYER.

I was just about to inspect one of the wards, and to be present at a very serious operation—it was a case of ten new toes being wanted and a pair of fresh thumbs—when a loud barking was heard. In rushed a little girl, followed by a dog. The child was crying and, between her sobs, called the dog many a bad name—bad for a little one of seven, I mean.

"Ah! this is a very disagreeable case," said the doctor.

The dog had positively eaten off one of the doll's legs! I ventured to remark that I should think the animal would soon be in need of medical advice, but he paid no heed to my sympathy, and only barked his regrets to his young mistress.

"It's very bad; but," and the doctor inspected it thoughtfully, "a few hours in No. 1 Ward will soon put it to rights. Can you call this evening?"

The little girl said she could call in the afternoon, or even before that!

"That operation will cost eighteenpence," the lady medico informed me.

There was just then a lull in the business. The last case for the time being had been admitted, so we entered the principal ward together. Nothing extravagant about it—everything business-like and just as it should be. On the walls were a number of portraits of the doctor's intimate friends, the place of honour being given to the picture of a fine wax doll, who was born in this country and emigrated to America. By its side is a good-looking pug, which took the prize for two years running at the New York Pug Dog Show.

But the patients—absolutely of all sorts and conditions—present a pitiful appearance. Here are dolls of all nations: dark-eyed Spanish maidens and almond-eyed damsels from Japan; Scotch dolls, Irish dolls, Dutch dolls—dolls from every quarter of the globe where these silent witnesses to children's joy have their being. Here they lay huddled up in a corner—perfectly content to wait their turn—here they rest on a big table, an operating table in fact, many of them looking pictures of misery, whilst one or two still grin and bear it, though they have their



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

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legs and arms hanging to their bodies by a solitary thread. One patient I could not help admiring: she had lost both her eyes, her scalp was off, and a front tooth was missing. And yet she smiled. She was born smiling, and knock her about the body as much as you like, nothing save a total smashing-up of the head would interfere with her amiable expression.

And how resigned to their fate they all are. Near the window of the ward—a window, by-the-bye, which bears on its sill the flowers and ferns which are never absent from an hospital — lies a poor patient for repair in a cardboard box. One does not like to grow gruesome in a spot such as this, but the doll looks for all the world as though lying in a coffin. But not for long, not for long. The doctor will soon bring along the necessary needle and cotton, with a brand-new limb (two shillings and sixpence) into the bargain, and the terrible accident which befell the favourite of the nursery will soon be a thing to be remembered no more.



PATIENTS.

Accidents! You could not name an accident under the sun from which the inmates of Dolly's Hospital were not suffering. Many of them were labelled with appropriate cards specifying their particular complaints.

A fine doll—as big as its own particular mistress—had a paper pinned on to its white lace pinafore, which read: "Please restore dolly's hair and renew her eyesight, and say when she can leave the hospital."

Another blue-eyed study in wax was ticketed: "Lady Violet fell down stairs and broke her left leg. Please put on another and return the old support in life, as a relic of the best doll that ever made my little girl happy."

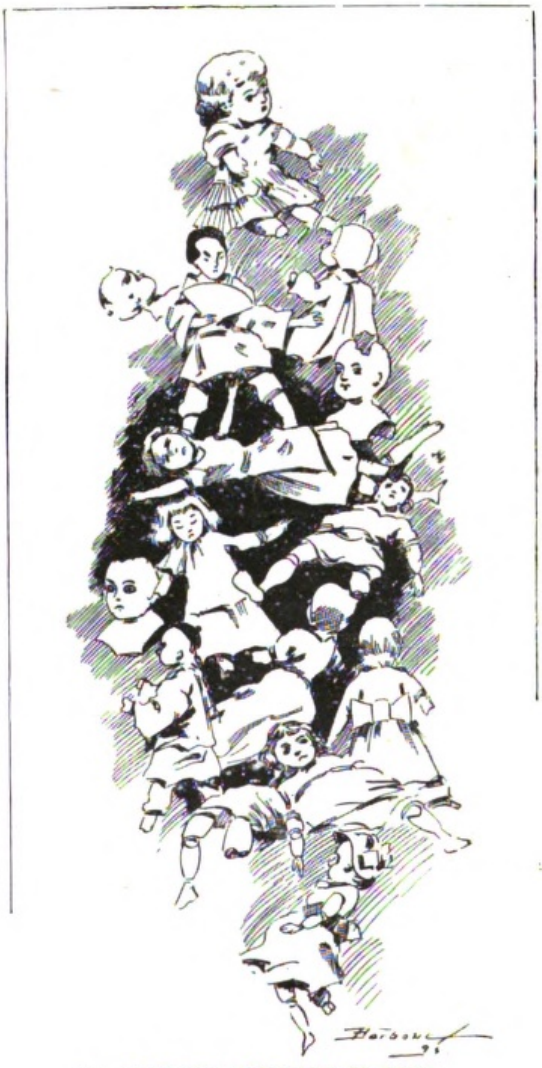
How suggestive are some of the notes which accompany these temporary patients of Dolly's Hospital, and how delightful! Who could remain untouched when reading the letter, written in very big and irregular letters, from the child who wrote—evidently at the instigation of her sympathetic mother:—





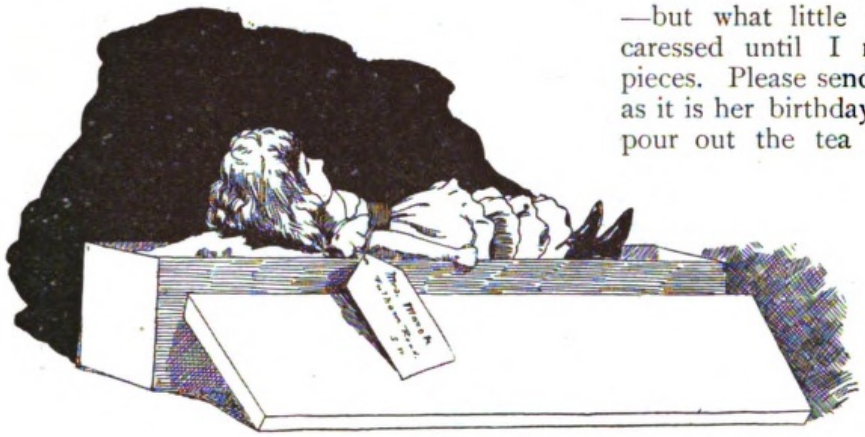






ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF DOLLS.

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TO BE OPERATED UPON.

—but what little there was I hugged and caressed until I nearly broke her all to pieces. Please send her to me by to-morrow, as it is her birthday, and she can't possibly pour out the tea at the party without her hands. Do"—and the "do" was underlined in red ink three times—"do make her better, and I will love you."

I visited many patients — I handled them and smiled at them! I laughed whenever I spoke to the doctor—who laughed whenever I spoke to her, but the dolls never moved a muscle. Mind you, I wouldn't have laughed if the youngsters had been there, it would have broken their hearts; but they never knew, and the broken-up dolls — hearts and all — couldn't tell them.

"I am sending you, by Parcel Post, my darling Belinda Evalina. She has no nose. I have simply kissed it all away!"

And where is the hardened wretch—save myself, for I had no occasion to utilize a clean pocket-handkerchief which I had specially put in my pocket that morning in case of accidents—I repeat with fervour, where is the hardened wretch who could read, without a tear, the contents of the missive which stated: "Dear, dear doctor, my darling Polly was run over by a perambulator this afternoon. There was nothing left of her



INSTRUCTIONS TO THE DOCTOR.



TEA.

But to serious work. The doctor begins to start on her rounds. First case. — New eyes and fresh front

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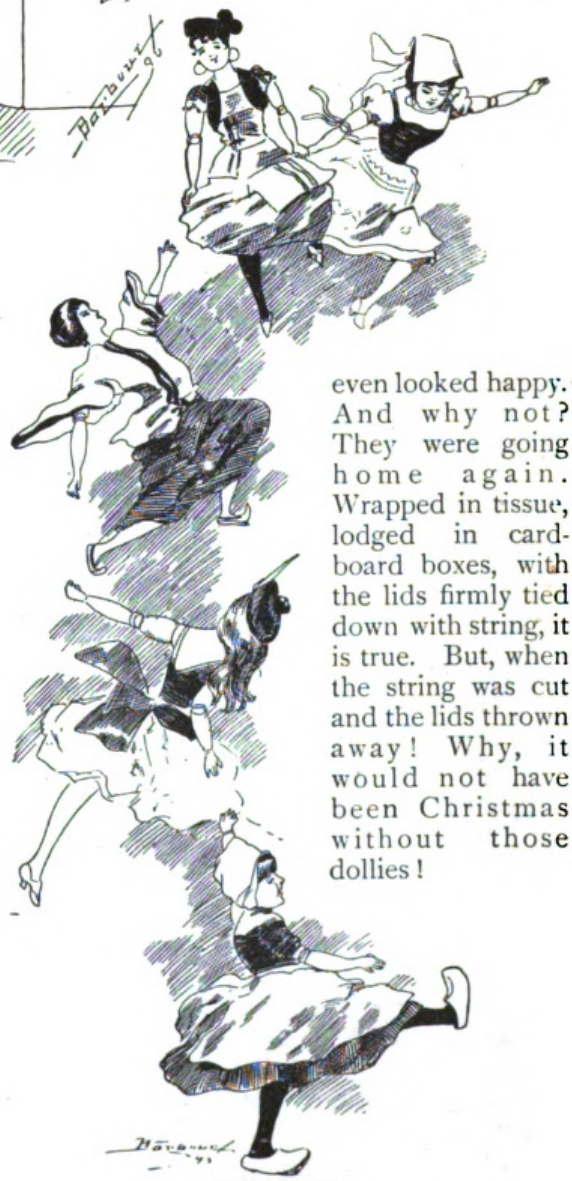


THE OPERATING TABLE.

tooth. Half an hour. One shilling to half a crown. Patient did not wince, and her new blue optics made her look herself again. Second case.—Broken legs. Nasty job this. Even dolls feel the loss of their legs. Capital patient; a model to humanity. Case number three.—Foot to be repaired, hair renovated, and face put right. Done in an hour. Fee, three shillings. Fourth case—but why cause the reader more pain than even the patients, by a recital of these sad, but necessary, operations? Sufficient to record the fact that the doctor was a merciful one, never applied the needle more than was necessary, never used more string or cotton than was absolutely needed, never wasted a drop of the spirits used when washing their faces—yet, never allowed them to leave her hands until they were renovated equal to new, with fresh stuffing in their bodies and new members to their system.

The doctor chats away, kindly and communicative. Last week there was a patient from Africa — travelled with a broken leg all that distance without a murmur, and alone. Sufferers come from the big drapers; artful drapers, they know this hospital.

It was a pleasant day I spent at Dolly's Hospital. I had seen them go in in the morning—the lame, the blind, the broken-up and broken-hearted. I had watched the faces of their owners who came to the door more upset than their silent treasures. It was getting dusk when I left the doctor, and I lit up a cigar on the doorstep. What a thoughtless specimen of humanity! But I saw the erstwhile patients—alive, alive, oh! Yes, hand-in-hand and dancing together. The lame young lady was skipping with delight, the temporary blind was laughing at you with her bright blue though glassy eyes, and the broken-hearted were turning up their perky little noses at you. They even looked happy. And why not? They were going home again. Wrapped in tissue, lodged in cardboard boxes, with the lids firmly tied down with string, it is true. But, when the string was cut and the lids thrown away! Why, it would not have been Christmas without those dollies!



GOING HOME.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES VERNE.

"TAKE care!" cried my conductor, "there's a step!"

Safely descending the step thus indicated to me, I entered a vast room, illuminated by blinding electric reflectors, the sound of our feet alone breaking the solitude and silence of the place.

Where was I? What had I come there to do? Who was my mysterious guide? Questions unanswered. A long walk in the night, iron doors opened and reclosed with a clang, stairs descending, it seemed to me, deep into the earth—that is all I could remember. I had, however, no time for thinking.

"No doubt you are asking yourself who I am?" said my guide: "Colonel Pierce, at your service. Where are you? In America, at Boston—in a station."

"A station?"

"Yes, the starting-point of the 'Boston to Liverpool Pneumatic Tubes Company.'"

And, with an explanatory gesture, the Colonel pointed out to me two long iron cylinders, about a mètre and a half in diameter, lying upon the ground a few paces off.

I looked at these two cylinders, ending on the right in a mass of masonry, and closed on the left with heavy metallic caps, from which a cluster of tubes were carried up to the roof; and suddenly I comprehended the purpose of all this.

Had I not, a short time before, read, in an American newspaper, an article describing this extraordinary project for linking Europe with the New World by means of two gigantic submarines tubes? An inventor had claimed to have accomplished the task; and that inventor, Colonel Pierce, I had before me.

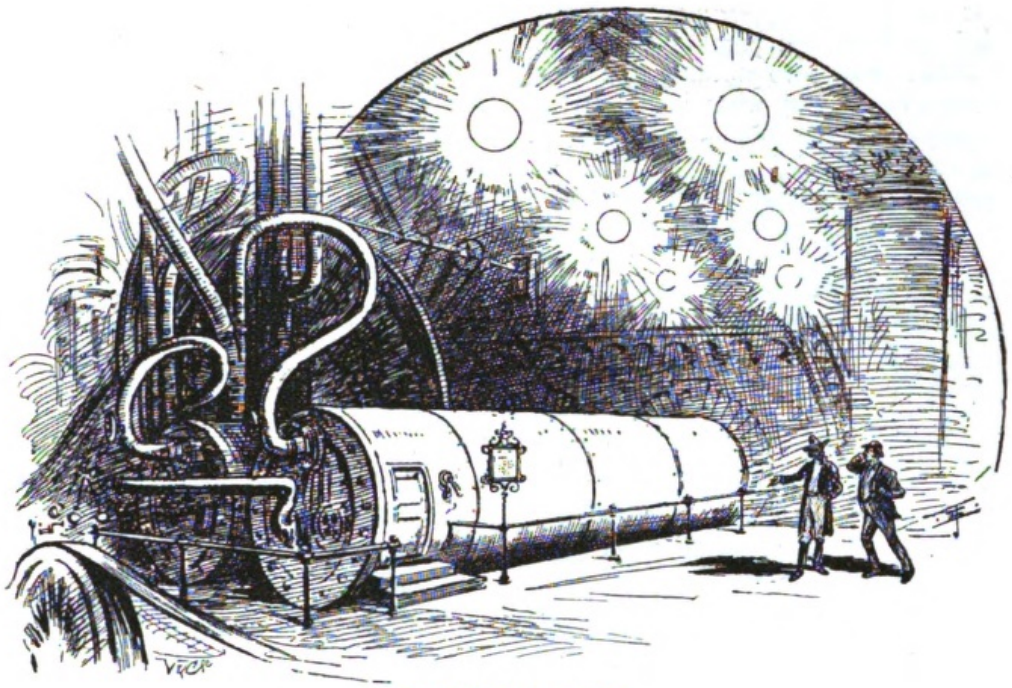
In thought I realized the newspaper article.

Complaisantly the journalist entered into the details of the enterprise. He stated that more than 3,000 miles of iron tubes, weighing over 13,000,000 tons, were required, with the number of ships necessary, for the transport of this material—200 ships of 2,000 tons, each making thirty-three voyages. He described this Armada of science bearing the steel to two special vessels, on board of which the ends of the tubes were joined to each other, and incased in a triple netting of iron, the whole covered with a resinous preparation to preserve it from the action of the sea-water.

Coming at once to the question of working, he filled the tubes—transformed into a sort of pea-shooter of interminable length—with a series of carriages, to be carried with their travellers by powerful currents of air, in the same way that despatches are conveyed pneumatically round Paris.

A parallel with the railways closed the article, and the author enumerated with enthusiasm the advantages of the new and audacious system. According to him, there would be, in passing through these tubes, a suppression of all nervous trepidation, thanks to the interior surface being of finely polished steel; equality of temperature secured

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THE PNEUMATIC TUBES.

by means of currents of air, by which the heat could be modified according to the seasons; incredibly low fares, owing to the cheapness of construction and working expenses—forgetting, or waving aside, all considerations of the question of gravitation and of wear and tear.

All that now came back to my mind.

So, then, this "Utopia" had become a reality, and these two cylinders of iron at my feet passed thence under the Atlantic and reached to the coast of England!

In spite of the evidence, I could not bring myself to believe in the thing having been done. That the tubes had been laid I could not doubt; but that men could travel by this route—never!

"Was it not impossible even to obtain a current of air of that length?"—I expressed that opinion aloud.

"Quite easy, on the contrary!" protested Colonel Pierce; "to obtain it, all that is required is a great number of steam fans similar to those used in blast furnaces. The air is driven by them with a force which is practically unlimited, propelling it at the speed of 1,800 kilomètres an hour—almost that of a cannon-ball!—so that our carriages with their travellers, in the space of two hours and forty minutes, accomplish the journey between Boston and Liverpool."

"Eighteen hundred kilomètres an hour!" I exclaimed.

"Not one less. And what extraordinary consequences arise from such a rate of speed! The time at Liverpool being four hours and forty minutes in advance of ours, a traveller starting from Boston at nine o'clock in the morning, arrives in England at 3.53 in the afternoon. Isn't that a journey quickly made? In another sense, on the contrary, our trains, in this latitude, gain over the sun more than 900 kilomètres an hour, beating that planet hand over hand: quitting Liverpool at noon, for example, the traveller will reach the station where we now are at thirty-four minutes past nine in the morning—that is to say, earlier than he started! Ha! ha! I don't think one can travel quicker than *that!*"

I did not know what to think. Was I talking with a madman?—or must I credit these fabulous theories, in spite of the objections which rose in my mind?

"Very well, so be it!" I said. "I will admit that travellers may take this mad-brained route, and that you can obtain this incredible speed. But, when you have got this speed, how do you check it? When you come to a stop, everything must be shattered to pieces!"

"Not at all," replied the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "Between our tubes—one for the out, the other for the home journey—consequently worked by currents going in opposite directions—a communication exists at every joint. When a train is approaching, an electric spark advertises us of the fact; left to itself, the train would continue its course by reason of the speed it had acquired; but, simply by the turning of a handle, we

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are able to let in the opposing current of compressed air from the parallel tube, and, little by little, reduce to nothing the final shock or stopping. But what is the use of all these explanations? Would not a trial be a hundred times better?"

And, without waiting for an answer to his questions, the Colonel pulled sharply a bright brass knob projecting from the side of one of the tubes: a panel slid smoothly in its grooves, and in the opening left by its removal I perceived a row of seats, on each of which two persons might sit comfortably side by side.

"The carriage!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Come in."

I followed him without offering any objection, and the panel immediately slid back into its place.

By the light of an electric lamp in the roof I carefully examined the carriage I was in.

Nothing could be more simple: a long cylinder, comfortably upholstered, along which some fifty arm-chairs, in pairs, were ranged in twenty-five parallel ranks. At either end a valve regulated the atmospheric pressure, that at the farther end allowing breathable air to enter the carriage, that in front allowing for the discharge of any excess beyond a normal pressure.

After spending a few moments on this examination, I became impatient.

"Well," I said, "are we not going to start?"

"Going to start?" cried the Colonel. "We *have* started!"

Started—like that—without the least jerk, was it possible? I listened attentively, trying to detect a sound of some kind that might have guided me.

If we had really started—if the Colonel had not deceived me in talking of a speed of eighteen hundred kilomètres an hour—we must already be far from any land, under the sea; above our heads the huge, foam-crested waves; even at that moment, perhaps—taking it for a monstrous sea-serpent of an unknown kind—whales were battering with their powerful tails our long, iron prison!



INSIDE THE CAR.

But I heard nothing but a dull rumble, produced, no doubt, by the passage of our carriage, and, plunged in boundless astonishment, unable to believe in the reality of all that had happened to me, I sat silently, allowing the time to pass.

At the end of about an hour, a sense of freshness upon my forehead suddenly aroused me from the torpor into which I had sunk by degrees.

I raised my hand to my brow: it was moist.

Moist! Why was that? Had the tube burst under pressure of the waters—a pressure which could not but be formidable, since it increases at the rate of "an atmosphere" every ten mètres of depth? Had the ocean broken in upon us?

Fear seized upon me. Terrified, I tried to call out—and—and I found myself in my garden, generously sprinkled by a driving rain, the big drops of which had awakened me. I had simply fallen asleep while reading the article devoted by an American journalist to the fantastic projects of Colonel Pierce—who, also, I much fear, has only dreamed.

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The Lost Property Office.

By William G. FitzGerald.

FLOATING before my mental vision as I write is a wondrous *olla podrida* of lost property; and no wonder. For many weeks I have almost lived in huge, dim-lit warehouses, proclaimed by playful fancy to be the storerooms of the kleptomaniacs of the universe. The great Lost Property Offices of London are a truly eloquent testimony to the catholicity of forgetfulness; and the task of classifying their amazingly diversified contents might well appal a Hercules, or even an alien Hebrew accustomed to deal with such things on a big scale.

You can understand a man losing himself, or his pipe, or his umbrella; but how account for a man leaving in a cab a canvas bag containing £700 in gold? Yet Mr. Howard, the jovial Assistant-Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard—whom I saw in the absence of Mr. A. C. Bruce, the controller of this department—assured me that this large sum was left in a hansom by a banker who drove to Waterloo Station. The great terminus being crowded at the time, the driver, after receiving his pecuniary and parting with his human fare, was promptly ordered out. On searching his cab he found the bag and took it to Bow Street Police-station, whence news of its reception was wired to Scotland Yard. Next day the banker called at the Scotland Yard L.P.O., and received his bag of gold intact. The *pro rata* reward was £105, but the cabman was satisfied with £75, wherewith he purchased a cab and horse of his own. This handsome reward was handed to him by Superintendent Beavis, who has had charge of the lost property department for upwards of fifteen years, and to whose courtesy I am indebted for much interesting information. Besides the able superintendent there are three inspectors, two sergeants, and four constables wholly employed in the Lost Property Office.

In the first picture we see the interior of the Scotland Yard office for the reception of lost property from drivers of public vehicles—cabs, omnibuses, tramcars. A smart-looking cabman has just come in with a pocket-book, which the sergeant in charge is examining. A driver or conductor is under a penalty of £10 to deposit at the nearest police-station, within twenty-four hours, lost property of every kind found in a public vehicle. At the police-station the article is registered in a book with the date and hour of finding it, and either the route of the omnibus or tramcar or else the place where the cab was discharged. The finder has a receipt given him, and is required to sign a label, which is affixed to the article with sealing-wax and sealed in his presence. There are two despatches a day from all the police-stations to Scotland Yard, and to most of us the little, chocolate-coloured lost-property cart, driven by a policeman, is a familiar sight. If the property is claimed, the owner must pay a reward in proportion to its value. The present ratio is half a crown in the pound for ordinary property and three shillings in the pound for money, jewellery, etc. The reward payable on recovered property over £10 in value is left to the discretion of the Commissioner of Police.



SCOTLAND YARD L.P.O.; A CABMAN DEPOSITING A POCKET-BOOK.

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The minimum reward is a shilling, and the system is cash before delivery.

The Lost Property Act has been in force since 1853. Prior to the year 1870, property was retained at Scotland Yard for twelve months before being disposed of, if not claimed. Under the Act of 1870, property unclaimed after three months is either sold or given back to the finder—if he feels inclined to come for it. And he actually receives a letter of advice when it is due to him. Cheque-books, photographs, papers, and the like are kept for a year and then destroyed. The finder, however, receives a shilling for his trouble. In the next illustration we see part of the contents of one of the police carts, just delivered at Scotland Yard from one of the outlying police-stations. Each article is red-taped, labelled, and sealed, and will presently be dealt with by the clerks. There are some wraps and a Gladstone bag; a couple of fans, a few books, a lady's boa, a box, a coat, a hamper, and a couple of opera-glasses. Monday is the busiest day. Mr. Beavis assures me that one Monday last season 198 articles were brought in; one "article" was a diamond set, worth nearly a thousand pounds.



ARTICLES JUST BROUGHT INTO THE SCOTLAND YARD L.P.O.

The number of articles brought to Scotland Yard in 1869 (the last year under the old Act) was 1,912. During 1894 the number was 29,716. These included 13,874 umbrellas and sticks, 2,693 purses, 2,255 bags, 696 opera and field glasses, and 142 gold and silver watches. Of these, 15,987 articles were restored to their owners, who simultaneously parted with £2,270 in the shape of rewards.

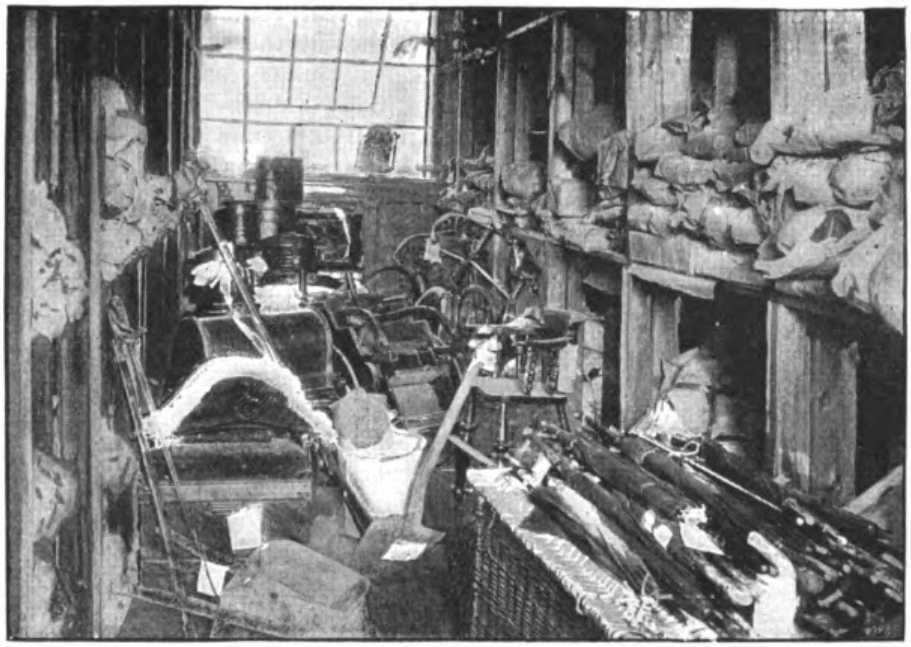
As Mr. Beavis conducted me through the various departments of this most interesting of offices, he pointed out numerous huge cupboards, each containing a certain class of article. For example, there was the men's cupboard, filled to overflowing with every conceivable article of male attire, from a dress-suit to a pair of navvy's boots. All articles of value, such as watches, rings, purses, etc., are carefully deposited in a safe, which stands at the end of the public inquiry-room.

Fancy a man leaving jewellery worth £3,000 on the top of an omnibus! His carelessness cost him £75, but was, of course, very cheap at that. The biggest thing in the way of a deposit that Mr. Beavis remembers was a black bag, containing £3,500 in cash and securities. This bag was left in a cab, and the lucky driver received a reward of exactly £100. He betrayed no sign of emotion as he watched the counting out of this handsome sum, but the charitable opinion entertained at "the Yard" is that he was too full for words; which is obscure.

After having thoroughly "done" Scotland Yard—an arduous task, this—I turned my attention to the great railway companies. Elaborate preliminary arrangements are necessary if you want the assistance of these powerful corporations, but once the pendulum of their complaisance swings in your direction, they will move Heaven and earth—not to mention mountains of lost property—to carry out your wishes. The first railway official I had the pleasure of meeting was Mr. Groom, the district superintendent of the North-Western Railway at Euston. On the occasion of my visit, this gentleman's handsome and spacious office was set out as for a board meeting. There were a couple of big tables placed end to end, and on them were nice clean blotting-pads, pens, ink, and paper. A few of Mr. Groom's subordinates assisted at this interesting function, and others dropped in when required.

First of all, I shall show a corner of the L.P.O. at Euston. Here we see despatch boxes; a sewing machine; an admiral's cocked hat, with a sword and rifle; a navvy's

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A CORNER OF THE L.P.O. AT EUSTON STATION.

shovel and pail; a child's mail-cart and wheelbarrow; a couple of bicycles; some umbrellas; golf clubs; and a host of parcels, which may contain anything from a lady's dress to a few sandwiches.

There are at Euston an inspector and four men who do nothing else but look after lost property. Two of these are on the platform to answer inquiries, take particulars of all missing articles, and institute search therefor. The inspector and the other two men are at the depôt, where the lost luggage is registered and searched for clues as to ownership. Every station-master throughout the North-Western system reports to Euston and to the Railway Clearing House any unclaimed luggage he has on hand. Consequently, a passenger arriving at Euston without his luggage will receive news of it within twenty-four hours, if it be lost on this particular system. And even if it be lying at some wayside station on another railway altogether, he is certain to recover it through the medium of the Railway Clearing House, to which well-known institution every company reports lost property.

On an average, about 30,000 articles are received at the Euston L.P.O. during the year, and these range from a set of false teeth, found in a sleeping carriage, to a pile of huge Saratoga trunks. Upwards of three-fourths of the larger articles are restored to their owners. In addition, something like 7,000 inquiries are registered, respecting articles that are never found on this system. There is nothing appertaining to civilized man that gets lost so frequently as an umbrella. The photograph reproduced here gives a capital notion of the umbrella-racks in the Lost Property Office at Euston Station. Something like 4,000 unclaimed umbrellas are sold by this company every year.

At this great terminus all unclaimed luggage found on the platforms after the trains have been cleared is at once removed to the Lost Luggage Office, and there registered by the clerks. Probably



ONE OF THE UMBRELLA-RACKS AT THE EUSTON L.P.O.

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before twenty-four hours have elapsed the staff are enabled to trace the owner; but if the property is still on hand at the end of a week, it is passed on to the depôt, where it is opened by the inspector and his two men in the hope of finding something that will give a clue to the ownership. Perhaps the searcher will chance upon a book with a name and address written on the fly-leaf. A letter is at once sent to the person whose name appears, and the reply comes in due course: "I lent that book to Mr. ——, of ——." Yet another official intimation is sent to this gentleman, but he merely takes the clue a step farther by stating that he, in turn, lent the work to his father-in-law, who is now in the north of Scotland. And so the laborious task of tracing the owners of lost property goes steadily on.

Besides having a special lost property staff, and an elaborate system of reporting, telegraphing, tracing by inquiry and through the Railway Clearing House, each of the large companies have several "luggage-searchers," whose time is entirely taken up in travelling from one end of the country to the other in quest of missing luggage. The luggage-searcher visits all the Lost Property Offices and Depôts of the various railways in connection with his inquiries.

Asked what was the most fruitful cause of the losing of luggage, one of these officials unhesitatingly replied, "Old labels and wrong labels." The travelling Briton, it appears, loves to see his luggage plentifully besprinkled with labels representing diverse localities. When the average railway porter handles a portmanteau bearing the names of two or three English and four or five Continental resorts, not to speak of half-a-dozen steamship labels, how is he to know the destination of the passenger? Then there is the Margate tripper who deliberately labels his luggage, "Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo," in order to impress his friends. Mr. Groom assures me that, owing to faulty labelling, he has had London luggage returned from Paris, Brindisi, Quebec, and Cape Town. Ordinary Liverpool luggage, too, is occasionally taken for a trip across the Atlantic in a White Star liner.

Of course the great romance of the Lost Property Office lies in the vast numbers of strange and fearful things that find their way into this essentially human institution. In the accompanying illustration we see the Euston lost property cat mounting guard, as it were, over the lost property canary. And yet the surroundings show that the lines of this very real pictorial idyll are cast in a truly sordid place. Almost every railway Lost Property Office I visited had a cat that had been sent in a hamper from one place to another, and had somehow been thrown on the company's hands. The handsome cat shown here was sent from Liverpool, but neither consignor nor consignee could ever be traced. The animal now patrols the whole department, prying into musty corners and exterminating the mice who nibble the umbrellas and clothing.



L.P.O. CAT AND CANARY AT EUSTON.

The stories told by railway officials respecting the queer folk they meet are well-nigh incredible; but you must remember that the total number of passengers carried last year by the companies I visited was 428,709,919, besides 516,195 season-ticket holders, so that there was ample margin for eccentricity. I pass over the exasperating individual who doesn't know his own luggage when he sees it (it frequently happens that he has borrowed the portmanteau from a friend, and presently forgets what it looked like), and come at once to the curious applications received at Euston concerning lost property. One gentleman—a first-class passenger from

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Liverpool to Euston—bemoaned the loss of his expensive artificial teeth, which he had unwittingly thrown out of the carriage window somewhere down the line. He had bought a basket of plums on the platform at Crewe, and supposed that, in disposing of the stones, he had taken the plate of his teeth from his mouth and thrown it out of the window. This passenger was unable to locate the precise spot, but the line was searched, and the teeth found, appropriately enough, in the vicinity of Nuneaton, about 100 miles from Euston.

Hundreds of soldiers' and sailors' kits are found. The former are returned periodically to the various Government depôts, while the latter are generally restored to their owners if the name of any ship is found on the contents.

It is a sad fact that dead babies figure largely in the contents of the railway Lost Property Offices. These are at once handed over to the police, and a formal inquest is held. Some little time ago, Mr. Groom tells me, a live child was found in a small box on the departure platform, close to the eight o'clock Scotch train. The little one was cosily packed in wadding, and was provided with a feeding-bottle. A few holes had been drilled in the box—which, by the way, was covered with wall-paper, and was addressed to a home in Kilburn. The authorities of this home, however, refused to take in the child, as no money had been sent with it. So the poor, lost property infant was handed over to the police, who, in turn, passed it on to the workhouse, where it was christened "Willie Euston," and lived for four years. I succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the finding of this child, and the incident is shown in the accompanying illustration. The official on the right gave his own Christian name to the poor little waif.

On the next page is depicted an extraordinary article of lost property which was found packed in an ordinary case in the Outwards Parcels Office at Euston, four years ago. It bore no address, whatever, and no one knew whence it came, though it was surmised that this strange "parcel" had been collected by van from one of the North-Western receiving offices. Mr. Groom is of the opinion that this is an emblem belonging to some secret society, and that it was used at the ceremony of swearing in members. Howbeit, it is a gruesome relic. It consists of a small ebony coffin, silver-mounted, and resting on silver frogs. At the head is an hour-glass, surmounted by a small skull, and at the foot a dice-box. From one side spring two curved forks, supporting a two-handled cup, in which is a pair of tweezers apparently for letting blood. Beneath the cup is a real human skull, which, by means of clock-work



THE FINDING OF THE BABY, "WILLIE EUSTON," AT THE NORTH-WESTERN TERMINUS.

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THE MYSTERIOUS COFFIN EMBLEM AT EUSTON.

mechanism inside the coffin, moves its jaws in an indescribably horrible manner, and emits a weird, whirring sound. Behind the skull are seen a scythe and a sexton's spade. In front are a couple of real human bones, kept crossed by a silver snake.

This railway company's sale of lost property takes place at their Broad Street goods station; and besides passengers' unclaimed luggage, cloak-room parcels, and miscellaneous articles found in the trains and on the platforms, the stock on hand in the goods department is also sold in the same way. This stock consists of merchandize either unclaimed or for which a claim for compensation has been made and paid. Samples figure largely in the unclaimed section. A builder may actually receive a sample case of new fire-bricks, or a grocer a sample of blacklead; but both may refuse to receive and pay carriage on the consignments. Then, again, a lady may receive a costly dress too late for some social function; or a bicycle may be damaged in transit, and perhaps in both cases the consignees will refuse to take the goods, and put in a claim for damages. This accounts for the amazing diversity of articles and "lots" that figure in the sale-room.

Pre-eminent among the extraordinary articles ever held by a railway company is the fossilized Irish giant, which is at this moment lying at the London and North-Western Railway Company's Broad Street goods depôt, and a photograph of which is reproduced here. This monstrous figure is reputed to have been dug up by a Mr. Dyer, whilst prospecting for iron ore in Co. Antrim. The principal measurements are: Entire length, 12ft. 2in.; girth of chest, 6ft. 6½in.; and length of arms, 4ft. 6in. There are six toes on the right foot. The gross weight is 2 tons 15 cwt.; so that it took half-a-dozen men and a powerful crane to place this article of lost property in position for THE STRAND MAGAZINE artist.

Briefly the story is this: Dyer, after showing the giant in Dublin, came to England with his queer find, and exhibited it in Liverpool and Manchester at sixpence a head, attracting scientific men as well as gaping sightseers. Business increased, and the showman induced a man named Kershaw



THE IRISH GIANT AT BROAD STREET GOODS STATION.

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to purchase a share in the concern. In 1876, Dyer sent his giant from Manchester to London by rail; the sum of £4 2s. 6d. being charged for carriage by the company, but never paid. Evidently Kershaw knew nothing of the removal of the "show," for when he discovered it, he followed in hot haste, and, through a firm of London solicitors, moved the Court of Chancery to issue an order restraining the company from parting with the giant, until the action between Dyer and himself to determine the ownership was disposed of. The action was never brought to an issue, and the warehouse charges, even at a nominal figure, will amount to £138 on Christmas Day, 1895. In addition to this large sum, there is the cost of carriage, and about £60 legal expenses which the railway company incurred. The injunction obtained by Kershaw which prevents the North-Western Railway Company from dealing with the giant is still in force, and the sanction of the Court must be obtained before it can be removed from its resting-place at Broad Street goods depôt; where it remains—a weird relic of distant ages in a vast hive of latter-day industry.

My next visit was to the Great Northern Railway Company at King's Cross, and here is a view of the interior of their depôt for the reception of lost property. The articles are first of all received and registered by clerks on the ground floor, and are subsequently hauled up into this dingy emporium, where, in due time, the auctioneer and his staff arrange things for the annual sale, which takes place in an immense warehouse at one side of the station. The sorting of the articles takes six weeks. In this picture the superintendent of the department is watching his man hauling up part of a small bedstead; and to the right of him is seen an immense pile of newspapers taken by the porters from the railway carriages. About two tons of newspapers figure in the Great Northern annual sale. In the illustration are also seen a surprising variety of old clothes, a bicycle, and a string of ladies' muffs; several bundles of umbrellas, and a fitted luncheon basket.



HOISTING A BEDSTEAD TO THE SORTING-ROOM, KING'S CROSS.

At the sale the umbrellas are made up into lots of from six to thirty-six, according to quality, and fetch from two guineas a lot downwards. They are bought by Jewish dealers, and are subsequently displayed for sale on barrows in the poorer quarters of London. The sale of lost property realizes quite an insignificant sum. The amount derived from the Great Northern sale last year was £170; and in this sale were included 1,000 walking-sticks and 1,300 umbrellas.

The Midland Railway Company's lost property staff at Derby consists of several men, two of whom are searchers, and are constantly travelling all over this and other systems in quest of missing luggage. During 1894, 17,188 articles were dealt with at Derby. The number of umbrellas found in trains and not claimed was 3,538, besides 1,404 walking-sticks. I am told by Mr. Eaton, the assistant-superintendent of the line—who received me most courteously on the occasion of my visit to the Midland headquarters—that his company also adopt the system of daily reports from every station, advising the Clearing House, and so on. Property is retained at all local stations, including even St. Pancras, for seven days, and if it then remains unclaimed, it is sent on to Derby.

On the next page is seen a queer group. It consists of a couple of barber's chairs found

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BARBER'S CHAIRS WITH CHICKEN AND PIGEONS (MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY, DERBY).

on the platform at Leeds, and a parrot's cage, containing a live chicken and a couple of pigeons. The cage has long been in the Derby Lost Property Office, but our artist utilized it to hold the birds, who had previously occupied an unobtrusive corner of the depôt. The chicken came from Sheffield, while the pigeons were found at a station on the Dore and Chinley line.

There is no end to the strange things that figure in Lost Property Offices. In this illustration we see some framed pictures, and a front driving safety bicycle; a peripatetic knife-grinder's apparatus; a pair of crutches, found in a third-class carriage—as though the former owner had lighted on a local Lourdes and then discarded his hitherto indispensable supports; a mail-cart and a trombone; a couple of hat-boxes and a lawn-mower; a gun and a Union Jack—all standing out against a background of umbrellas and parcels, whose number is only equalled by their miscellaneousness. Mr. Eaton also showed me capacious drawers stuffed full of all sorts and conditions of pipes, hats, shaving utensils, books, spectacles, and a host of other small articles. In addition, the genial assistant-superintendent of the "Ideal Railway" tells me he has recovered a portmanteau from Moscow, and missing luggage from remote parts of America.

Upwards of 20,000 entries concerning various articles are made annually in the books of the Great Western Lost Property Office at Paddington; and from 1,200 to 1,500 of these are parcels which require to be opened in search of clues as to ownership. I should like to relate here a few incidents in connection with the Great Western Railway Company's detective department.

Some years ago a canon of the Church of England was going from Paddington to the West of England. He was a most punctilious man, and personally supervised the packing of the luggage, of which there were eleven packages, each carefully numbered and labelled. When the reverend gentleman reached his destination he found that a very valuable trunk was



A CURIOUS COLLECTION AT DERBY (MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S L.P.O.).

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missing, which he declared most emphatically he had himself seen placed in the train.

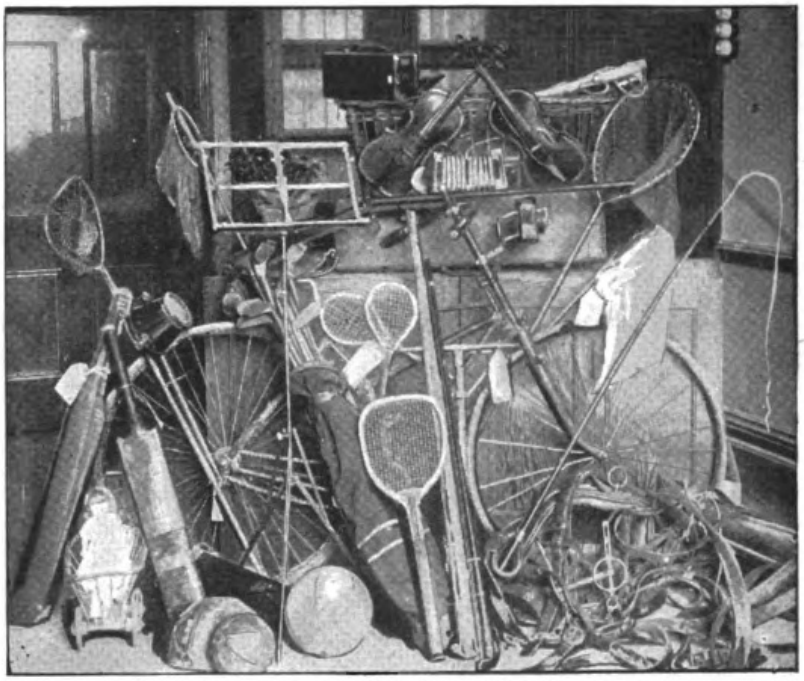
About 150 telegrams of inquiry concerning this trunk were at once dispatched throughout the country, but no news was heard. At last an inquiry was made at the canon's house in London, when the missing luggage was found upstairs. Of course, it had not been taken from the house.

Here is a queer story, strange, but absolutely true. An elderly maiden lady who had buried a relative was returning home with—among other articles of luggage—a big box full of antique silver, that she had acquired under this relative's will; the lady had to change at Bath, and, on arriving home, she missed the box of silver. Many months afterwards the railway company received a letter from some people at Bath, to the effect that an unclaimed box with Great Western labels was lying at their house. This proved to be the missing box of silver. It transpired that the day on which the old lady travelled, and by the same train, a new servant arrived from London for the house at Bath. The man sent to meet this girl at the station brought away the box of silver, thinking it was part of her belongings, both lots of luggage lying contiguously on the platform at the time. The box was taken to the house and placed beneath the girl's bed. She, assuming it to be the property of her master and mistress, said nothing about it; so that it was not until the servant had left their employ that the people were aware that the box was in the house.

Some years ago a Greek gentleman journeyed from Paddington to Oxford with a case full of ancient manuscripts, which he valued at £1,500, and was about to submit for the inspection of an expert at the Bodleian Library. The Librarian declared the manuscripts were worthless—which is more than likely in view of subsequent events. The Greek, on returning to London, said that he brought the case to Oxford Station (G.W.R.), and saw it labelled for Paddington, but on the arrival of the train at this terminus the precious documents were not to be found. Result — a claim for £1,500, for it was not a small thing. It is no exaggeration to say that every inch of the way was searched, from Oxford to Paddington, but in vain. The quest might well have been postponed—and that with peculiar appropriateness — *ad Græcas kalendas.* The guileful Greek had simply gone to the North-Western Station at Oxford, and travelled to Euston, at which terminus he had claimed his trunk full of manuscripts. He got nothing for his trouble except twelve months' hard labour.

The queerest Lost Property Office deposit on record here is a lot of rifles with deal stocks and galvanized iron barrels, intended for trading purposes in Africa. If all the arms smuggled into the Dark Continent were of this sort, surely, "gun-running" were a comparatively innocuous pastime.

The accompanying picture, representing various "sports and pastimes," is from a photograph of a corner of the Great Eastern Railway Company's Lost Property Office at Liverpool Street Station. The group is composed of a Kodak camera, a couple of violins, and a plebeian concertina; a music-stand and some fishing-nets; tennis rackets, golf clubs, cricket bats, and footballs; a bicycle and some fishing-rods; a few toys, a whip, and a complete set of harness.



A "SPORTS AND PASTIMES" GROUP, LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.

Without going into the goods department, there is a truly extraordinary variety of articles included in this company's passenger lost

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property. An analysis of last year's sale was specially made for this article, and a few notes from so very human a document cannot fail to be interesting. Well, then, 140 handbags turned up, and there were five huge cases of books; 459 pairs of boots and shoes; 614 collars, cuffs, and fronts; 252 caps; 505 deerstalker hats; 2,000 single gloves; 230 ladies' hats and bonnets; 94 brushes and combs; 265 pipes; 110 purses; 100 tobacco-pouches; 1,006 walking-sticks; 300 socks and stockings; 108 towels; 172 handkerchiefs; 2,301 umbrellas; and seven big cases and 128 separate articles of wearing apparel.



MISCELLANEOUS GROUP AT LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.

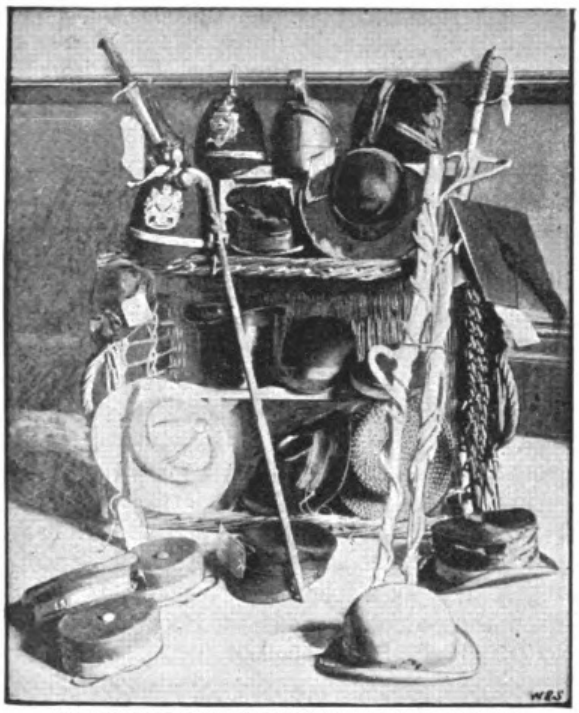
The Lost Property Receiving Office at Liverpool Street is on the new east side of that vast station. The principal store-rooms, however, lie below this office, and are reached by a lift. In a corner here may be seen several sacks packed full of lost gloves of every description, each sackful representing a week's gloves. The contents of one of these was shot out on the floor to be photographed by our artist, and the photo. is reproduced in the accompanying illustration. It is said that unclaimed gloves, after having been bought at the company's sale, are paired as nearly as possible, then dyed a sober black, and sold at the London markets on Saturday afternoons. Omnibus and cab-drivers also buy them for about eightpence a pair. At the last Great Eastern sale of lost property, one dealer bought 2,000 gloves for £4 12s. 6d.; while another bid was received for 200 old silk hats. The latter dealer would strip the silk from the better hats and stretch it on new frames; inferior "toppers" find a last resting-place on the head of the untutored savage of the West Coast of Africa.



A WEEK'S GLOVES (LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.).

Yet another miscellaneous group, consisting of an ormolu clock and a siphon of soda-water; an ice-cream machine and a butcher-boy's tray; some tools and a coster's naphtha lamp, fruit and parsley, a section of cable, and a baby's chair. And the next illustration is even more interesting, depicting as it does a museum of all kinds of hats. The Army is re-

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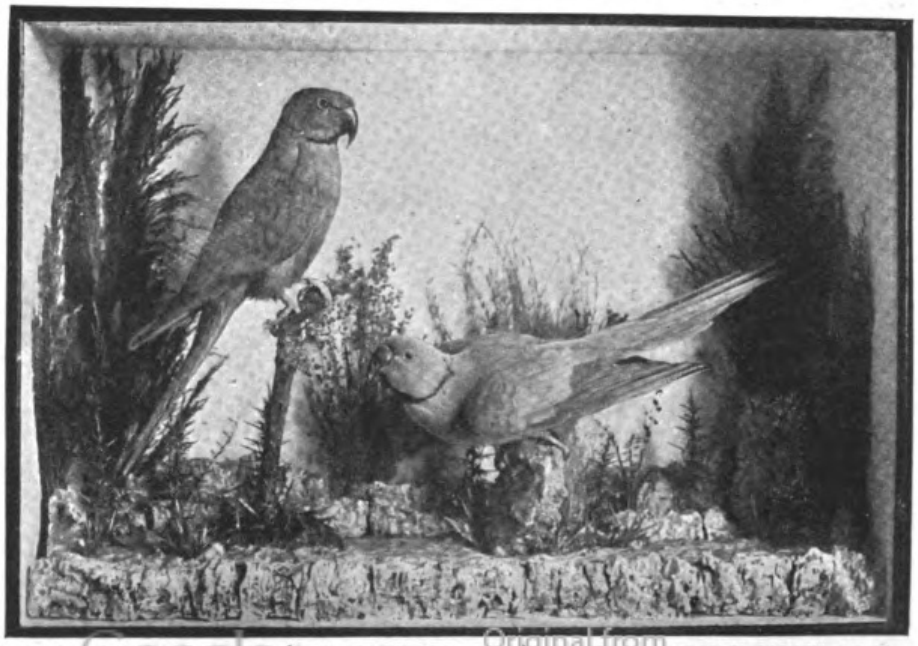
AN ASSORTMENT OF HATS AT LIVERPOOL STREET.

presented by infantry helmets and a hussar busby; then we have the Navy, the Church, and the Indian Service. There is a fireman's helmet, even; also an excursionist's straw hat, an academic "cup and saucer," a few costers' hats, and an irreproachable and an unspeakable silk hat.

The system adopted at Waterloo is similar to that in vogue on other lines, but I thought the superintendent of the South-Western line, Mr. White, might have something interesting to communicate anent the 13,084 articles found by his staff last year. There were 3,572 umbrellas; 1,872 sticks; 1,740 paper parcels; 2,300 pairs of gloves and 1,296 odd gloves; 184 coats; 103 mackintoshes; 340 hats and caps; 872 books; and 443 pipes and pouches. The number of unclaimed articles was 8,990.

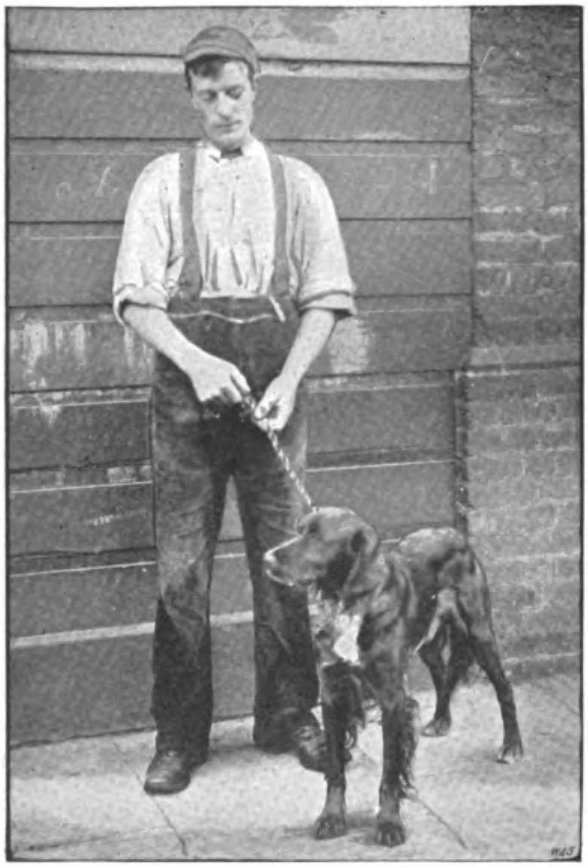
A few years ago a baboon, about 4ft. 6in. high, turned up as lost property at Waterloo Station. It was taken from the guard's van of a Southampton boat-train, and had probably been brought direct from South America. It was maintained for a long time at the company's expense, the inspector in charge feeding it on nuts and milk. Within this same official's memory are records of dead children—of course; live kittens, dogs (three or four a week are found), rats, and white mice, which somehow escaped, increased and multiplied, and filled the Lost Property Office, and were, by the irony of fate, destined to be chased and eaten by a lost property cat.

Look at these parrots. True, they are now in a glass case—mere examples of the taxidermist's art, but listen to their story. They, too, were found in a Southampton train, and probably belonged to a discharged soldier or sailor. For eight years they lived in the Lost Property Office, the solace and amusement of the officials in that depressing department. They had few vices, but they essayed at times to answer the inquiries of irate passengers who were storming at the counter about property that had been lost. With strange sensitiveness these birds took the abuse unto themselves and replied with surprising vigour, feeling morally certain they had done nothing to deserve this thing. They were patriotic, too, these parrots. During intervals of lucidity they would greet every inquirer with a hoarse scream, "Three cheers for the Queen." This was irrelevant and provoking to a man who had lost a pile of luggage, but when it was followed by a torrent of glib oaths it was apt to overwhelm



ORNITHOLOGICAL OFFICIALS (LOST PROPERTY PARROTS), FORMERLY AT THE WATERLOO L.P.O.

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A LOST PROPERTY DOG AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN COMPANY'S STABLES.

one. People used to come to see these birds, for whose benefit a small aviary was rigged up by one of the men in the Lost Property Office. Dogs are usually sent to the company's extensive stables; and in the accompanying picture will be seen one of these dogs — a brown setter — found on the station quite recently; the animal had come by train, but no owner could be found.

The purses found on this line yield on an average £100 a year. Persons who recover lost property have to pay a small fee—sixpence for a portmanteau, twopence for an umbrella, and so on. At this they grumble; but such is human nature. The next illustration gives a good idea of the interior of the Lost Property Office at Waterloo. A claimant has just come in.

The record item of lost property on the London and Brighton system is a bundle of bank-notes to the value of £310, which was found by a guard under the seat of a first-class carriage in the month of July, 1891. The train had arrived at London Bridge Station from Goodwood, and the owner of the notes being discovered and the property restored to him, he generously gave the guard a £10 note. Mr. Humphriss, the courteous assistant-manager of this popular line, remembers the finding of at least twenty lost property babies — mostly dead. Unclaimed articles are disposed of at a three-days' sale, generally in May.

My informant also remembers the depositing of a rusty old saucepan that was found in a third-class carriage at Portsmouth. It had remained in the London Bridge Lost Property Office about three months, when very early one morning, a little after three o'clock, the watchman on duty beheld dense volumes of smoke issuing from the basement depôt, where lost property articles of long standing are stored. The saucepan was the cause of an outbreak that might have ended in the destruction of this immense terminus. It was half filled with phosphorus, and half with water; in due time the latter evaporated, and spontaneous combustion followed.

Mr. Humphriss has a capital story, which I really must let him tell in his own words: "One wet Derby night a gentleman, who was



INTERIOR OF L.P.O. AT WATERLOO STATION.

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returning to town from Epsom Downs Station, dropped in the mud a diamond ring worth £300. There was no mistake about the value; it was a magnificent stone. A Metropolitan constable, specially hired by the company for duty outside Epsom Downs Station on that day, thought he saw some valuable ornament fall and glisten, but, owing to the crowds that were surging into the station, partly to get under shelter, he only just had time to stoop and grab a handful of mud. In this, however, he found the ring, which he brought to me next morning.

"A few days after this, I was reading my paper in the train, coming up to my office, when I saw an advertisement setting forth that a very valuable ring had been lost in a first-class carriage between Epsom Downs Station and Victoria. I wrote to the advertiser asking him to call on me, although I had not failed to notice the discrepancy in the venue of the loss. Pending the arrival of the possible owner, I got the loan of a lot of rings somewhat similar to the one that had been found.

"These I mixed nicely, but the gentleman instantly picked his own ring from among the others, and without doubt he was the owner. He was an American, and the ring was a legacy that had been left to him by his deceased father. Next came the question of reward, concerning which I wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Police; and, eventually, it was arranged that the constable was to receive unconditionally a reward of £10; and I had the pleasure of handing him this sum myself."

That is the story; here is the sequel: "Some time afterwards this same constable called upon me at my office and besought me, with tears in his eyes, to accept a prize canary in a handsome cage. He bred these birds in his spare time; and, needless to say, the canary that tootled on my desk had gained as many medals and distinctions as the most brilliant diplomatist. I took the bird home with me that night, and it was the pet of my family for many years."

During 1894, 18,143 packages of lost property were received at the Cannon Street depôt of the South-Eastern Railway Company; of these 6,705 were claimed. A good annual sale will realize £500 or £600. The queer articles on record here include an infernal machine, wrapped in an old ulster; and a baby boy, who was sent to the City of London Union, and, fourteen years afterwards, entered the Royal Navy.

Mr. Abbott, the South-Eastern Company's chief station-master, showed me quite an amazing collection of crates of straw hats, lost out of the windows of seaside trains, for your tripper likes to survey an unfamiliar country. Seeing a consignment of stray straw hats brought in one day, Sir Edward Watkin, who happened to be on the platform at the time, anxiously inquired whether there had been an accident, but was assured that it was merely a weekly collection from stations down the line. Passengers commence to lose their property at an early age. I was shown at Cannon Street a perfect museum of tiny boots and shoes, kicked off by the fretful babies of the hop-pickers.

But the most interesting lost property item I heard of at Cannon Street was unquestionably Whit, the South-Eastern dog, whose intelligent head is shown here. This dog—a splendid Irish retriever—was found frolicking on the footbridge at Cannon Street one Whit Tuesday—hence its name. It wore no collar, and was otherwise without means of identification. A porter took the dog to the Lost Property Office, where with infinite difficulty it was kept for a week or two; then, as it was not claimed, it was christened Whit, and from that day became a kind of canine official with undefined duties.

Whit lived for ten years in the service of the company, and was quite spoiled by the passengers, who used to take the dog into the refreshment-rooms and treat it to all kinds of delicacies. Whit used also to carry a newspaper every Sunday morning to Mr. Abbott's house, but he never looked for it on a week-day.

One morning—probably owing to an extraordinary system of dietetics—Whit was found dead in the bath chair that is always kept under cover on the platform for the use of passengers. His head was sent to a taxidermist, and stuffed by order of Mr. Abbott, in whose house at Lewisham this interesting relic hangs.



HEAD OF "WHIT," THE SOUTH-EASTERN DOG.

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The Lepers' Guest.

A Story of the Pyrenees.

By Max Pemberton.

THE omen of the night was not such as to lead me further upon my road; yet, well or ill, it did not lie in my power to turn back. I had been riding upon a bridle-path since the clock of a village church chimed the hour of four; and now the way was so narrowed and stony that no horse could turn upon it. Nay, I began to fear that I should ride on to an impasse, and find myself for my pains perched high upon the mountain side in a place of peril and difficulty whence I might never hope to emerge. And at this I fell to hard thoughts of the man who had sent me from the high road, and had put me to so much discomfort for the gratification of so small a curiosity.

I say "for so small a curiosity," and, indeed, at that time I thought his curiosity almost pitiful. I had met him three weeks before in the English Club at Pau. They told me that he was a man of substance, and entitled to call himself the Duc de Trevino; though he was known commonly as Señor Quiroga. The most part of his lands had long passed from his possession to that of his hungry creditors; yet he contrived to maintain some position, and had no little glory from his traditional lordship over three castles in the Basque provinces. It was to one of those that I was now going, at his request. He had learnt, in a short conversation with me at Pau, that I had affairs to settle in the country of his birth. A mutual devotion to horses and to trout had put us upon terms of considerable intimacy. He begged me, if it should happen that I found myself in Biscay, to strike the mountain road to Durango, and to seek out the village of Mondragon.

"It would be a very great favour to me," said he, "if you would accept the hospitality of my steward, even for a single night. I would welcome a word on that which you see. Once you are at Mondragon, you will not meet a man who cannot put you upon the road to the château. I myself must be at Santander in the last week of the month. You tell me that you also must be there at that time. If that is so, I should have news of my home from an unbiased and friendly witness."

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and told him that I hoped to come to Mondragon one day during the Christmas week. And at this his anxiety that I should do his bidding redoubled.

"Nothing could be better for both of us," said he; "although a Spanish welcome is not usually exhilarating, I promise you a cordial greeting from my steward. Ask for Juan Bazán anywhere in the village, and tell him that you spend Christmas Eve with him. I say Christmas Eve, for it is then that you would see some of the most amusing of our customs. You know something of the Basque legends, of course?"

I said that I did, and having repeated my promise to help him in his intention, I took leave of him. For the matter of that, the conversation passed quickly from my mind, and I proceeded to forget both the Duc de Trevino and his steward who was to welcome me. Not until the third week in December, when my business as a railway engineer carried me to the western spur of the Pyrenees, did any thought of my promise recur to me. But a filthy Spanish inn at a village called Isaro, and the rough company of equally filthy Spanish peasants, brought it suddenly to my mind. And it was curious, indeed, that this inspiration should have come to me on the morning of Christmas Eve. In short, I resolved to go.

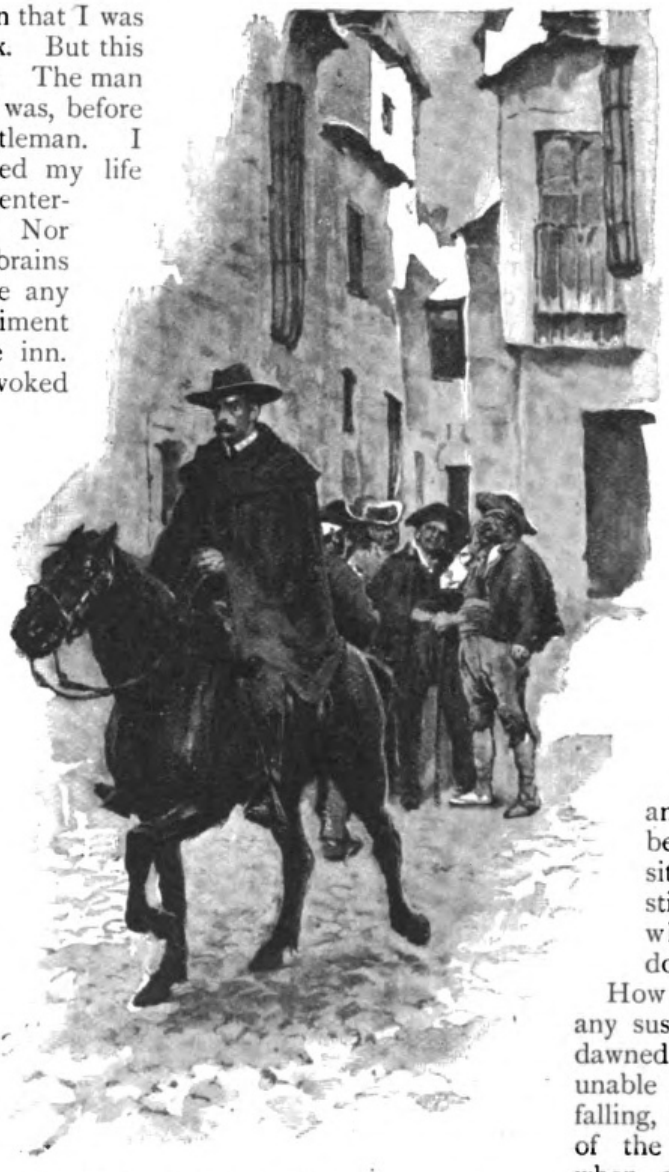
The intention being formed, I spoke of it forthwith to the landlord of the venta. He surprised me by regarding it as an excellent joke; so excellent, that he called other of the villagers in to share his merriment; and they stood together, alternately guffawing or regarding me with a curiosity too profound for words. They were still standing thus when I turned the corner of the street, and the last word I heard was the host's shrill cry:—

"Ho, Ho, the noble cavalier rides to the House of Snows. God be with you, señor. Hasten your visit, señor. Ojala!"

Now, what to make of talk like this, I knew no more than the dead. That they should find amusement in my visit to the Duke's house was only to be accounted for

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upon the supposition that I was the victim of a hoax. But this I would not believe. The man I had met at Pau was, before all things, a gentleman. I would have wagered my life that he would not entertain so sorry a trick. Nor could I, rack my brains as I would, imagine any reason for the merriment of the folks at the inn. Indeed, it rather provoked me to curiosity, and, determined as much to fathom it as to keep faith with him who sent me, I put my horse upon the mountain road and set out for the place.



"THEY WERE STANDING THUS WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER."

It was then about three o'clock of the afternoon, and the sun shone pleasantly in the valleys, though up upon the peaks the snow was glistening upon countless domes and spikes and silvered rocks. What wind there was came shrill and cutting through the gorges and the forests of pine; and so keen had been the frost of the night, that even the cascades were still, and hung like ropes of jewels and of crystal down the faces of the ice-bound hills. The trees themselves were powdered prettily with the scattered snow-flakes; the rough road below me was as hard as iron; the chasms above seemed to be plated with gold as the sun fell upon them. There was no sign of man or beast or of any living thing, save a great eagle soaring. All the world had fled to the towns to keep the feast, and I alone was abroad upon the pass.

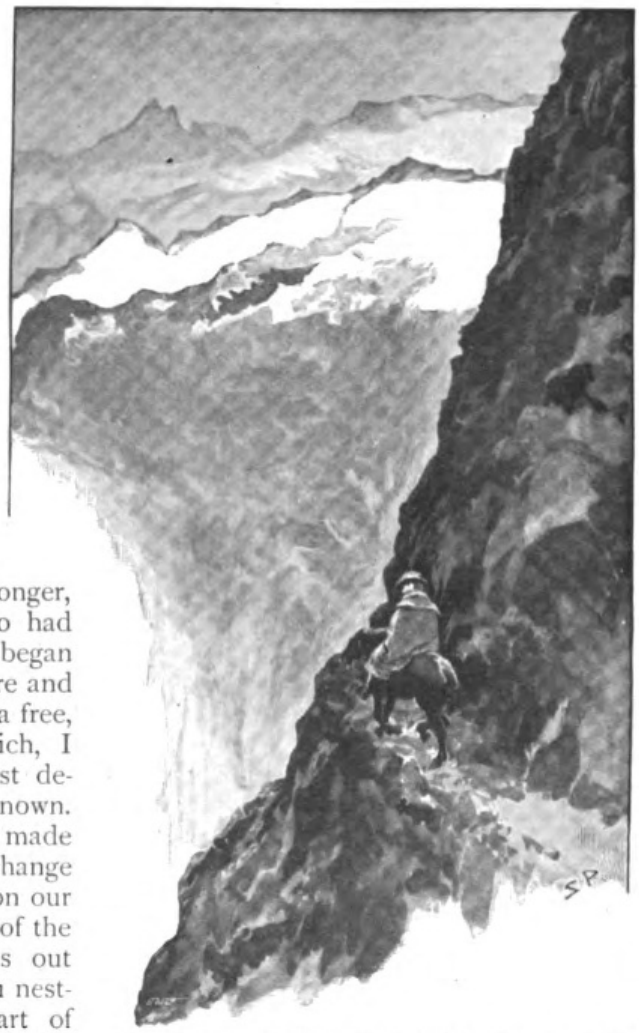
They had told me at the inn to strike the bridle-path, which would appear upon my right hand when I came to a shrine of the Virgin, some four miles or more from the village. I was mounted upon a sturdy brown-black cob, cunning at treading a narrow track, and well used to the dangers of the heights. I had a thick black Spanish cloak or capa about my shoulders, and a sombrero of felt drawn over my eyes. My zamarra, or short coat, was of black sheepskin, and my wine-bottle upon my saddle was strained to the point of bursting with its generous store of the rich vino de toro. Nor had I forgotten my pair of Army revolvers, which were at my hand upon the saddle, and likely, I said, to be of service if necessity should find me still upon the road when night came down.

How long I rode before any suspicion of the path dawned upon me, I am unable to say. Dusk was falling, and there was mist of the snow in my eyes when at last I observed that any further abridgment of the track would compel me either to halt or to risk my neck in an endeavour to turn upon the path. And that was no place to invite a careless foothold. On the one hand, the sheer rock towering up with face as of quartz and jaspar to the snow-bound heights above me; on the other hand, the fathomless ravine with its thousand precipices and jagged points, the valley round lying like a streak of silver amidst the pine woods below me. One false step, one slip of my horse, and we should go hurrying down to death. The thought braced me to renewed effort; it called also for unspoken abuse of the man whose hospitality was girt about such a forbidding frontier. Indeed, in that moment, I cursed the Duke of Trevino and all that belonged to him; and with a final word of

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objurgation for the day upon which I had met him, I gave my cob his head, and prayed aloud for my safety.

There is an old saying that a sick man must be worse before he is better. And this, for a fact, was my own case. I had come at last to a place upon the path which, it seemed to me, no human thing could pass. The precipice here turned abruptly to the right. The track itself wound round the face of the rock, but with such a treacherous foothold that my cob must go like a cat, hesitating at every step and shivering with terror. As for me, I was benumbed with the icy cold, the wind searched my very skin, my right arm brushed the wall of rock, my left hand swung above the ravine, whose depth I dare not imagine. And just at the moment when I had shut my eyes, fearful to survey the situation longer, the good beast, who had carried me so well, began to neigh with pleasure and to bound forward in a free, swinging canter which, I swear, was the most delightful I have ever known.



"THE TRACK WOUND ROUND THE FACE OF THE ROCK."

A single glance made manifest to me the change which had come upon our fortunes. The turn of the path had carried us out upon a broad plateau nestling in the very heart of the mountains. A fair carriage-way was to be observed not a furlong distant, and it was plain to me at once that this was the road by which I should have come up to the Duke's house. For the matter of that, there was the castle itself, standing, as it were, in a niche cut out of the solid rock; a bare, gaunt structure of white stone, looking for all the world like a monastery; and just as uninviting as any house I ever clapped eyes upon. Though it was now almost dark, not a light shone from any of the narrow windows of that gloomy building; no gates shut it off from the highway; there was no pretence of approach or inclosure; the lower windows were barred like the cells of a prison; no loom of smoke blurred the exquisite whiteness of the snow above its towers; no foot-mark was to be seen upon the untrodden carpet before its door. Desolation, solitude, neglect, these were my impressions, and every step that my horse took did but strengthen them.

"This, then, is the Duke's joke," said I to myself when at last my cob began to clatter up the stony pavement before that which would have been called, by courtesy, the great gate. "Here plain enough is the cause of mine host's merriment. The one has sent me fifty miles out of my way to inspect a ruin; the other will tell him of his success. The deuce take the pair of them."

It was all very well to indulge in this pious wish, but it did not help me to food or to shelter; and for food and for shelter I had begun to crave exceedingly. The night was setting in bitter cold; the blast howled dismally in the hollows of the hills; a spume of wind-cloud covered the sky threateningly. The lonely shapes of the gaunt headlands brought me to a sense of melancholy and foreboding; I thought of my friends making merry in Bayonne or Pamplona; I remembered that the morrow was Christmas Day — and at this, my estimate of the Duke was such as I could not possibly write. Nevertheless, I was but half convinced that he could plan so shabby a jest; and with this thought for consolation, I tugged at the long handle of his bell, and

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was answered by a jangle of sound which echoed a thousand-fold from every height and depth around. To my utter astonishment, the great, iron-studded door was opened at once; and just as I was saying that there was no one in the house, a civil old man was bowing before me and muttering phrases which, for all the meaning I could make of them, might have been so much Chinese.

"Halloa!" said I, when at last the old fellow paused, and, indeed, he was shivering like a man with the ague; "are you Juan Bazán?"

Now, instead of answering me directly (and I have some considerable acquaintance with Spanish), he, to my confusion, began to ramble on with such a string of appeals and complaints that I set him down at once as a maniac.

"God save me," he cried, again and again; "I am but an old man, and it was not my work. I have meant no ill-will to you. Blame not the servant for the deed of the master. Let me go, and my lips shall be shut upon this night's work—I will swear it upon the Holy Cross. Before Heaven, I am telling you the truth."

This was the way he gabbled on; nor do I believe for a moment that he was sane when he spoke to me. All my appeals fell on deaf ears. I gave him the letter from the Duke, his master, and he stood gibbering with the note unopened in his hand. Meanwhile, I had dismounted from my horse, and had pushed my way into a Moorish court which would have moved an antiquarian to ecstasies. Glorious arches, memorials to dead centuries, raised their frescoed crowns on every side. A fountain, rich in sculpture and tracery, cast out a frozen jet which had the appearance of a band of silver; a balcony with delicately wrought balustrades gave access to innumerable rooms. Never was a greater contrast between interior and exterior. Without, I had been the sole actor in a scene of desolation; within, I was the guest in a house which kings might have built and queens enjoyed. Yet this was the mystery, that the man who was responsible for my entertainment regarded me as a cut-purse who had come to steal his master's spoons.

"Look here," said I, angered beyond restraint, "don't you think that you've played the fool long enough? I have come here to stay the night at your master's orders. You have his letter in your hand, if my word is not enough. Take me to the stables, I beg, and get me some supper."

At this appeal he bowed again, though I could see that his legs were tottering under him.

"Certainly," exclaimed he. "I know well whence you come. Oh, indeed, I am your servant. All that you ask shall be done—I pledge my faith. I am but an old man, and it was not my work. God save your Excellency."

"Amen, to that," said I, telling myself that Juan Bazán, steward to the worthy Duc de Trevino, was nothing less than an imbecile. But he was already on his way to the stables, and thither I followed in a state of perplexity and wonder which no words could express.

"This way, señor," he cried, snatching up a lantern which he had left upon the pavement, "this way, I pray you. The stables are through the great arch here. Have a



"THIS WAY, SENOR."

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care to the pavement; it is worn, I fear. If I had but known sooner. Oh, truly, news goes with a lame foot in Biscay."

"Then you knew that I was coming?" cried I.

"Your Excellency is the best judge of that," he exclaimed, and at the same moment he threw open the door of the stables.

His answer struck me as curious and enigmatical. Unless the landlord down in Isaro had played a joke upon the pair of us, who should have told him of my coming? And this supposition afforded the only key that fitted the logic of the mystery. I saw at once that they had frightened the old man, and I turned round to tell him so. But he, who a moment before had been at my elbow, was no longer to be seen. He had vanished like a fleeting ray of light.

"A malediction on the old fool," said I to myself; "they have told him some cock and bull story, and he takes me for a brigand. I shall have an account to settle with mine host of Isaro if ever misfortune carries me to his village again."

Truth to tell, directly I had begun to understand the thing, the humorous side of it appealed to me irresistibly. I had played many rôles in a young life—but the rôle of brigand was new to me. Better, said I, to be taken for a brigand than a bagman; and with this for satisfaction, I tended my horse and gave the poor beast a feed. Nor could I, in reason, complain of the stables. They were ornamental enough to have moved architects to tears; and I did not fail to observe that one of the stalls was occupied by a sturdy bay cob, which was in the best of condition. Mad or sane, the steward of the Duke of Trevino undeniably loved his beast, and this was no small point in his favour. I resolved that I would reward him by putting an end to the farce we were playing; and so thinking, I returned to the court and began to call to him.

Many times I called, my voice sounding wonderfully deep and baying under the old arches of the cloister; but no word answered me. A search in the lower rooms about the quadrangle was no more fruitful; the most part of these, as is the custom in Spanish houses, being given up to lumber and to cellarage. It was only when I had made the circuit of the yard twice, and had come upon a little staircase which carried me to the balcony above, that I found evidence of life and occupation. Many doors opened upon this balcony; some leading to reception-rooms, gaudy in Spanish splendours; some to gloomy bed-chambers of vast size; one to a chapel with an altar weighed down with time-worn emblems of devotion; one to a library sparsely stocked with heavy volumes. But at the very far end of the passage, facing the stables, I came suddenly upon two apartments that spoke unmistakably of very recent occupation; and in the larger of these there was a spectacle which filled me as much with merriment as with wonder.

The first of these rooms was furnished as a sitting-room, the second as a kitchen; but it was not their furniture which I remarked with such amusement. Piled high upon the floor of the larger chamber were silver vessels, cups, goblets, dishes, spoons, of every conceivable shape and variety. Mingled with them were a number of rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other votive offerings, snatched, I surmised, haphazard from the altar near by. I guessed instantly that the excellent Juan Bazán had made this attempt to save such of his master's property as he could from the hands of one whom he regarded as a marauder. Defeated in his purpose by my sudden coming to the House of Snows, he had left the heap as a witness to his endeavours. But more than this, he had also left the house. Even as I was examining the amazing collection at my feet, I heard the great gate clang upon its hinges. The windows of the room looked out upon the mountains; I beheld, by the white light of the glittering snow, the unhappy steward flying for his life down the broad road to Isaro. Terror at length had conquered him. I was sure that he had gone for the police.

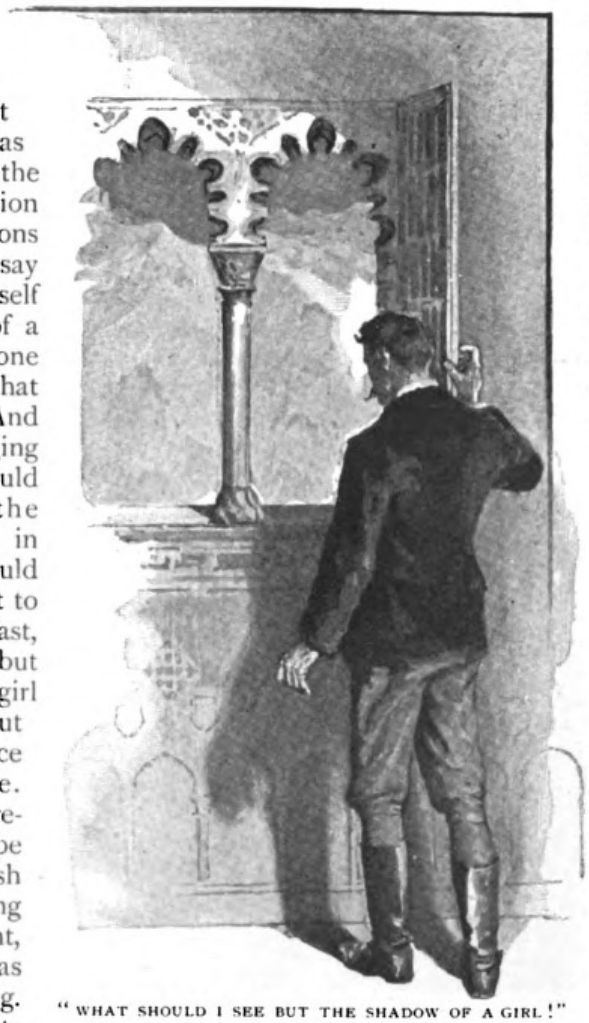
This utterly unlooked-for greeting struck me at first as entirely funny. I said to myself that a whole company of alquazils would occupy the house presently, and that they would be merry souls, at any rate, and to be preferred to the gibbering idiot who had offered me such a bewildering welcome. Meanwhile, the terror-stricken man had left a very decent dinner and a very good bottle of wine behind him—not, perhaps, the dinner to be eaten on a Christmas Eve in England, but mightily welcome in the Pyrenees, and a God-send under the circumstances. I judged that it would have been an insult not to have sampled his cooking on the spot, and wishing him *bon voyage* on his way to the police station, I fell to with the appetite of a hungry and snow-driven man, and made a meal worthy of a prince-bishop.

It must have been near to nine o'clock when I had finished. There was a wealth of

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the moon's beams then pouring into my room, and the surpassingly white light fell plenteously upon the mountains. All the valleys had put on armour of silver and of jewels; the amphitheatre of hills and peaks glittered with an irradiance blinding to the eyes; the pine trees had the aspect of great bushes made of silver twigs; the cascades were like froth of diamonds and of pearls. No human thing was abroad at such an hour. I opened the window of my room and listened if there were any sound of horses' tramping, or of men approaching. But all was still as the zenith of the night; the police which Juan Bazán were to bring were not yet to be heard. Solitude reigned in the heights; the towns alone echoed the spirit of the feast.

I had made myself sure of this, and was about to close the casement again, for the wind was bitterly cold, when the first really startling vision of that night of visions came to my eyes. I say that I thought myself alone, the victim of a pretty hoax, the one living thing in that house of mysteries. And just when I was hugging the notion that I would do Juan Bazán the honour of sleeping in his bed until he should return, and was about to make the window fast, what should I see but the shadow of a girl cast plain and clear-cut upon the white terrace before the house. There it was, the reflection of the shape of a woman in Spanish dress; of a young woman, as I thought, and of one who was watching and waiting. During long moments the shadow lay upon the snow. Then it passed quickly; nor was there any sound, not so much as of a footstep or a whisper, to indicate whence it came or whither it had gone.



"WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT THE SHADOW OF A GIRL!"

To say that this apparition alarmed me, would be to magnify the truth. There had been nothing particularly terrifying about the aspect of Juan Bazán; there was nothing so far in the house which he had left to compel suspicion or watchfulness. I argued that the girl possibly was his daughter; or was employed about the place. She, too, it might be, went in dread of the "brigand" who had descended so suddenly upon her home. I determined to reassure her; and snatching the lantern which the estimable Juan had left behind him, I ran into the court and began to bawl Spanish exclamations with the energy of a watchman. Yet, and this was strange, not a whisper of an answer did I get. Except for the crackle of the frost beneath my feet, the whole yard was as silent as the fields of snow upon the heights above. Smaller courts opening from the greater one were alike deserted, and lit only by the moonbeams which flooded down upon them so searchingly. No longer did any black shadow lie upon the untrodden snow. The ghostly corridors had no company; the entwining pillars were the only sentinels that guarded this haven among the mountains.

Convinced of this, I began to think that a poor digestion was responsible for my apparition; and though a certain vague uneasiness, bred, perhaps, of the strange shapes about me, was not to be put off, I returned at last to the steward's room and lay down upon his bed.

The lantern was still burning where I had set it; there was a flicker of firelight upon the ceiling when at last I went to sleep. The day's work had tired me; the crisp, bracing air of the mountains weighed down my eyes with drowsiness. I could not have been upon Juan's bed more than ten minutes when a dreamy, restful unconsciousness stole over me. And the same dreamy feeling still possessed me when, after that which seemed an ex-

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ceeding short time, I awoke again, and observed the red glow from the fire still dancing upon the ceiling of the room. But the flame of the lantern had burnt itself out, and I was in the very act of feeling for a match, when there burst upon my ears a sound which seemed to freeze my very heart, so mournful was it, so shrill, so dirge-like. It was the sound, not of one, but of many men chanting a slow measure, fit to be styled a dirge of the dead—a haunting, weird melody rising up like a summons to all the spirits of the mountains—a chant, now of triumph, now of despair—as wild and as plaintive as any music man has listened to.

A roving life, lived amongst many men, and in many cities, is the best antidote to the sins of the nerves. For my part, whether it be temperament or whether it be education, I have never been a considerable victim of panic or of alarms. Yet, I confess that when first I heard that mysterious chanting in the House of Snows, my heart seemed to stand still, and an icy cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. Whence came the sound I could not, at the first hearing, tell. The whole house was full of it; the cloisters resounded the dismal note; the night wind carried it far up into the mountains. Now shrill as with voices of women; now deep and sonorous as with the power of men, the measure rose and fell in haunting cadences, swelling at one time to the grandeur of a great organ, dying away presently until it was a mere lisp of words. And so soul-stirring was it, so terrifying, that I listened spell-bound, motionless, nay, almost terrified.

The chant rose and fell and died away in lingering harmonies. It was not until the final chord had ceased to reverberate beneath the eaves that the spell left me; and full of curiosity, perhaps of fear, I sprang from the bed and ran out upon the balcony before my door. Clear reason had then returned to me, and I knew that the music was the music of human voices. But whence came they; why were they raised in the House of Snows? The answer to such speculations was given to me immediately. No sooner was I upon the balcony than I saw a spectacle which I shall not forget, though I may live for a hundred years. The court, which had been dark save for the moonlight when I had gone to my sleep, was now glowing with a hundred lights from a hundred flaming torches. Wild figures of wild-looking men danced and capered in grotesque attitudes around a great fire which burnt at the very foot of the frozen fountain. Women snapping castanets, girls dancing dreamily, cripples hobbling, the blind feeling their way, ragged cloaks elbowing scarlet sleeves and embroideries of gold; strange creatures, drunk with excitement and with warmth, helped that wondrous and haunting scene. Never had I looked upon the like of it; never heard sounds so strange or cries so shrill. A hundred demons might have risen suddenly from the shades and come to hold carnival in the mansion of the Duke. The master of pantomime might have had out his wares in the court especially for my delectation.

For many minutes I stood upon the balcony watching this medley with curious feelings. I had remembered that the Duke had spoken to me of the Basque customs, and had laid it upon me to visit the house if possible at the eve of Christmas. This remembrance helped me to regard the whole thing as a play, a surprise of the wily old steward who had left me so cunningly. And I was just about to declare myself, thinking to get fun of the frolic and the din, when events below took a turn which showed the whole thing in a new light, and one so horrible that its memory is to this day like a haunting vision of my sleep. Of a sudden there was a great cry at the chief gate of the court. I beheld many with torches running to that place; but returning immediately with new-comers, who had formed a ring round one whom they were beating and cuffing and dragging onward, regardless of the shrieks and cries, and wailing appeals for mercy. Now falling, now up again, now torn almost limb from limb, his face bleeding, his eyes outstanding, I recognised the victim of the mob. He was Juan Bazán, the steward of my host, the Duke of Trevino. And him they pushed forward, the women more fiercely than the men, until they had him at the edge of the great fire they had made; and here they formed a ring about him, while he continued to raise cries which must have been heard miles away in the mountains.

"Mercy! for the love of God! Mercy, as you hope for mercy. I am an old man; I have done you no hurt—I swear it. I am but the servant—pity me!"

These, often repeated, were his words when they forced him upon his knees before the fire. And the mob, listening to them, greeted him with ringing guffaws; some stripping his clothes off his shoulders, some thrusting torches in his face, some flashing their shining knives before his eyes. Nor, for many minutes, could you hear a word; not, indeed, until a deformed old man, who appeared to be the

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leader of the gang, suddenly raised his hand, when instantly the whole company hushed its voice. And to this hush there followed the croaking note of the leader—harsh, satirical, and unpitying.

"Juan Bazán," said he, and I could but just follow the patois, "you ask mercy of us. We will give it to you even as you have given it to us. You cry that we shall pity you. Let our pity be as yours. You call on the sacred name of God, that name under the cloak of which your master has hunted us from house to house and hill to hill, putting a curse upon our children and a yoke upon our lives. Let the holy name of God be our justification."

He said this, and with the word he raised a hand from the shelter of the brown cloak. As I looked at it by the torches' light, an overwhelming horror came upon me. It was the hand of a leper. But he went on with his accusation.

"Let the holy name of God be our justification," he repeated, turning to the mob behind him, who answered his words with a savage roar of anger. "What say you, my children? This man who has driven you from your homes, who has hunted you like wolves—what shall be done to him?"

It was not possible to doubt the nature of the answer which would be given to him. The horde no longer had patience to listen to the accusation. Drunk with the desire of blood, hot in uncontrollable anger, the Spaniards sprang upon the terror-stricken steward. The light playing over his face showed me a countenance distorted with agony and the fear of death. In one horrible moment I saw the flash of many knives; I heard the man's long-drawn shriek as the blades were buried in his body; I saw him roll over and over, clutching the ground in his agony. And then I shut my eyes for very terror, and a loud cry escaped my lips.

Until this time I had watched the scene like a man in a dream. Waked from my sleep to take part in it, there were moments when I said that I had imagined the whole thing—that it was a freak of the brain following upon a stolen supper. But no sooner had I uttered a word of protest than the grim reality was brought home to me. Every face in that throng below instantly turned upward to mine. A hundred torches were raised that their light might fall upon me. The quivering body of the steward was left that men might come and look at him who sought to stay their hands. And never have I heard anything like the shouts which fell upon my ears when the mob had satisfied itself that I had witnessed its work.



"IT WAS THE HAND OF A LEPER."

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Twenty men seemed to leap together to the staircase upon my right hand; others, grinning with rage, swarmed up the pillars; some ran to and fro roaring with their desire of vengeance; the women and young girls added voices to the clamour; the leader endeavoured to make himself heard, but none listened to him.

As for myself, though I had whipped out my pistols as the horde ran to the staircase, I looked for nothing but instant death, for such a death as Juan Bazán had died. The meaning of those shrill cries was unmistakable. The faces of the first-comers, as they appeared at the head of the staircase, betrayed neither pity nor hesitation. I was one against a hundred mad with the lust of blood and murder. The very thought moved me to a dogged and obstinate determination to strike one blow for my life. Quick as light, I set my back against the wall and covered the first of the Spaniards with my pistol. As he thrust his dirty face forward, raising his arm to strike me, I shot him through the shoulder and his body rolled back upon his fellows. A second and third discharge, fired point-blank into the mob, left a second and a third of the company prone upon the stairs. For an instant, the tide of the assault rolled back. A hush as the hush of storm fell upon those below. I heard the leader's voice, loud and sonorous, as he called upon his men to come down. I heard a new and angrier roar of refusal; and then, as the mob gathered itself together for a last great rush, I, of a sudden moved by one of those clear ideas which come to us often in the heat of danger, sprang headlong from the gallery to the snow below, and was at the leader's side even before those who pressed upon me had marked my intention.

"For God's sake, look what you do," cried I, shouting with all my lungs. "I am an Englishman, and your people will pay for this night's work."

"What do you here, then?" he asked, turning upon me a pair of eyes horribly bloodshot and watering.

"I was passing through the mountains, and I came for a night's shelter. I have friends at Isaro, who will look for me to-morrow. There is my passport."

It was a terrible moment. The crowd, as crowds will, had paused directly their chief



"I SHOT HIM THROUGH THE SHOULDER."

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exchanged a word with me. I saw about me hundreds of wild eyes and horrid faces, knives glistening, features drawn with ferocity. Hands raised here and there; bared breasts, legs showing through rags which swathed them, told me of what sort these men were. They were cagots, the lepers of Biscay, those hunted, driven wolves of the mountains of which even tradition speaks with a hushed voice. And now they pressed upon me, while the dread and the loathing of them which I suffered is not to be set down.

The chief made a pretence of reading my passport. His fellows waited for his word. I knew that it was the supreme moment of my life. A sign from him—a hesitating word, and the mob would tear me limb from limb. So great was the agony of suspense that the sweat rolled from my face and fell in cold drops upon my hands.

"Well," said the chief at last, and hours seemed to pass before he spoke, "I see that you are an Englishman. But I must ask again, what brought you to this house?"

"The request of the Duke of Trevino, whom I met last month at Pau."

The thing was said without a thought of the consequence. Yet it proved to be the turn of the crisis.

"The Duke is at Pau!" almost screamed the leader.

"He was there when I left," said I, "but he is to be at Santander directly."

I had raised my voice again, so that all the Spaniards in the court could hear me. The result was remarkable beyond any expectation.

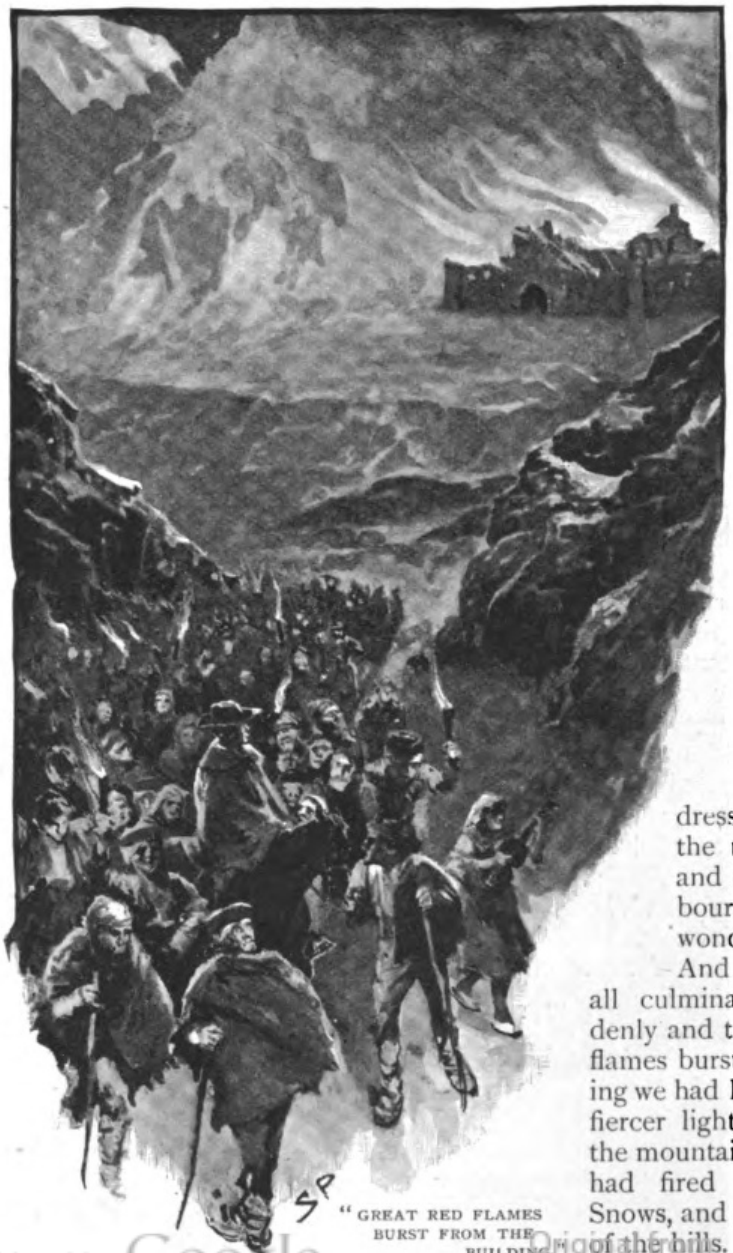
"Listen to that," cried the chief; "the Duke is to be at Santander directly."

The others answered him with turbulent shouts.

"You swear that you are not lying to us?" cried the leader, turning upon me suddenly, as the possibility occurred to him.

"I swear it," said I.

"Then let him lead us there," cried a young girl in the throng—and her suggestion moved the mob to raptures of delight. The crowd began to pour out of the great gateway, some of the crew calling for my horse, some bidding their friends to fire the building, others again wringing their hands in delight at the news I had given to them. Soon I found myself, how I know not, once more in the saddle, with the army of repulsive lepers gibbering about my horse's girths. A hundred torches lit up the darkness of the mountain road. The brown cloaks of the men (not a few of them stamped with the duck's foot, the sign of the leper in Biscay), the bright dresses of the girls, the music of guitars, and the clash of tamboureens added to the wonders of the scene. And the drama of it all culminated when, suddenly and terribly, great, red flames burst from the building we had left, and a newer, fiercer light shone out over the mountains. The assassins had fired the House of Snows, and made it a beacon of the hills.



"GREAT RED FLAMES BURST FROM THE BUILDING."

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The burning of the house, and this was not strange, modified, in some measure, the ardour of the mob. There were many who turned their backs upon the company and slipped away in the darkness directly we left the gateway. That which had been a band of a hundred or more when we set out was a company of fifty when we gained the summit of the pass. At a mile from the burning building there was but a score of men with me, and they had lost their tongues.

Turning round in my saddle, I looked down the mountain road upon the house I had left. It burned with a lurid red light; but soldiers were moving in its courtyard, and with them were many villagers come to see the meaning of the beacon. Elsewhere all was still in the heights; of all the throng that had set out so gaily to the murder of the Duke of Trevino but one remained, and she was a girl; a girl whose age, allowing for her Southern maturity, could not have been more than sixteen years. Pretty, piquant, quaintly dressed, with large, round eyes, and coarse, black hair—she now stood timidly holding to my stirrup-strap. I saw that she wished to speak with me.

"Well, pretty one," said I, "why do you wait? Do you not see the soldiers?"

"Señor," said she, avoiding my question, but holding the tighter to my strap, "will you take me away from here?"

"Take you away, child?—where should I take you?"

"To Santander—to the Duke, my master."

"And what would you do at Santander?"

"I would warn him. Oh, I can tell him what he will never hear. Do not be afraid of me—I am not as the others."

By this she meant that the fearful disease to which so many of her companions were victims had not put its dreadful seal upon her, and she held up a pair of exquisitely white arms, to convince me of the truth. Yet how to answer her, I did not know.

"See, little one," said I at last, "there is but one horse."

"I will ride on the saddle before you," she protested; and giving me no time to answer her, she sprang up suddenly from the ground, and soon was resting in my arms.

An argument pressed home like this was irresistible. I gave the beast his head, and we began to descend the pass to Bilbao. But at the next posting-station, where I left her to see if I could procure another horse, she rewarded me roughly for my pains. For when I came out of the post-house, there was not a trace of her to be seen. She had ridden off with my cob; and I did not doubt that her destination was my own.

I arrived at Santander on the eve of the following day, thinking it imperatively necessary to make known to the Duke of Trevino the whole circumstances attending the sack and destruction of his house. With this intention I descended at the principal inn, La Fonda de Boggio, and asked the landlord for news of him I sought. He met me with a look of surprised incredulity.

"How," said he, "have you not heard? The Duke was assassinated in the Calle de Bacedo at two o'clock this afternoon. The whole town is full of it. He was struck down by a girl as he was coming from the house."

I listened, silent, in amazement. Then I asked:—

"Have they caught the creature?"

"Indeed, no—and yet she was only a child. Oh, trust a cagot for craftiness."

"And to what do they attribute the crime?"

"To the fact that he prevented the slut's marriage to one of his servants because she was the daughter of a leper. Oh, he has hunted them merrily, those poor devils, and now they have repaid him. God rest his soul."

I muttered an Amen—and it seemed to me that the whole story of the night was now made clear. The Duke had sent me to the House of Snows to bring him news of those he had persecuted. I knew well that roving bands of hunted lepers were still to be found in the mountains and caves of Biscay. And it was such a band that had worked so deadly a vengeance upon Juan Bazán and his master. Every year for many years, they told me afterwards, these nomadic lepers had held carnival at Christmas Eve somewhere upon the Duke's estate, always swearing vengeance and nursing their hate. But upon the night when I crossed the mountains, they had conceived the daring notion of supping in the Duke's very house. Juan Bazán must have heard of this intention, and was preparing to defend himself when I arrived. I reflected bitterly that if, in his panic, he had not mistaken me for one of those whom he feared, I might have saved his life and that of his master. It was clear that they had caught him as he fled to the village, and had carried him back to be the passive victim of that memorable scene I had witnessed.

As for the Duke, I have never doubted that the hand which struck him down was the hand of the child I had carried in my arms through the mountains.

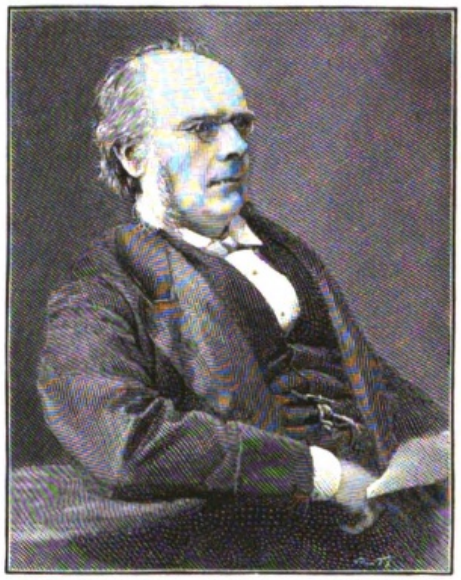
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From a] AGE 27. *[Painting.*

THE REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., D.D.

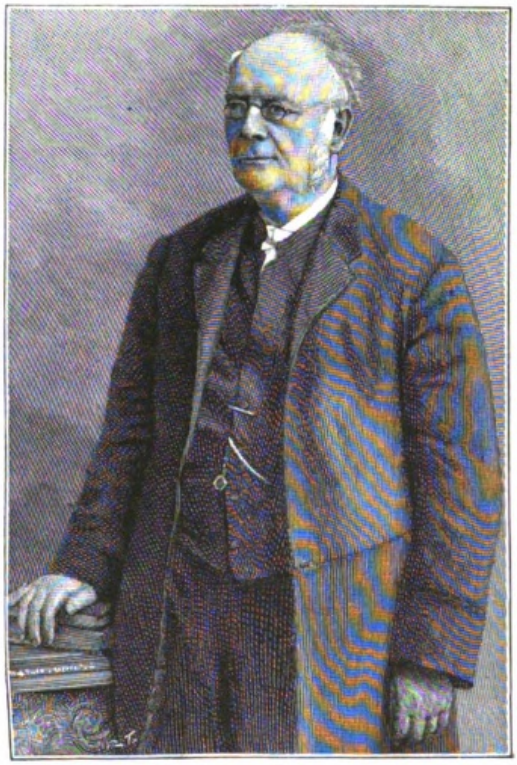
THE REV. JOHN GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., D.D., Congregational minister and writer of world-wide reputation, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1843, and afterwards prepared for his ministerial duties by study at Lancashire Independent College. He has been successively Congregational minister at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Clapham, where he now officiates.



From a Photo. by] AGE 55. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a] AGE 40. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Martin & Sallnow.*

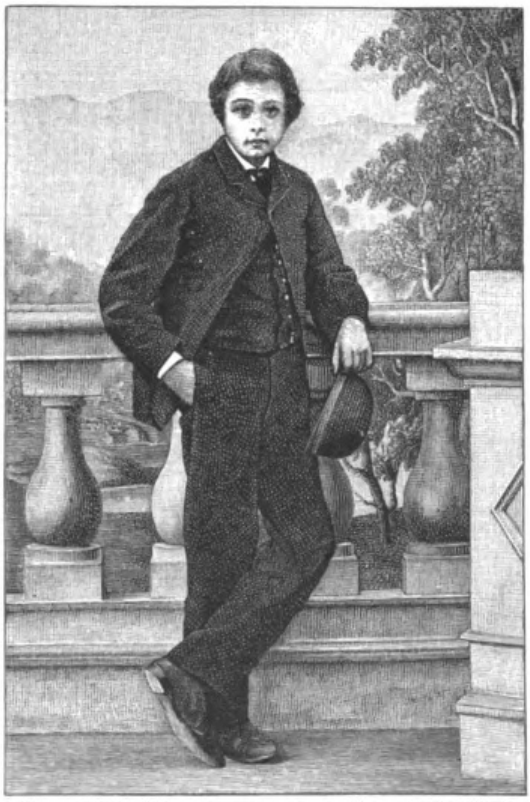
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AGE 4.
From a Photo. by E. Drewett, Guildford.

E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.
BORN 1852.

MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., one of our most prominent sculptors, was born in London, and as a boy had a great desire to become an artist. In 1870 he went to Antwerp, soon working his way up to the Antique School, where he studied under M. Buffeau.



From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[Drewett, Guildford.*

In 1871 he went to Munich and joined the Academy, still studying painting; but shortly before leaving he gave up painting and took to sculpture. In 1874 he returned to England. His principal statues are Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., 1882; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1883; Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, 1883; and "Linus," 1884. Besides these he has executed a number of busts, amongst which may be mentioned the Archbishop of York, 1884, and Lieut.-General



From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

Sir Andrew Clarke, 1886. In 1885 he exhibited a relief, "In Memoriam"; and his statuette, "Folly," was purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Among his most recent works are a statue of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and bronze busts of Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., and Mr. Walter Armstrong.



PRESENT DAY
From a Photo by Elliott & Fry

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR M. W. RIDLEY, BART.

BORN 1842.



AGE 8.
From a Painting by Newenham.



AGE 18.
From a Photograph.



AGE 31.
From a Photo. by L. Suscipj, Rome.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a "first" and a Fellowship at All Souls. He has sat, in the Conservative interest, for the Blackpool or Northern Division of Lancashire since 1886, and was this year returned unopposed. Sir Matthew has hitherto displayed a very modest political ambition; but he has his chance now, and his friends



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

believe he will achieve great success. He ran Mr. Gully very close in the race for the Speakership on Mr. Peel's retirement. He was at the Home Office from 1878 to 1880, and at the War Office and the Treasury successively since 1885–86. Lord Salisbury in June last appointed him Home Secretary. Sir Matthew is honorary lieut.-col. of the Northumberland Hussars, and a director of the North-Eastern Railway; he has been President of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he is still a prominent member, and plays golf with much vigour.



AGE 37.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.



From a] AGE 8. [Photograph.



AGE 10.
From a Photograph

MISS TERRISS, born in the Falkland Islands, is the daughter of Mr. William Terriss, the well-known actor, and was educated by private tutors. She had always entertained a strong wish to adopt the stage as a profession, and the opportunity occurred for her to make her *début* through the illness of Miss Cissy Freake, who was then playing the part of *Mary Herbert* in Calmour's "Cupid's Messenger," at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Terriss only undertook that part for a fortnight, relinquishing it to go to Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre. During that time she played close on thirty different parts, conspicuous among them being *Ada Ingot* in "David Garrick"; *Lottie* in "The Two Roses"; *Maria* in "The School for Scandal"; *Miss Neville* in "She Stoops to Conquer," etc. Mr. Wyndham then arranged for her to play *Arra Na Pogue* in the drama of that name, in the revival at the Princess's. Following upon this she created the part of the heroine in "The Great Metropolis," and played the boy in "Alone in London"; and the heroine in "After Dark." From this she went to the Court Theatre, where she played *Miss Lily* upwards of 400 times in "The Pantomime Rehearsal." Among the original parts and otherwise which she also played at the Court Theatre were *Lady Wilhelmina* in "The Amazons"; *Mrs. Singleton* in "Faithful James"; *Eve* in "Marriage"; *May Winter* in "Good-bye"; *The Ingénue* in "The Other Fellow"; *Mary* in "His Last Chance"; and *Jesse* in "Over the Way." She then made a charming *Cinderella* at the Lyceum; shortly afterwards scoring a great success in "Jack Sheppard" at the Gaiety Theatre. At the Lyric she created the part of *Thora* in "His Excellency," and returning to the Gaiety she appeared in "The Shop Girl," the name part of which she has played nearly 150 times; and at the present time she is touring with the same piece with Mr. Edwardes's company in America. Miss Terriss was married to Mr. Seymour Hicks on October 3rd, 1893.



AGE 15.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Sarony.

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The Handwriting of John Ruskin.

FROM 31ST DECEMBER, 1828, TO 28TH NOVEMBER, 1884.

(Born 8th February, 1819.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

IN looking through the present collection of Mr. Ruskin's handwriting we shall, I think, see a fairly representative set of specimens, which are often very characteristic of their writer, who, indeed, can scarcely fail to be characteristic in any of his actions: limits of space have caused all the illustrations of this article to be reduced from the size of the originals, but this necessary reduction of size has not destroyed the character of the writing.

The beautiful little letter shown in No. 1 was written when the boy was in his tenth year; it is a good illustration of a clever French writer's description of elementary Art, or, rather, of the qualities that are factors of an elementary Art-sense — neatness, ornamentation, arrangement. The first and last qualities are plainly seen at a glance, and the ornamentation of this pretty letter comes out in the studied printing of the year (1828), in other details, and probably in the choice of a specially fine piece of writing-paper — which perhaps had a lace border—by the little boy who sixty-seven years ago sat down to write this New Year's letter to his father. I have been enabled to include this Ruskin-gem by the kindness of Mr. George Allen, who sent me a fine facsimile of the original letter, which may be seen, full-size, in the large-paper edition of "The Poems of John Ruskin," collected and edited by W. G. Collingwood. Here is the "inclosed poem" mentioned in No. 1:—



No. 2.—One of several rough sketches of heads on the back of No. 3.

My dear papa

A good Newyear to you I at first intended to make for your Newyears present a small model of any easily done thing and I thought I would try to make an orrery but at length I gave it up on considering how many different things were wanted and composed the inclosed poem with another short address to you but Mamma disliking my address and telling me to write a small letter to you I attempted though I will not say I have succeeded to do it which thing I hope you will accept however unworthy it be of your notice

dear papa
your affectionate son
John Ruskin

Hernhill
December thirty first 1828

No. 1.—Written December 31, 1828. Age 9—10.

But frightened was the preacher when
He heard all echoed down the glen
The music of the clans.
'Twas martial music, and around
Well echoed was the beauteous sound,
By valley, rock, and hill.
It died away upon the ear,
And spread abroad, now there, now here,
And gathered strength again.
And now the flute and now the drum,
Mingling upon the winds they come,
And die away again.
Another strain, another sound,
And now 'tis silence all around—
The martial music's gone.

This poem, like many of John Ruskin's early writings, was most beautifully and carefully written, after the fashion of printed letters. As we are now mainly concerned with Ruskin's handwriting, it is in-

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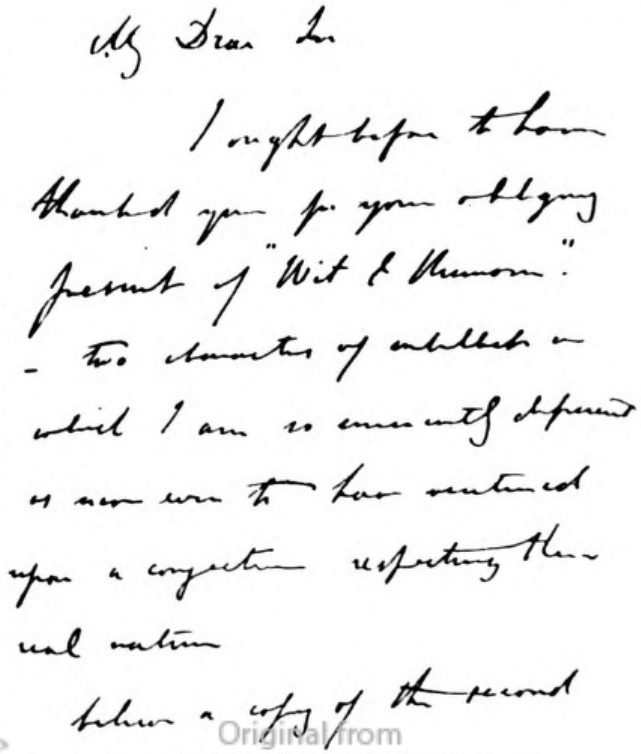
No. 3.—An architectural drawing by John Ruskin. About 1840—42.

teresting to say that he refused to be taught to read and write in the orthodox way by syllabic spelling and copy-book pot-hooks. He preferred to find a way for himself, and so, by the time he was four years old, had taught himself to write in vertical characters, like printed letters. He found out how to read whole words at a time by the look of them. At five he was a bookworm, and his first dated poem was written a month before little John Ruskin reached the age of seven; it is a tale of a mouse, "The Needless Alarm."

The originals of Nos. 2 and 3 are in the collection of Mr. A. E. Cropper, of Birkdale, Lancashire, who very kindly lent the fine architectural drawing seen in No. 3, and which is thought to be part of Stirling Palace; the back of this drawing is covered with rough sketches of heads and pencil jottings of algebraic equations; specimens of these are faintly visible in No. 2. The letter of which a part is shown in No. 4 was written at age 27–28, to his publisher, Mr. George Smith (of Smith, Elder), and it contains a reference to "Modern Painters," the second volume of this work being published in the year 1846. This is an example of Mr. Ruskin's early handwriting, almost as different from the later style as from that of the boy's letter in No. 1. Very likely a volume of "Wit and Humour," published in 1846, might not have attracted the man who then wrote that wit and humour are ". . . two characters of intellect in which I am so eminently deficient as never even to have ventured upon a conjecture respecting their real nature." Be this as it may, Mr. Ruskin's works and letters do not quite bear out this opinion of his own deficiency, and he certainly could show the humorous side of an incident. Take, for example, this extract from Mr. Ruskin's account of his old nurse Anne, who had nursed him as a baby:—

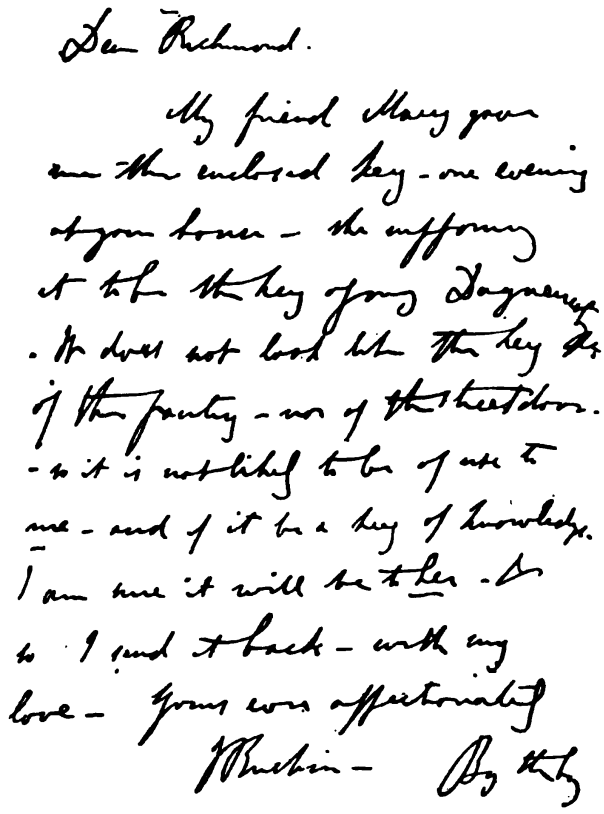
> . . . And she had a very creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately, or in set terms, as she was bid; so that when my mother and she got old together, and my mother became very imperative and particular about having her teacup set on one side of her little round table, Anne would observantly and punctiliously put it always on the other; which caused my mother to state to me, every morning after breakfast, gravely, that if ever a woman in this world was possessed by the Devil, Anne was that woman.

At another time, four years prior to the date of No. 4, and, therefore, when Mr. Ruskin was in his twenty-fourth year, he wrote from Dijon to a clerical friend a very fine letter, which I cannot show here, but from which I quote the following: ". . . And so, my cool fellow, you don't



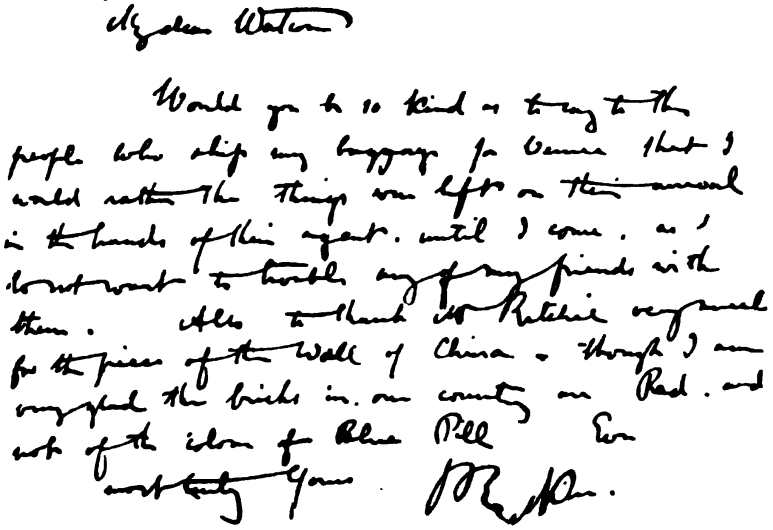
No. 4.—Written October 28, 1845. Age 27—28.

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No. 5.—Written in 1848. Age 29—30.

find any 'refreshment' in my poems. . . . 'Refreshments,' indeed! Hadn't you better try the ale-house over the way next time? It is very neat of you—after you have been putting your clerical steam on, and preaching half the world to the de—— (I beg pardon—what *was* I going to say?) I back again—to pull up at Parnassus expecting to find a new station and 'refreshment' rooms fitted up there for your especial convenience—and *me* as the young lady behind the counter—to furnish you with a bottle of ginger-pop . . . ."

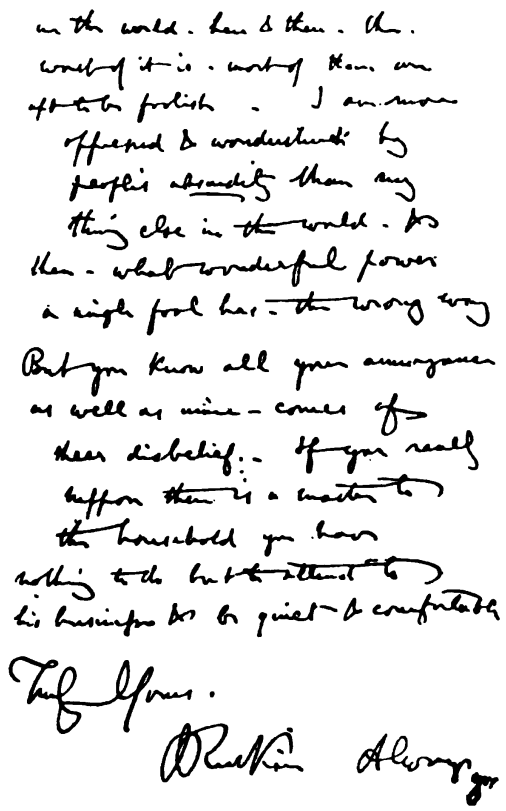


No. 6.—Written June 28, 1852. Age 33—34.

The reduction in size renders No. 5 not quite so easy to read as the original, so I give a transcript of it:—

Dear Richmond,—My friend Mary gave me the enclosed key—one evening at your house—she supposing it to be the key of my daguerreotype. It does not look like the key of the pantry—nor of the street door—so it is not likely to be of use to me—and if it be a key of knowledge, I am sure it will be to *her*—and so I send it back—with my love.

The spontaneity and naturalness of John Ruskin's nature are very clearly reflected in the gesture of his handwriting; one does not often see writing which shows so plainly as

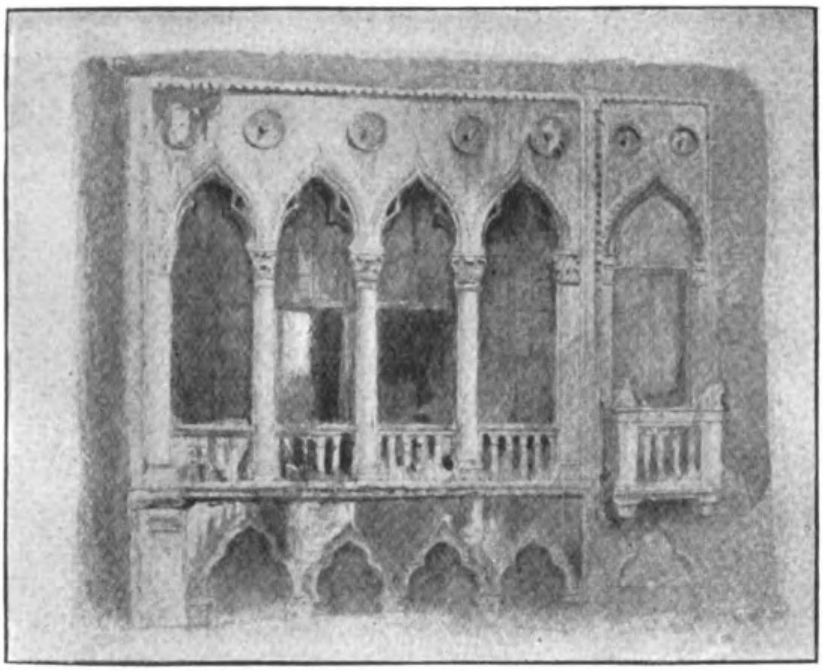


No. 7.—Written February 5, 1856. Age 36—37.

No. 5, for example, these salient traits of character, and even a tyro in the art of deducing individualistic qualities from handwriting can see that there is no *arrière-pensée* in the mind of the man whose written-gesture we are examining—it is too impulsive to admit of dissimulation.

No. 6 was written a few years later, when Ruskin was setting out again for Venice for a spell of work on the palaces and churches, and now more drawings were to be made for

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No. 8.—From the original drawing by John Ruskin.

"Stones of Venice." John Ruskin asks his friend ". . . to thank Mr. Ritchie very much for the piece of the Wall of China—though I am very glad the bricks in our country are Red, and not of the colour of a Blue Pill." An interval of nearly four years passes before we reach No. 7, which is the end of a letter sent to an artist friend, who still possesses the original. After encouraging his correspondent about his work, "which is very good, though I can't give you much for it, or I should unjustifiably raise the hopes of the other men," Ruskin went on: "We must finish a little more before we can command price." Needless to say this was before the coming of the "impressionist" school of artists, with a blur of colour put on to canvas in a few hours, and a fee of two hundred guineas or so paid for the result. Perhaps most people, except the impressionists themselves, have a preference for pictures that at any rate show something resembling design, being guided perhaps by a feeling akin to that which, in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballad*—"Ellen McJones Aberdeen"—impelled Mr. Pattison Corby Torbay to beseech the Highland bagpiper:—

Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something resembling an air.

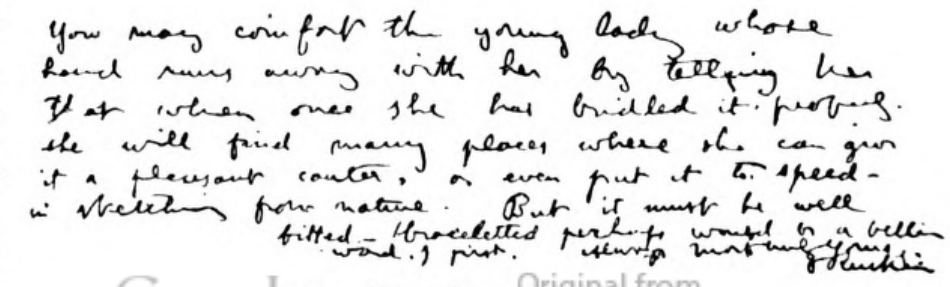
Impressionist pictures, like the bagpipes, are a form of high Art which appeals only to the initiated.

After the signature in No. 7 there was the kindly message: "Always write to me when it does you good, as it does *me* good too."

The artist-owner of the original drawing from which No. 8 has been copied—it shows some of the stones of Venice—said to me as he took the drawing from his portfolio: "I think this is the most wonderful piece of work of its kind that I have ever seen—its delicacy and finish are marvellous." Truly they are—you actually see the balcony in Venice, and the stone is real stone, with extraordinarily minute details of weatherwear and age-marks subtly shown by the finest and most carefully judged work. It is, of course, impossible to reproduce the true effect by any process of illustration available for a magazine each page of which is printed by hundreds of thousands, but No. 8 serves to suggest what an admirable piece of work the original of it must be.

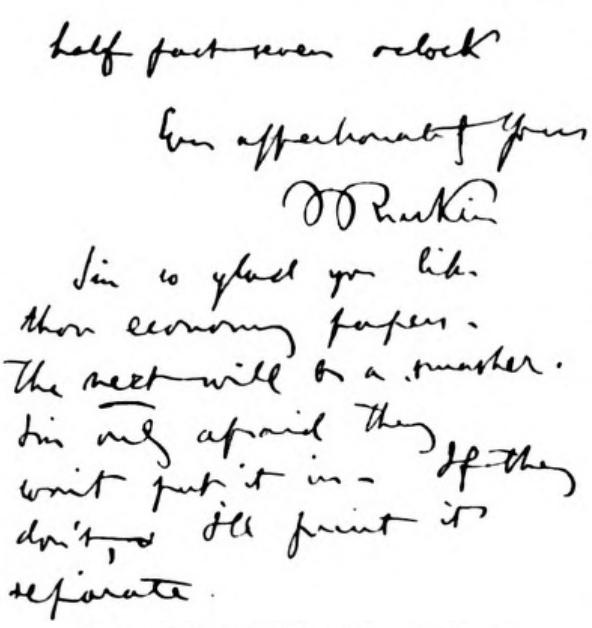
The next specimen, No. 9, is the last paragraph of a long letter sent from the Borromean Islands, Lago Maggiore, Italy, in Mr. Ruskin's fortieth year. It was written on thin foreign paper, and the ink has become faint, so perhaps a transcript of this interesting passage will be useful:—

You may comfort the young lady whose hand runs away with her by telling her that when once she has bridled it properly, she will find many places where she can give it a pleasant canter—or even put it to speed—in sketching from Nature. But it must be well bitted—bracelettes perhaps wanted to a bellicose hand. I first. Yours most truly, J. Ruskin



No. 9.—Written July 9, 1858. Age 39—40.

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No. 10.—Written October 1, 1860. Age 41—42.

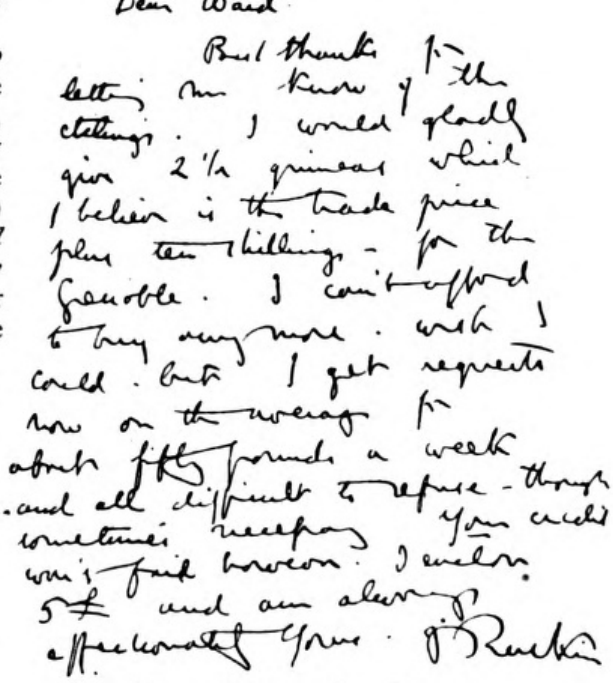
well bitted (braceletted perhaps would be a better word) first.—Always most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

There is a very interesting allusion to *Unto this Last* in No. 10, which is a sentence written at the end of a letter dated October 1st, 1860: "I'm so glad you like those economy papers—the *next* will be a smasher." The "economy papers" (forming *Unto this Last*) were then in course of issue in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. The "next" would be Chapter IV., *Ad Valorem*, which appeared in the *Cornhill* for November, 1860.

No. 11 was taken from a letter addressed to Mrs. Carlyle from Luzern in December, 1861, and written to her husband also: it is a specially fine letter, and at the end of it John Ruskin wrote: "I've no patience with the Swiss—now—nor with anybody; myself included. Good-bye. — Ever your affectionate, J. RUSKIN." There was a close friendship and mutual regard between Carlyle and Ruskin, which began about 1850; and, later, when Ruskin took up social and economical work, Carlyle's esteem for him was increased. The younger man wrote and spoke as a disciple of the elder, and in some of his letters addressed Carlyle as a pupil addresses his master, or as a son writes to his father—"Ever, dear papa, your affectionate, J. RUSKIN"; or, "Ever your faithful and loving servant and son, JOHN RUSKIN." On one occasion, in 1865, Ruskin, hating tobacco, sends his "master" cigars, and Carlyle wrote:—

> Dear Ruskin,—You have sent me a munificent Box of Cigars; for which what can I say in answer? It makes me both sad and glad. . . . .
>
> We are such stuff,
> Gone with a puff—
> Then think, and smoke tobacco!

The generosity which is so marked a trait of Ruskin's nature comes out in No. 12, which is but one of many similar letters I have seen. This letter was written to an



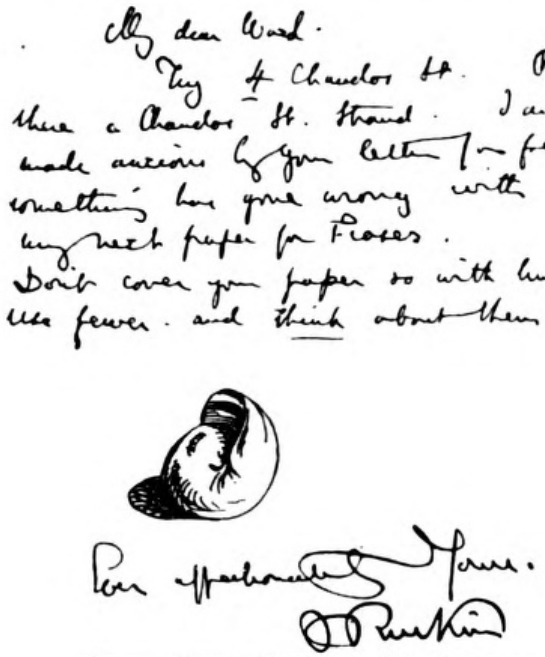
No. 12.—Written in 1862. Age 43—44.



No. 11.—Written December 22, 1861. Age 42—43.

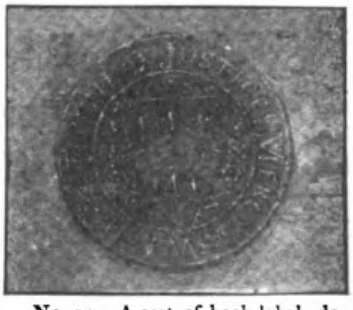
artist of whose work Ruskin thought highly:—. . . "I get requests now on the average for about fifty pounds a week, and all difficult to refuse, though sometimes necessary. *Your* credit won't fail however. . . ." There is a piece of sound

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No. 13.—Written February 15, 1863. Age 44—45.

advice to a draughtsman in No. 13, and, in the shell there drawn, a good practical illustration of the advice: "Don't cover your paper so with lines. Use fewer, and *think* about them." The next illustration, No. 14, is rather a curiosity: it was lent to me by a gentleman who has a large collection of Ruskin's sketches, letters, etc., and he told me that one day, many years ago, when he was at the Denmark Hill house, its master showed him a sketch of a design like No. 14, which Ruskin was just then making, and which embodied the initials of the famous landscape painter, Joseph Mallord William Turner, in the motto round the design—With Truth, Justice, Mercy. Some few years ago, my informant came across the original of No. 14 on the cover of a book he bought at a second-hand shop, and he tells me that he believes it to be a print of the completed design which he saw in the making.

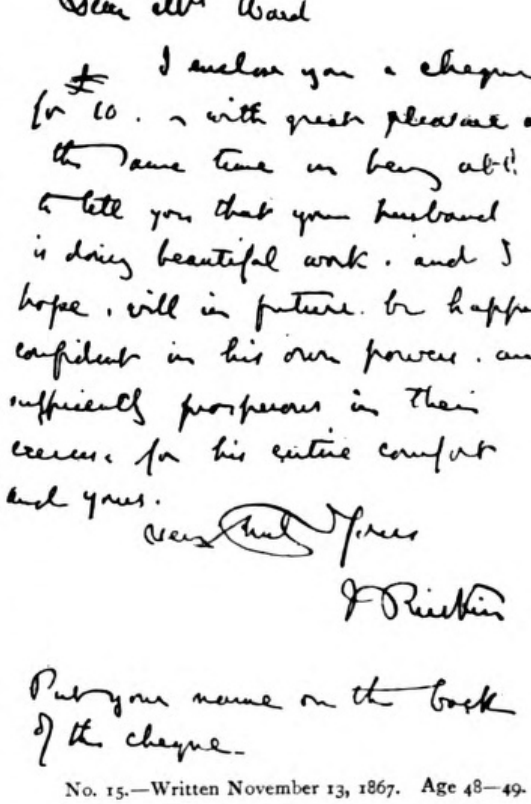


No. 14.—A sort of book-label, designed by John Ruskin, embodying the initials of Turner, the painter (J. M. W. T.).

"Put your name on the back of the cheque," was written at the end of No. 15 by the man who had put his name on the front of the cheque, and whose handwriting here shown must have been pleasant reading to the lady who was told to indorse the cheque which went with this kind letter.

Many of Mr. Ruskin's letters contain "thumb-nail" sketches of Turner's pictures, and one of these is shown in No. 16 as a fairly representative example.

Special interest attaches to the little note in No. 17. It was dated 17th May 1871, and on the 1st of January in that year a small pamphlet was issued, headed "Fors Clavigera," in the form of a letter to the workingmen and labourers of England; dated from Denmark Hill, and signed "John Ruskin." It was not advertised, and no arrangements were made for its sale by the booksellers; it was sold by Mr. George Allen, at Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent, at sevenpence a copy, carriage paid, no discount, and no abatement on taking a quantity—and yet it was sold, and sold in considerable numbers. Mr. Ruskin once said: "The public has a very long nose, and scents out what it wants, sooner or later." In No. 17 he wrote to a friend: "I am glad you like *Fors*. People will find it a very intrusive 'dream' in a little while, if I live." Two or three weeks earlier than the date of this letter Carlyle had written to Ruskin: "This *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5th, which I



No. 15.—Written November 13, 1867. Age 48—49.

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No. 16.—Written December 18, 1869. Age 50—51.

have just finished reading, is incomparable; a *quasi*-sacred consolation to me, which almost brings tears into my eyes! . . . . . *Continue*, while you have such utterances in you, to give them voice. They will find and force entrance into human hearts." In the same year, Mr. Ruskin proved his sincerity when he put down his own money, £7,000, the tenth of what he had, as he recommended his adherents to do. The newspapers, and people generally, could not understand a man who practised what he preached at the cost of self-interest, and it is likely that one of the many false reports about John Ruskin occasioned the letter to which No. 18 is a characteristic reply: "Dear Mr. Talling, — Never believe anything you hear about me — nobody knows anything about me. . . . . " This was dated 20th September, 1871.

The spontaneous generosity of John Ruskin's nature is shown not less plainly by his handwriting than by his actions and words, and now that we have seen more than a dozen specimens of his written-gesture at different dates, it is worth while to specially refer to another side of his character which has too often been misunderstood.

Lately, a friend said to me when I was reading to him a passage from one of Ruskin's letters, "He's a very conceited man," meaning by "conceited," not the old sense of the word—*endowed with fancy or imagination, ingenious*—but the modern sense—*endowed with vanity and egotism.* For the life of me I cannot see this modern version of conceit in Ruskin: vanity and egotism usually show themselves plainly in a man's handwriting (see, if you care for an explanation of this, my paper called "Written-Gesture," in the *Nineteenth*

1871

Denmark Hill.
S.E.

I am glad you like Fors
People will find it a very
interesting "dream" in a little while
if I live.
Yours always faithfully
J Ruskin

No. 17.—Written May 17, 1871. Age 52—53.

Dear Mr Talling
never believe anything
you hear about me. nobody
knows anything about me —

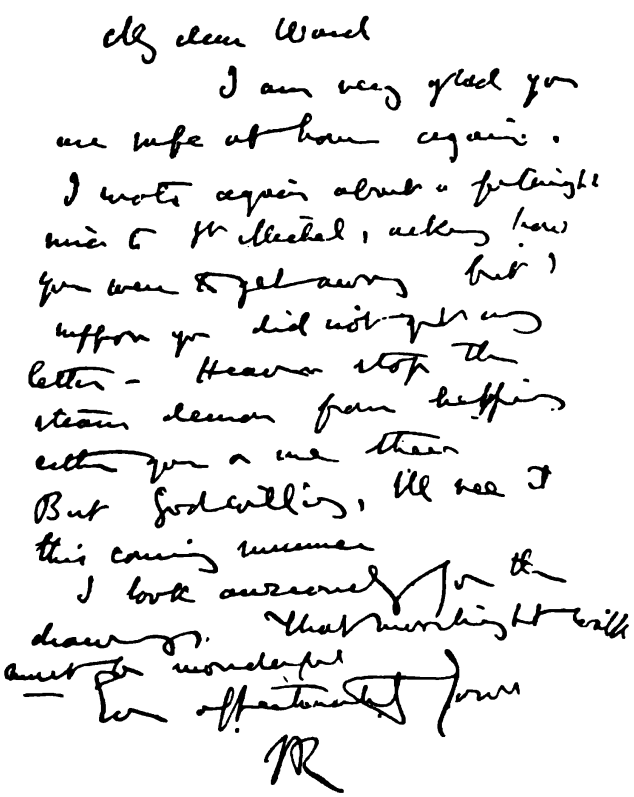
No. 18.—Written September 20, 1871. Age 52—53.

Century for March, 1895), and they are not to be seen in these specimens we are looking at. This is not the first instance I have found where a man's intellectual independence has been mistaken for selfishness, or for vanity, or for something quite different from what it is. Ruskin has always spoken his thoughts plainly, and if he has had occasion to speak ill or well of his own work, or of anybody

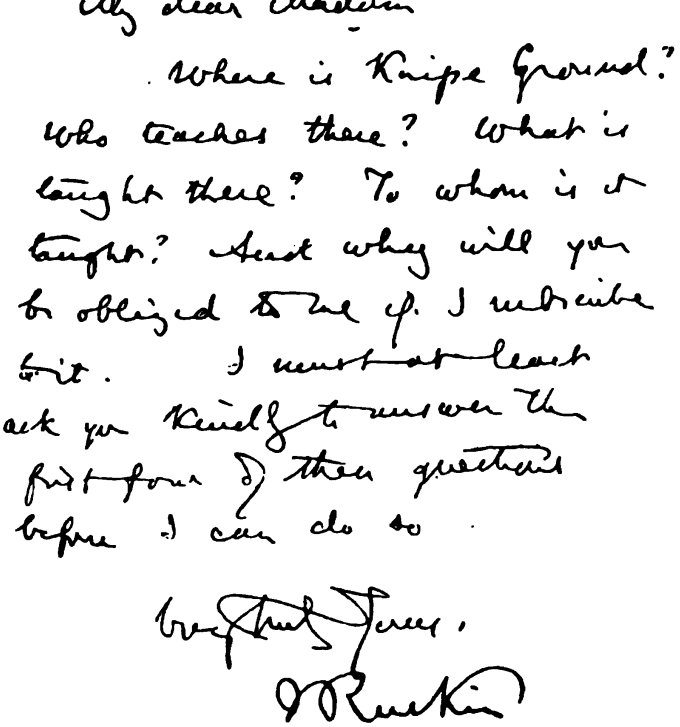
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else's, surely this plain speech ought not to be mistaken for egotism or for vanity. I do not wish to attach an undue importance to the evidence as to character which is given by a man's handwriting, but this particular trait of vanity or conceit is so plainly disclosed in handwriting, that I cannot omit to mention the baselessness of this very much mistaken opinion about John Ruskin's "conceit."

"Mr. Ruskin on Railways" has often been the heading of a newspaper paragraph; his dislike of them has been the text of a good deal of misrepresentation, and his use of them, at all, has often been quoted as an inconsistency. We see, in No. 19, the words: "Heaven stop the steam demon from helping either you or me there." Mr. W. G. Collingwood, who for many years has been in a position to know Mr. Ruskin's opinions about railways, says that, as a matter of fact, he has never objected to main lines of communication, but that he has strongly objected, in common with a vast number of people, to the introduction of railways into districts whose chief interest is in their scenery: especially where, as in the English Lake district, the scenery is in miniature, easily spoiled by embankments and viaducts, and by the rows of ugly buildings which usually grow up round a station, and where the beauty of the landscape can only be felt in quiet walks and drives through it. Once, when Ruskin was on the brink of a serious illness, he wrote in violent language to a correspondent who tried to "draw" him on the subject of another proposed railway to Ambleside; but his real opinions, says Mr. Collingwood, are simple enough, and consistent with a practicable scheme of life.



No. 19.—Written November 16, 1873. Age 54—55.



No. 20.—Written January 13, 1875. Age 55—56.

In this Magazine, when dealing with "The Handwriting of Thomas Carlyle" (October, 1894), I showed a passage from a letter written by Carlyle in the year 1820, which reads :—

> I like to see a friend write from the heart—somewhat in earnest—tho' it be a little in dishabille. It indicates at least the absence of excessive *caution*—a Scottish quality—but one which I am not patriot enough to respect very highly.

Later than 1820, Carlyle must have seen the style of handwriting he liked to see when reading Ruskin's letters to himself, and Thomas Carlyle's deduction as to character is certainly substantiated by the specimens now before us, which plainly suggest the unsuspicious habit that accompanied John Ruskin's unselfishness. By the time No. 20 was written, 1875, Ruskin had necessarily become less responsive

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No. 21.—From the original water-colour sketch by John Ruskin.

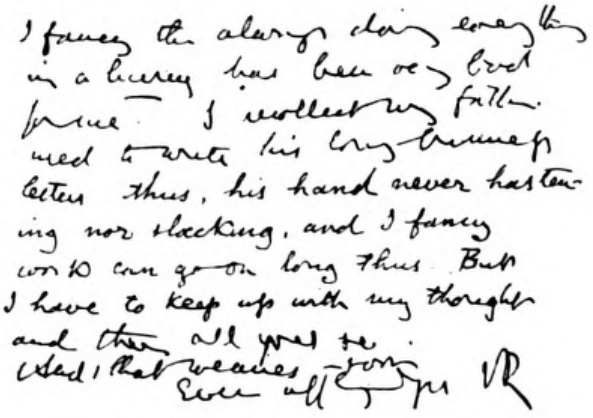
than in earlier years to the appeals of numerous strangers who asked him for money, some of whom undoubtedly took advantage of a generosity which they scorned as a weakness. This No. 20 is an amusing reply to one of these applications :—

My dear Madam,—Where is Knife Ground? Who teaches there? What is taught there? To whom is it taught? And why will you be obliged to me if I subscribe to it? I must, at least, ask you kindly to answer the first four of these questions before I can do so.

Illustration No. 21 is from a much larger water-colour sketch, that was lent to me by a collector who has many of Ruskin's original drawings, and who tells me that this is part of a view seen from his hotel window when Ruskin was abroad. In connection with Mr. Ruskin's work as an artist, it is interesting to read what he wrote in 1867 to a correspondent whom he advised to copy Turner :—

I think you ought to fix your mind on this Turner work quite as the thing you *have to do*. You know me well enough to trust me that I do not say this to keep you captive for my own purposes. If I thought you could be a successful artist, I would not let you copy. But I think your art gifts are very like mine : *perfect* sense of colour, great fineness of general perception, and hardly any invention. You *might* succeed in catching the public with some mean fineness of imitation, and live a useless, though pecuniarily successful, life ; but even that would be little likely. Whereas, in rendering Turner, you will live a useful life ; and I think very probably, a highly prosperous one. [Mr. Ruskin had this Turner copying very much at heart, hoping by the means of *facsimile* copies to spread the knowledge of the works of this great master.]

There is a special interest about No. 22, the

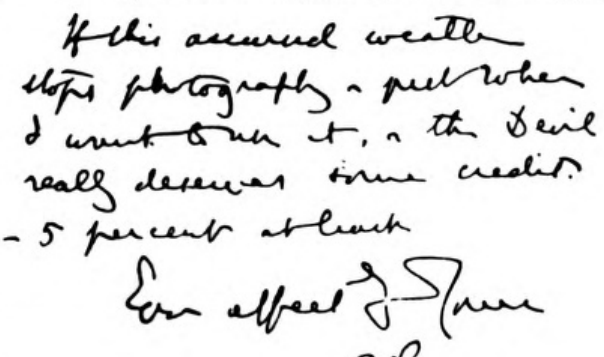


No. 22.—Written February 25, 1875. Age 56—57.

end of a letter written to Mr. George Allen, because Mr. Ruskin makes some remarks about his own handwriting as compared with his father's—which he imitates for three or four lines—and this circumstance, with the inference he draws from the two handwritings, renders No. 22 a very appropriate specimen to be shown in this article. I owe it to the kindness of Mr. Ruskin's publisher, who drew my attention to the very interesting passage here shown in *facsimile* :—

I fancy the always doing everything in a *hurry* has been very bad for me. I recollect my father used to write his long business letters thus, his hand never hastening nor slacking, and I fancy work can go on long thus. But I have to keep up with my thoughts, and then all goes so—and that wearies soon.

It may be well to point out that No. 23, a



No. 23.—Written February 29, 1876. Age 57—58.

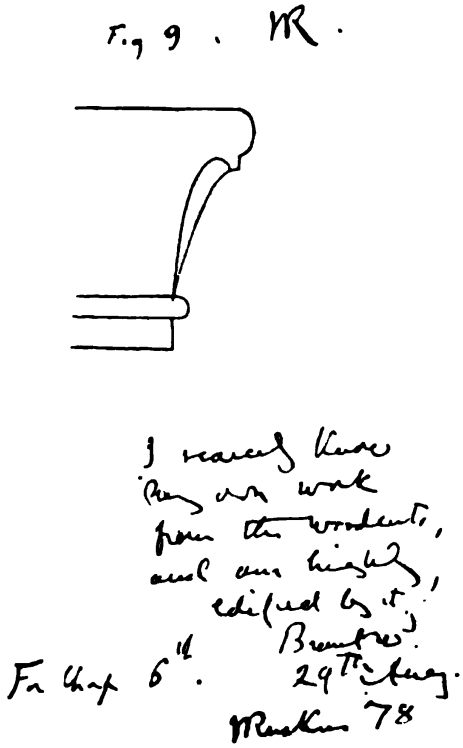
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very characteristic bit, was written in the month of February, when fog or dull weather may have caused Ruskin to impatiently exclaim :—

If this accursed weather stops photography—just when I want to use it—the Devil really deserves some credit—5 per cent. at least.

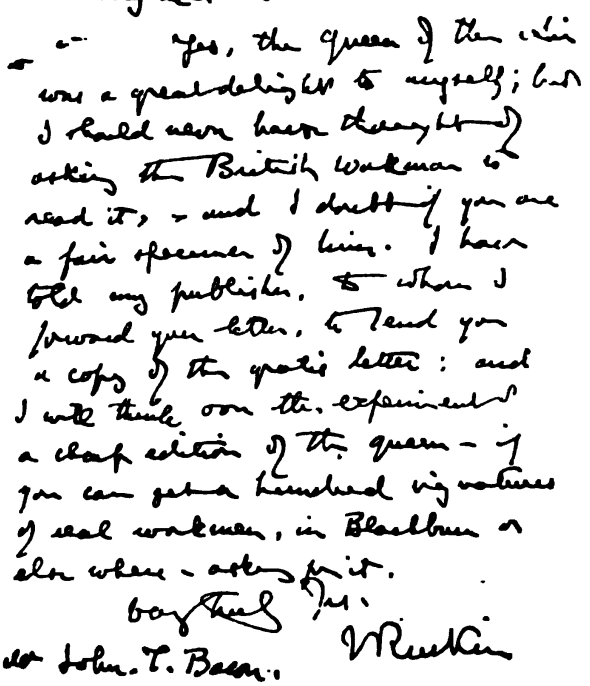
No. 24, with its expression of pleasure and satisfaction with "the woodcuts," refers to some of the illustrations for "Stones of Venice," and contains a slight architectural sketch marked "Fig. 9," and initialed "J. R."

One of the most interesting pieces of Mr. Ruskin's handwriting here shown is No. 25, written to a Blackburn artisan, Mr. John T. Bacon, who had asked Ruskin to bring out a



No. 24.—Written August 29, 1878. Age 59—60.

cheap edition of "Queen of the Air." As this is a contribution to the study of the mythology and beliefs of the Greeks, and of ancient Greek art and morals, we are not surprised to read in No. 25 that: "I should never have thought of asking the British workman to read it—and I doubt if you are a fair specimen of him." The doubt is perhaps justifiable. I found, by asking Mr. George Allen, that the "gratis letter" to be sent to this British workman was the letter on Trade Unions published in "Fors Clavigera," and—as were some other letters—later on sold or given away separately. I have not been able to ascertain if Mr. Bacon got the "hundred signatures of real workmen,

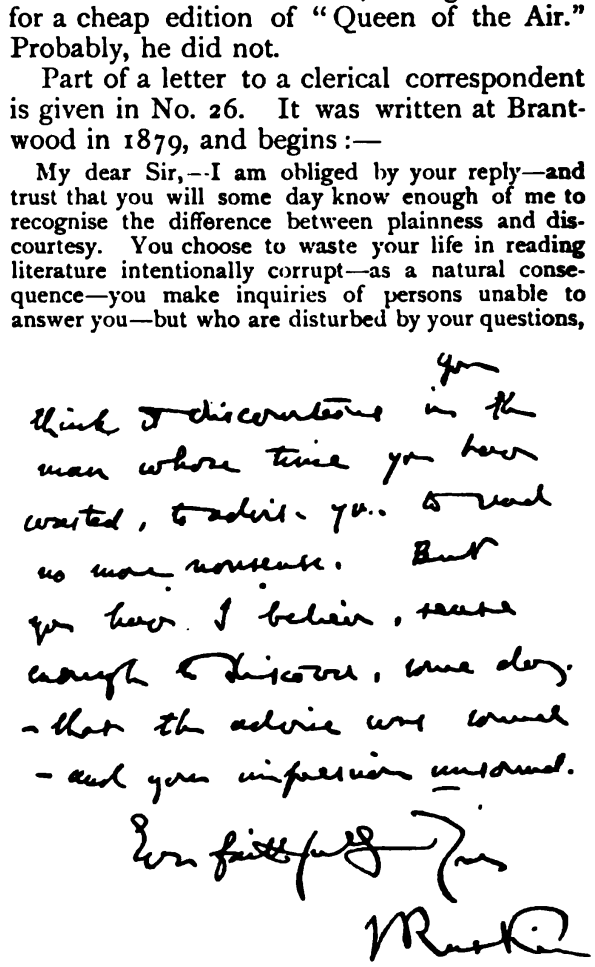


No. 25.—Written in 1879. Age 60—61.

in Blackburn or elsewhere, asking for it"—for a cheap edition of "Queen of the Air." Probably, he did not.

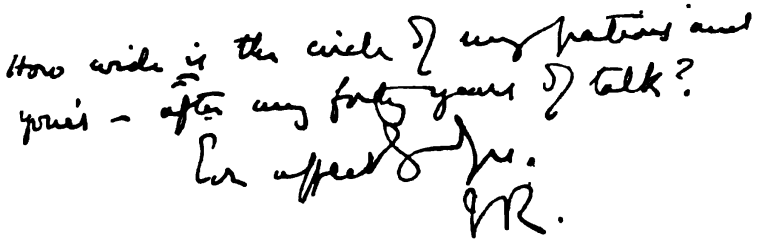
Part of a letter to a clerical correspondent is given in No. 26. It was written at Brantwood in 1879, and begins :—

My dear Sir,—I am obliged by your reply—and trust that you will some day know enough of me to recognise the difference between plainness and discourtesy. You choose to waste your life in reading literature intentionally corrupt—as a natural consequence—you make inquiries of persons unable to answer you—but who are disturbed by your questions,



No. 26.—Written May 3, 1879. Age 60—61.

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No. 27.—Written April 19, 1881. Age 62—63.

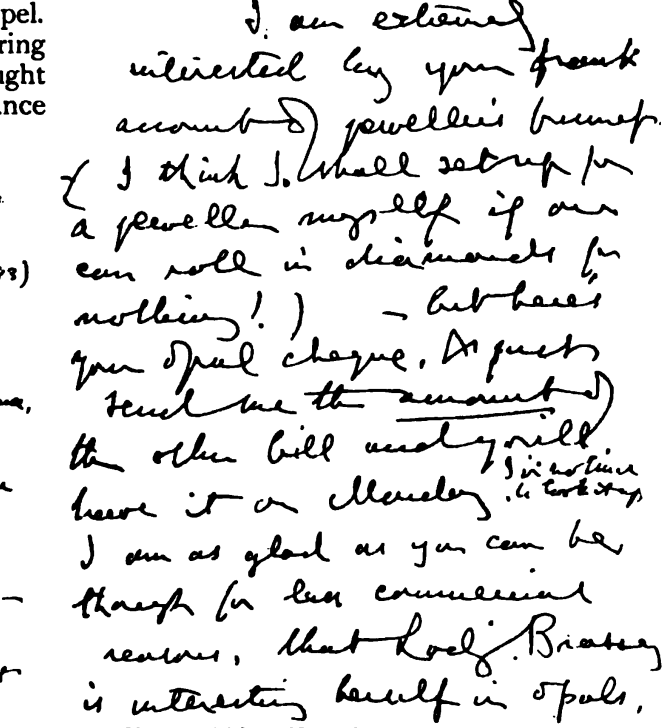
go away saddened, instead of strengthened, by your society—and cause instantly great trouble and waste of time to other people. [Then comes the piece shown in No. 26.] You think it discourteous in the man whose time you have wasted, to advise you to read no more nonsense. But you have, I believe, sense enough to discover, some day, that the advice was sound—and your impression *un*sound.

Perhaps, when he received this letter, the clergyman to whom it was addressed regretted having written the accusation of discourtesy which brought back the sufficiently caustic reply just quoted.

Another caustic letter, which lately was again in the market, but which has escaped my search, is the famous reply sent to a person who, in May, 1886, asked Mr. Ruskin for some money to pay the debt on a chapel. It was written when Ruskin was suffering from the first attack of an illness brought on by strain and overwork, a circumstance which accounts for the unusual violence of his language :—

Sir, — I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, "Don't get into debt; starve and go to Heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging; I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for! And, of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges —or in a sand-pit, or in a coal-hole—first? And, of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And, of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit — Hindoos, Turks, Feather idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

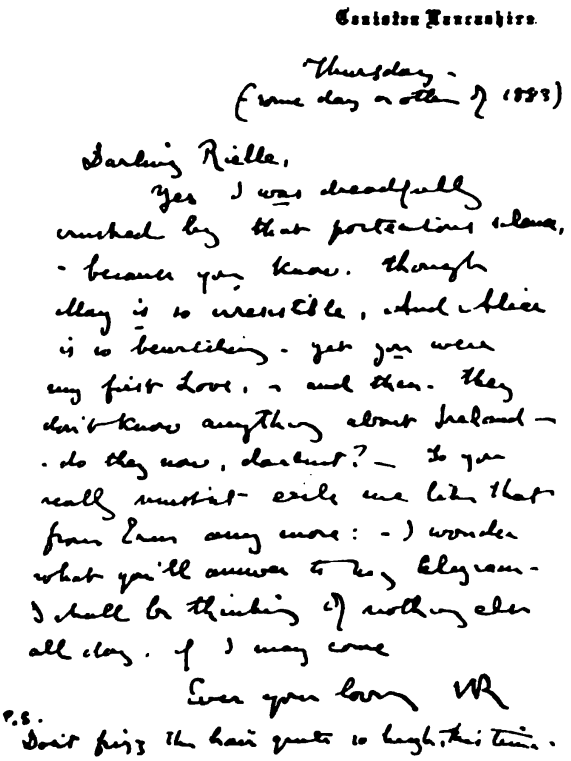
The recipient of this unique letter promptly sold it—not for £10 as has been stated, but



No. 29.—Written November 28, 1884. Age 65—66.

for one guinea—and so got something towards the debt on his iron chapel, which chapel, by the way, is about a hundred yards from the window where I sit writing; it is now a solid building of brick and stone, and has lately been "done up."

Fourteen years have gone since John Ruskin asked the question in No. 27: "How



No. 28.—Written to a child-friend in 1883. Age 64—65.

The original of this letter is in the possession of Messrs. Noel Conway, 80B, New Street, Birmingham, who kindly lent it for this paper.

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"It isn't my affair, of course," he said, after a long pause; "but, nevertheless, I am not thoroughly happy about this business. Fane is one of the most attractive fellows I have ever come across."

"If he is attractive to Miss Lefroy that is all right," I replied. "She evidently likes him—I do not think either of the young folks have taken much trouble to disguise their feelings."

"That is just it," said my host, "that is just what bothers me; Fane is in love with Alice, and I greatly fear that Alice is in love with him. Now it happens that she is engaged to another man."

"Impossible!" I said.

"It is only too true," said Cullingham; "she has been engaged for the last couple of years to a man considerably her senior, of the name of Pennington. Philip Pennington is sincerely attached to her, and until now I considered the engagement a very happy one. When first she came, I regarded the little flirtation between her and Fane as nothing more than a joke, but now I begin to doubt whether I did wisely in not telling him of her engagement."

"I know Miss Lefroy very slightly," I said; "but the little I have seen of her makes me doubt whether it would be possible for so sweet and frank a girl to act with duplicity—she has doubtless mentioned her engagement to Fane. Well, I am sorry. I did hope that couple would have made a match of it—they seemed so pre-eminently suited to each other."

"So they are, Halifax," said Cullingham. "I feel as sorry as you do at the present moment about the affair. I sincerely hope it is not serious, and will say something to Fane to-morrow."

Soon afterwards I bade my host "good-night," and retired to my own room.

The hour was late, but I was not at all inclined for slumber. I sat down, therefore, by my cheerful fire, and taking up a book tried to engross myself in its contents. To my surprise—for I am a voracious reader—I found I could not do so. Between me and the open page appeared, with tiresome reiteration, the face and figure of Fane—the clear eyes; the straight, well-cut features; the broad, athletic figure; the muscular hands; the splendid physique of the man. By his side I saw also the ethereal and exquisitely proportioned face and form of the fair young girl whom, after all, he might never hope to win.

"There comes a day when the luckiest man finds his luck forsake him—it is the course of life," I could not help muttering to myself. As this reflection came to me, I started suddenly to my feet: a sharp and somewhat imperative knock had come to my bedroom door.

I went quickly across the room and opened the door. Fane stood without.

"I hope you won't find me an awful nuisance," he said, "but I saw a light under your door—can you spare me five minutes of your time?"

It is my luck to find myself appealed to in an emergency. This young man had never made a special friend of me up to this moment. One glance at his face, however, was sufficient to show that he meant to confide in me now. I was glad of it, for I had taken a great liking for him.

"Wait a moment," I said, "until I get into my coat; there is a fire still in the smoking-room—we can go down there."

"Yes, we can have the smoking-room to ourselves," said Fane, "for every other soul in the house is in bed."

"Go down, then, and wait for me," I said. "I will join you in a moment."

I did so. When I entered the smoking-room, Fane was standing with his back to the fire, which he had built up into a glowing and compact mass—he had also turned on the electric light, and the room looked cheerful.

"Now, what can I do for you?" I said, dropping into a chair and looking up at him.

"Confound it!" he muttered. He gnawed his moustache almost savagely, and looked down at me without adding to this exclamation. I waited for him to go on.

"It is awfully hard lines to worry you," he said; "but Alice and I——"

"Alice?" I interrupted.

"Oh, Miss Lefroy I mean—hang it all, you may as well know the truth—Miss Lefroy and I are engaged. Hear me out, please."

I was preparing to interrupt him, but sank back now in my chair and allowed him to finish his story.

"We are engaged," he said—his tone had a certain defiance in it—"it came about to-night, unexpectedly; I am coming to particulars in a moment or two. We are in trouble, I daresay you guess; but our engagement is hard and binding, thank Heaven! Alice thought we had best confide in you—it is a shame, of course, for you are not even a special friend—but she shrank from Cullingham or Mrs. Cullingham knowing anything about it, and you are a doctor, and a good fellow, people say; may I go on?"

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"You certainly may," I answered.

"Ah, thanks. You see, Alice guessed all right about you—I won't tell you all she said, it would make you conceited—but, there, I wish you could have seen her face when she said, 'Thank God, Dr. Halifax is in the house.'"

"Well, tell me your story now, my dear fellow," I interrupted.

"Alice is engaged to me—that is the main thing—that is the rock to which I cling."

"But how can that be?" I said. "It is scarcely an hour ago since Cullingham informed me that Miss Lefroy was engaged to a man of the name of Philip Pennington."

"Pennington is in the house," said Charlie, clenching his hand. "He arrived at Ashworth by the last train, and drove over in a fly—it was that hurried matters on. Alice wants to break with him, doctor—she never loved him—why, he is twenty years her senior. I vow before Heaven I won't give her up—now, what is to be done?"

"It is an ugly business," I said. "I don't know that I ought to help you—you had no right to steal Pennington's promised bride from him."

"You mustn't blame Alice," he began, eagerly. "She told me of her engagement the first day I saw her, and showed me her ring; we played at love at first, and never knew that it was going to be reality until we found ourselves deep in the fire. Alice and I often sat and talked by the hour of Pennington; we saw no danger, and knew of none until to-night when she heard his voice in the hall—she and I were together in the conservatory. She turned like a sheet, and I, well, I broke down then; I had her in my arms in a minute, and, of course, after that, it was all up; but, hang it, Pennington thinks she is still engaged to *him*, and what is to be done? The thing must be broken off—it is a horrid business for her and for me, and for Pennington too, poor beggar! Now I think of it, I can almost pity him for having lost her."

"You want my advice?" I said, abruptly.

"Well, yes—that is, Alice thought—the fact is, we must consult someone, and you are in the house."

"I will tell you what I should do if I were you," I said.

"Yes?"

Fane remained standing — his good-humoured, happy face looked quite haggard—there were heavy lines round his mouth—he was as white as death.

"I should be man enough," I said, looking him full in the face as I spoke, "to leave this house by the first train in the morning in order to give Miss Lefroy a fair chance of reconsidering the position."

Fane opened his lips to interrupt me, but I went on, doggedly.

"That is the right thing to do," I said; "go away at once. Give Miss Lefroy three months—you took her by surprise—let her know her own mind when you are not present to influence her. The fact is this, Fane, you must endeavour to look at things from Pennington's point of view—you must put yourself, in short, in his place. How would you feel if, during your absence, another man tried to alienate the affections of the girl you were engaged to? Remember, the fact of the engagement was never concealed from you."

"I know—I am a scoundrel," said Fane.

He turned his back abruptly, leant his elbow on the



"SHE HEARD HIS VOICE IN THE HALL."

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mantel-piece, and covered his face with his hands.

"You have done what many another hot-headed young fellow has done before you," I continued. "Up to the present your conduct has been excusable, but the test of your manhood will depend upon how you act now."

"I know," he said, turning fiercely round and looking at me; "but I can't do it, sir—before Heaven, I can't!"

"Then I have nothing more to say," I remarked, rising as I spoke. "I am sorry for you and sorry for Pennington. Good-night."

I held out my hand as I spoke; he grasped it silently—his eyes would not meet mine. I left him and went back to my room.

I had to return to town by the first train in the morning, and did not think it likely that I should see Fane again. Cullingham saw me off. He informed me briefly that Philip Pennington had arrived unexpectedly by the last train the night before. I had scarcely any remark to make to this, for I could not betray young Fane's confidence, but I begged of Cullingham to let me know the issue of events.

"There'll be the mischief to pay," he said, gloomily. "At the present moment neither Alice Lefroy nor Fane know of Pennington's arrival; of course, the fat will be in the fire now. Well, I will write to you, Halifax, when I have anything to say."

A moment later I was bowling away in the dog-cart which was to convey me to the station. My train left Ashworth at eight o'clock, and I had just ensconced myself comfortably in the corner of a first-class compartment, when a porter hastily opened the door and admitted a young lady. She threw up her veil the moment she saw me, and taking the seat opposite mine, bent forward impulsively.

"I thought you would be going to town by this train, and hoped I might have your company to London," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I am surprised to see you, Miss Lefroy," I answered.

"But you are not angry with me, Dr. Halifax?" she said. "Charlie told me of your interview with him last night. Under the circumstances, I could not meet Mr. Pennington, so I thought it best to go—Charlie will see him after breakfast and tell him everything."

She panted slightly as she spoke; she was a very fragile, beautiful girl. At the first glance one would suppose that she scarcely possessed the physique which would stand much shock; but as I observed her more closely I came to the conclusion that she was possessed of a considerable amount of tenacity of purpose, and might, on occasion, be obstinate, in a cause which she took to heart. It was not my place to find fault with her; I therefore saw that she had a foot-warmer, helped her to unfasten her rug from its strap, and, when the train was in motion, asked her how she contrived to get away without Cullingham's knowledge.

"Oh, I sneaked off," she said, with a little laugh; "my maid helped me. I left a note for Mrs. Cullingham, and we drove away by the back avenue. We saw your trap ahead of us most of the way. My maid is in a second-class compartment next to this. If you really wish it, I can join her at the next station."

"By no means," I answered; "I shall be glad to have your company up to town."

I unfolded a newspaper as I spoke, and for a short time engrossed myself in its contents. Looking up presently, I observed that Miss Lefroy was gazing fixedly out of the window, and that her pretty soft eyes were full of tears.

"Well," I said, laying down my paper, "I suppose you want to tell me your story?"

"Oh, no; I don't wish to say much," she answered, in a steady, grave voice—"there is not much to tell. My mind is absolutely made up. I shall marry Mr. Fane—if I do not marry him I will never marry anybody. It is quite true that for the last couple of years I have been engaged to Philip Pennington, but I never loved him. I am an orphan, and have no money, and Philip is rich—enormously rich; and my aunt, Mrs. Leslie—she lives in London—I am going to her now—urged and urged the marriage—so I consented to be engaged, but I did not love him. That fact did not matter, perhaps, until the moment came when I learned to love another man. You must know for yourself that under existing circumstances it would be a sin for me to marry Philip Pennington."

"That is the case," I replied, after a pause. "I am sincerely sorry for you. May I ask what you intend to do when you get to town?"

"I shall tell Aunt Fanny the truth, and will then immediately write to Philip—but he will have heard the story before then."

"Do you mind telling me what sort of a man he is?"

She looked distressed. "People think a

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good deal of him," she said, after a pause; "but I—I have never really trusted him. Oh, it seems a dreadful thing to say of the man you expected at one time to marry, but he looks to me—sinister—there, don't ask me any more—it is wrong of me to have said even what I did."

She turned her head aside again, and drawing down her veil sank back in her seat. At the next station some other passengers got into the compartment, and I had not an opportunity of making any further inquiries. At Paddington I saw Miss Lefroy into a cab, and as I said "Good-bye," told her that if at any time I could be of service to her she had but to command me. I then returned to Harley Street to attend to my many and pressing duties.

A week passed before I heard anything of Fane or Miss Lefroy; then one morning a letter arrived from Cullingham—it was satisfactory, as far as it went.

"You will be anxious to hear full particulars with regard to what I am pleased to call Fane's entanglement," said Cullingham, after he had prefaced his letter with remarks of general interest. "By the way, I believe that little goose Alice travelled up to London in the same train with you. Imagine her sneaking off in that fashion! However, now to particulars. I think I gave you to understand that I always had a high respect for Pennington, which I am sure you will share when I tell you how well he has behaved in this matter. On the morning you left, Fane had an interview with me. He spoke in a very manly way, poor lad, and told me everything. I saw that the case was a serious one, and that neither of the pair was really much to blame. Fane begged of me to break the news to Pennington, who was already, I could see, very much annoyed by Alice's unexpected departure. I had a bad quarter of an hour when I told my old friend how matters really stood. The tidings were scarcely pleasant ones, but there was no help for it — I could not mince matters. Pennington's *fiancée* had given her heart to another man. That being the case, I assured him that his own engagement could not possibly go on. I confess that he looked ugly for a time, and refused to see Fane at all. But he recovered himself in the most surprising manner, and told me on the following morning that he withdrew from his position as Miss Lefroy's lover, and would do what he could for the young couple. This was more than could have been expected of him, and I told him what I thought of his generosity. He went up to town that day and saw Alice; her aunt, Mrs. Leslie, wrote to say no one could have behaved better than Pennington. She said she felt very angry with Alice, who shrank from the poor fellow with ill-concealed dislike. He took no notice of this, but spoke to her in the most affectionate way.

"'I see, child,' he said, 'that I cannot be your husband; but, as I am sincerely attached to you'—here his voice quite shook—'I am willing and anxious now to act the part of a father. I will do all in my power for you and Fane, and you must both arrange to pay me, as soon as possible, a long visit at Birstdale Abbey, my place in Roxburgh.'

"This arrangement was made on the spot, although Miss Lefroy began by objecting to it very strongly. Pennington and Mrs. Leslie, however, over-ruled all objections. Pennington is to have a large house party in February, and Mrs. Leslie, Alice, and Fane are to be amongst the most favoured guests. Fane is poor, and Alice has no fortune, so the young couple must not think of matrimony for some little time. "Yours truly,

"JOHN CULLINGHAM."



"I TOLD MY OLD FRIEND HOW MATTERS STOOD."

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I had scarcely read this letter before my servant threw open the door to admit a visitor. I was sitting in my breakfast-room at the time; I raised my eyes to see who my guest was, and then rose up with a smile to see and congratulate Charlie Fane.

"I wonder if you have heard the news?" he said.

"I am just reading about it," I said, pointing to Cullingham's letter as I spoke. "Sit down, won't you? May I give you some breakfast?"

"No, thanks; I have had some at my club. Well, I am the luckiest fellow in the world."

"You have my best wishes," I answered. "You had a generous foe, Fane; few men, under the circumstances, would have acted as Pennington has done."

"So everyone says," replied Fane.

He sank down on a seat and, resting his elbow on his knee, pressed his hand to his cheek—his eyes sought the floor. He had just won the girl of his choice, but he scarcely looked like a rapturous or happy lover at that moment.

"What's up now?" I could not help muttering to myself.

The thought had scarcely rushed through my brain before Fane fixed his eyes on my face.

"You are surprised to find me in the blues," he said. "Of course it goes without saying that I am the luckiest dog in Christendom. I am madly in love with Alice, and she with me, bless her. As to our engagement being a long one, we both of us are prepared to face that. Pennington has been good—well, to tell the truth, I wish he had been worse—it is horrible to take favours from a fellow whom you have just robbed of his dearest possession. The fact is, doctor, Alice and I hate beyond words the idea of going to Birstdale Abbey.

"Pennington's kindness in the matter is almost overpowering; he has not only taken Alice completely under his wing, by regarding her now, as he says, in the light of a dearly loved daughter, but he has done the same for me. He talks to me by the hour about my prospects, and assures me that he will not leave a stone unturned to further my interests. Nevertheless, ungrateful as it is of me to say the thing, I can't abide him. The thought of going to stay at his place is most repugnant to me—Alice shares my antipathy to the whole arrangement."

"I can quite understand your feelings," I replied; "were I in your place I should be similarly affected; but may I ask why you go?"

"I cannot get out of it—nor can Alice. Pennington wrung a promise from her when he went to release her from her engagement to him. At such a moment she was not in a position to refuse him anything in reason that he asked. Mrs. Leslie, Alice's aunt, is most anxious that we should keep on friendly terms with Pennington. She is to accompany us to the Abbey—we go on Monday. I assure you, sir, I by no means look forward with pleasure to the visit."



"HE SCARCELY LOOKED LIKE A HAPPY LOVER."

"Well, after all, it is a trifle," I said, rising as I spoke, "and as you yourself admit, you owe a great deal to Mr. Pennington for behaving so well."

"I should think I do. The fact is, I'm a brute for not worshipping him; but he has done far more than I have told you. I am a good linguist, and he believes that he can give me substantial help in that direction. Pennington's brother is in the Embassy, and Pennington is trying to get me a post as his secretary. Of course, that would mean foreign service, and parting from Alice for a time, but would eventually lead to our marriage. Yes, the man has behaved like a brick; nevertheless, I loathe the idea of staying at his place."

"I am afraid you must grin and bear it," I said.

"Yes, of course."

Here Fane paused—he raised his eyes and looked full at me. "It is a sin to waste your time with this sort of grumble," he said.

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"You don't suppose I have come here this morning just to whine about such a small matter. The fact is, I want to consult you on something else. Will you please regard my visit as professional?"

"You are surely not in bad health?" I asked, looking in astonishment at the splendid, athletic-looking youth.

"Not really, but I sometimes fancy that I have something wrong with my heart. When a man contemplates marriage he ought to be certain that he is sound in every point. Will you examine my heart, doctor?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

I rose as I spoke, fetched my stethoscope, and soon had the satisfaction of telling Fane that he must not give way to nervous fancies, for his heart was perfectly sound in every particular. I thought my words would reassure him, but his face still looked pale, his eyes were full of gloom, and the haggard lines which I had noticed about his jovial, good-humoured face when he first told me of his engagement to Miss Lefroy again manifested themselves.

"I cannot get over it," he said. "I must confide in you. Do you know that once, as a boy, I was supposed to be dead?"

"You had an attack of catalepsy?" I asked.

"You would perhaps call it by that name—anyhow, it was a sort of trance. May I tell you the story?"

"Take a seat, Fane. I am much interested in this subject, and would be glad to listen to any information you can give me."

"You believe that death can sometimes be assumed?"

"I know it for a fact," I answered.

"I am glad to hear you say so—I have asked that question of more than one doctor, and in almost every case have received a smile of derision."

"These assumed deaths are not so common as some nervous people imagine," I continued, "but I firmly believe that there are cases on record where persons have been buried alive. This would be more likely to occur in foreign countries, where interment, as a rule, takes place on the day of the death. There is only one remedy for such a state of things—but that, perhaps, is too professional to interest you."

"Not at all—I am morbidly interested in this subject, as you will know when I tell you my own experience."

"The law, as it at present stands, is not sufficiently strict with regard to the death certificate," I said. "No doctor ought to give a certificate of death, under any circumstances whatever, without having viewed the body. As the law now stands, if for any reason it is inconvenient for the doctor to be present after death, he has only to put in the words: 'As I am informed.' Apart from any danger of burial alive, which is, of course, very slight, the present arrangement leaves a loophole for crime. The law should be altered on this point without delay."

"I am heartily glad that those are your views," answered Fane. "I only wish that every doctor in the land could hear you. Now then, I will tell you my own story. My mother died when I was eighteen—she died suddenly of failure of the heart. I was her only son—we were passionately attached to each other. I left her quite well on a certain morning, and came back after a day's fishing to find her no more. The news came on me as a sudden and awful blow. I succumbed to it immediately and became very ill. I don't remember how I felt, nor exactly from what I suffered, but I lay in bed, refusing food, and with a dull weight of indifference which possessed me more and more strongly day after day. My nurse and attendants were, I feel convinced, under the impression that I was quite unconscious, but the strange and terrible thing is, that this was never the case. I heard the faintest whisper which was breathed in the room in which I lay—I understood with almost preternatural clearness everything that went on. I knew when the doctor visited me, and when the nurse moved about by my bedside, and when my mother's old servant bent over me and sobbed. There came a day when I heard the doctor say:—

"'The case is hopeless—he is dying—nothing more can be done for him. There is no use worrying him with medicines. He will pass away quietly within the next hour or two. Let me know when he dies; I will send you down a certificate.'

"The doctor was an old man—he had attended my mother for years. After pronouncing my death-warrant, I heard him leave the room. I lay motionless on my back with my eyes tightly shut—the weight which pressed me down grew heavier and heavier. The nurse lingered for a time in the room. I knew she bent over me—I felt her breath on my cheek—there was a slight warmth and an impression of added light, and I think she was moving a candle before my eyes. I think also that she placed a glass over my lips to see if there were any breath; after a time she left me. I was alone. I felt

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"THE CASE IS HOPELESS—HE IS DYING."

myself incapable of moving an eyelid—I was bound tightly as if in solid iron. After a long time—it seemed almost like eternity to me—I heard the door open again, and a brisk young step came over the threshold.

"'You say he died half an hour ago, Mrs. Manning?' said a voice, which I recognised as belonging to another doctor of the same firm.

"'Yes, sir, about half an hour ago,' was the reply.

"A stab of horror went through my heart. I made a frantic effort to move, but could not stir. The invisible irons bound me down more tightly than ever.

"'Well, as I am here, I will have a look at him,' said the doctor.

"He approached the bedside, raised my eyelids—I could see him, though I could not stir—and looked into my eyes. I watched him through an awful film—he felt for my pulse, and finally applied his stethoscope to my heart. There was a long pause, and then I heard him say the following blessed words:—

"'I don't believe he is dead—there are still sounds of the heart's action, though faint.'

"How I blessed that doctor—his words lifted me from torment to Heaven. He took my hand and suddenly raised my arm into the air—it remained in the position where he had placed it. He again pressed it down, and it fell.

"'This is a case of catalepsy,' he said. 'There can be no certificate of death given at present. Keep the room warm, and at intervals introduce a little nourishment into the mouth by means of a feather. I will come and see the patient again to-morrow.'

"I was told afterwards that I lay in this state for two or three days, and was finally restored to animation by means of electricity. After this had been applied several times, I sat up and opened my eyes.

"Now, sir," continued Fane, taking his handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the moisture from his forehead as he spoke, "but for the fact of the other doctor coming in on the chance to inquire how I was, I might—indeed, I may add, I should—have been buried alive."

"Your story is full of interest," I said, "but it has upset you, and the tale is, undoubtedly, a gruesome one. I have listened to it with attention, and find that it confirms my own theory to the letter. Now let us turn to more cheerful topics."

"I cannot do so, doctor. I have told you this story with a reason. You may laugh at me or not, but you have got to hear me out."

"I shall certainly not laugh at you," I answered. "Tell me all that is in your mind."

"I was eighteen when I ran that narrow shave of being buried alive," said Fane; "I am now twenty-eight. Ten years have gone by since that terrible date. When you first saw me at 'The Chase,' what did you think of me, Dr. Halifax?"

"That you were the jolliest, most thoughtless, and happiest youth of my acquaintance," I replied.

He smiled faintly.

"I always take people in," he said. "Over and over, I have been assured that I personate the happy boy to perfection. Now listen. I am not a boy, I am a man—a man, haunted ever with a terrible and inexpressible dread."

"What is that?" I asked.

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"That I shall once again fall into a trance and be really buried alive."

"Oh, come, you talk nonsense," I said, rising as I spoke. "Your nerves are not as strong as they ought to be. I scarcely like to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, but seeing that you are in perfect health, and are young, and just engaged to the girl you love, it seems to me to be your manifest duty to cast off these dismal imaginings."

"It may be my duty, but, all the same, I cannot do it," he replied, doggedly. "Let me tell you something, sir. It was never your lot to lie as I did in what seemed an iron cage, and to hear your death pronounced when the part of you that felt and suffered was alive and full of vigour. What my tortured spirit underwent during those few hours of that one day I have no words to express. Heavens! I recall the horror now. Scarcely a night passes that the memory of it does not come back to me. There are times when the thought of it, and the inexpressible fear that it may return, almost drive me mad. Just now I am in the full throes of the agony. There are moments when I feel completely overpowered with a premonition of a coming catastrophe—such is my feeling with regard to this visit to Birstdale Abbey. I am convinced that I shall have a cataleptic seizure while there. Now, I know that from a common-sense point of view this is all nonsense; but the fact is, there is not a man living who can reason me out of my conviction."

His hands shook—his troubled eyes sought the ground. Suddenly he looked up at me.

"I believe you pity me?" he said.

"From my heart I do."

"Then will you make me a promise?" he asked, with great eagerness.

"I will do anything in my power to reassure and comfort you."

"If at any time the news of my death should reach you, will you *personally* ascertain beyond doubt that death has actually occurred?"

"You may be far away from me when you die," I answered. "Remember you are many years my junior. I hope it will be your fate to follow, not precede me, into the Land of Shades."

"If you die first, there is nothing more to be said," he replied; "but if you are alive, and if I am anywhere in the British Isles, will you make me a promise that I shall not be buried without your verifying my death?"

I looked him full in the eyes.

"I will," I answered.

He shivered, and tears of actual relief sprang to his eyes. I laid one of my hands on his broad shoulder.

"Listen to me, Fane. In a case of this kind two words are enough. You have my promise. Now rest happy and turn your thoughts to healthier subjects."

"I will do so—thank you—God bless you!"

He took up his hat and a moment or two later he left me.

A fortnight afterwards I received a letter from him. It was dated from Birstdale Abbey, and was written in a very cheerful and happy vein. He assured me that Pennington made a delightful host—that Alice and he were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content—that the weather was crisp and fine, and that his own health was much better.

"Pennington is a good fellow," he said, in conclusion. "I am almost certain to get that foreign post. If such is the case, our marriage need not be deferred more than a couple of years—Alice is only eighteen now, and she will not at all mind waiting. Pennington quite acts like a father to her, and she assures me that she likes him far better in that capacity than in that of a lover. We are likely to stay here for another month. If you will allow me, I will call to see you when I return to London. — Yours sincerely, CHARLIE FANE."

There was a P.S. to the letter, which ran as follows:—

"I have not forgotten your promise, doctor—it lifts an enormous weight from my mind."

I received this letter at breakfast time, but had not time to read it until I was going my rounds in the afternoon. I was pleased to learn that things were going well with the young pair, and also that Fane was overcoming the morbid distress which if indulged in might destroy the peace of his life. It was on the evening of that same day that my servant brought in an evening paper, and laid it as usual on my writing-table. I took it up, and opening it at random, my eyes fell on the following words:—

"SAD ACCIDENT FROM DROWNING.—Mr. Charles Fane, a young man of about twenty-eight years of age, met his death in a tragic manner on Tuesday night on Loch Ardtry. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the young gentleman went out duck-shooting by moonlight. His boat evidently sprang a leak, and must have filled with water when in the middle of the lake. The unfortunate

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man started to swim for the shore, but the exertion and shock must have caused failure of the heart's action, for he was discovered early on Wednesday morning clinging to some water-weeds with his head well out of the water, but quite dead. The melancholy occurrence has caused the deepest grief at Birstdale Abbey, the country seat of Philip Pennington, Esq., where Mr. Fane was staying."



"HE WAS DISCOVERED CLINGING TO SOME WATER-WEEDS."

I read the paragraph with horror—the paper fell from my hands. In the room in which I now sat, Fane had talked to me less than three weeks ago, telling me of his premonition of a coming catastrophe. I had naturally thought nothing of his fears. Poor youth! as the sequel showed, he had reason for them. He was dead—he had died from drowning. Was he dead? I started up with impatience—I remembered my promise.

"I must see to this," I murmured to myself; "the lad trusted me. That death must be verified."

I stooped and lifted up the paper which lay on the floor and carefully read the paragraph over again.

"Failure of the heart's action," I repeated. "When the body was found the head was well out of the water."

When I examined Fane's heart a short time ago it was in a perfectly healthy condition; he was a man of robust frame, in the prime of youth. Would his heart's action be likely to fail to the extent of causing death during a short swim? Then, on the other hand, his was the temperament most favourable to the cataleptic state. He had already suffered from trance. Certainly this death must be verified, and the duty lay with me. I rang the bell sharply—Harris entered with a telegram.

"The messenger is waiting," he said.

I opened the little missive, and saw to my dismay that it was a request that I should immediately visit a patient about thirty miles out of London who was taken with an apoplectic seizure. I could not go north that night. I sent a reply to the telegram, naming the train by which I would arrive at Dorking, and then stretching out my hand prepared to fill in another form. I had a moment of anxious thought before doing this. After a little reflection I decided to address my second telegram to Miss Lefroy. It ran as follows:—

"Have just seen account of accident in *Westminster Gazette*. Defer funeral until my arrival.—HALIFAX."

Both my telegrams being dispatched, I soon afterwards went off to visit my patient in the country. I found him dangerously ill, and saw that there was no chance of my leaving him that night, nor probably during the following day. The case was one of life or death, and it was impossible for me to trust it to the hands of another. Nevertheless, my promise to poor young Fane kept always rising up before me. At any cost it must be fulfilled. Harris brought me down my letters on the following morning, and amongst them was a telegram from Miss Lefroy.

"Mr. Pennington does not wish to postpone funeral—I am distracted—come at once," she wired.

To this telegram I sent an instant reply—I addressed it now boldly to Pennington himself—it ran as follows:—

"I am under a promise to verify the death of Charles Fane, but am unfortunately detained here with an anxious case. Impossible for me to go north to-day. Get local

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doctor to verify death by opening vein. —CLIFFORD HALIFAX."

I sent off the telegram, but my uneasiness continued. As the hours of the day flew by, and the patient, for whom I was fighting death inch by inch, grew gradually worse and worse, I could not help thinking of the bright-looking, happy-faced young man who yet in some ways had such a sombre history. Again and again the question forced itself upon me—Is he really dead? May not this, after all, be a second condition of trance?

At three o'clock that afternoon my patient died. I returned to town by the next train, having made up my mind to go down to Birstdale Abbey that night. When I arrived at home, Harris told me that a gentleman had called to see me who expressed regret at my absence, but said he would look in again later—he gave no name. On my consulting-room table, amongst a pile of letters, lay one telegram. I opened it first—it was from Miss Lefroy.

"Why don't you come? Dr. Bland will not open vein. Coffin is to be screwed down to-night. I don't think he is dead.—ALICE LEFROY."

"Harris," I said, "wait one moment. I must write a telegram, which you are to send off immediately."

I wrote one quickly, addressing it to Miss Lefroy. It ran thus:—

"Am starting by the 9.15 from St. Pancras. Do not have lid of coffin screwed on.—HALIFAX."

I had scarcely written the words, and Harris was about to leave the room with the telegram, when there came a ring at my front door; he went to open it, and the next moment a tall, aristocratic-looking man of middle age was ushered into my presence. He came up to me with a certain eagerness, and yet with an undeniable self-repression of manner.

"I must introduce myself," he said; "my name is Philip Pennington."



PHILIP PENNINGTON.

I was startled at seeing him, but, concealing any evidence of emotion, asked him to seat himself.

"I am glad you have called," I answered, "and you are just in time—I am about to start for your part of the world."

"I thought that highly probable," he said, "and have come here now on purpose to save you the trouble. I received your telegram at the station to-day, just when I was leaving for London—I thought the best thing I could do would be to answer it in person: but in order to assure you that no stone has been left unturned, I sent a messenger on with it to our local doctor, Bland, who, superfluous as it is, has doubtless acceded to your strange request. The poor fellow is to be conveyed to his father's place in Somersetshire early to-morrow, and the coffin, by my orders, will be fastened down to-night."

"That cannot be," I replied; "I am under a promise to Fane to verify the death. I feared this morning that I could not do so in person, but the patient who was then detaining me has since died, and I am at liberty to start for the north. I shall have just time to catch the 9.15 train, and can examine the body early in the morning."

As I was speaking Pennington looked disturbed. He had the sort of face which can best be described as a wooden mask—the features were regular and even handsome—the eyes full and well shaped—the man wore his years lightly, too, not looking to the casual observer anything like the age I believed him to be; but the absence of all expression—the extreme thinness of the lips, and a certain sinister cast of the eyes inclined me not to trust him from the first. As I looked at him I understood Fane's antipathy, and wondered how, under any circumstances, Alice Lefroy could have promised herself to this man. He sat calmly in his chair now—his mental depression only visible in a certain twitch of his lips, which a man less cognizant of the human physiognomy might never have observed. While I was reading him, he was evidently reading me—his eyes travelled to a little clock on the mantelpiece which pointed to twenty minutes after eight—in a very few moments I must start for St. Pancras, if I would catch the 9.15 train.

"You will doubtless understand for yourself, doctor," he said, speaking slowly, and

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perhaps with the idea of killing time, "that I can have no possible dislike to your making any experiments on the body of poor young Fane. His death is most tragic, and has filled us all with the most lively sense of grief; but as he is dead—dead beyond recall—it seems to me unnecessary to excite false hopes and to waste the valuable time of a busy London doctor, on what must certainly prove a wild-goose chase."

"I understand," I answered, "but a promise is a promise, Mr. Pennington. I am obliged to you for calling, and would, perhaps, feel less inclined to go to Birstdale Abbey if my telegram of this morning had been attended to. Had your local doctor opened the vein and thus proved death beyond doubt, I should have felt that I had kept my promise to poor Fane to the best of my ability."

"Why do you assume that he has not done so?" asked Pennington.

I stretched out my hand, and taking Miss Lefroy's telegram from the table, gave it to him to read.

His thin lips twitched most visibly then, and I saw his eyelids jerk as if he had received a sort of shock.

"Then you insist on going north?" he said, abruptly.

"I do, and, pardon me, I have not a moment to lose—I have only just time to catch my train."

Pennington shrugged his shoulders.

"I can say nothing further," he answered. "I came up to town this morning to make some arrangements with regard to the funeral. As you are going to Birstdale Abbey, doctor, of course, you must come as my guest—I am also returning by the 9.15 train."

"Then will you share my hansom?" I asked.

"With pleasure," he replied.

A moment or two later we were bowling away as quickly as possible to St. Pancras Station. My companion's manner had now completely altered; he was the suave and agreeable man of the world. He kept up a continued strain of light conversation, touching, with much intelligence and force of observation, on many subjects of the day. He was a well-read man, and, I also perceived, a somewhat profound thinker. All through the conversation, however, I could not fail to perceive that he was still evidently on guard, also that he was watching me. At St. Pancras he left me for a few minutes, and I presently saw him issue out of the telegraph office. He was doubtless sending a telegram to countermand my order with regard to the coffin. If it were screwed down before we arrived, all would be lost.

I am certainly not given to premonitions, but I had a premonition almost from the moment that I heard of poor Fane's accident that he was not really dead; there was an uncomfortable want of certainty about the whole thing which made me anxious, for my own sake as well as because I had given a promise, to see this thing out myself. There is much talk at the present day of premature interment, and although far more than half the stories are utterly unworthy of credence, there is a substratum of truth in this horror, which ought to receive more serious attention than it has hitherto done. At rare intervals people in a state of trance have been committed to the grave. If Fane were only in a cataleptic state (and if a shock had produced it once, it surely might do so a second time), the fact of screwing down the coffin lid would make the assumed death in a few moments an actual one. Our train would start in three minutes. I looked full at Pennington when he came up to my side.

"You will forgive my asking you a blunt question?" I said.

"Ask what you please, Dr. Halifax," he replied, drawing himself up and looking me straight in the eyes.

"Have you sent a telegram to the Abbey countermanding my order?"

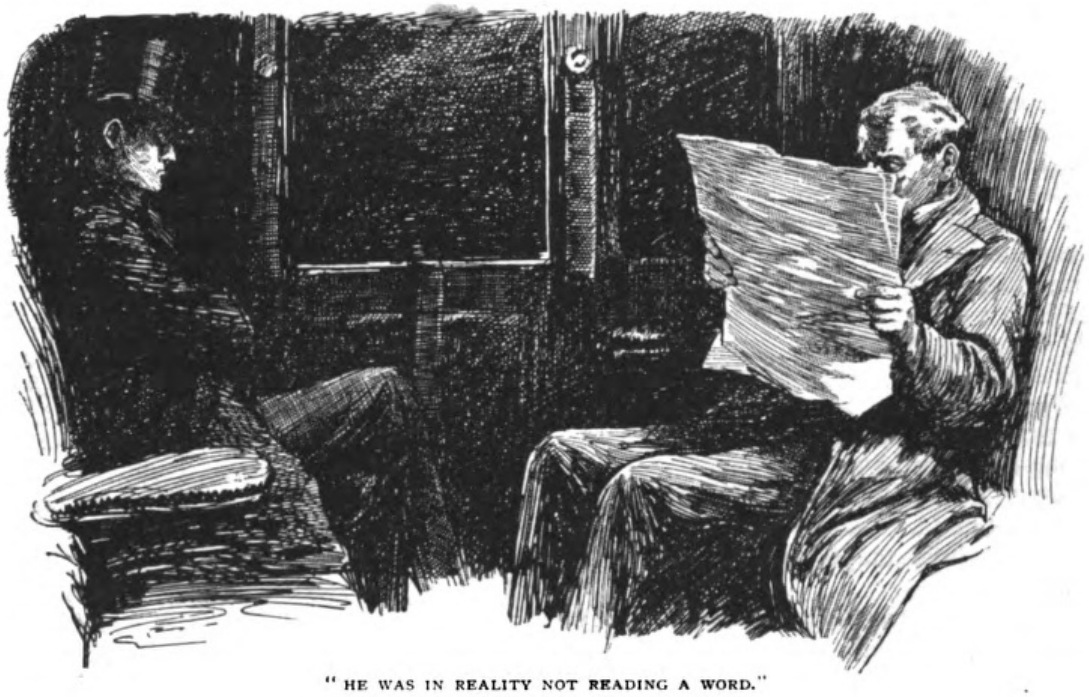
"I have not," he said, without the smallest hesitation.

There was nothing further to be said, but I knew the man lied to me. The next moment we took our seats in the railway carriage and were soon steaming out of London.

My feelings were the reverse of comfortable, but perceiving on reflection that I could now do absolutely nothing, and must wait as best I could the issue of events, I ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage and tried to court sleep. I had been up all the previous night and was naturally very weary, but the state of suspense is not conducive to slumber, and I soon found it hopeless to woo the fickle goddess. Pennington sat opposite to me. We had two fellow-passengers in the other corners of the carriage, but they were both in the land of dreams. Pennington, on the other hand, was as wide-awake as I was. He had provided himself with a small reading lamp, which he now fastened to his side of the carriage, and taking out a copy of the *Times*, pretended to absorb himself in its contents. The light

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fell full upon his face, and I was able to watch it without being myself observed. I saw that he was in reality not reading a word. I also perceived that, notwithstanding his outward calm of demeanour, he was in truth a highly nervous man. He must have felt my eyes upon him, for he suddenly threw down his paper, and bending forward began to speak to me.



"HE WAS IN REALITY NOT READING A WORD."

"Yes," he said, "the whole thing was most tragic."

"Tell me how it occurred," I said. "Up to the present, remember, I have only seen the very bald newspaper report."

"I fancy the newspapers have got the exact truth," replied Pennington, in his driest voice. "Fane was in the best of health and the highest spirits on Tuesday. He was, as perhaps you know, an excellent sportsman, and, as the night was fine, he asked my permission to go out duck-shooting on Loch Ardtry. Part of this magnificent piece of water belongs to my property. He intended to be home soon after midnight, and when he did not appear at the given hour, we were none of us specially alarmed. I ordered the side entrance to be left on the latch, and we all went to bed, our natural supposition being that he had found excellent sport and was loth to return home as long as the moon was high in the heavens. I rose early on the following morning, and went out just when the dawn was breaking. I was under the supposition then that Fane had been snug in his bed for some hours. I strolled down to the margin of the lake, and one of the first objects that met my horrified eyes was the body of the unfortunate fellow—his head above water—his hands clutching some water-weeds—his eyes shut and his face cold and pallid. I saw him simultaneously with two gardeners who were on their way to work. We brought him to the house and sent for the doctor. He pronounced life extinct, and said that Fane had probably been dead for some hours. As the body was found with the head above water, the death could not be attributed to drowning, and our doctor supposed it to be due to heart failure. There had, of course, to be a coroner's inquest, which took place on Thursday morning. The verdict was, naturally, death by accident and shock. I think that is the whole story."

"Not quite," I replied. "How did Fane happen to be on the middle of the lake in an unseaworthy boat?"

"Oh, that I can't say," replied Pennington; he turned the sheet of his paper as he spoke. "The boats had not been used for some little time, but I was under the impression that they were all water-tight."

"Then the boat he used sank to the bottom of the lake?"

"Yes."

"Has it been raised?"

"Not yet; we have been too much disturbed to worry about such a trifle as the lost boat."

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"Nevertheless, the boat is of great importance," I said. "With your permission, I should wish it to be raised immediately, in order that it may be examined."

"Really, doctor, you are very persistent," said Mr. Pennington, a shade of annoyance flitting for a moment round his thin lips, and as soon vanishing. "Of course, it can be done if you wish it," he added, in a few moments, "that is, when the funeral is over. Do you propose to make a long stay in the north?"

"I shall stay until I have got the business through about which I am coming down," I answered, somewhat shortly.

We relapsed into silence after this, which was broken in about half an hour's time by Pennington, who said, with a profound sigh:—

"Alice has behaved far better than I could have expected."

"She is doubtless sustained by hope," I said.

"What folly this is, doctor; you must know that there can be no possible hope—the man is as dead as a door-nail."

"Nevertheless, she does not think him dead," I replied; "but we will soon see."

An ugly smile crept round his face—he did not reply.

We reached Castleton about four in the morning. Pennington's carriage was waiting for us, and we drove straight to Birstdale Abbey. As we approached the house, I saw that it was well lit up, and even noticed figures flitting behind the blinds. When our carriage wheels were heard crunching the gravel, the entrance door was flung open, a servant appeared, and the next instant a small, girlish figure ran down the steps.

"Alice, you ought to be in bed," said Pennington, in a tone of annoyance.

"Is Dr. Halifax with you?" she asked, pushing him aside.

"Yes, yes; but what does that matter to you? Have you been sitting up all night?"

"Of course I have—do you think I could rest? Dr. Halifax, please come with me at once."

"Where is he?" I asked.

She took my hand, and began to draw me, to my surprise, away from the house.

"*I* will take you to view the body, doctor," said Pennington—his eyes shone. "Go to bed, Alice; I insist," he cried.

"I won't obey you," she replied, flinging out her words with great excitement and defiance. "I know now that I have always hated you—I hate you at this moment beyond words to describe. Why did you dare to send that last telegram? Why did you dare to countermand Dr. Halifax's orders? But the coffin is *not* screwed down—I would not allow it. Come, doctor, come at once to the church—his body was laid in the church yesterday. Oh, no, it isn't only his body—not yet, not yet—it is he—himself—he only wants you to awaken him—he is only asleep—I know he is only asleep—come and wake him at once—come, come!"

She clasped my hand with passionate insistance.

Pennington stood back with a startled and stricken look on his face. Miss Lefroy hurried me down a side walk which led to a



"MISS LEFROY HURRIED ME ALONG."

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small turnstile. Passing through the stile we found ourselves in the churchyard. It was a little old Norman church, which, I understood afterwards, had belonged to the Penningtons for hundreds of years. The church was situated in the very centre of the estate. Lights shone through the painted glass windows; the porch was open. The excited girl led me right into the sacred building. The interior was well lighted; the brightest light centring round that part where the coffin on trestles stood. It was a massive coffin; the shell was inclosed in lead, covered with oak; the heavy lid lay on the ground beneath. The coffin was placed in the centre of the chancel. A middle-aged servant, who looked as if she had been crying bitterly, was standing by. When she saw Alice enter, and observed that I was with her, she uttered an exclamation of thankfulness.

"Is this the good doctor you have been expecting, Miss Lefroy?" she asked.

"Yes, Merriman," replied the young lady, "this is Dr. Halifax. He has come in time, after all—my efforts were not in vain—oh, how thankful I am! Now my darling will awaken from his sleep."

"Poor young lady," said the servant—she gave me a meaning glance as she spoke. "Poor Miss Alice, she has got the notion that Mr. Fane is only asleep; she has got it on the brain, sir, she really has."

"Please stand aside," I answered.

I went close to the coffin and looked earnestly down at the dead man's face.

"He is asleep, is he not?" repeated Alice, coming up to my side, laying her hand on my arm, and glancing first at me, and then at the dead face of her lover. "See for yourself—he only sleeps. How lifelike he looks. There is even colour in his lips. You will awaken him, won't you, doctor?"

"Poor thing, she has got it on the brain," mumbled the servant.

"Move a little away, please," I said to Miss Lefroy.

When she did so, I bent more closely over the coffin—I took the hand of the dead man in mine—it was cold and stiff—the face looked rigid—my heart sank. I could not bear to meet the agonized look in Alice Lefroy's beautiful eyes.

"After all, I greatly fear the poor fellow is dead," I said to myself. "Were it not that he has already had a cataleptic fit—were it not—but, stay—the rigidity in that hand is, after all, not quite the rigidity of the dead."

My heart beat with renewed hope. I dropped the cold hand. Miss Lefroy was looking at me with a face of such anguish that I felt certain she would faint if I did not quickly ask her to leave the church.

"He is alive—do say he is alive?" she questioned, in an almost voiceless whisper.

"I cannot say at present," I answered, "but if you will leave me I will tell you in a moment or two. I now am going to make an experiment, but cannot do so until you go. Take Miss Lefroy into the vestry-room for a few moments," I said, turning to the servant.

"No, I will stay," answered Alice.

"But I would prefer that you left me. Go now, like a good girl."

She turned then without another word. The dead man and I were alone in the church. Was the man in his coffin really dead? I should soon know. If he were alive, he was simulating death as few had done—nevertheless, he must have the chance I had promised him. I would open one of the veins. I took a case of instruments out of my pocket. As I did so, I heard the creaking noise of a door being softly shut. Pennington was coming up the aisle of the church on tip-toe. I waited for him to approach the coffin. He did so, coming close to me and looking down with a smile on his face at the dead face below.

"You see now," he said, slowly, "how much of your valuable time you have wasted in coming all this way to look at a dead man—you see also how cruelly and wantonly you have awakened false hopes!"

"Not quite yet," I answered; "stand aside, will you?"

As I spoke I bared the arm of the dead, and taking out my lancet carefully opened a superficial vein in the forearm. I heard Pennington laugh satirically—I had no time to notice his laughter then. I waited with a beating heart for the result. Would that imprisoned blood ever flow again? Had the man been in full life and health it would have flowed freely enough from the wound. The first few seconds after the division of the vein were some of the longest I ever lived through; then my heart gave a leap of triumph—a drop of blood oozed through the opening, then another, then another. Slowly, sluggishly, faintly, the blood dropped and dropped on the white winding-sheet—after the first couple of minutes it began to flow in a languid stream. I carefully raised the head. The next moment, to Pennington's horror, the dead man sat up.

Three months afterwards I received a visit

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from Fane in Harley Street. He was in perfect health, and his spirits were as high as I had ever seen them.

"You have not only saved my life," he said, after he had spoken to me for a few moments, "but you have done more—you have absolutely removed the awful horror under which I lived for the last ten years. I do not expect that I shall be laid out for dead a third time before the event really takes place."

"With the passing of the horror, the tendency to catalepsy has doubtless vanished," I replied. "I am more glad than I can tell you. That was a lucky visit of mine to the north."

"Ah!" he replied, his bright face suddenly becoming grave; he came up to my side and spoke almost in a whisper. "Did you know that a hole, about the size of a pea, was found, evidently drilled in the bottom of the boat?" he said.



"THE DEAD MAN SAT UP."

I started, but did not reply.

"It is true," he continued. "I dare not ask myself what it means."

"Be satisfied to leave that mystery alone," I said, after a brief pause. "You are a happy man—you are going to have a happy future. God Himself took the matter into His hands when He rescued you as He did from the very jaws of death."

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By Edward Salmon.

IN giving an account, which I here propose to do, of the ceremonies of different nations in bestowing names upon their children, it is natural to begin with our own country. Nowhere is the ceremony of naming the baby more picturesque or more simple than in England. Mother and father, godmothers and godfathers, and friends invited to take part in it, make a point of dressing in their best, and the child, in the spotless white of the handsomely embroidered christening robe, is a fit emblem of innocence, regnant for a brief while in human shape. Simple as is the ceremony, however, it is capable of all magnificence and pomp, as may be seen by the following illustration from the painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., of a Royal christening in which appear the Queen and Prince Albert, the then Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church; the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, and many more notable and noble personages of that time.

Among the Christian Churches the Roman Catholic baptismal ceremony alone presents



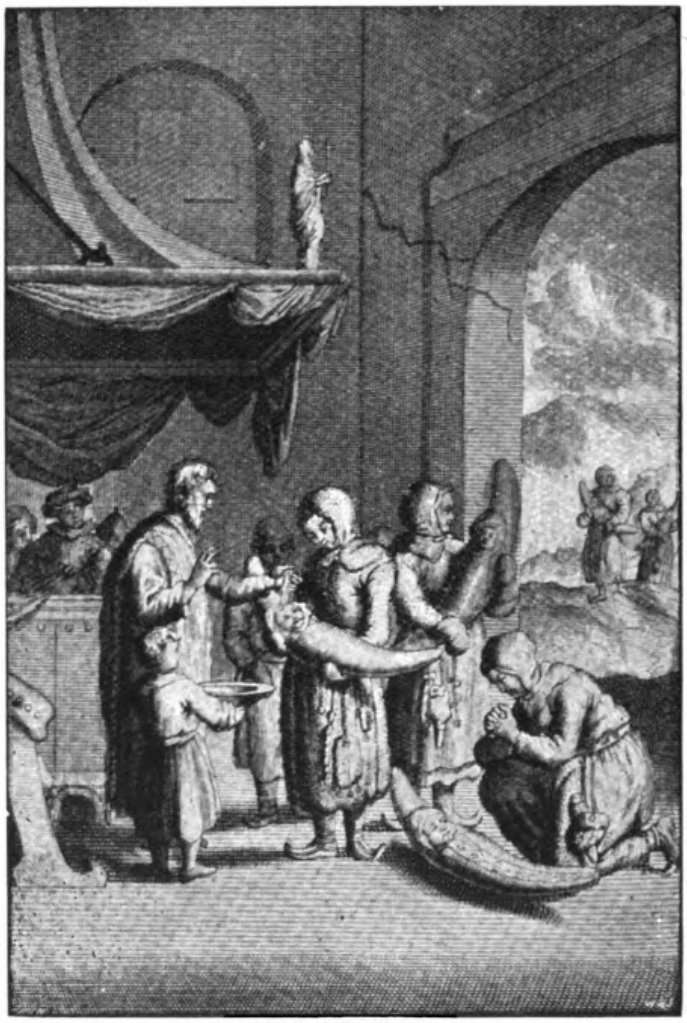
From the Painting by [*C. R. Leslie, R.A.*

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

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any remarkable attributes. The child is supposed to be born deaf, and to be possessed of the evil spirit, and the first thing the priest has to do is to exorcise the devil and to give the babe hearing. He performs the latter operation by wetting his right thumb with his lips and touching the child's right ear, saying, as he does so, "Do thou open."

In Protestant churches the godmother holds the child fully dressed until it is taken by the clergyman; in the Roman Catholic, the child is stripped and, naked or semi-naked, is held by the godfather over the font, and the godmother takes it by the feet and holds them towards the east. After the renunciation of the Prince of Darkness by the godfather on the babe's behalf, the priest anoints the child between the shoulders with the sign of the cross. The baptism is performed in the usual way, save that the priest puts a piece of white linen on the child's head and a lighted taper into the child's hand, or rather the hand of the godfather.



A LAPP CHRISTENING.

The christening ceremony in other European lands is much what it is in England, the attributes being varied only by the characteristics of the people. The differences of dress, and of physique, assuming all to be Roman Catholic or Protestant, are the chief differences between a christening in Germany, Italy, France, and England. In all, the event is regarded with a certain solemnity more or less impressive as the parents are more or less religious.

One of our illustrations, taken from one of the most extraordinary works ever published, namely, Bernard Picart's "Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World," shows the ceremony of baptism among the Laplanders. Whether the Lapps have become more earnest Christians than they were, I do not know. It was only towards the end of the last century that they adopted Christianity pretty generally; and at heart they remained Pagans. About their baptismal ceremony there is, or was, nothing exceptional. The mites, packed securely in their new-moon-like case—which I am afraid will bring to the minds of most people the advertisement of a familiar brand of soap—are simply crossed with water, and a name is given to them. What is remarkable is the fondness of the Lapps for the names of their Pagan ancestors. Many thousands of Laplanders have received Pagan titles on the occasion of their Christian baptism. Nor do the Lapps, as we do, regard the name which they give to their children at that time as binding for the rest of their lives. After a dangerous illness, or even a serious indisposition, Picart tells us the Lapps altered the names of their children, though whether by way of commemorative thanksgiving or in the belief that they were giving them a wholly new start, he does not say.

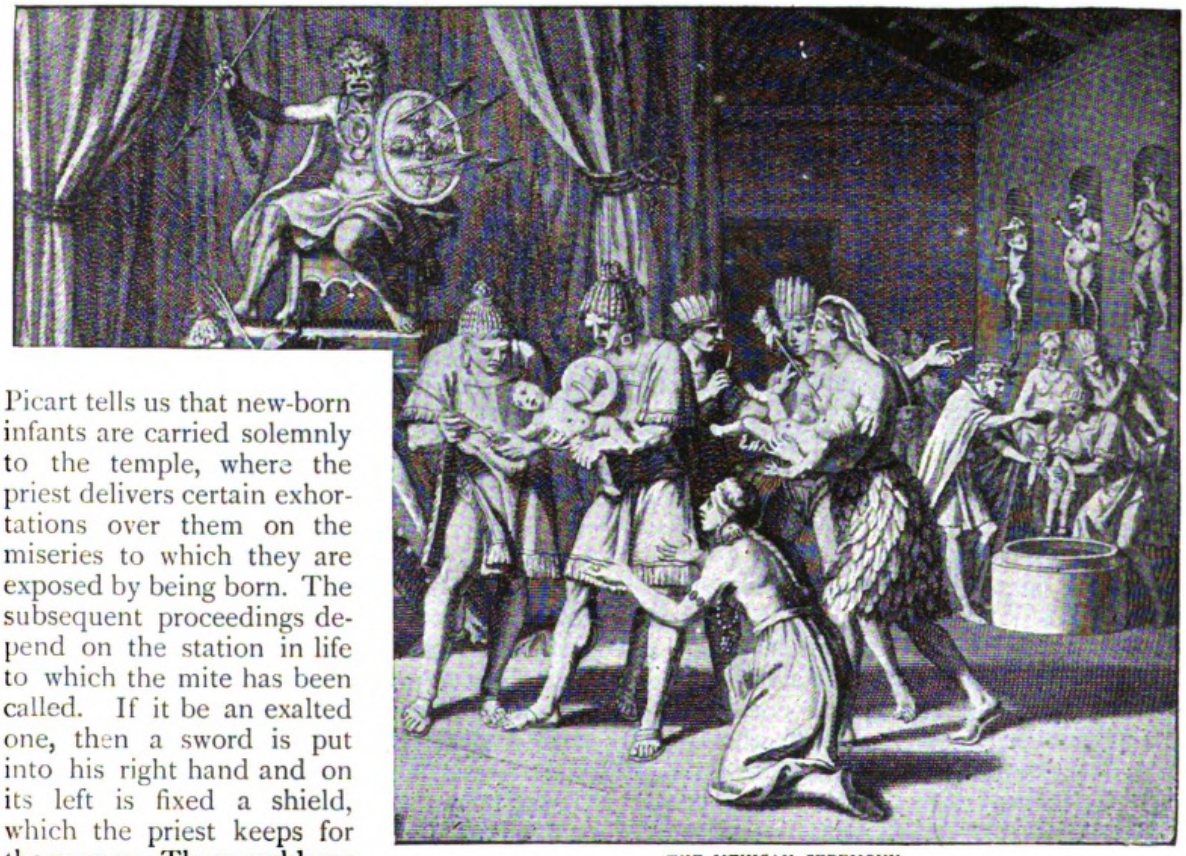
From the Lapps to the land of the Caribs is a far cry. On the other side of the Atlantic several curious customs are to be found among primitive or semi-primitive peoples. The Caribs, like Christians, have a sort of godfather and godmother to assist in

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the ceremony of naming the baby, but, being heathens, have a very different use for these self-sacrificing folk. Among the Caribs, instead of presenting the child with a present as good as they can afford, it is the duty of the godfather and godmother (so to call them, for the sake of a title which defines their position if not their characters) to bore holes in the child's ears and lower lip and between his nostrils, from which jewels and ornaments are hung. Cruel as the practice is, it should be said that the ceremony is not performed until the child is old enough to stand the ordeal.

Among the Indians of Florida it is the practice to name the male children not after the best friends and best-loved members of a family, but after the enemies the father or his friends have killed, the villages they have destroyed, or some successful event in which they have figured during war.

In another part of America—Mexico—



THE MEXICAN CEREMONY.

Picart tells us that new-born infants are carried solemnly to the temple, where the priest delivers certain exhortations over them on the miseries to which they are exposed by being born. The subsequent proceedings depend on the station in life to which the mite has been called. If it be an exalted one, then a sword is put into his right hand and on its left is fixed a shield, which the priest keeps for the purpose. These emblems are significant, no doubt, of a patriotic predisposition on the part of the babe to defend himself, his order, and his country against all comers.

But if he be born with a humbler spoon in his mouth—if he should be a mechanic's son, say—the sword and shield give place to the tools or instruments which he will need to use in the years ahead. The child having, as it were, been brought into touch with his future, the priest carries him near the altar and draws a drop or two of blood from his ear and parts of his body. Water is then thrown on it, or the child is immersed.

Some Mexicans have essentially pretty notions with regard to the naming of the baby. Thus, when the ceremony just gone through is not in favour, they adopt another. A few days after the birth of the child, the nurse takes it into a yard where some rushes have been prepared, and where a vessel full of water can stand. The nurse plunges the babe three times into the vessel, and with each immersion three little boys of three years old, in their loudest voices, name the baby.

It is the custom with many native races to name their children, without ceremony, merely from some incident or association of birth. This custom—which, as everyone probably knows, is Biblical—obtains especially in Africa and Australia, and those who are familiar with particular native languages must often be amused at the quaint titles borne by individual aboriginals. As a matter

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of fact, of course, there is nothing more in the practice than in the naming of our ancestors from their occupations or environment in the days when surnames were first taken.

To call a man Kangaroo Rat because a kangaroo rat was seen to rush through the bush at the moment he came into the world, or Hyena because a hyena laughed—what a laugh !—at the moment of birth is no more singular than to call a man a Gladstone or a Blackstone, a Burns or a Bannerman, a Churchill or a Chamberlain, a Butcher, a Baker, a Webb, or a Frost. The difference, of course, now is that the whole family has come to be known by such a name, and a supplemental name is given to enable one to distinguish between a group who would otherwise have to be known as Frost 1, Frost 2, or Frost 3, as the case might be.

In Arabia the people are fond of poetic and flowery names, especially for the girls. "We have all about us," says Dr. W. M. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," "among servants, washerwomen, and beggars —suns, and stars, and full moons, and roses, and lilies, and jessamines, and diamonds, and pearls, and every other beautiful epithet you can think of, and as the parents assume the names of their children, we hear these poor creatures addressed as 'The Father of God's Bounty' (*Abu Fudle Allah*), and 'The Mother of the Full Moon,' etc., etc., through the whole list of poet's fancies."

So far as I am aware, only two distinctive ceremonies are recorded in connection with the naming of the aboriginal babe. Mungo Park, in his account of his travels in Africa, describes the practice among the Mandingoes, a Mussulman race on the West Coast. The Mandingoes call their children sometimes after a relative, sometimes after a remarkable event. The babe is usually named when seven or eight days old.



NAMING A MANDINGO BABY.

"The ceremony," says the famous traveller, "commences by shaving the infant's head, and a dish called dega, made of pounded corn and sour milk, is prepared for the guests. If the parents are rich, a sheep or a goat is commonly added. The feast is called 'Ding koon lee,' the 'child's head shaving.' During my stay at Kamalia, I was present at four different feasts of this kind, and the ceremony was the same in each, whether the child belonged to a bushreen or a kafir. The schoolmaster, who officiated as priest on these occasions, and who is necessarily a bushreen, first said a long prayer over the

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dega, during which every person present took hold of the brim of the calabash with his right hand. After this, the schoolmaster took the child in his arms and said a second prayer, in which he repeatedly solicited the blessing of God upon the child and upon the company. When this prayer was ended, he whispered a few sentences in the child's ear, and spat three times in its face. This part of the ceremony being ended, the father of the child divided the dega into a number of balls, one of which he distributed to every person present. The inquiry was then made if any person in the town was dangerously sick, it being usual in such cases to send the party a large portion of the dega, which is thought to possess great medical virtues."

Another African ceremony of some interest is that adopted by the negroes of Ardra, and described by Picart. The child is about ten days old, and the ceremony is performed to the accompaniment of singing and instrumental music. A sort of shield is placed in the centre of the company, the babe is laid upon it, and the celebrant then delivers a lengthy address on the principles upheld by the negroes, and the duties which the newly-named babe will have to discharge in order to be hereafter a happy and honourable man. The naming of a daughter, Picart tells us, is performed with nearly the same ceremony, though not with so much solemnity as in the case of a son. The girl babe is taken by a woman and laid on a mat in the midst of the family. A ladle is placed in its chubby little sable hand, and an address is delivered on the duties of the good housewife.

Having seen how the Moslems in Africa, in the person of the Mandingoes, name their little ones, let us pay a visit to Persia, in company with Mrs. Bishop, that most delightful of travelling companions (I speak as a student of her books), and ascertain how the followers of the Prophet perform the ceremony within the dominions of the Shah.



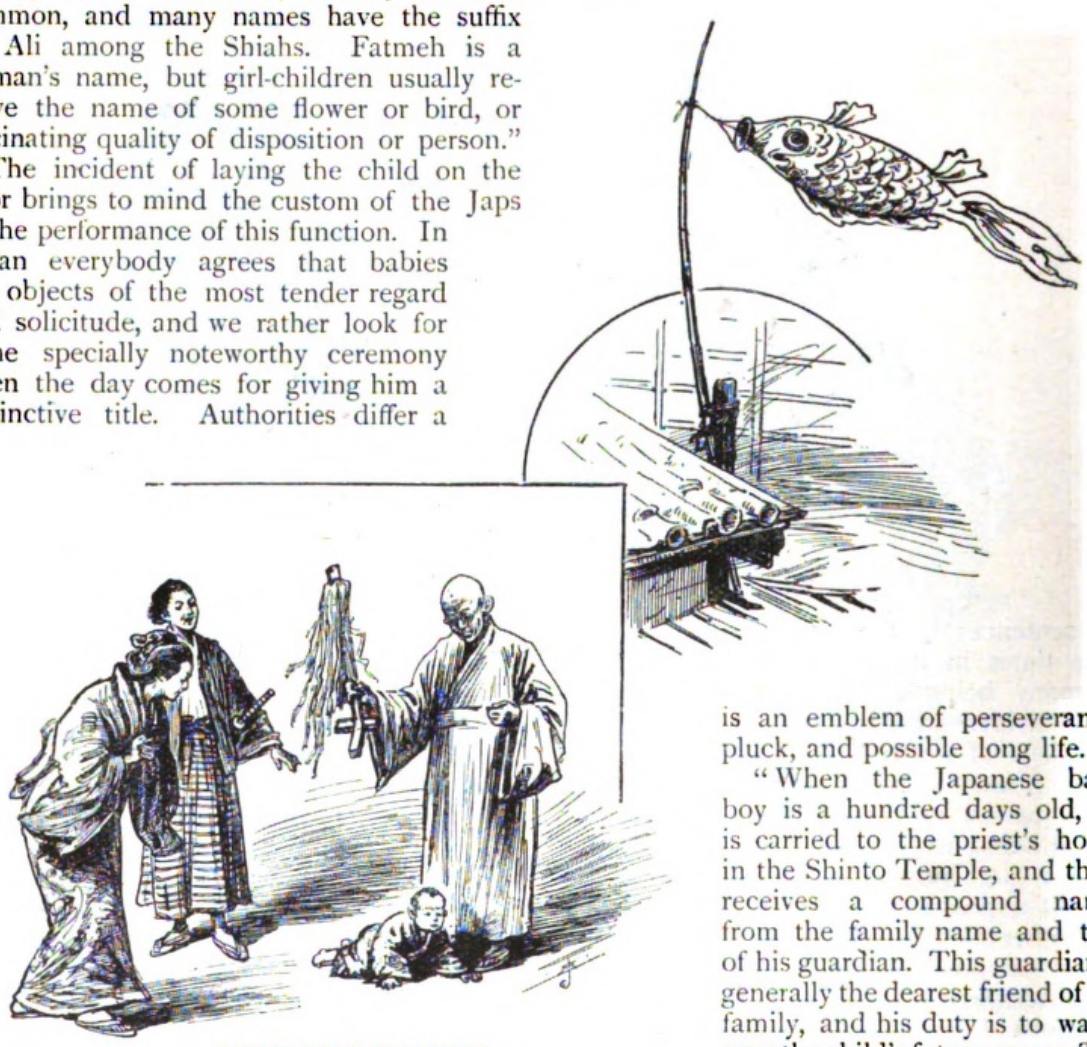
THE PERSIAN CEREMONY.

The mode of procedure is totally different on the west of Asia from that on the west of Africa. Mrs. Bishop points out that the ceremony of naming the baby in Persia resembles that which obtains among the Buddhists of Tibet on similar occasions. "Unless the father be very poor indeed"—writes the author of "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan"—"he makes a feast for his friends on an auspicious day and invites the village mollahs. Sweetmeats are solemnly eaten after the guests have assembled. Then the infant, stiffened and mummied in its swaddling clothes, is brought in and laid on the floor by one of the mollahs. Five names are written on five slips of paper, which are placed between the leaves of the Koran, or under the edge of the carpet. The first chapter of the Koran is then read. One of the slips is drawn at random, and a mollah takes up the child and pronounces in its ear the name

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found upon it, after which he places the paper on its clothes." This lottery-like proceeding over, the relations and friends give the babe presents according to their means—a custom obviously on all fours with our christening gifts. "Thereafter," continues Mrs. Bishop, "it is called by the name it has received. Among men's names there is a preponderance of those taken from the Old Testament, among which Ibrahim, Ismail, Suleiman, Yusuf, and Moussa are prominent. Abdullah, Mahmoud, Hassan, Raouf, Baba Houssein, Imam, are also common, and many names have the suffix of Ali among the Shiahs. Fatmeh is a woman's name, but girl-children usually receive the name of some flower or bird, or fascinating quality of disposition or person."

The incident of laying the child on the floor brings to mind the custom of the Japs in the performance of this function. In Japan everybody agrees that babies are objects of the most tender regard and solicitude, and we rather look for some specially noteworthy ceremony when the day comes for giving him a distinctive title. Authorities differ a good deal as to what really does happen. One, Miss A. M. Bacon, the writer of a brochure on "Japanese Girls and Women," positively asserts that the child is named on the seventh day, but that there is no ceremony. All that is done, according to Miss Bacon, is to keep holiday and to eat a festival dish of rice, cooked with red beans, which is supposed to denote good fortune.



NAMING THE BABY IN JAPAN.

Mrs. C. M. Salwey's experience is very different from that of Miss Bacon, and in an article on Japanese ceremonies in the "Asiatic Quarterly," little more than a year ago, she enlarged somewhat on the symbolism which is to be found in the method of naming the baby in the Land of the Rising Sun. As in most other countries, the birth of a boy is the occasion of special rejoicing. A paper bag in the shape of a carp is hung outside the house at the end of a bamboo pole, and becoming inflated assumes a life-like appearance. The carp, Mrs. Salwey explains, is an emblem of perseverance, pluck, and possible long life.

"When the Japanese baby boy is a hundred days old, he is carried to the priest's house in the Shinto Temple, and there receives a compound name, from the family name and that of his guardian. This guardian is generally the dearest friend of the family, and his duty is to watch over the child's future career. The dual name insures the bond of union between them. The priest writes down the name and gives it to the child to keep in his prayer bag, as the sponsor's name has to be remembered continually before the household shrine. When prayers have been said over the child, he is placed on the floor and allowed for the first time to wander at his own sweet will whithersoever he chooses. Towards which ever cardinal point he turns, so will his future be influenced."

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The Gohei—some slips of paper hung usually on ropes of straw to remind votaries of the existence of ancestral spirits—is held over the boy to propitiate these spirits, so that they may induce him to turn in the right direction, and two fans are presented to the little man, which in after years will be exchanged for swords.

Japan and China, which, not so many years ago, were regarded as having numerous characteristics in common, are, as a matter of fact, wholly unlike, and in nothing are they more unlike than in their treatment of the little ones. Chinese indifference to the charms of babydom seems to me to throw a vivid light on the Chinese nature. This indifference is, no doubt, largely due to the treatment accorded the baby girl in China. If the baby girl is allowed to live, she is looked upon as a nuisance, and gets a minimum of parental love. Women reared under such blighting influences cannot hope to grow up with the large hearts necessary to train children in the ways of sweetness and light, and when we denounce the cruelty of the Chinese, we should remember that one way to improve the race would be to inculcate a higher sentiment in the interests of the babe, be it girl or boy, than now obtains.



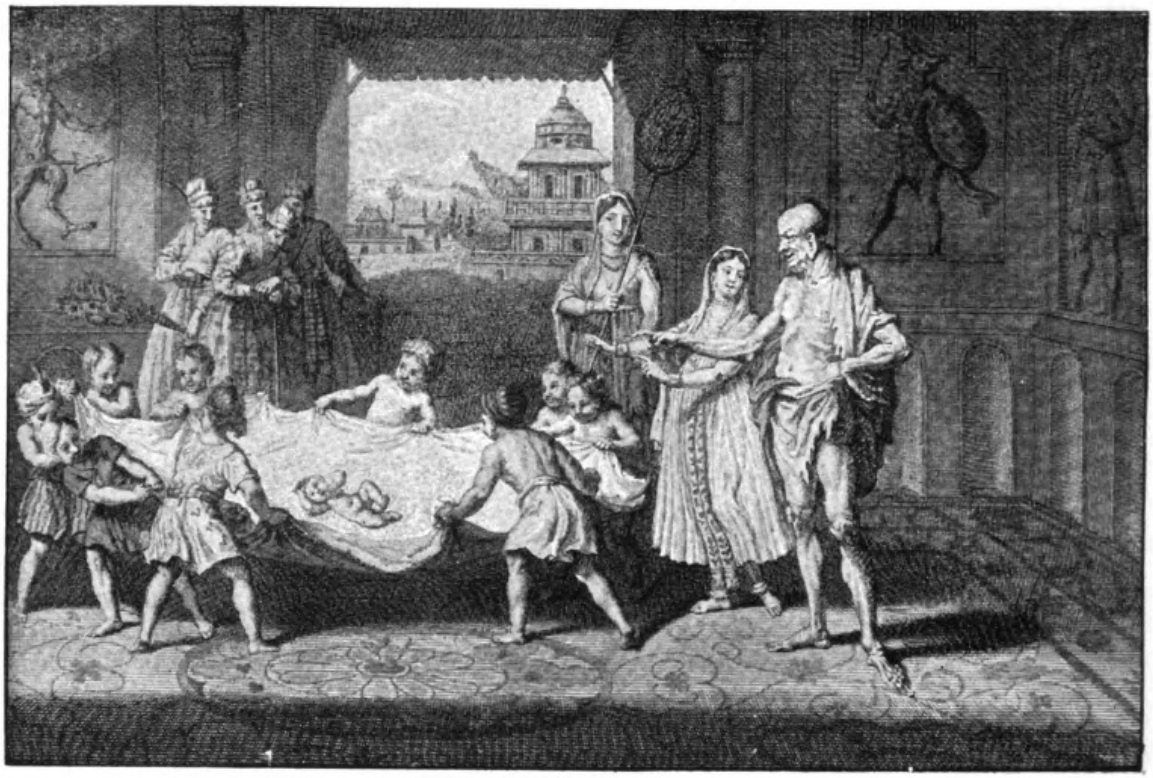
THE CHINESE CEREMONY—SHAVING THE BABY'S HEAD.

The difference in the feelings entertained towards boys and girls in China is seen in the method of giving them a name. According to one chronicler, when the babe is a month old it has all its hair shaved off, generally by a woman who has had sons of her own; a woman with sons being permitted to do many things a woman without sons may not do. "If the baby is a boy, his relations and friends are invited to a feast the day his head is shaved, and many of them bring a present; in some parts of the country the present is always a silver plate, on which is engraved: 'Long life, honours, and happiness.' On this day the baby gets his name, but it does not keep it all its life: so this first name is called the Milk name. A girl is generally called by her Milk name till she marries; but a boy gets a new name the first day he goes to school."

Of the many curious customs at which we have glanced in this brief paper, none is more curious than that of the Banians—an Indian trading class and inferior order of Brahmins. The only place in which I have been able to find any reference to this custom is in the pages of the industrious Picart. He tells us that when the infant is four days old, the Banians perform the ceremony of giving it a name. The picture on the next page will show how this is done. Several infants are borrowed of the neighbours and placed round a large cloth, which is spread upon the floor.

"The Brahmin who officiates puts a certain quantity of rice upon the centre of the cloth, and the infant has then to be named upon

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THE BANIAN CEREMONY.

the rice. The attendants take hold of the corners of the cloth, raise it from the ground, and shake it to and fro for about a quarter of an hour."

When the child and the rice have been sufficiently shaken up, the infant's sister—Picart seems to assume that all infants have sisters — gives it any name which she thinks proper. Not till two months after is the child initiated into the religion of his people. What the significance of the naming ceremony is, Picart does not say, and whether it still obtains or not I am not aware. It is the only instance I have met with in which rice plays a part in the ceremony, and the practice seems very cruel. Anyone who has ever been tossed in a blanket will sympathize with the helpless mite, for, however gently it may be moved about, the rice and the shaking combined are calculated to play havoc equally with its cuticle and its nerves.

When we come to the fire ceremony, we understand that the object of the celebrants is to exorcise any evil spirit by which the innocent may be possessed. The practice of holding a baby over a fire on the occasion when it receives a name is



THE PARSEE CEREMONY.

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widespread, though perhaps less common than it used to be. Among the Parsees it is easy to understand, but it is curious that not so long ago it existed in the United Kingdom itself, and especially in Scotland.

Thus it is reported of one parish in Perthshire that, in the earlier years of the century, it was customary when a child was baptized to put it upon a clean basket, over which a cloth had previously been spread. Bread and cheese were laid upon the cloth, and the whole arrangement was then moved "three times successively round the iron crook, which hangs over the fire from the roof of a house, for the purpose of supporting the pot when water is boiled or victuals are prepared. This might anciently," says the chronicler, "be intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practise against new-born infants."

Scotland has always been peculiarly superstitious in this respect, and mothers have been known to go in terror, till the baptism took place, lest some fairy might change their mites for others. The holding of children over the flames was at one time very customary, the import of the proceeding being clearly shown in the words, repeated three times, "Let the flame consume thee now or never."

A blend between the fire and the water accompaniments to the naming ceremony is that among the Parsees. The object of the Parsees is to purify, and both elements are enlisted in furtherance of that end. When a child is born, a priest waits on the parents at their own house, and after he has made a note of the hour, moment, and circumstances of the child's introduction to the world, he calculates its nativity. He then consults the father and mother about a name, and that point being settled, he pronounces the choice in the presence of the assembled friends. The child is washed, or dipped into a tub of water, and subsequently taken to the church, where it is held for a few moments over a fire. Though not, as is commonly supposed, absolutely fire-worshippers, the Parsees appear to believe that by fire alone can human virtue and happiness be assured. Fire, consequently, is as essential to the due performance of the ceremony of naming the Parsee baby, as holy water is to that of the Christian.



A SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

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Gleams from the Dark Continent.

VI.—THE GREAT DIAL OF THE GOLD-FINDERS.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"THE camel has an abundance of good qualities, sahib," said our guide, Hassan, as he gravely watched the efforts of the animal which Denviers rode, as it laudably endeavoured to fling the latter to the ground.

"No doubt it has, Hassan," Denviers responded, when he had got the better of the vicious animal; "probably its natural modesty makes it keep them so carefully hidden. However, our long journey across this vast waste of sand is almost over; the first dealer we meet shall have these camels at his own price. Surely, unless I am mistaken, yonder is rising land at last!"

He pointed to the north as he spoke, and glancing in that direction Hassan and I saw that Denviers was right.

For several weeks we had been crossing the Sahara, during which time we had endured privations considerably beyond what we had expected. As we advanced towards where Denviers indicated, the white pall of mist which had shrouded the land slowly dispelled, and soon after we had the satisfaction of making a brief halt under the shade of a grove of palms. When we were preparing to mount our camels in order to cross the strip of intervening sand, Hassan, who, meanwhile, had been in close conversation with Kass and several others of our Wadigo followers, approached us and salaamed profoundly—as was his custom when he wished to communicate anything to us.

"Well, Hassan," Denviers asked, "what is the difficulty now? Have you had another quarrel with Kass? You both seemed pretty excited just now."

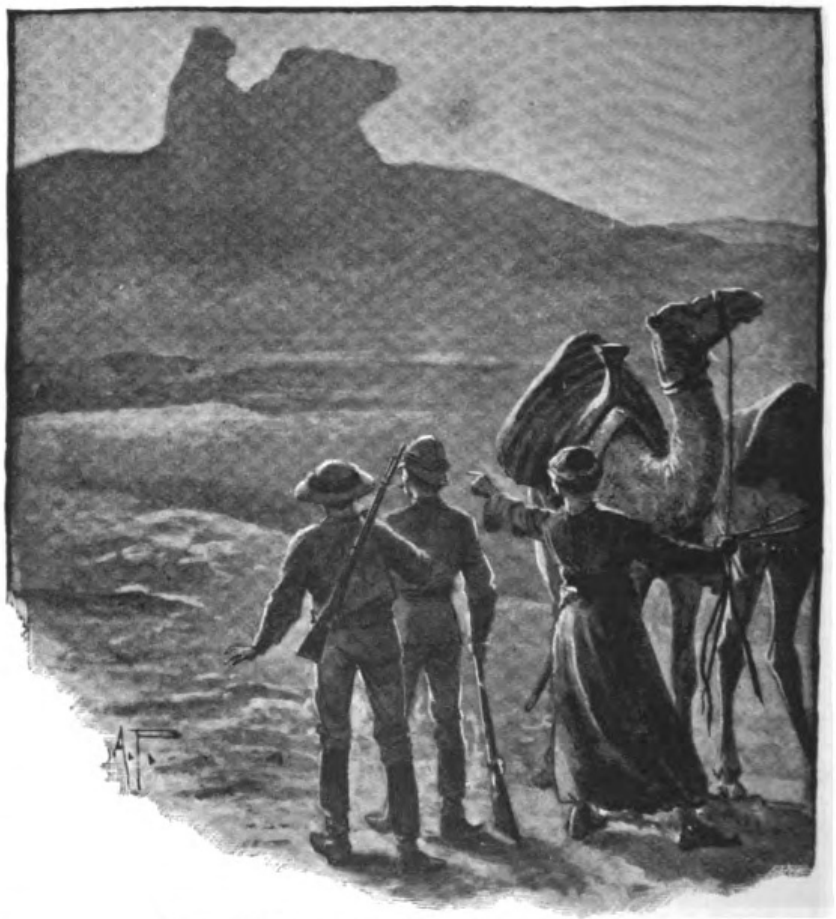
"Will the sahib look carefully at the spur of the mountain chain which is before us, and then tell the unworthy latchet of his shoes what it is like?"

"A great, shapeless, tawny mass of rock," my companion answered. "That is all I make it out to be. What is there peculiar about it?"

"What does the other sahib say concerning it?" our Arab guide questioned me.

"Pretty much the same; to me it appears like a great twisted cinder——"

"While in reality its outline bears a wonderful resemblance to a gigantic horse and rider," the Arab interposed.



"LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE SPUR OF THE MOUNTAIN."

"Very likely," said Denviers; "but its shape makes no difference to us."

"The Wadigos have begged me to ask the sahibs to avoid the tribe whose dwellings are by the foot of the mountain range. They declare that otherwise great danger will confront us all."

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"That may be," Denviers answered, as he mounted his camel, and I followed his example. "You can tell us what they have to say as we go on."

Hassan hastened to where Kass stood, and giving the command for the journey to be resumed, left the reluctant Wadigos and quickly followed us, mounted on his own camel.

"The sahibs can see the shape of the rock more clearly now," the Arab began, as he rode between us. "With the yellow, shifting sand at our camels' feet, and the cloudless sky forming the background, the horse and rider seem wonderfully real at this distance; when we are closer to it, the rocky mass towering before us will then lose its distinctness of outline. Would it not be wise for the sahibs to avoid the place?—the Wadigos tell a strange story of it, indeed."

"Whether they choose to follow us or not matters very little now," Denviers remarked. "Once we get into the land beyond the mountain range we shall be able to dispense with their services. From there we will go on, after rewarding them and sending them back under Kass's command. I, for one, shall not be sorry to part with them, although they have been of great service in carrying our supplies. What have the Wadigos to say concerning this strange, twisted mass of rock looming ahead?"

"The sahibs shall hear," the Arab returned. At that moment Hassan's camel began to be troublesome. Expressing the desire that jackals might sit on the tomb of the brute's grandmother—a peculiar expression which had little effect upon the restive animal—our guide at once began to narrate what he had heard under the palm trees.

"The African tribe dwelling at the foot of the mountain range fronting us has a curious name, which was gained in a strange way, sahibs. They who live there are called the Gold-Finders in the native tongue—why, you shall hear. On the other side of the range once dwelt a tribe with which all the Arab traders had dealings. Somewhere in the territory which this tribe inhabited was a dry river-bed, and from it great quantities of gold-dust, and nuggets, even, were obtained. So great was the tribe's wealth in the precious metal, that the chief of the natives dwelling on this side of the mountain determined to tax all caravans passing onward to barter their merchandise for gold. The Arabs concerned in the traffic paid the tax and continued their expeditions. High up the mountain range lies a great pass, leading from the territory of the one tribe to that of the other. The chief, finding that the Arabs passed through his territory as numerously as before, made inquiries as to the strength of the fortunate possessors of the gold. The Arabs represented that the men with whom they bartered were as many as the sands of the Sahara; that they were trained for battle daily by their chief; moreover, they dwelt in a mountain fastness where no other tribe, without their consent, could pass. The chief thought over all these sayings, but the sight of the gold which he exacted by way of tax made him eager to get possession of the land whence the Arabs enriched themselves.

"Soon the coveted opportunity came, and in this manner. Among the members of an Arab's caravan was a Portuguese exile, whom the Wadigos say was named Busaca. This Portuguese, sahibs, had led a wandering life for many years, and had only joined the expedition to see if the knowledge thus gained could be used to his own betterment. Taking advantage of the friendliness of the tribe with which the caravan was trading, he stole out from the encampment by night and explored the country about. To the chief's warriors who tried to stop him he declared that such permission had been granted to him. His search, however, was unsuccessful until, by means of a bribe, he obtained the information he sought. The result was different from what he had expected. The tribe had exhausted the supply of gold from the dry river-bed, but the chief had stored in a great cave a vast quantity of the metal, and it was from this supply that the gold used for barter was obtained. Busaca, who apparently disbelieved the tribesman's story, begged to be shown the cave. It was a dangerous request, but his bribe was accepted and he was led to the place. Next day the caravan set out on the homeward journey to Tripoli, whence it had started.

"On entering the territory of the rival chief, when the pass had been traversed, the Portuguese asked the Arab trader as a favour to allow him personally to pay the tax, a request which was granted. Accordingly, Busaca entered the chief's presence, and prostrating himself before the latter, who sat on a tawdry carpet, with his spearmen about him, the Portuguese placed the tax at the native chief's feet. When the gold was counted, for the tribe it came from were accustomed to weld it into bars, the amount was found to be considerably beyond that agreed. Pleased at this, the chief adopted a friendly air towards Busaca, who, feeling his

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way cautiously, eventually asked for an audience alone. What passed between the chief and the Portuguese none know, but the result of the private conversation was soon apparent. Busaca sought out the Arab trader and informed him that the chief desired him to leave the caravan and to become the head of the native warriors. The Arab, who was secretly pleased to get rid of Busaca, whom he mistrusted, granted with apparent reluctance the wish of the Portuguese. Accordingly, when the caravan again set out, Busaca was left with the chief to whom he had engaged himself, and for whom he is said to have constructed some strange mechanical contrivances.

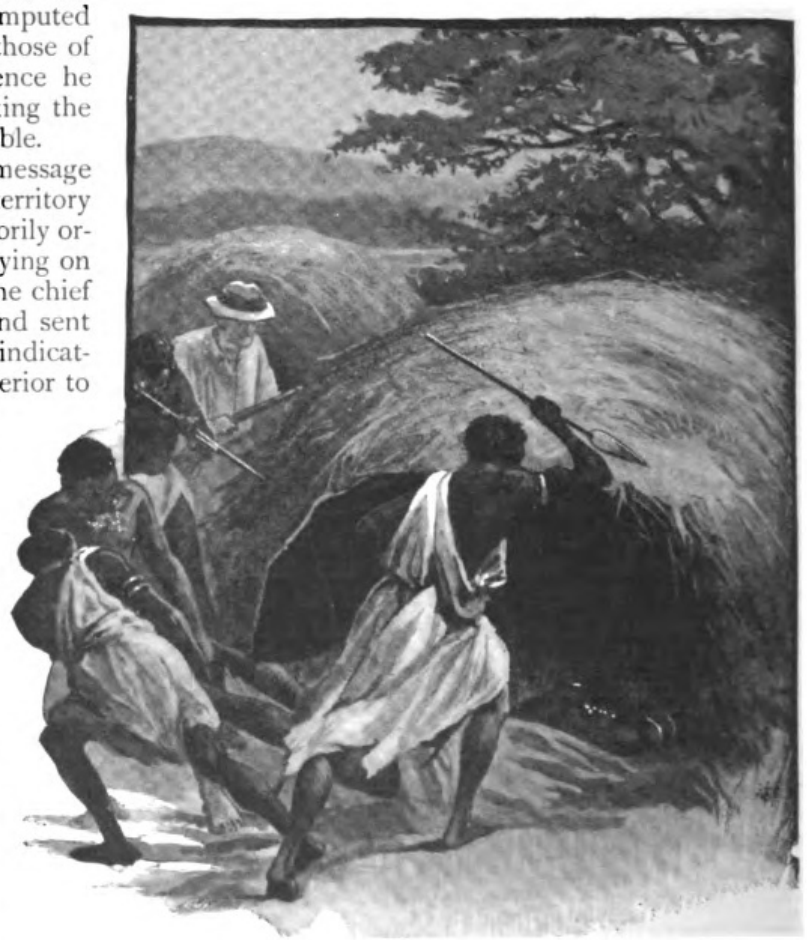
"For a year or more the Portuguese trained and drilled the chief's warriors, arming them with muskets instead of shield and spear, the weapons being supplied by a trader in Tripoli, to whom Busaca sent from time to time for the necessary muskets. The training of the natives was carried out with the utmost caution, so that whenever traders passed through the tribe's territory they saw the men apparently still armed with their shields and spears. The Arabs were right in saying that the enemy to be attacked were numerous, for Busaca himself computed them as being far more than those of the chief engaging him—whence he had hit upon the plan of making the latter's warriors more serviceable.

"When all was ready, a message was sent to the chief in whose territory the gold was stored, peremptorily ordering him to give it up. Relying on the number of his warriors, the chief had the messenger beaten and sent him back with a broken spear, indicating that his strength was superior to that of the chief making the demand. At this, Busaca, leaving a sufficient force behind, set out with the pick of the warriors under his charge, and within three days had reached the territory of the tribe he intended to fall upon.

"The great village to be attacked stood on rising ground beyond where the pass narrowed, sahibs. The Portuguese, knowing the difficulties of the place, made the last forced march by night, and succeeded in placing the main body of his warriors in a position where they could not be observed. At daybreak a few of his men, purposely armed with shields and spears, marched openly towards the narrow part of the pass. The native mountaineers, who had been expecting the attack, poured down in a black swarm upon the enemy, who instantly broke and fled, while the others hotly pursued them in disorder.

"Then, out from behind the rocky masses Busaca's men dashed, raising their wild war-cry as they swept upward and onward, withering their enemies with a storm of bullets from their muskets. Taken by surprise, the others wavered, then, giving up the pursuit in which they had engaged, they turned about, and Busaca's warriors were hemmed in—for every rocky ledge and foot-hold seemed to spring into life before the Portuguese could take the entry, which he tried desperately to win. Down upon Busaca and his men the natives' spears rattled in a shower that seemed to them to darken the air; retreat for them was cut off, and knowing this they fought their way on inch by inch—and at mid-day the musket-armed natives had won!

"The defeated chief was dragged from



"THE DEFEATED CHIEF WAS DRAGGED FROM HIS HUT."

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his hut and promptly slain; all the treasure was taken from the cave, and yet Busaca's greed was not assuaged. He made no attempt to slay the women, such as is frequently done in tribal wars, but he ordered them to remove the numerous bracelets and anklets of gold which they wore, and to gather these together in a great heap; and they, in fear for their lives, obeyed. Busaca, musket in hand, stood looking on as the women came forward in turn, threw down their ornaments, worked in many a strange device, then filed onward until all had complied with the terms which the Portuguese offered in return for sparing their lives.

"Resting his men there until morning came again, Busaca set out then with his warriors laden with the vast store of gold which they had obtained. Anxious to see the end of his expedition, the Portuguese hurried his men back until at last, owing to their exhausted state, he allowed them to enter a great cave to pass the night. Busaca himself was so eager to speak of his success to the chief who had dispatched him at the head of the expedition that, leaving a native in command, and seeing that a guard was posted to watch through the night, he set out alone to convey the good news. The chief received him in barbaric state, while the rest of the tribesmen eagerly watched for the arrival of the richly-laden warriors whose return Busaca assured them would follow in a few hours after his own arrival. Meanwhile the chief apportioned to the Portuguese a fitting share of the gold, and gave orders for the distribution of some part of the rest, keeping the bulk for himself—but his plans were premature.

"All that day and far into the night the warriors were awaited in vain; Busaca and the chief held a long conversation regarding the delay, but the Portuguese could say nothing further than what he had already declared. At daybreak the chief dispatched several of his runners to discover what had become of the victorious tribesmen; a day after they returned, but unaccompanied. The chief heard their story, then summoned the Portuguese into his presence. Busaca saw at once that the natives had brought back bad news, but was still more astonished when the chief began to question him about the cave, in which, as I have told you, sahibs, the warriors lay down to rest.

"'You say that the men possessed themselves of the gold,' asked the chief, 'and that the warriors of the hostile tribe were all destroyed; how, then, can the words of my messengers be true?'

"Busaca bowed low before his questioner. 'Until I know what they say, how am I to explain? Let one of the runners tell me what he has discovered.'

"The chief motioned to one of the messengers, who, after prostrating himself, rose to his full height and stretched forth a spear.

"'See!' he cried. 'I brought this from the cave; it was taken from the dead hand of a brave, even that of Karukana, whom the white traitor declared to thee was among the living after the fight for the mountain pass.'

"'Karukana was alive when I set out from the cave to bring word of the victory,' the Portuguese stoutly insisted. 'It was he who kept guard with two others at the entrance to the cave.'

"'You say all the braves were slain on the enemy's side?' interrogated the chief.

"'Not one was left living,' Busaca answered. 'I obeyed only too well your command to annihilate them!'

"'And the women?' questioned the chief further.

"'You have never yet enslaved such,' the Portuguese answered; 'so both these of this tribe and the surrounding ones say. Knowing that, I took the gold which they possessed, and left them to mourn those men we slew.'

"'Hear what the messenger shall say, then answer whether, by your own cunning scheme or that of these women, my braves were destroyed,' the chief retorted. The runner who held the spear went on:—

"'At thy command, O Chief, we set out. Neither to right nor left we turned; straight as the snake strikes its victim we kept the way. In a line we ran, the scorching sun beating in white floods of heat upon our uncovered heads. Beneath our naked feet the tangled, tawny scrub scarce bent, so quickly did we pass. Then at last we saw the spot which Busaca, the Portuguese, has spoken of, and of which we already knew. Quick as the changing wind we turned and ran to the entrance of the cave. Before it was a great heap of wood ash: there a fire had been raised, the smoke from which had rolled into the cave. Fearfully we entered the orifice, knowing how often such a simple device had cast endless sleep upon those too tired to beat out the fire, whose stifling fumes wrapped them about. Half a spear's cast within stood Karukana; heavily he leant upon his spear-shaft, the head of

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which was deep in the black soil beneath. His name we called—we spoke of his great deeds; no answer he gave. We lit a torch and held it before him; closed were his eyes. Karukana, O Chief, was dead! Through all the many windings of that great cave we passed—in groups; alone; half upright some, prostrate others, their heads resting upon the ground—so we saw thy victorious warriors, as Busaca has called them. Not one living; nay, more, not one grain of the gold which they were said to be carrying back was there—despoiled and slain were thy warriors. Such we saw; then faster than we went did we return. Let Busaca answer, and say what he knows of this.'

"'The women of the tribe did this deed,' Busaca answered; 'let what warriors still remain alive here be sent into their territory: if they find not out the truth of what I say, let me be slain. Shackle me till they return.' The Portuguese held out his hands towards the chief. Hardly had Busaca spoken when a great din rose without. The chief, carrying a curious, long-handled axe which was his fighting weapon, left his hut, his remaining warriors gathering about him as they heard from one end of the great village to the other their war-cry raised by the women and children. Busaca, the Portuguese, joined in the fray, leading on, beside the chief, the tribesmen. So well, however, had the surprise been planned, that the invaders won, for, though they were but women, as the attacked ones saw to their astonishment, their numbers were exceeding great and the chief's warriors but few. Sahibs, when the moon rose that night it shone upon a strange scene.



"THE PORTUGUESE BEGGED FOR HIS LIFE."

"In the centre of a great throng of women, each carrying a shield and spear, stood one who had led them to battle. Her plan it was which had led to the slaying of the warriors in the cave and the recovery of the gold; she led them to the attack when the chief's power was overthrown. At her feet the Portuguese begged for his life and that of the few tribesmen who stood there, prisoners, fast bound. She granted the boon, but the men were made abject slaves. Sahibs, the Gold-Finders are a strange tribe to-day; over them one of their own tribeswomen rules; a great army has she of her own sex; trained to fight with shield and spear, yet no mere barbaric tribe is that of which I speak. Rich is this strange Queen in slaves bought from the Arabs, with whom traffic is still carried on. From their dress, their customs, their houses, built by skilful hands, none would suppose that less than a score of years ago the tribe to which they belonged dwelt in thatched huts and were but a barbaric race.

"Now learn why our Wadigos do not wish the Englishmen to visit the beautiful city built about what the Arabs call Twisted Rock. Against our camp-followers the Queen would do nothing, nor would harm come upon your Arab slave, for of my race they say she speaks well. Busaca, after being pardoned, raised a revolt among the male slaves; many of the latter were slain, but the Portuguese was allowed to live a prisoner, immured for years, even to now. A great hatred has the Queen for white men. She distrusts them, for the Arab traders have told her one day they will take her land and city. The Wadigos have been faithful to the sahibs; Kass especially would wish them to visit the great countries beyond, as they have planned; when our camp-followers return to their far-off tribe, they wish to say that the English-

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men are living. Go into yonder city, and it will be the sahibs' last adventure, not even the Great Prophet will be able to protect them at their slave's request."

"All the same, Hassan," said Denviers; "we mean to go on. How much of your yarn do you think is true?"

"Every word," the Arab answered, quickly. "The story is true because it is so." Denviers uttered a few words expressive of his disbelief in the story; then we went on for some minutes in silence.

"See!" cried Hassan, who had turned away, discomfited at Denviers's incredulous words. "Yonder is wooded land, and if I am a true believer, surely I see the glitter of many spears."

"We will soon test that, Hassan," responded Denviers. He ordered the Wadigo to halt; then together we three advanced on our camels to where the Arab had pointed—a rash movement on our part, as we soon discovered.

II.

MAKING our way onward, we passed beneath a grove of olive trees; about us on every side rose the great tree trunks, like pillars supporting a dull green roof of foliage above, through which the sun shone at times. For a minute nothing broke the silence—all was as still as the great silent waste of sand over which we had passed.

"You were mistaken that time, Hassan," Denviers began, as we glanced cautiously about. "There seems to be nothing living, save ourselves and our camels, within sight."

"Hist!" the Arab whispered. "The sahib's ears are dull; from yonder the sound comes again. See! a spear glitters behind the great trunk there!"

We dismounted from our camels and, grasping our rifles, advanced. From all points we seemed to be instantly surrounded; warrior after warrior suddenly rose before our eyes from their lurking-places in the brushwood. Clad in garments of a crimson hue, which were richly embroidered yet did not hang sufficiently low to impede their movements, we saw at a glance that the warriors, at all events, bore out Hassan's account — for they were women! Each carried a shield of antelope skin, together with a heavy spear, the blade of which seemed to be of gold, so much did each glitter when the sun's rays chanced to fall upon it.

Denviers, acting as our spokesman, addressed one of the women in Arabic, but no answer was given. Our camels were promptly led off in the opposite direction to the one by which we entered the grove, while at once we were conducted into a great open space. There we found hundreds of the warriors gathered about two others, the latter being mounted on horseback. One of the women had, fastened to her wrist by a jess, a hooded falcon, while upon a black horse to the right of her own steed we saw the bodies of several antelopes. The woman before whom we were thrust, rather than led, and who we discovered was the Queen of the Gold-Finders —as the strange tribe was known—was more like a Circassian than one of the dark-looking tribe gathered about her.

Hassan, in obedience to Denviers's hurried request, bent low before the Queen, and then endeavoured to explain the object of the journey we had begun. He ended his short narrative by asking hospitality for ourselves and the Wadigos accompanying us. The Queen listened impatiently to the Arab's words, then raising her right hand she thrust back from her forehead a wealth of dark hair as she replied in Arabic:—

"For you who are an Arab there is safety; for the Wadigos a welcome; for these," she pointed at us scornfully as she turned an angry glance upon our faces: "for these, I say, there is neither safety nor welcome. Seize them!" the Queen cried. Hassan promptly drew his sword and attempted to defend us, calling on Allah and Mahomet to help him to be faithful to us. Seeing that matters were becoming serious, we reluctantly began to defend ourselves from our strange assailants, but, though we struggled desperately to shake them off, our efforts were useless. Hassan was separated from us and led away towards where we had entered the grove of olive trees; Denviers and myself were securely bound and about to be dragged off somewhere in obedience to a gesture from the Queen, when suddenly the grove resounded with the Wadigo war-cry, and Kass came rapidly bounding towards us, our followers close behind. We could do nothing to stop the scene of carnage which ensued. Our Wadigos, outnumbered altogether, tried time after time to break through the fierce cordon of the Queen's warriors which kept us prisoners; but the spears which the women carried were in skilled hands, and we saw Kass fall from the thrust of the weapon of one of our captors. He was badly wounded, although not fatally, as we afterwards discovered, but the Wadigos, being unaccustomed to such foes, and seeing the great numbers of them, turned and broke

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through those who had gathered in their rear, leaving us prisoners, and, as we rightly conjectured, to pay the penalty of our followers' rash attack upon the Gold-Finders.

"We are in a difficulty this time, Frank," I said to Denviers, in English, in order that my words might not be understood by those who held us prisoners.



"SUDDENLY THE GROVE RESOUNDED WITH THE WADIGO WAR-CRY."

"It was entirely our own fault to separate as we did from the Wadigos," he answered. "I should like to know what has become of Hassan, though—at first he was to be spared our fate, but after this I expect he will suffer with us."

Several of the women approached just then to where Kass lay, and placing the unconscious Wadigo upon two overlapping shields, some spears were passed beneath the latter, and having raised them, by grasping the butt and blade of the weapons, six of the women bore the Wadigo away. Then the Queen, gathering her warriors about her once more, had us placed before her, where, although we were bound, two women held each of us.

"Do the Gold-Finders make war upon the surrounding tribes or live with them in peace?" the Queen asked her women, imperiously.

"War upon those who seek war, peace with the rest," burst from the warriors' lips.

"Why were so many of the men of our tribe slain?" she went on.

"For gold, and by a white man's treachery they fell," answered all.

"This then have we sworn," the Queen continued: "for every man of our tribe that fell we will have a life; the attacking tribe we blotted out, but not sufficient were they in numbers. The white man who led them on and planned our destruction still lives; when we have slain enough like him—within one—to make up the number, then shall he too die; the last shall he be, and so our vengeance be complete. These men have brought war where peace was, their followers have slain many of our tribe: what shall be theirs but death?"

"Let them die; die with the gold about them which shall never be theirs," the tribe answered.

Denviers made another attempt to explain matters to the Queen, for we expected each moment to be speared by the infuriated throng.

"I will not listen," she cried. "Go! or my warriors shall goad you on with their bloodstained spears."

"You *shall* hear me!" Denviers cried, striving his utmost to free himself. The Queen touched the reins of her steed and rode forward, while the warriors raised a great war song, which made it quite useless for my companion to speak further, as we were unceremoniously hurried along until we saw the great twisted rock frowning before us.

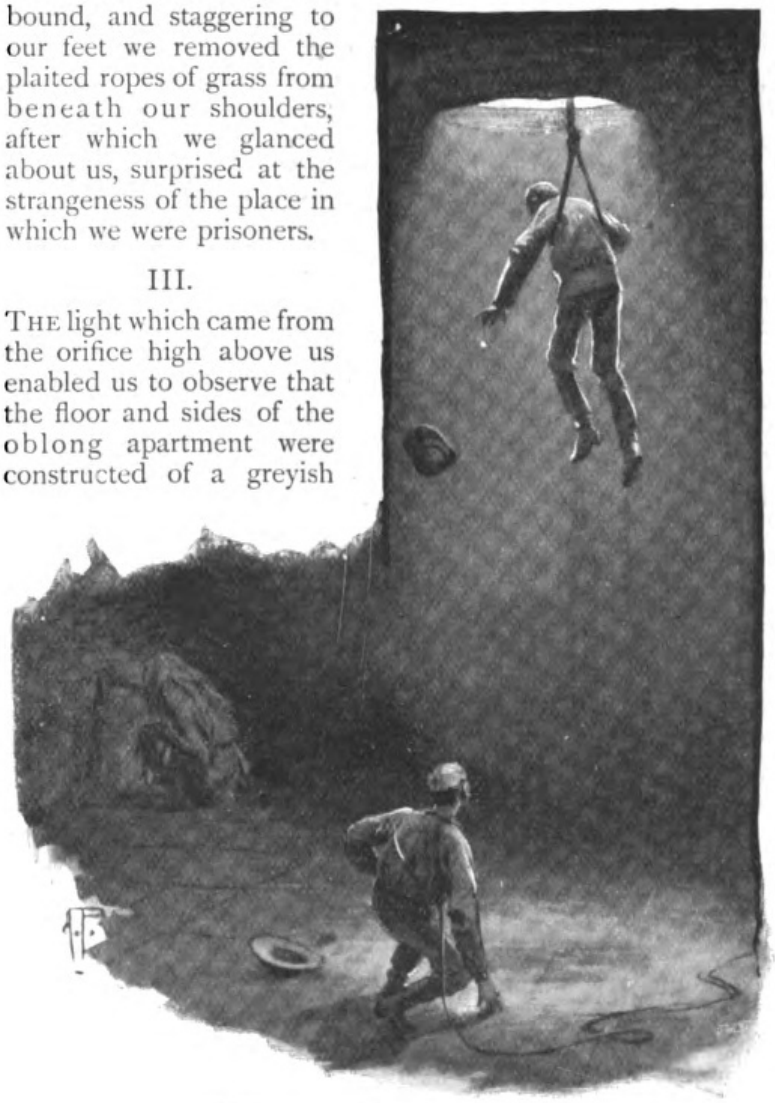
We found that the entry to the city was by a steep winding path, by which we were conducted until we passed under a great,

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jagged arch of stone, beyond which we were allowed to see little, for, turning sharply to the left, our captors halted on what seemed to us to be a platform of rock. Directly afterwards something was passed under my arms, suspended by which I was lowered through a gap in the stonework until, after oscillating violently, I at last reached a hard pavement below, where I waited glancing upwards as Denviers was let down in turn. Our arms had been unbound, and staggering to our feet we removed the plaited ropes of grass from beneath our shoulders, after which we glanced about us, surprised at the strangeness of the place in which we were prisoners.

III.

THE light which came from the orifice high above us enabled us to observe that the floor and sides of the oblong apartment were constructed of a greyish stone, through which ran veinings of green, every block fitting closely to the others and being polished to a high degree of perfection. Almost the whole length of one side of the apartment was covered with an inscription—and this was not completed. By the belt of inscription, which was perhaps five feet in width, we saw a stooping figure, and Denviers, advancing towards him, touched the man, whose face was turned from us. He turned about and glanced at us, but answered nothing, merely pointing at the inscription upon which he had been labouring. His garments hung in threads upon him, his hair and beard were perfectly white, hanging down unkempt to his waist. He shook off Denviers's hand angrily, as my companion laid it upon his shoulder, then, ignoring our presence, eagerly resumed his labour. We watched him at his strange task, wondering how many years he had been engaged upon it, for the captive worked with painful minuteness, notwithstanding the primitive nature of the tool he held.



"DENVIERS WAS LET DOWN IN TURN."

Weary at length with our endeavour to get our strange fellow-captive to enter into conversation, we moved towards the lower part of the apartment, where Hassan's story seemed to be still more confirmed. Piled in one great heap, we saw the Gold-Finders' treasure, the vast quantity of the precious metal astonishing us. We carried several nuggets to where the light fell directly from the orifice above; among them was one shaped to represent a human head, which seemed remarkably realistic, as Denviers held the nugget up.

"Made, I daresay, by the Portuguese," commented my companion, "before he hit upon carving that interminable inscription, to while away the months and years of his imprisonment, most likely."

"That may or may not be," I answered, impatiently. "Can we find no way out of this place? Perhaps there is some mode of egress besides the orifice above, through which the Gold-Finders lowered us. That we cannot possibly reach; all the treasure before us, if piled up beneath it, would not reach half-way."

"It looks to me remarkably as if we are to be securely shut up here till death releases us," he answered. "We might sound the walls, however." Acting upon this suggestion, we proceeded to carry it out, but the result was entirely disappointing. At the end of the stone apartment, beyond the heap

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of gold, we discovered some more evidence of the Portuguese prisoner's skill, as we correctly thought. Chief among these we saw the towering form of a female figure, bearing a striking resemblance, however accidental it may have been, to the great statue of Lutchmi, the wife of Vishnu. The figure was wrought entirely of gold, and its flowing robe, there represented, was a mass of minute tracery, quite unlike the work of any African tribe we had met. To a height of twelve feet or more it rose, while in its outstretched hands was grasped the handle of a mighty axe all made of the same polished metal. The blade of the axe was extremely wide, and appeared to be constructed of polished stone, similar to that used for the walls of the apartment. From the gold figures which were inlaid in the wall, and which projected slightly, we judged that the whole was intended to represent a dial, for the numbers ran in a curve, the highest being twelve and the lowest one, being so placed that the blade of the axe would cover them in moving from its position just above the topmost number.

"If there is any other way of entering or leaving this place beyond the hole above," Denviers remarked, as we stood closely examining this grotesque piece of work, "it is my opinion it lies behind that dial." He pointed to the figures upon the wall as I replied:—

"Probably there is some spring, if that is so; but how are we to discover it?"

We discussed the various pieces of mechanism which we had seen in our wanderings among different races of men, but could think of no solution to the difficulty before us. We ran our hands over the hard surface, but, with the exception of the projecting numbers, nothing impeded their progress. The idea occurred to us to try pressing these latter, but they appeared to be immovable. Two hours or more we spent in our fruitless task; then the hopelessness of escape began to dawn upon us. We made our way to where the Portuguese was still employed upon his monotonous labour and, dragging him by main force before the curious dial, we pointed and gesticulated at it hoping to get the secret from him—if it contained one. The man covered up his face with his hands as if to hide the figure from his view, then as we stood apart watching him, he ran quickly back and, with feverish anxiety, continued his work upon the unfinished inscription.

"What we are to do now I cannot imagine," I said, gloomily, to Denviers; "our natives have probably fled across the Sahara—such of them, at least, who were not slain by those fanatical women. Kass is probably dead, while Hassan is beyond doubt a close prisoner. Help from without we cannot get, while no efforts of our own are likely to release us from here. How this Portuguese has existed so long in this place I cannot imagine; the air seems stifling."

We made our way once more towards where the orifice was above, and then flung ourselves down upon the stone flooring.

The night came, but in our position sleep was impossible. When the light of morning came stealing into the apartment we had lost all hope of escape. Suddenly, above us, something seemed to cut off the rays of light, and glancing quickly upwards, we saw the face of a woman turned upon us, while she thrust down her hand and arm. As she did so, something fell at our feet, whereupon the woman quickly disappeared. Denviers seized the object only just in time, for the Portuguese, who was probably accustomed to receive his miserable supplies of food in this way, darted forward and tried to intercept my companion's hand. I kept him off as Denviers raised a fragment of wood, upon which, in charcoal, was scrawled a message from Hassan, as the first word of it plainly indicated. It ran briefly as follows:—

"*Sahibs, the Wadigos have retreated. Kass and I have been thrust out of the city and cannot return. Seek the stairs beyond the dial. The two secret numbers make together seven.*"

We hastened to where the great dial was, and examined the numbers upon it carefully which were below seven. Fortunately they were at the part of the curve stretching down towards where we stood. From the six to the one there was no indication of any of the numbers being movable. We grasped each a wedge of gold heaped upon the floor, and Denviers struck with all his force upon the lower numbers, but none of them moved.

"The solution is before us, it is evident," my companion said, as he stopped to rest for a minute; "Hassan's words are plain enough. You will notice that the six, together with the lowest figure—the one—make up the number mentioned by the Arab. Let us each strike one."

We aimed our blows together. The numbers instantly yielded, then down swung the ponderous axe, its keen edge sweeping through a wide course a few inches from the dial.

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"Get back!" cried Denviers, as we both barely avoided the deadly stroke. Up swept the huge axe into its original position, but the dial itself yielded in no place.

"Do you think someone has given Hassan the combination of numbers for the purpose of causing us to slay ourselves?" I questioned my companion, as we faced the dial once more.

"Can't say," he answered. "You have, of course, noticed that the two next inner numbers make seven, as do also the inmost pair. We must try again: perhaps we may yet succeed."

Each again aimed a blow, and a second time the axe swung quickly down—but the dial still remained apparently as solid as ever.

"Let us try the other numbers—it is our last chance of escape," I said.

We struck the four and the three together.

"The dial moves!" I cried, excitedly, for the great, armed figure and the dial swung forward as if on one hinge! Through the opening we darted just as the strange piece of mechanism clashed to behind us. We heard a strange cry as we ran up a wide, stone stairway which we came upon. Turning round we saw that the Portuguese had escaped with us. After dashing past us, Busaca ran madly on ahead.

Up the stairway we stumbled until its jagged roof was past, and we stood upon a path which ran precipitately down to the great plain below. Only one warrior of the Queen did we encounter, for it was still early morning, and she, on seeing the Portuguese, haggard and unkempt, dashing along, made no attempt to bar our progress. Reaching the foot of the path, we hurried across the sandy waste for some considerable distance. Finding ourselves unpursued, we stopped at last to rest, afterwards searching for the remnant of our expedition, and at last we heard the cry of welcome which came from the Wadigos' lips as we came upon them towards afternoon.



"WE BOTH AVOIDED THE DEADLY STROKE."

Kass and Hassan explained, round our camp fire that night, when we were far away from the city of the Gold-Finders, how they had been thrust from the city.

"The natives say that the Portuguese made the strange dial of which I learnt the secret," Hassan observed, as he concluded his narrative. "Nay, more. Long after Busaca was thrust down there, and before he relapsed into the sullen silence which the sahibs observed, the native whom I bribed declared that the one mad cry of the Portuguese, which for months he repeated, was the one word *Forgotten!* He who made the dial remembered not its secret."

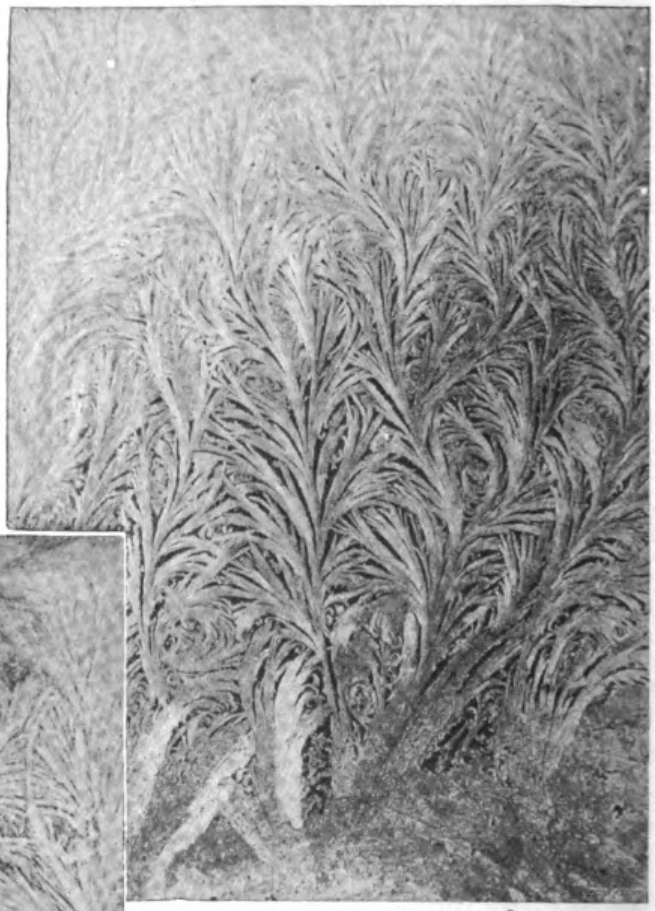
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Frost Photography.

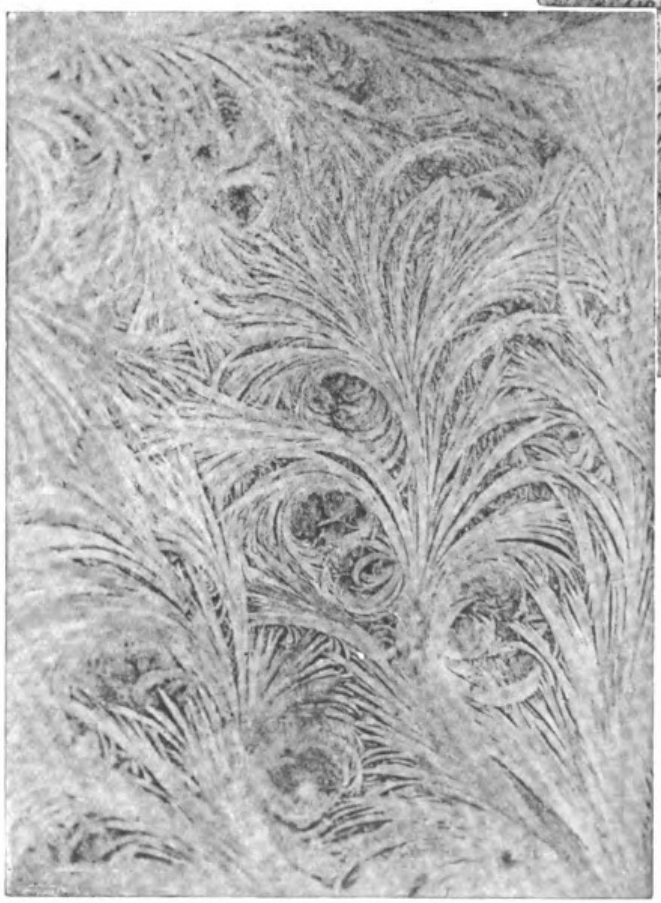
THE study of the formation of ice-crystals opens a new world to the photographer's art. This is a subject that has been almost entirely overlooked by photographers, and when a number of photographs of frost on window-panes was shown at the Photographic Exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium, they caused general wonder and admiration, and the photographic journals, in addition to calling particular attention to them, recommended photographers to turn their notice to the study of these frost formations.

For some years Mr. James Leadbeater, of Frederick Street, Rotherham, has devoted special attention to photography in this and other scientific directions, and he has met with a gratifying amount of success.

His series illustrative of the vagaries of King Frost on panes of glass in ordinary window-frames are wonderfully interesting, revealing as they do how Nature, in even such an apparent by-path as this, far surpasses Art in beauty and variety of design.



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

From Mr. Leadbeater's collection the illustrations of this article have been selected, as serving to show the remarkable difference in the action of frost at the same times and at the same places. This is the *first* time that so many photographs of the kind have appeared in print, and everyone must admire the striking character of the designs, every photograph ex-

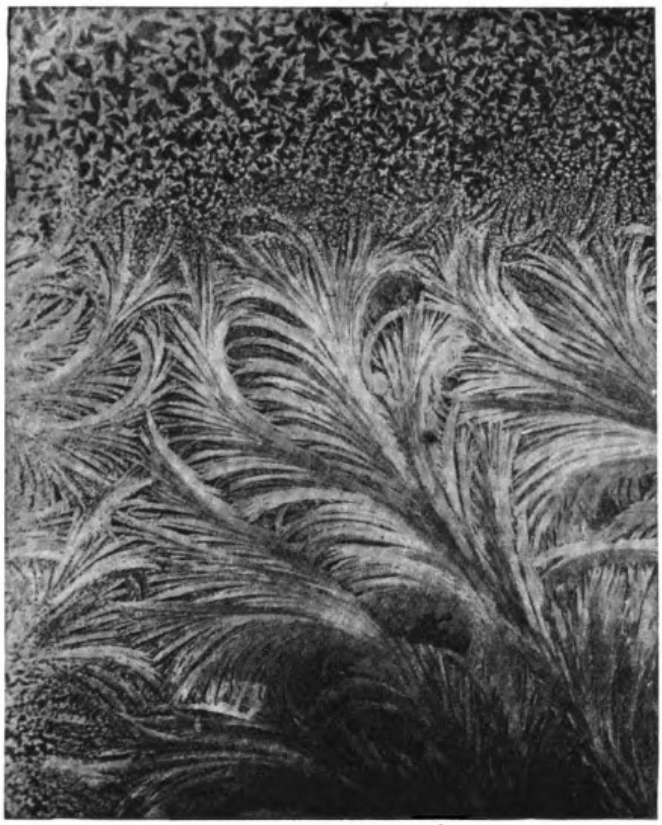
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hibiting an entirely different formation.

An examination of them leads almost naturally to the inquiry whether these designs might not be made useful as well as interesting by reproducing the exquisite pattern-work, if it may be so called, in such manufactures as those of lace curtains, carpets, wall-papers, etc. In that case they could be truly said to be copied from Nature.

Lantern - slides were made by Mr. Leadbeater from some of these photographs, and shown at the annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, in 1893. In a report of the proceedings published in the *Standard* there appeared the following: "One set of snow crystallizations on window-panes gave intensely pretty architectural - like designs, when thus enlarged to such magnified dimensions."

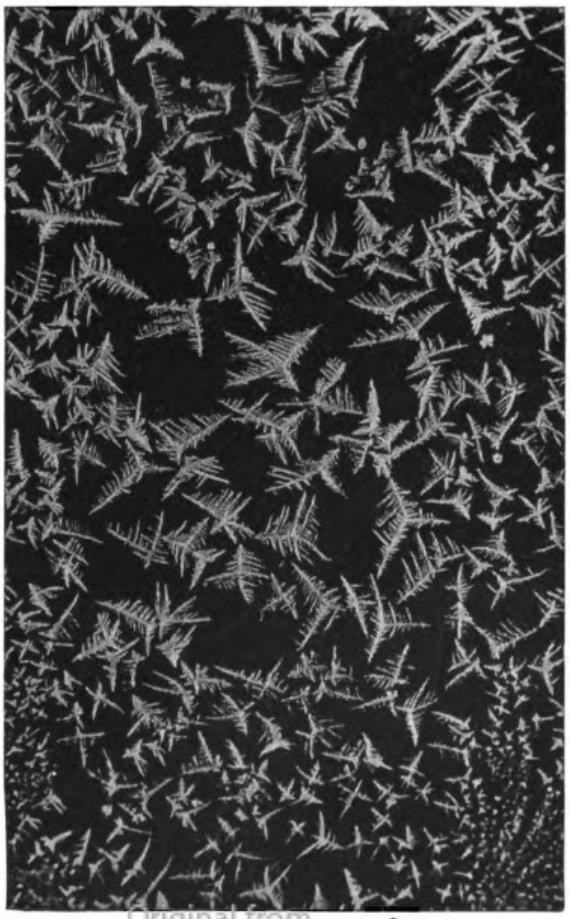
These slides were circulated throughout the United Kingdom, and wherever exhibited they ex-



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

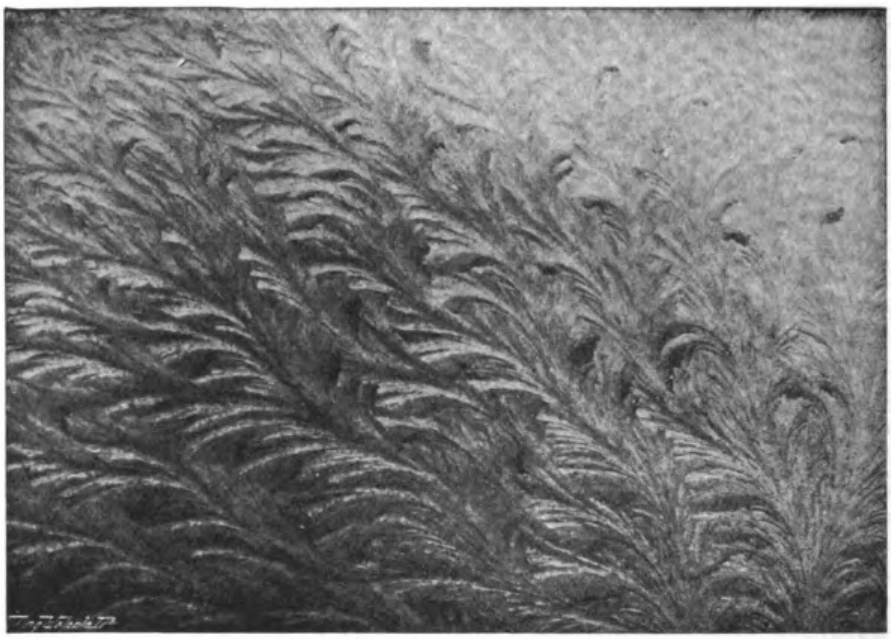


TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.
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TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1893.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

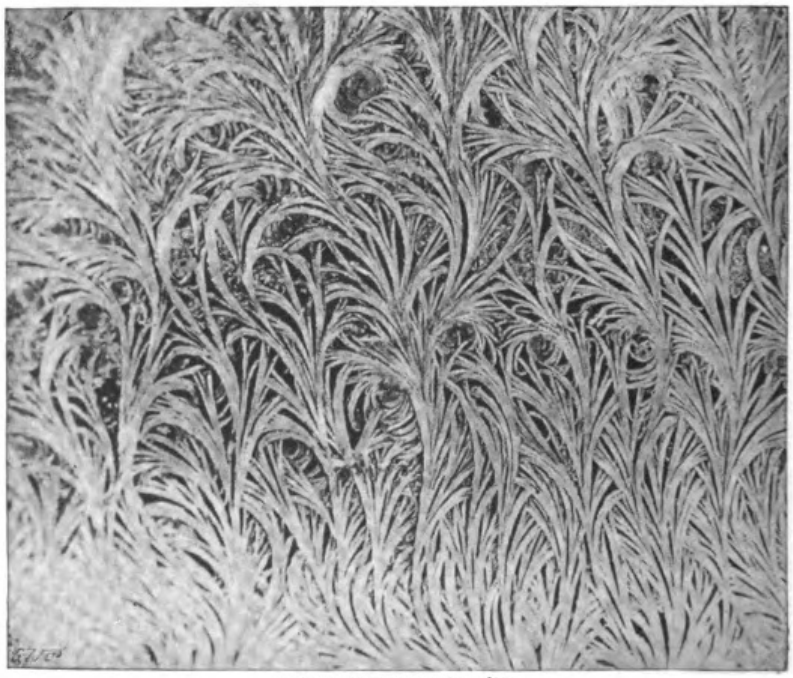
cited great astonishment. When some of these photographs were shown at a photographic exhibition, on one occasion a master of a School of Art asked: "Whatever are these?" A gentleman standing by promptly and aptly replied: "These are freehand drawings by Jack Frost."

Since their exhibition, other photographs have been taken, and although in some instances similar designs appear, yet every photograph is quite distinct in itself.

A marvellous thing about these wonderful formations is how the *same* design is reproduced in the *same* picture, so that it forms a harmonious pattern, while in the very next few inches of space an entirely different example of frost-action is apparent.

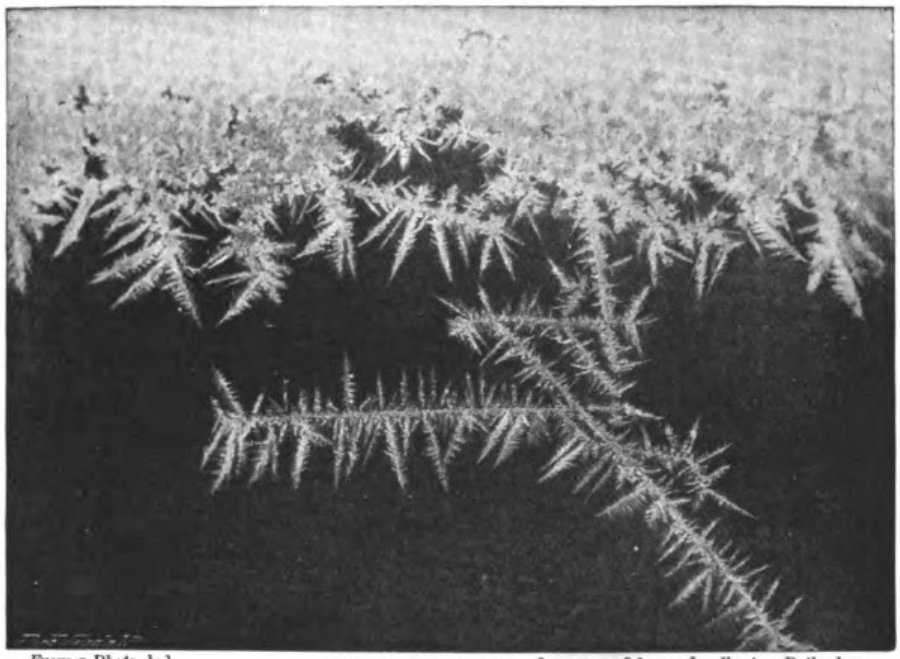
How is it that the beautiful patterns vary so much in figure? What force is brought to bear to cause this great variety of marvellous crystallization? At present this evidently remains a mystery, but perhaps the field of study opened up by the publication of these frost photographs may do something to elucidate the theory of their formation. A celebrated writer on botany is under the impression that the same force is brought to bear upon the various forms of leaves, but whether this is so or not has yet to be discovered. At all events, this theory is worthy of consideration, as several of the designs exhibit forms that greatly resemble ferns and the leaves of trees.

The subject is one that will well repay attention and study, for that there must be some analogy between the formation of leaves and the similar formation of ice-crystals from hoar-frost as depicted on window-panes seems to be clear. Several of the patterns resemble



TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

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From a Photo. by] TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894. *[James Leadbeater, Rotherham.*

the plumage of birds, surmounted by delicate scroll-work, thus looking like a conglomeration of peacocks' feathers.

If the photograph taken in March, 1894, be examined, at first one could almost imagine it to be a picture of a great, dense forest, even the undergrowth being indicated.

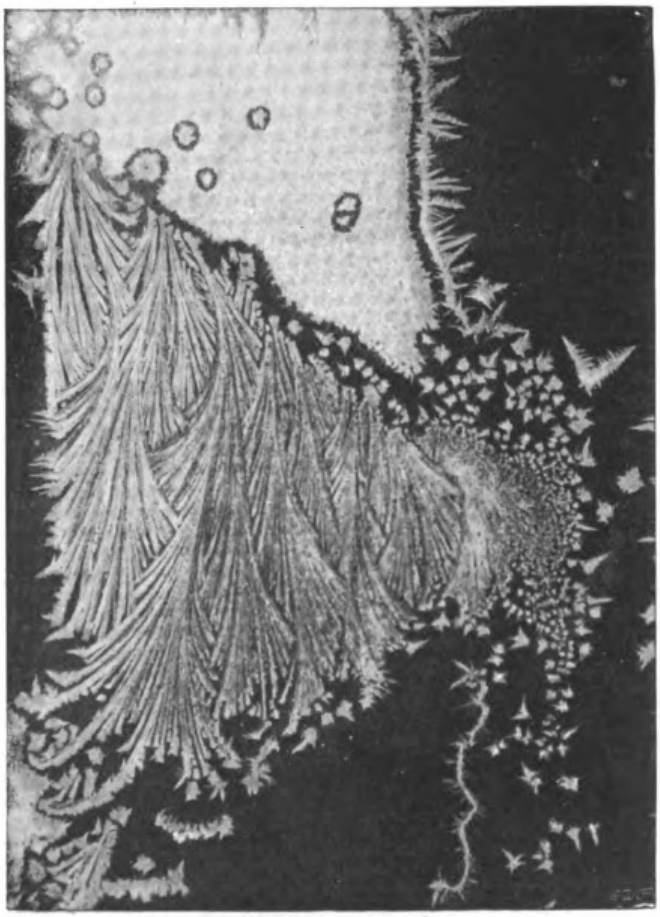
The crystallization occurs in most variety and in greatest relief during keen white frosts.

In the photograph taken in February this year, during the very severe weather of last winter, it will be noticed that this looks like a plant with large thick leaves, whereas those taken when the weather was less severe have more delicate and clearer lines of delineation.

These photographs are altogether different from snow-crystals, as the hoar-frost on window-panes is simply dew in a frozen state. The formation of hoar-frost is therefore entirely influenced by the causes effecting the deposition of dew. The formations of ice-crystals arise from the moisture in the room being deposited on the window-panes, and then crystallized.

The mode in which the crystals of hoar-frost are deposited may be arranged in three divisions. 1. Where the spherical globules of moisture are frozen without undergoing any change of form. 2. Where they assume a pointed shape. 3. Where they are disposed in varied and fanciful forms.

The third variety of hoar-frost is found on flat surfaces, more especially glass; the resistance presented by which to the process of crystallization, and the effect of its imperfect



TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

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TAKEN IN MARCH, 1894.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

and irregular conducting power, inducing a variety of motion in the condensed vapour, immediately previous to crystallization.

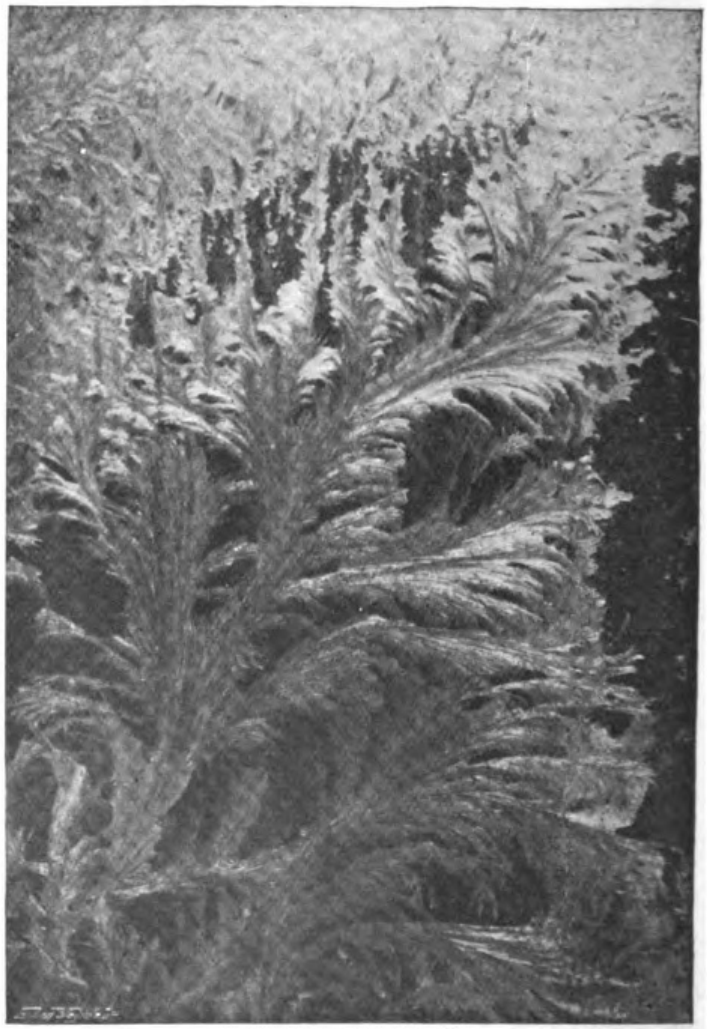
No doubt a large number of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are amateur photographers, and they will therefore be interested in the process of obtaining such photographs.

The height of the window from which these photographs of ice-crystallizations were taken is about 40ft. from the ground. The windows were always kept clean both inside and outside, in readiness for a great frost. The camera was inside the room, and a dark cloth-covered board was placed on the outside, about 2ft. from the window. The exposures varied, according to the thickness of the crystals, from two to ten seconds. All the photographs were taken in the morning before twelve o'clock.

The keener the frost is, the broader will be the pattern of the crystallization. The last photograph was taken when the thermometer registered several degrees below zero, and it is to be noticed that the character of outline in this picture does not appear at all in any of the others.

As has been already remarked, the study of frost action in this particular way opens up a wide field for further investigation and experiment; and now that the matter is broached in the pages of a magazine with a world-wide circulation like THE STRAND, it may be hoped that the present article may do something towards inducing its occupation by a numerous army of keenly-interested observers.

Already, through the circulation of his photographs, Mr. Leadbeater has had proof that the matter has engaged the attention of eminent scientists, and there is every ground for belief that the widening of the range of inquiry, and the increase of the number of investigators, may do a great deal in the not remote future to reduce to certainty much in connection with this fascinating subject that is now involved in doubt and mystery.



TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1895.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

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"MORBUS NOBILIS" OR THE PLASTER BRIGADE

By W. H. Williamson.

"WHAT'S that, Pillar? Do you mean to say that people believe and say they are ill when they are not?"

"Yes. A great number of people said and thought they had the influenza, merely because they imagined it was fashionable."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, doctor, you could persuade a man that he had some disease or other if he were quite well?"

"Certainly," replied Pillar.

"That won't wash," said Waggs.

"What won't?" asked Pillar.

"That persuasion or imagination theory."

"As a matter of fact," replied Pillar, "I haven't the slightest intention of submitting it to the laundry-maid, but I'll prove it if you like."

"So be it. Show us the Q.E.D. of the matter, and I'm satisfied."

"This is somewhat unprofessional," Pillar said, apologetically, "but I merely want to prove my theory. I won't persuade anybody that he has a disease the contemplation of which will make him ill. And, of course, the affair must be kept secret by us all. Only we'll enjoy and profit by the experiment. For me to persuade a person that he has something the matter with him is not a difficult thing, but you will see that other people will also persuade themselves that——"

Bounts entered. He at once began to tell us "all the winners and special places," and he was raving about the latest star at the Empire, when Pillar got up and said, in a confidential, solicitous way: "What's the matter with your neck?"

Silence covered the group as with a garment. Bounts rent the covering. He was startled, and he looked the doctor straight in the face for a few seconds. Then, bending his head, he rubbed his hand along his neck, and after two or three ineffectual rubs he got up and tried to look at the back of it in the mirror. He almost choked himself in the attempt, and when he found he could see nothing, he turned to Pillar:—

"What's the matter with it? I don't feel anything."

"I was looking at that white spot," said Pillar, in a doctorly way, and he turned Bounts to the light. He stroked his neck and then pressed a pencil-case or something on it, and asked—in that low-toned, quiet, sympathetic manner: "Do you feel anything now?"

"Yes, *now* I do," replied Bounts. "But what is it?" and he once more rubbed his hand over his neck. "It's nothing bad, is it? Can't you do something for it, doctor?"

Pillar was silent for a moment and then he said, thoughtfully: "It's—it's a—it's not much. Yes, I'll let you have a little ointment for it." And he once more bent poor Bounts's head and rubbed the place he had pressed

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with the pencil-case; after which he added, "Umph" very sententiously.

Said Waggs: "Pillar, how does leprosy first show itself?"

"By Jove! You don't think this is leprosy, do you?" asked Bounts, in terrified tones, looking at the doctor.

"Oh, no," said Pillar, smiling. "This isn't leprosy, otherwise Waggs wouldn't be here. It's a new bacillus, I fancy, that has not long been discovered, and which, hitherto, has confined its attention to persons—er, of —er, rather aristocratic birth. The medical name of the disease is *morbus nobilis*. You remember Prince R——, who visited this country last month? He was attacked by it, as were several members of our own Royal Family. Then the Duke of ——, too, has entertained it; but it has made very little headway."

Bounts had his hand on his neck. "But," he said, "is it dangerous? Will my neck swell? . . . And whom did you say it has attacked so far? Prince R—— and the Royal Family? By Jove! What does it look like?". And he made another attempt to strangle himself.

"Won't you call on the Duke of —— and the members of the Royal Family, Bounts? They'll, perhaps, give you a recipe for *morbus nobilis*."

"You are a lucky fellow, Bounts," said Nowles. "You drop in for all these good things."

"Is it contagious, doctor?" I asked, and I made as though I would fall on Bounts's neck. Bounts declined the embrace. He was still rubbing his neck, and he said:—

"It is strange, though, isn't it? Let's see, who has had it? Prince R——. What members of the Royal Family? Oh, some. The Duke of —— and myself. By Jove! Er—what must I do, doctor?"

"Well," replied Pillar, "there is very little to be seen at present. I should advise you not to catch cold. I think if you were to go home and to bed early, and visit me in the morning, when I will have another look at your neck, you will do all that is necessary." And Bounts went away murmuring "Prince R——."

I did not see Pillar again for two or three days, and when we did meet he immediately took my arm, and we went for a stroll. As we walked my companion discoursed thus:—

"Bounts came to me, and I put him a small black plaster, about half an inch square, on his neck. He seemed perfectly satisfied and correspondingly gratified, and he asked me if I could see any more spots. I couldn't. I thought one was enough. Then he asked me once more to repeat the names of the illustrious persons who had been visited by relatives of the microbes he was entertaining. I did so, and he left in the best of spirits. But that's not all. The disease has spread, but the infection is going to be more serious than I anticipated, I am afraid. Bounts has been to all his best society friends and, so I suppose, told them the *raison d'être* of his black patch. He has, moreover, been assiduously engaged in finding spots similar to the one on his own neck, which he has never seen, on the necks of his friends. And having found some spots, he has sent the bearers of them to me.

"Lady Kwickup brought her daughter. 'Doctor,' she said, 'Mr. Bounts was looking at my daughter's neck yesterday afternoon, and he said he thought she had the—er—the —what did he call it, Amy, darling?' 'I forget,' said Amy, darling, 'I think it was something like *morbo nobilis*. But I know he said Prince R—— had had the same thing.' 'That was it,' exclaimed her ladyship; '*moro pro nobis*. And Prince R—— and the dear Duke of —— had had it. It's quite an aristocratic little malady, doctor, is it not?' And she tittered. I had to look at Miss Kwickup's neck. It was as healthy as yours or mine; if there's anything the matter with yours, then healthier. But what could I do? I couldn't pretend to tell Miss Kwickup there was nothing the matter with her neck and that *morbus nobilis* was a fudge. Lady Kwickup and her daughter had made up their minds that *morbus nobilis* was in the family, and though I was to be allowed to try and exorcise it, I was not such an idiot as to say there was nothing the matter.

"And when the black plaster was ordered and I had said that Miss Kwickup need not in any way change her mode of living on account of *morbus nobilis*, Lady Kwickup was in ecstasy. 'It is so like dear Amy,' she said, 'to catch Prince R——'s disease, as Mr. Bounts and I have arranged to call it. It's so much better, is it not, doctor, than that common *La grippe*? Everybody had that. Awful, was it not?' I agreed that the number of people who had had the influenza was awful, and when Lady Kwickup had taken away her dear Amy, I sat in my chair and was hilarious and melancholy by turns."

"Bounts must be an ass," I remarked, by way of comment on the doctor's narrative.

"He is," said Pillar. "But what about Lady Kwickup and her daughter? There is

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"I HAD TO LOOK AT MISS KWICKUP'S NECK."

absolutely nothing the matter with either Bounts or Miss Kwickup, only they will be parading themselves on the Row and elsewhere with black plaster on their necks. And they will tell everybody the reason of it. And all their acquaintances will know the names of the people who have had white necks."

We both laughed.

"But," added Pillar, "I'm afraid the disease is spreading too quickly and too far. Look here," and he drew from his pocket a copy of the *Daily Boudoir Gossip*, and showed me the following paragraph :—

"AN ARISTOCRATIC BACILLUS.

"It appears that a new bacillus of a discriminating and exclusive character has lately been discovered. At the present time little is known of its nature, but it is reported on high authority only to have attacked members of reigning houses, the Duke of ——, the Hon. R. K. U. Bounts, and Miss Kwickup, daughter of Sir Jabez Kwickup, so that its ravages are confined to a limited circle. It attacks its victims generally in the back of the neck, when it is distinguishable by a small white spot. If attention be paid to it quickly we believe there is absolutely no danger, and the only inconvenience caused is the wearing of a small piece of plaster, which is used to cover the spot. Those of our readers who were present at Mrs. Wurdly's ball on Friday evening last probably noticed that Miss Kwickup and Mr. Bounts were conspicuous amongst a crowd of *distingués*, who are always present at Mrs. Wurdly's *recherché* balls, by the small piece of black plaster which each carried on the back of the neck, and which covered this really aristocratic bacillus. We believe the honour of the discovery of *morbus nobilis*, which is the scientific name of the disease, is due to Mr. F. R. Pillar, M.D., B.Sc., of Cavendish Square."

"What do you think of that?" asked Pillar, when I handed him back the paper, and he smiled.

I laughed. "'Aristocratic bacillus. Discovered by Mr. F. R. Pillar!' Good heavens, Pillar, what are you going to do?"

"What can I do?"

"But the thing is sure to spread *now*."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is. Everybody will want to have Prince R——'s disease, and all the ambitious mothers will look for spots on their eligible daughters' necks, and they will be sure to find them. . . . I didn't expect so much as this."

I did not see Pillar for a week or two afterwards, but I saw Bounts. It was about four or five days after I had had the conversation above reported with Pillar. Bounts buttonholed me in Piccadilly, and took me down Regent Street. He was greatly excited, and our conversation was somewhat as follows :—

"You remember, Tutchy, that spot on my neck which Pillar found at the club the other day?" I nodded. "Well, it is really the same thing that attacked Prince R—— and those others whom Pillar mentioned."

"So I understand."

"Yes, really, by Jove! But isn't it queer that it should come to me first, that is, after Prince R—— and that lot? Some would think it quite an honour, by Jove!"

"Umph. Doesn't it hurt at all?"

"That's the best of it; I hardly feel it. You see the plaster, don't you? I haven't taken it off since Pillar put it on. And don't you know, by Jove! that a lot of fellows have got it now?"—the spot, he meant. "A

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lot of girls, too, are wearing plaster. Ha! ha! We are calling ourselves Prince R——'s plaster brigade. Ha! ha! Good name, isn't it? By Jove!"

"Capital. I suppose you are the captain, eh?"

"Ha! ha! By Jove, yes. I ought to be, eh? By-the-bye, haven't you got a white spot on your neck?"

He seized me by the collar and, regardless of the locality and time, he would have instituted himself disease-hunter on the spot, if I had not adopted measures to circumvent him.

"Thanks awfully," I said, slangily but firmly, as I parted him from my vesture. "I washed this morning, and I haven't the slightest doubt that I have many white spots on my neck, but I am afraid I cannot flatter myself that I have Prince R——'s disease, as you call it."

"That's a pity now, isn't it? By Jove! Because it's really aristocratic, don't you know. I was at Lady Fairchin's the other day, and what do you think I was doing? Ha! ha!" I said I didn't know. "Looking at Lady Fairchin's neck and the necks of all the girls with a magnifying glass to see if they had Prince R——'s spot. Good, by Jove! wasn't it?"



"HE SEIZED ME BY THE COLLAR."

"Decidedly good. Did you find any?"

"Oh, yes! They all had it, don't you know. They went to see Pillar the next day, and now they've all got plasters."

"The malady is spreading," I said, as serenely as I could.

"It is, really. I was at Lady Arton's ball on Tuesday evening, and there were thirty-seven of us there with black plasters, don't you know. It was awfully jolly. We call them beauty spots. Ha! ha! And everybody wanted to dance with a member of Prince R——'s brigade. Its getting to be a sign of blood, by Jove! and those who haven't Prince R——'s disease won't be allowed in good society soon, don't you know, Tutchy. So, ha! ha! you had better hurry up and get it, or you'll be left in the cold, ha! ha!"

I said I would do my best, but it was just possible I couldn't catch it.

"That's unfortunate, by Jove! We have decided to have printed on our cards: '*Morbus nobilis*,' and only those who have had this will be considered fit for good society, don't you know. Halloa! there's Lady Kathleen, Lady Arton's daughter. Do you see the plaster? By Jove! I must go and speak to a member of —er—Prince R——'s brigade. Ta ta, old man, ta ta."

I said "Ta ta."

And that's Bounts.

This is Nowles. Two days afterwards I saw Nowles. He might have had the jaundice, but fortunately he hadn't. He was looking on the ground and drawing geometrical figures. I stood in front of him for a moment before he noticed my presence. When, however, he did look up, he gave a huge sigh of relief, as though he were in some Lucknow and I were a Have-lock. I sat beside him and asked how he was. He said he was wretched, and the following conversation ensued:—

"What's the matter? Can't solve the problem?" And I pointed to the figures he had made. "What book is it?"

"No book. It isn't that figure on the ground that's troubling me. It's a far more serious affair. You remember that night at the club when Pillar made a fool of Bounts?"

"When he found the spot? Yes."

"Exactly. That's what I mean. Now, it seems that Bounts has been telling such a garnished tale about that spot, that it is really considered, by many people, to be a sort of aristocratic trade mark. In fact, so rapidly has the idea spread, that those

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who have no plaster on their necks are being looked upon as plebs. To us, who know all about it, the affair is an immense joke, and the bigger the plaster the immenser the joke. But we have by no means heard the last of *morbus nobilis*."

"Yes, but, Nowles, you are surely not so advanced as to let a joke hit you so hard as this, and send you for amusement to problems?"

"It isn't that. I can still enjoy a chestnut or a new joke, but this is leading me into a deuce of a mess. I was at Mrs. Wurdly's ball the other evening. I could scarcely get a girl to dance with me; they all wanted partners with plaster on their necks. I called on Lady Kwickup the other day. She was not at home. She was, but I know why she wasn't. Excuse the bull." I began to understand the problem. Nowles continued: "The worst has to come. I am engaged, as you know, to Miss Praray. Now, Eva is a dear creature and sensible. Her father made a pile of money in the States and came to England to spend it; but he isn't—well, he wasn't born an aristocrat. My family is a fairly old one, as you know, although I shall be nothing but a squire; still, Mr. and Mrs. Praray consented to my engagement to Eva, as she is their only child, and—er—well—er—it's a love match, although Mrs. Praray would, I think, have been better pleased if Eva had fallen in love with a duke. Now, Mrs. Praray and Lady Kwickup have been seeing a great deal of each other lately, and I don't think that has been of any advantage to me, for my lady thinks I once flirted with her daughter, Amy, and didn't come to terms when I ought; and Mrs Praray has been somewhat fascinated by this blessed *morbus nobilis*—all through Lady Kwickup. She has searched Eva's neck, morning, noon, and night, awake and asleep, but Eva hasn't got Prince R——'s spot. That hurts her—the old lady, I mean—but she thinks she can scarcely expect Eva to have it, as her blood is not of the bluest."



"TWO DAYS AFTERWARDS I SAW NOWLES."

"An unhealthy colour," I said. "But why can't Miss Praray find a spot if one is wanted?"

"Another confession, Tutchy. I broke our confidence, and told Eva all about our lark with Bounts. Of course, she laughed heartily over it and said he was a 'silly.' Girls always call these darned fools 'sillies,' you know. I made her promise not to tell anybody, and now how can she get *morbus nobilis?* Mrs. Praray has found no end of white spots on Eva's neck, so she says, 'Eva has it right enough, but she won't wear plaster,' although I fancy that Mrs. Praray, in the corridors of her soul, blames Eva's parentage. But here is where the trouble comes. Lady Kwickup has been suggesting that my blood can't be so pure after all, for I haven't got a sign of Prince R——'s spot. And poor Mrs. Praray has begun to distrust me. She looks upon me with suspicion, and every day has increased the intensity of the situation. The papers are full of this *morbus nobilis*. Nobody is invited to balls except Prince R——'s disease is in the family, all others are ostracized. And this has almost determined Mrs. Praray to break off Eva's engagement to me. I called yesterday, and they were out. They weren't. This morning I had a letter from Eva: I'll read part of it."

He took a letter from his breast pocket, and after humming a little he read: ". . . The truth of the matter is, Lady Kwickup, the horrid woman, has tried to persuade ma that you are a nobody, for you haven't got a wretched spot on your neck. Ma, of course, does not like to tell you this, but she said to me the other day that she thought our engagement was a mistake, and that it would be better for both of us not to consider

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ourselves tied for a little while. Don't think I take any notice of this, darling, for I don't, but Lady Kwickup—how I hate her!—was here yesterday, and she stayed a horribly long time. And after she had gone, what do you think ma said? She said that unless you had *morbus nobilis* in three days our engagement would be broken off. Arthur, what will you do? Ma has found no fewer than six spots on my neck this afternoon, and after dinner she burnt poor father's hair with a match, through looking at his neck. What must I do? It isn't much to put a piece of plaster on one's neck, but when one knows the absurd reason for it, as I do, it is revolting. And yet we do so many things because other people do them, that I think it is hardly worth while being different now. Tell me what to do, love. I don't want to make ma cross, but I shall feel like a female Cain with that plaster brand of hypocrisy on my neck. And yet I expect I shall have to wear one, for ma has accepted an invitation for me to Lady Kwickup's ball, and nobody but members of the plaster brigade is to go, except *morbus nobilis* is in the family.



"SHE BURNT POOR FATHER'S HAIR WITH A MATCH."

"You are to be given three days to find a spot on your neck. Isn't it horrible? I don't want you to play the sham, Arthur, but I don't think I can fight any more, and do you think you can have this silly *morbus nobilis* for my sake? . . . "

The rest was not for my ears.

"This letter has been sent unknown to Mrs. Praray, and I must reply at once. But what can I do?" And Nowles got up and walked a yard or two away from the seat.

"Why did Pillar start this game? . . . I'm hanged if I can play the fool — and know it."

"You're practically that if you don't."

"There's only one way out of the difficulty that I can see," Nowles said.

"And that way lies?"

"Through Pillar. It was he who started the affair, and he can end it. Everybody with *morbus nobilis* goes to him, and he is simply coining money. You have to wait two or three hours if you go to see him. That's all very well for him, but what about us poor beggars? What about me?"

"He can cure you."

"Cure me? He must stop the nonsense, that's what he must do. He must be honest with his patients, and tell them there's nothing the matter."

"Nowles, you are letting this affair hit you too hard. Do you know what you have just said?"

"Hang it! old fellow, but it won't matter — just for once. He can lie to them again afterwards."

There was silence for the space of a minute while we thought that over. Nowles broke the silence, and he did so with a face that was radiant with an idea. When a man has an idea of his very own, he feels as though he had found a hidden treasure. Said Nowles:—

"I have it. We must get another doctor to say this *morbus nobilis* is a kind of foot-and-mouth disease—anything, so long as it's beastly and bad enough. A species of leprosy will do. But it must be something that people won't want to have or want others to think they have. Nobody will look for spots if they might turn out to be leprosy."

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"A splendid idea, Nowles," I said; "splendid. Of course, the faculty will squabble over it, but as the dispute will never end, and as nobody will dare to have it till a definite verdict is given upon its nature, it will simply be forgotten and you will be forgiven by Mrs. Praray."

"Going back to the City?" was all Nowles's response.

"Yes."

"Come along."

The problem was solved. The same night Nowles wrote to his *fiancée* to tell her not to have *morbus nobilis* till she heard from him again. If she had any difficulty with her mother on the subject, she was to promise to wear a plaster on the night of the ball, if Mrs. Praray desired it.

The next news I got of *morbus nobilis* was from the *Daily Oracle*. It came out with a paragraph headed "Bachelors and Bacillus." It read thus: "A short time ago one of our contemporaries, with its usual gush, announced that a new bacillus had appeared, and that its ravages were confined to aristocratic circles. The nature of that bacillus has been a secret, and one well-known physician has been called upon to treat those afflicted with *morbus nobilis*, as the disease was called. We have no wish to make capital out of this 'aristocratic bacillus,' only we may say that it was discovered in a London club, and it has now, we believe, gone to far Cathay. Little more will be heard of it, and the next time our contemporary discovers 'a new bacillus' we shall be glad to receive a specimen."

Underneath was the following:—

"A DEPARTURE.—We understand that Mr. F. R. Pillar, M.D., B.Sc., of Cavendish Square, leaves to-morrow in the P. and O. *Cairo* for Japan, for the sake of his health. Dr. Pillar will be recognised as the name of the gentleman who has successfully coped with the new epidemic, *morbus nobilis*, that has lately been raging in aristocratic circles. The doctor's return is not definitely fixed upon."

I rushed off to Nowles.

"Yes," said Nowles, "I saw Pillar. He said he was as sick of the business as I, but he was practically helpless. He said that people came to him and insisted that they had *morbus nobilis*, and all he had to do was to treat them for it. General Indiana's daughter went to him the other day. She's fairly brown, you know, but her mother confessed that Miss Indiana had washed her neck a dozen times a day for the last week, and she was sure she had Prince R——'s spot. And Miss Bluesang—that pale-faced girl—went to him. Her neck was the colour of a speckled hen; she hadn't washed for a week. But I told Pillar something must be done, and suggested that he should proclaim *morbus nobilis* as some foul disease. He said I was foolish to hint at such a thing, as he could not possibly change his opinion of a case. But at last he said he would leave the country for the sake of his health."

"It's rather a hard sentence," I said.

"Yes; but we could suggest no other. And if the blessed thing is not stopped soon, we shall have all the pet dogs and cats with *morbus nobilis*, and the bourgeois will also wear plaster on their necks, and then we shall indeed be a stiff-necked generation."

"But how did the *Oracle* get hold of its news?"

"It's Waggs's organ."

"Well, I'm——"

"Yes, yes, so you are. But *morbus nobilis* will die very quickly now."

And it did. The next day the following appeared in the *Oracle* in a leading article on "Morbus Nobilis": ". . . . We do not blame Dr. Pillar. He did what, under the circumstances, was a proper thing to do. To have told those who came to him to be treated for this so-called Prince R——'s disease that there was really nothing the matter with them, would perhaps have unnecessarily excited them, and maladies, far more serious and harmful than the wearing of a black plaster, might have been the result. It is imperative that a medical man deceive his patients occasionally, and Dr. Pillar possessed far too much ability not to judge when such deception would be justifiable."

In the clubs, at all the balls, the gossip was of nothing but *morbus nobilis*. The *Oracle* had certainly lit a fire of no inconsiderable size. When next I saw Nowles he was in high spirits.

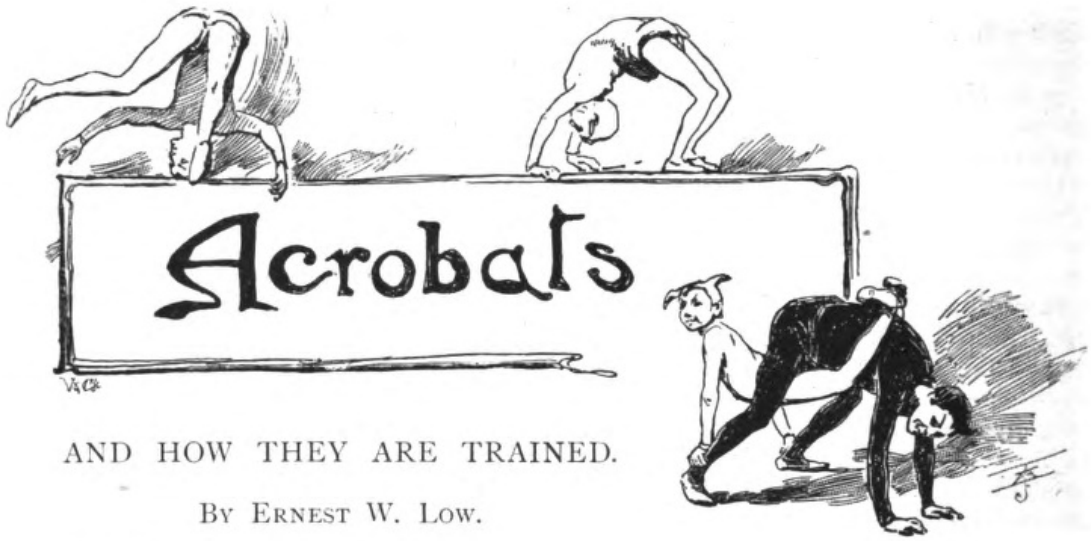
"You look well," I said; "what's the matter?"

"I'm not going to Lady Kwickup's ball; neither is Eva. It is too late to invite anybody now, and as only members of the plaster brigade were invited, only such favoured individuals will go. Won't it be a nice ball?"

I said I hoped it would.

"Mrs. Praray," continued Nowles, "almost wept when she saw me the other morning. She asked me to forgive her, and her opinion of my common-sense is a most exalted one."

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AND HOW THEY ARE TRAINED.

By Ernest W. Low.

THE taste of the public as regards its amusements is proverbially fickle, and many of the performances which were hailed with enthusiasm by the audiences of only a few years ago, would to-day be received with a very languid show of approval, if, indeed, they did not evoke positive hostility. Particularly marked has the change been in the case of "variety entertainments," and all the more striking, therefore, is the fact that there is still a class of artists whose hold upon the affections of the spectators is still as great as of yore.

We never seem to get tired of watching the evolutions of acrobats; there is a magnetic influence in feats demanding nerve and agility which is well-nigh perennial; it appeals to those of all classes and all ages, to the horny-handed son of toil as well as the man about town; alike to the middle-aged paterfamilias and his boisterous boys and girls home for the holidays.

No doubt, the *soupçon* of danger which attaches to these feats (which, as a matter of fact, is much slighter than is commonly supposed) may, in a measure, account for their never-failing popularity; but the tendency of late years has rather been in the direction of discountenancing the exploits which had nothing but their audacity to commend them. Public opinion has altered towards this as towards everything else, and nowadays the performers who rank highest in favour are those whose feats excel in strength, agility, and grace, of which the latter is by no means the least potent factor.

Very few out of the thousands who enjoy witnessing performances of this description have more than the very faintest idea as to "How it's all done." The question is constantly put by an inquisitive child to his parent, much to the latter's perplexity, who, being unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, launches out into the most fallacious statements in his endeavour to enlighten the mind of the awestruck child concerning the life of an acrobat "behind the scenes."

Personally, I can even now recall to mind what a harrowing picture used to be drawn for my delectation of the tortures endured by the hapless young people, no older than myself, whose wonderful feats I had witnessed at the Crystal Palace with unfeigned wonderment and delight. Stories of little boys having their spines broken at the age of two (to make them supple!), of little, writhing creatures condemned to stand for hours daily with one leg strapped up, and of a multitude of other horrors, were impressed upon my youthful mind, with the result that many a sleepless night did I pass after these occasional outings.

No doubt my experience is not unique, and perhaps even to-day there are people who believe that an acrobat's training cannot be successfully carried through without a certain amount of hardship and cruelty. Indeed, to my shame be it said, until very recently some lingering doubts on the subject still occupied my mind, and they were only thoroughly dispelled after I had had the opportunity of personally witnessing the methods of the several celebrated performers

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who have been kind enough to place the knowledge, gained from long experience, at my disposal for the benefit of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Few men are better qualified to speak on the ups and downs of an acrobat's life than Mr. Henry Balcombe, or "Ara," of the "Ara, Zebra, and Vora" trio. At the present time their performance mainly consists of balancing feats, amongst these being one which "Ara" claims to have originated. Exceedingly difficult it looks. "Ara" balances himself on his hands upon a small pedestal, and supports on his neck "Zebra," who in turn bears "Vora" upon his shoulders.

But although the trio's exhibition is of this character just now, there is hardly a branch of the profession which "Ara" has not had a turn at. Certainly, he and his brother Arthur ("Zebra") have been through the mill. They were apprenticed in 1875, at the respective ages of nine and six, to the Jackley troupe, and the following nine years of their lives were spent entirely abroad, and it can be understood that during this time life was not all *couleur de rose* for the two little Balcombes. Still, they learnt all that was to be learned in their calling, and although they acknowledge that many hardships had to be undergone unknown to latter-day apprentices, they have never regretted having been brought up in so hard a school.



"ARA, ZEBRA, AND VORA."

There were scarcely any music-halls in those days, and travelling troupes had to depend upon finding concert-halls at various places they halted at, or, failing this, go through their performance in the open. Often as not, too, if business were bad, the hapless little apprentices would fare badly, not infrequently being really ill-treated. There is not much fear of anything of this sort nowadays, as the law has taken these little performers under its protecting wing, and a master not carrying out his duties as set forth in the terms of apprenticeship, would soon find himself called upon to answer for his conduct.

A few years after finishing their apprenticeship, the two young Balcombes struck off for themselves, their originality being apparent in their choice of professional names, which they selected by taking the first and last letters of the alphabet, so as to run no risk of clashing with other professionals. Then they commenced a most successful tour, visiting all the principal cities of Europe, and winning golden laurels wherever they went — there being a peculiar quality of refinement about their work which is lacking in that of many otherwise clever combinations. The "Nonpareil Trio," as the show is now called, only dates back two or three years, with the accession to the troupe of the youngest sister of the celebrated "Mosers," who is now known as "Vora," but in private life is Mrs. Henry Balcombe. Like her husband, she has been virtually all her life in the business, for since her fifth birthday she had been taking part in the performances with her brothers and sisters; on the next page is a picture of the little mite as she appeared soon after making her first shy bow to the audience.

When I asked "Ara" to give me an idea of the way a youngster was taught from the very beginning, he told me that there was no royal road. The great thing to bear in mind is to learn to walk before you attempt to run. The great object of a child's early training is to make him strong and supple before attempting anything in the shape of difficult feats. For this purpose he is put through a variety of simple exercises no more difficult than what may be seen done at many a school gymnasium, but the great difference is, that the little professional has to *keep at it*, to steadily go on practising until the most intricate movements are done without effort.

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First he is taught to bend his back slightly, and only slightly, for undue slackness in the muscles of the back unfits a man for the performance of many acrobatic feats.

Of course, I am not speaking of "contortionists" or "human snakes," with whom bending is the chief stock-in-trade. When the youngster can bend his back a little without straining, he goes on to learn "flip-flaps" and "hand-springs." "Flip-flap" is the name given to the evolution which consists of throwing the head back, placing the hands on the ground, and turning over to an upright position, and a "hand-spring" is the reverse of a "flip-flap." These and the "splits," which is too well known to need description, may almost be called the A B C of tumbling. When the learner has mastered flip-flaps and hand-springs, he is ready to attempt somersaults, back and front and side, and the more difficult "twisting somersault," which combines a complete vertical turn with a horizontal change of position.



VORA, AGE 5.

Whatever branch of ground-work the learner is going to take up, the rudiments of the art have to be first thoroughly mastered. To use "Ara's" own words: "Tumbling is the father of all ground acrobatics." And he was particularly emphatic in bidding me remember that everything must be attempted very gradually, and every feat, however simple, done over and over again, until it becomes second nature. If the learner is content with just being able to manage a trick, he will never shine in combined work in which quickness of movement and "style" are so essential to success. "Ara" said it was quite possible for a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen to become fairly proficient in one branch, but if a boy wanted to become an all-round performer, like himself, he ought to start not later than ten years old.

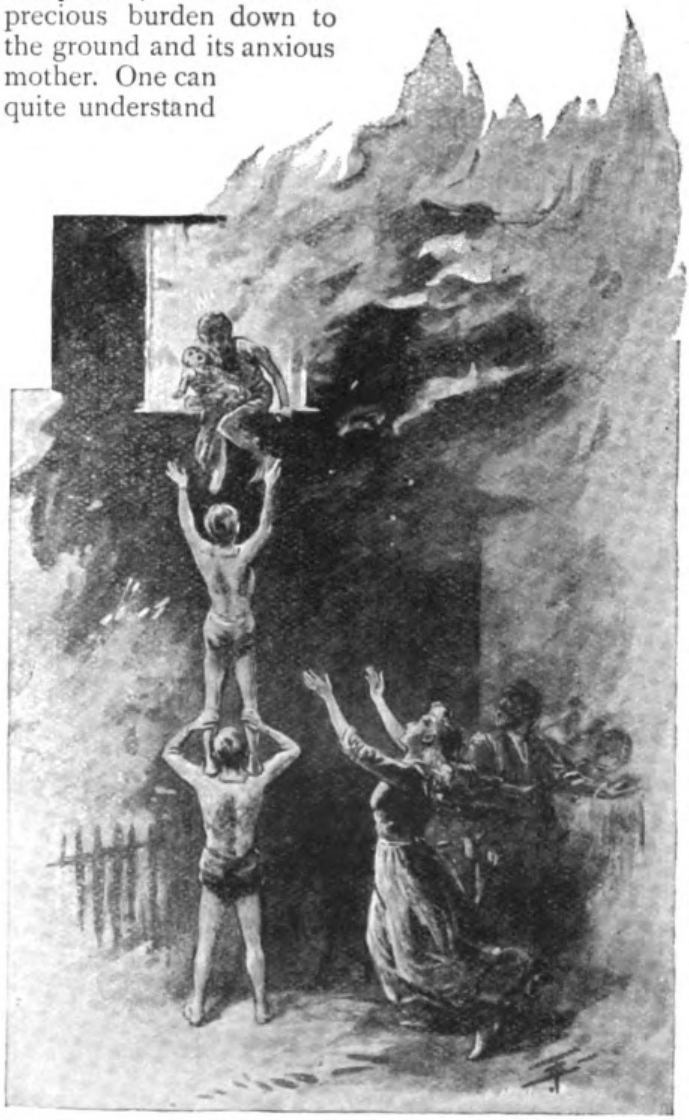
Even after a man becomes thoroughly proficient he cannot afford to "rest on his arms reversed"; if he does not continually practise and improve himself he will soon get stale. Performing, as he does now, three times a day, "Ara" has no need of additional exercise; but when abroad or in the provinces, and only appearing once in the evening, the mornings are regularly devoted to practising new tricks and general exercise for keeping in condition. He says he finds half an hour's *skipping* a splendid thing to keep the limbs supple and improve his breathing power.

"Ara's" long career has not been without its share of adventures and accidents, but, luckily, none of the latter have had any very serious results. As a lad, he was for some time doing the "Risley" business, which consists in one of the men lying on his back with his feet at right angles to the ground, on which human apparatus the lighter members of the troupe perform. Young "Ara," while doing a difficult somersault, was unlucky enough to slip, and, falling on the edge of the pad, broke his arm. Another fall, which might have been fraught with far more serious consequences, occurred at Rotterdam, when he fell off a high trapeze, owing to having forgotten the indispensable handkerchief, to wipe the perspiration off the bar. Although the fall was about 40ft., he got off scot-free. He landed in the laps of a lady and gentleman, and before the former had recovered from the faint caused by the shock, he was once more aloft and proceeded with his act, to the surprise and admiration of the spectators!

"Ara's" pluck and agility were once put to a noble use. Very few professional acrobats can boast that their training was the means of rescuing another from certain death, but this was the case with "Ara" when he was but a slip of a lad. While performing in a small village, a fire broke out opposite the hall, and just as the troupe arrived on the scene a woman came rushing down the stairs imploring someone to save her baby, which was asleep in a room on the first story. To climb upon one another's shoulders (or, technically, to make "three-man-high") was the work of a moment for three of the Jackley troupe, and young "Ara"

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was at the top. He could just get his hands upon the window-sill, but managed to pull himself up, brought the baby to the sill, and, resuming with difficulty his position on the shoulders of his companion, lowered his precious burden down to the ground and its anxious mother. One can quite understand



"ARA SAVES A BABY'S LIFE."

that the troupe had to stop in the place several days longer than had been intended, for the people came flocking in from the neighbouring villages in hundreds to see the boy who saved the baby.

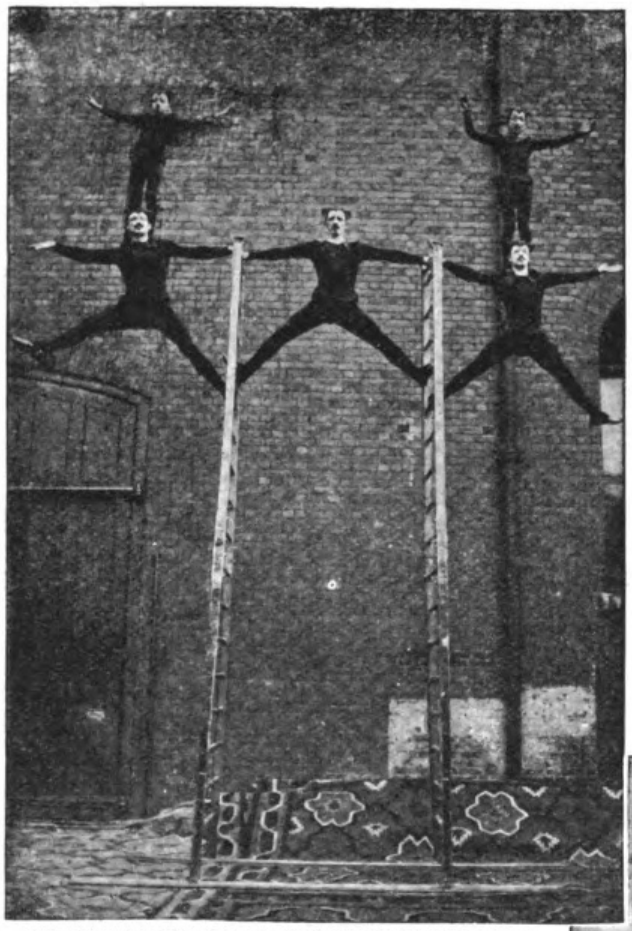
Few people who visited Olympia a short time back can fail to have been struck by a troupe of acrobats who, fantastically attired as demons, went through some extraordinary movements on the top of high ladders. The leading spirit of the troupe is Mr. Conn Fredericks, who has made a spécialité of this ladder-balancing. He also originated the daring feat of riding a bicycle down the "chutes," which caused such a sensation at the time. He hails from the United States, and is a good example of the result of the American system of training. He was never apprenticed, but while very young started practising acrobatic tricks at a gymnasium, and embarked in the profession at the age of twelve, much to the horror of his people, who are all strict Quakers in Chicago, and regard those who frequent theatres and music-halls as on the high road to perdition. So, certainly, Conn Fredericks' talents cannot be attributed to heredity or early associations.

Like "Ara," he has had a turn at almost every sort of gymnastic work; in his time he has given performances of trapeze work, the horizontal bar, tumbling, pure and simple, rope-walking, besides his unique ladder act. He explained that tricks on the trapeze and horizontal bar are learned nowadays by the aid of a mechanical appliance called a "longe." This consists of a broad belt going round the gymnast's body, attached to which are two ropes running through pulleys.

When the learner attempts a new feat, he puts on the belt, a man takes hold of the end of each rope, and, should he miss, they immediately give a pull, when he swings harmlessly in the air. This device has saved many a broken neck, but it had not been invented when Conn Fredericks learned his trade, so at that time a man learning somersaults off the bar had to trust to luck and the services of a companion.

Again, in aerial work, nets were entirely unknown until recent years, and the trapeze performer, when he went up to his lofty perch, literally had his life in his hands. In this respect, then, the lot of the learner is far happier than it used to be. In spite of being brought up in what may be styled the heroic school, he doesn't believe in the system adopted by many of the English acrobats, who, he says, want to teach in too much of a hurry, instead of sending the pupils through a regular course, as they do in the States. The English performers go in for specializing,

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THE FREDERICKS TROUPE—THE GREAT LADDER TRICK.
From a Photo. by A. M. Bliss & Co., Lewes.

while it is rare to come across an American performer who cannot do all-round work.

There are several tricks which Mr. Fredericks disapproves of; balancing on the head is one which he thinks leads to very bad results. In fact, he assured me that men who continually do this feat, sooner or later suffer from brain trouble.

A performer named Thuer used to do this some years ago while swinging on a trapeze, and for a time he was a tremendous attraction, but finally he went out of his mind. Surely one trick he wanted to do was the most extraordinary that has ever been heard of. This is what he proposed to do. He was to stand on a trap-door, a rope, with a knot to come under his ear, to be placed around his neck, and then the trap was to be opened! Of course, he was never permitted to perform this gruesome act in public, but it is a fact that he practised it successfully, and managed a drop of 2ft. to 3ft. with impunity!

For this reason he does not encourage his little son to do head balances. Conn Fredericks, junior, takes part in his father's Mephistophelian antics, and a most engaging little fellow he is. He is just twelve, and, according to his father, started tumbling at the age of two! He is a clever little chap, quite childish in his ways, and absolutely without any comprehension of the meaning of the word "fear." In fact, his daring is a source of anxiety to his father and mother, for they never know what he'll be up to when he's out of sight. Not many days ago he was discovered perched up on the girders at Olympia some 100ft. from the ground, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the manager, who implored him to come down. And when he at last consented to come back to *terra firma*, it was only with much difficulty that he was dissuaded from sliding



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE—PRACTISING SOMERSAULT THROWING.

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down one of the wires! He has only been taking part regularly in the work of the "Demon" troupe for the last two years, and doesn't express himself as very satisfied with that sort of work. He says he wants to be a comedian, and sometimes rebels against the acrobatic work; but when his father threatens to take another boy in his place, he soon comes round to a different frame of mind. His father doesn't give him



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.

too much work to do; like the majority of men who are masters of their craft, he believes in the beginner doing a little and doing it well.

Mr. Fredericks was for a long time travelling with Barnum's circus, and he says the most enthusiastic audiences he has ever had were those made up entirely of niggers in the Southern States. The coloured folk used to literally go mad over a circus, and it was no uncommon thing to see a whole family — husband, wife, with a baby in her arms, and a boy or girl, coming from a place miles away, all perched on the back of one unfortunate horse!

Undoubtedly the cleverest trapeze performer in existence is a member of the "Hanlon" troupe, who, as "Little Bob," caused a perfect furore some twenty years ago. "Little Bob" is not very big in stature now, but he has three boys, aged twelve, eleven, and four, whom he has set his heart upon teaching to follow in his footsteps. He himself has been a member of the most famous troupe known to the present generation.

First he was apprenticed to the original Hanlon-Lees, whose reputation was so greatly enhanced by the attractiveness of "Little Bob's" feats, and afterwards he was one of the celebrated Hanlon-Voltas with whom he



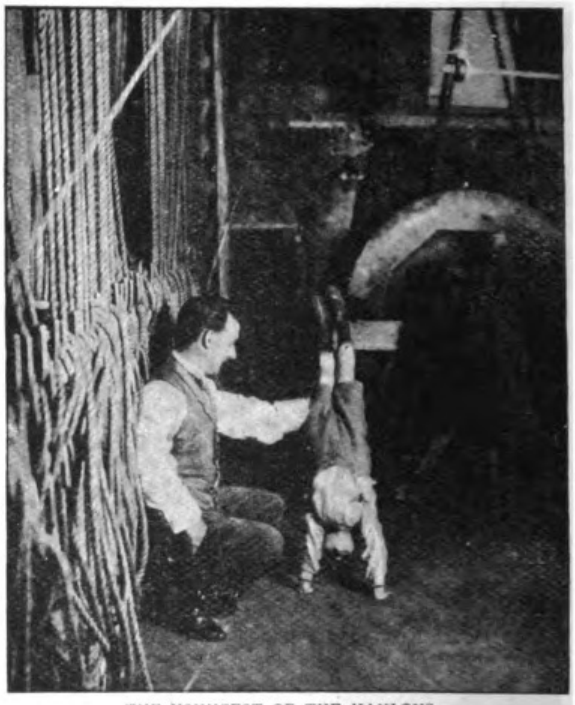
THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.

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worked both the trapeze and the horizontal bars. He had an engagement with his troupe at the Alhambra recently, and I paid him a visit one morning, when I was enabled to watch him putting his boys through their paces. Needless to say, Mr. Edward Hanlon, the smallest one, aged four, has only just commenced, but he positively beamed with delight when "Little Bob" lifted him up to the bar, and he pulled up to his chest twice very sturdily.

As for the eldest boy, Robert, he is already no mean performer, and has appeared in St. Petersburg with his father. Their preliminary teaching bears out my previous information; they stand on their hands, do the splits, "legs and shoulders," before they are put on the trapeze. After learning a few simple feats on a trapeze near the ground, they are started on the high one.

The first thing to learn here is how to fall, so as to land properly in the net, for an awkward fall of 6oft. or 7oft. means broken limbs, if no worse. Then they are carefully taught how to judge the swing of the trapeze, when to leave go, and how to catch the other properly, and to land safely on the little platform suspended in mid-air, which is technically known as the "perch."



THE YOUNGEST OF THE HANLONS.

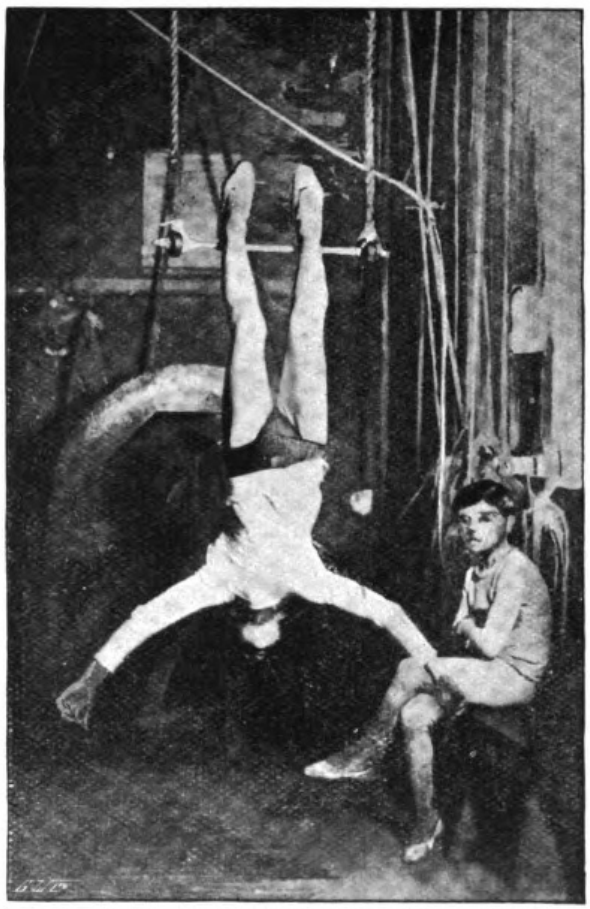


ROBERT HANLON.
1.—THE BACK PERCH.

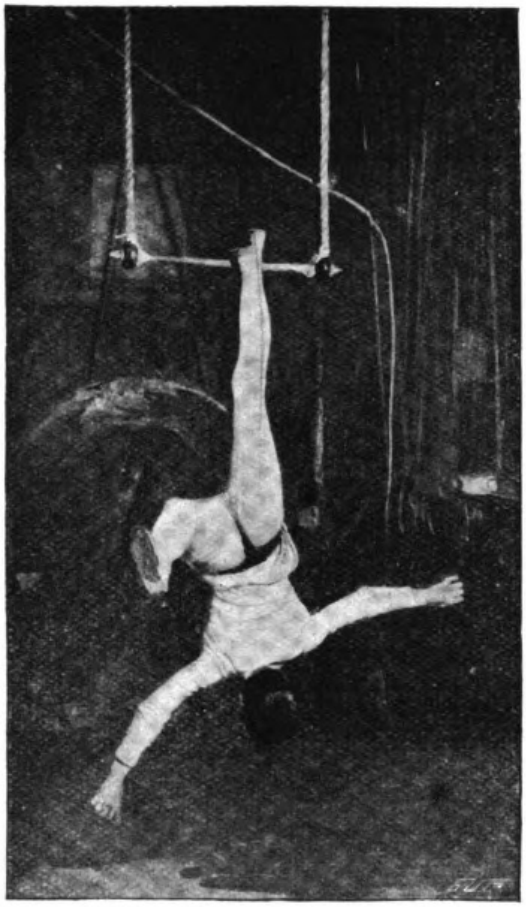


ROBERT HANLON. 2.—SOMERSAULT FROM BAR TO BAR.

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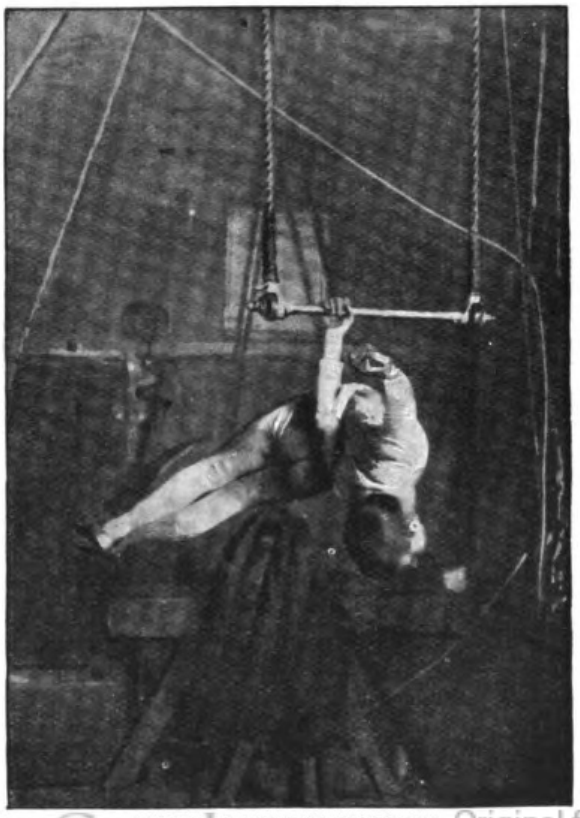
THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.



THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.

"Bob" is a very abstemious man; he never touches alcohol during the day, but he has no faith in dieting, and says he eats just what he fancies, and lets his boys do the same. He told me that there is comparatively little danger now about trapeze work so long as the apparatus is carefully looked to, but before the introduction of nets it was very different.

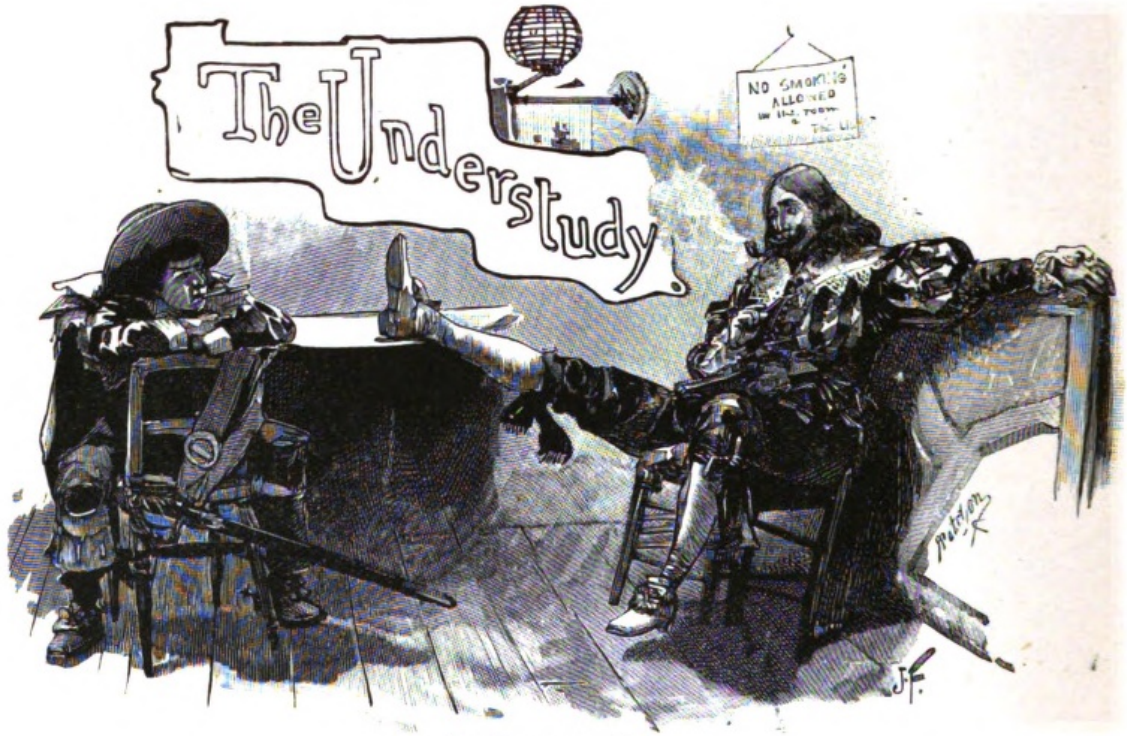
Many years ago, he had to be thrown from one man to another on the flying trapeze, and they practised the feat with half-a-dozen men holding a blanket, dodging about so as to keep under him and catch him if he missed his hold. On the other hand, bar work close to the ground is rather risky, for if a man slips, he is bound to hurt himself more or less. With all this, bad accidents are very rare considering the number of men engaged in the business.



THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.

Taken all round, the life of an acrobat does not appear to be an altogether unenviable one. But even given the possession of all the necessary qualities, I should not recommend anyone to adopt the profession. To attain to mediocrity is not very difficult, but, like the great poet, the great acrobat is "nascitur non fit."

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By Robert Barr.

THE Monarch in the Arabian story had an ointment which, put upon the right eye, enabled him to see through the walls of houses. If the Arabian despot had passed along a narrow street leading into a main thoroughfare of London, one night just before the clock struck twelve, he would have beheld, in a dingy back room of a large building, a very strange sight. He would have seen King Charles the First seated in friendly converse with none other than Oliver Cromwell.

The room in which these two noted people sat had no carpet and but few chairs. A shelf extended along one side of the apartment, and it was covered with mugs containing paint and grease. Brushes were littered about, and a wig lay in a corner. A mirror stood at either end of the shelf, and beside these flared two gas-jets protected by wire baskets. Hanging from nails driven in the walls were coats, waistcoats, and trousers of more modern cut than the costumes worn by the two men.

King Charles, with his pointed beard and his ruffles of lace, leaned picturesquely back in his chair, which rested against the wall. He was smoking a very black brier-root pipe, and perhaps His Majesty enjoyed the weed all the more that there was just above his head, tacked to the wall, a large placard, containing the words, "No smoking allowed in this room, or in any other part of the theatre."

Cromwell, in more sober garments, had an even jauntier attitude than the King, for he sat astride the chair, with his chin resting on the back of it, smoking a cigarette in a meerschaum holder.

"I'm too old, my boy," said the King, "and too fond of my comfort; besides, I have no longer any ambition. When an actor once realizes that he will never be a Charles Kean or a Macready, then come peace and the enjoyment of life. Now, with you it is different: you are, if I may say so in deep affection, young and foolish. Your project is a most hare-brained scheme. You are throwing away all you have already won."

"Good gracious!" cried Cromwell, impatiently, "what have I won?"

"You have certainly won something," resumed the elder, calmly, "when a person

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of your excitable nature can play so well the sombre, taciturn character of Cromwell. You have mounted several rungs, and the whole ladder lifts itself up before you. You have mastered two or three languages, while I know but one, and that imperfectly. You have studied the foreign drama, while I have not even read all the plays of Shakespeare. I can do a hundred parts conventionally well. You will, some day, do a great part as no other man on earth can act it, and then fame will come to you. Now you propose recklessly to throw all this away and go into the wilds of Africa."

"The particular ladder you offer me," said Cromwell, "I have no desire to climb; I am sick of the smell of the footlights and the whole atmosphere of the theatre. I am tired of the unreality of the life we lead. Why not be a hero instead of mimicking one?"

"But, my dear boy," said the King, filling his pipe again, "look at the practical side of things. It costs a fortune to fit out an African expedition. Where are you to get the money?"

This question sounded more natural from the lips of the King than did the answer from the lips of Cromwell.

"There has been too much force and too much expenditure about African travel. I do not intend to cross the Continent with arms and the munitions of war. As you remarked a while ago, I know several European languages, and if you will forgive what sounds like boasting, I may say that I have a gift for picking up tongues. I have money enough to fit myself out with some necessary scientific instruments, and to pay my passage to the coast. Once there, I shall win my way across the Continent through love and not through fear."

"You will lose your head," said King Charles; "they don't understand that sort of thing out there, and, besides, the idea is not original. Didn't Livingstone try that tack?"

"Yes, but people have forgotten Livingstone and his methods. It is now the explosive bullet and the elephant gun. I intend to learn the language of the different native tribes I meet, and if a chief opposes me and will not allow me to pass through his territory, and if I find I cannot win him over to my side by persuasive talk, then I shall go around."

"And what is to be the outcome of it all?" cried Charles. "What is your object?"

"Fame, my boy, fame," cried Cromwell, enthusiastically, flinging the chair from under him and pacing the narrow room. "If I can get from coast to coast without taking the life of a single native, won't that be something greater than all the play-acting from now till Doomsday?"

"I suppose it will," said the King, gloomily; "but you must remember you are



"'FAME, MY BOY, FAME,' CRIED CROMWELL."

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the only friend I have, and I have reached an age when a man does not pick up friends readily."

Cromwell stopped in his walk and grasped the King by the hand. "Are you not the only friend I have," he said; "and why can you not abandon this ghastly sham and come with me, as I asked you to at first? How can you hesitate when you think of the glorious freedom of the African forest, and compare it with this cribbed and cabined and confined business we are now at?"

The King shook his head slowly, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He seemed to have some trouble in keeping it alight, probably because of the prohibition on the wall.

"As I said before," replied the King, "I am too old. There are no pubs in the African forest where a man can get a glass of beer when he wants it. No, Ormond, African travel is not for me. If you are resolved to go, go and God bless you; I will stay at home and carefully nurse your fame. I shall from time to time drop appetizing little paragraphs into the papers about your wanderings, and when you are ready to come back to England, all England will be ready to listen to you. You know how interest is worked up in the theatrical business by judicious puffing in the papers, and I imagine African exploration requires much the same treatment. If it were not for the Press, my boy, you could explore Africa till you were blind and nobody would hear a word about it, so I will be your advance agent and make ready for your home-coming."

At this point in the conversation between these two historic characters, the janitor of the theatre put his head into the room and reminded the celebrities that it was very late, whereupon both King and Commoner rose, with some reluctance, and washed themselves; the King becoming, when he put on the ordinary dress of an Englishman, Mr. James Spence, while Cromwell, after a similar transformation, became Mr. Sidney Ormond; and thus, with nothing of Royalty or Dictatorship about them, the two strolled up the narrow street into the main thoroughfare and entered their favourite midnight restaurant, where, over a belated meal, they continued the discussion of the African project, which Spence persisted in looking upon as one of the maddest expeditions that had ever come to his knowledge; but the talk was futile, as most talk is, and within a month from that time Ormond was on the ocean, his face set towards Africa.

Another man took Ormond's place at the theatre, and Spence continued to play his part, as the papers said, in his usual acceptable manner. He heard from his friend, in due course, when he landed. Then at intervals came one or two letters showing how he had surmounted the unusual difficulties with which he had to contend. After a long interval came a letter from the interior of Africa, sent to the coast by messenger. Although at the beginning of this letter Ormond said he had but faint hope of reaching his destination, he, nevertheless, gave a very complete account of his wanderings and dealings with the natives, and up to that point his journey seemed to be most satisfactory. He inclosed several photographs, mostly very bad ones, which he had managed to develop and print in the wilderness. One, however, of himself was easily recognisable, and Spence had it copied and enlarged, hanging the framed enlargement in whatever dressing-room fate assigned to him; for Spence never had a long engagement at any one theatre. He was a useful man who could take any part, but had no speciality, and London was full of such.

For a long time he heard nothing from his friend, and the newspaper men to whom Spence indefatigably furnished interesting items about the lone explorer began to look upon Ormond as an African Mrs. Harris, and the paragraphs, to Spence's deep regret, failed to appear. The journalists, who were a flippant lot, used to accost Spence with: "Well, Jimmy, how's your African friend?" and the more he tried to convince them, the less they believed in the peace-loving traveller.

At last there came a final letter from Africa, a letter that filled the tender, middle aged heart of Spence with the deepest grief he had ever known. It was written in a shaky hand, and the writer began by saying that he knew neither the date nor his locality. He had been ill and delirious with fever, and was now, at last, in his right mind, but felt the grip of death upon him. The natives had told him that no one ever recovered from the malady he had caught in the swamp, and his own feelings led him to believe that his case was hopeless. The natives had been very kind to him throughout, and his followers had promised to bring his boxes to the coast. The boxes contained the collections he had made, and also his complete journal, which he had written up to the day he became ill.

Ormond begged his friend to hand over his belongings to the Geographical Society,

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"AT LAST THERE CAME A FINAL LETTER FROM AFRICA."

and to arrange for the publication of his journal, if possible. It might secure for him the fame he had died to achieve, or it might not; but, he added, he left the whole conduct of the affair unreservedly to his friend, in whom he had that love and confidence which a man gives to another man but once in his life—when he is young. The tears were in Jimmy's eyes long before he had finished the letter.

He turned to another letter he had received by the same mail, and which also bore the South African stamp upon it. Hoping to find some news of his friend he broke the seal, but it was merely an intimation from the steamship company that half-a-dozen boxes remained at the southern terminus of the line addressed to him; but, they said, until they were assured the freight upon them to Southampton would be paid, they would not be forwarded.

A week later, the London papers announced in large type, "Mysterious disappearance of an actor." The well-known actor, Mr. James Spence, had left the theatre in which he had been playing the part of Joseph to a great actor's Richelieu, and had not been heard of since. The janitor remembered him leaving that night, for he had not returned his salutation, which was most unusual. His friends had noticed that for a few days previous to his disappearance he had been apparently in deep dejection, and fears were entertained. One journalist said jestingly that probably Jimmy had gone to see what had become of his African friend; but the joke, such as it was, was not favourably received, for when a man is called Jimmy until late in life, it shows that people have an affection for him, and everyone who knew Spence was sorry he had disappeared, and hoped that no evil had overtaken him.

It was a year after the disappearance that a wan, living skeleton staggered out of the wilderness in Africa, and blindly groped his way to the coast as a man might who had lived long in darkness and found the light too strong for his eyes. He managed to reach a port, and there took steamer homeward bound for Southampton. The sea-breezes revived him somewhat, but it was evident to all the passengers that he had passed through a desperate illness. It was just a toss-up whether he could live until he saw England again. It was impossible to guess at his age, so heavy a hand had disease laid upon him, and he did not seem to care to make acquaintances, but kept much to himself, sitting wrapped up in his chair, gazing with a tired-out look at the green ocean.

A young girl frequently sat in the chair beside him, ostensibly reading, but more often glancing sympathetically at the wan figure beside her. Many times she seemed about to speak to him, but apparently hesitated to do so, for the man took no notice of his fellow-passengers. At length, however, she mustered up courage to address him, and said: "There is a good story in this magazine: perhaps you would like to read it?"

He turned his eyes from the sea and rested them vacantly upon her face for a moment. His dark moustache added to the pallor of his face, but did not conceal the faint smile that came to his lips; he had heard her, but had not understood.

"What did you say?" he asked, gently.

"I said there was a good story here, entitled 'Author! Author!' and I thought you might like to read it," and the girl blushed very prettily as she said this, for the man looked younger than he had done before he smiled.

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"I am afraid," said the man, slowly, "that I have forgotten how to read. It is a long time since I have seen a book or a magazine. Won't you tell me the story? I would much rather hear it from you than make an attempt to read it myself in the magazine."

"Oh," she cried, breathlessly, "I'm not sure that I could tell it; at any rate, not as well as the author does; but I will read it to you if you like."

The story was about a man who had written a play, and who thought, as every playwright thinks, that it was a great addition to the drama, and would bring him fame and fortune. He took this play to a London manager, but heard nothing of it for a long time, and at last it was returned to him. Then, on going to a first night at the theatre to see a new tragedy, which this manager called his own, he was amazed to see his rejected play, with certain changes, produced upon the stage, and when the cry "Author! Author!" arose, he stood up in his place; but illness and privation had done their work, and he died proclaiming himself the author of the play.

"Ah," said the man, when the reading was finished, "I cannot tell you how much the story has interested me. I once was an actor myself, and anything pertaining to the stage appeals to me, although it is years since I saw a theatre. It must be hard luck to work for fame and then be cheated out of it, as was the man in the tale; but I suppose it sometimes happens, although, for the honesty of human nature, I hope not very often."

"Did you act under your own name, or did you follow the fashion so many of the profession adopt?" asked the girl, evidently interested when he spoke of the theatre.

The young man laughed for, perhaps, the first time on the voyage. "Oh," he answered, "I was not at all noted. I acted only in minor parts, and always under my own name, which, doubtless, you have never heard—it is Sidney Ormond."

"What!" cried the girl, in amazement; "not Sidney Ormond the African traveller?"

The young man turned his wan face and large, melancholy eyes upon his questioner.

"I am certainly Sidney Ormond, an African traveller, but I don't think I deserve the 'the,' you know. I don't imagine anyone has heard of me through my travelling any more than through my acting."

"The Sidney Ormond I mean," she said, "went through Africa without firing a shot; whose book, 'A Mission of Peace,' has been such a success, both in England and America. But, of course, you cannot be he; for I remember that Sidney Ormond is now lecturing in England to tremendous audiences all over the country. The Royal Geographical Society has given him medals or degrees, or something of that sort—perhaps it was Oxford that gave the degree. I am sorry I haven't his book with me, it would be sure to interest you; but someone on board is almost certain to have it, and I will try to get it for you. I gave mine to a friend in Cape Town. What



"THE FRONTISPIECE IS AN EXACT PORTRAIT OF YOU."

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a funny thing it is that the two names should be exactly the same."

"It is very strange," said Ormond, gloomily, and his eyes again sought the horizon and he seemed to relapse into his usual melancholy.

The girl arose from her seat, saying she would try to find the book, and left him there meditating. When she came back, after the lapse of half an hour or so, she found him sitting just as she had left him, with his sad eyes on the sad sea. The girl had a volume in her hand. "There," she said, "I knew there would be a copy on board, but I am more bewildered than ever; the frontispiece is an exact portrait of you, only you are dressed differently and do not look——" the girl hesitated, "so ill as when you came on board."

Ormond looked up at the girl with a smile, and said:—

"You might say with truth, so ill as I look now."

"Oh, the voyage has done you good. You seem ever so much better than when you came on board."

"Yes, I think that is so," said Ormond, reaching for the volume she held in her hand. He opened it at the frontispiece and gazed long at the picture.

The girl sat down beside him and watched his face, glancing from it to the book.

"It seems to me," she said at last, "that the coincidence is becoming more and more striking. Have you ever seen that portrait before?"

"Yes," said Ormond, slowly. "I recognise it as a portrait I took of myself in the interior of Africa which I sent to a dear friend of mine; in fact, the only friend I had in England. I think I wrote him about getting together a book out of the materials I sent him, but I am not sure. I was very ill at the time I wrote him my last letter. I thought I was going to die, and told him so. I feel somewhat bewildered, and don't quite understand it all."

"I understand it," cried the girl, her face blazing with indignation. "Your friend is a traitor. He is reaping the reward that should have been yours, and so poses as the African traveller, the real Ormond. You must put a stop to it when you reach England, and expose his treachery to the whole country."

Ormond shook his head slowly and said:—

"I cannot imagine Jimmy Spence a traitor. If it were only the book, that could be, I think, easily explained, for I sent him all my notes of travel and materials; but I cannot understand his taking the medals or degrees."

The girl made a quick gesture of impatience.

"Such things," she said, "cannot be explained. You must confront him and expose him."

"No," said Ormond, "I shall not confront him. I must think over the matter for a time. I am not quick at thinking, at least just now, in the face of this difficulty. Everything seemed plain and simple before, but if Jimmy Spence has stepped into my shoes, he is welcome to them. Ever since I came out of Africa I seem to have lost all ambition. Nothing appears to be worth while now."

"Oh!" cried the girl, "that is because you are in ill-health. You will be yourself again when you reach England. Don't let this trouble you now—there is plenty of time to think it all out before we arrive. I am sorry I spoke about it; but, you see, I was taken by surprise when you mentioned your name."

"I am very glad you spoke to me," said Ormond, in a more cheerful voice. "The mere fact that you have talked with me has encouraged me wonderfully. I cannot tell how much this conversation has been to me. I am a lone man, with only one friend in the world—I am afraid I must add now, without even one friend in the world. I am grateful for your interest in me, even though it was only compassion for a wreck—for a derelict, floating about on the sea of life."

There were tears in the girl's eyes, and she did not speak for a moment, then she laid her hand softly on Ormond's arm, and said, "You are not a wreck, far from it. You sit alone too much, and I am afraid that what I have thoughtlessly said has added to your troubles." The girl paused in her talk, but after a moment added:—

"Don't you think you could walk the deck for a little?"

"I don't know about walking," said Ormond, with a little laugh, "but I'll come with you if you don't mind an incumbrance."

He rose somewhat unsteadily, and she took his arm.

"You must look upon me as your physician," she said, cheerfully, "and I shall insist that my orders are obeyed."

"I shall be delighted to be under your charge," said Ormond, "but may I not know my physician's name?"

The girl blushed deeply when she realized

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that she had had such a long conversation with one to whom she had never been introduced. She had regarded him as an invalid, who needed a few words of cheerful encouragement, but as he stood up she saw that he was much younger than his face and appearance had led her to suppose.

"My name is Mary Radford," she said.

"*Miss* Mary Radford?" inquired Ormond.

"Miss Mary Radford."

That walk on the deck was the first of many, and it soon became evident to Ormond that he was rapidly becoming his old self again. If he had lost a friend in England, he had certainly found another on board ship to whom he was getting more and more attached as time went on. The only point of disagreement between them was in regard to the confronting of Jimmy Spence. Ormond was determined in his resolve not to interfere with Jimmy and his ill-gotten fame.

As the voyage was nearing its end, Ormond and Miss Radford stood together leaning over the rail conversing quietly. They had become very great friends indeed.

"But if you do not intend to expose this man," said Miss Radford, "what then do you propose to do when you land? Are you going back to the stage again?"

"I don't think so," replied Ormond. "I shall try to get something to do and live quietly for awhile."

"Oh!" answered the girl, "I have no patience with you."

"I am sorry for that, Mary," said Ormond, "for if I could have made a living, I intended to have asked you to be my wife."

"Oh!" cried the girl, breathlessly, turning her head away.

"Do you think I would have any chance?" asked Ormond.

"Of making a living?" inquired the girl, after a moment's silence.

"No. I am sure of making a living, for I have always done so; therefore answer my question. Mary, do you think I would have any chance?" and he placed his hand softly over hers, which lay on the ship's rail. The girl did not answer, but she did not withdraw her hand; she gazed down at the bright green water with its tinge of foam.

"I suppose you know," she said at length, "that you have every chance, and you are merely pretending ignorance to make it easier for me, because I have simply flung myself at your head ever since we began the voyage."

"I am not pretending, Mary," he said. "What I feared was that your interest was only that of a nurse in a somewhat backward patient. I was afraid that I had your sympathy but not your love. Perhaps that was the case at first."

"Perhaps that was the case—at first, but it is far from being the truth now—Sidney."

The young man made a motion to approach nearer to her, but the girl drew away, whispering:—

"There are other people besides ourselves on deck, remember."

"I don't believe it," said Ormond, gazing fondly at her. "I can see no one but you. I believe we are floating alone on the ocean together, and that there is no one else in the wide world but our two selves. I thought I went to Africa for fame, but I see I really went to find you. What I sought seems poor compared to what I have found."

"Perhaps," said the girl, looking shyly at him, "Fame is waiting as anxiously for you to woo her as—as another person waited. Fame is a shameless hussy, you know."

The young man shook his head.

"No. Fame has jilted me once. I won't give her another chance."

So those who were twain sailed gently into Southampton Docks, resolved to be one when the gods were willing.

Mary Radford's people were there to meet her, and Ormond went up to London alone, beginning his short railway journey with a return of the melancholy that had oppressed him during the first part of his long voyage. He felt once more alone in the world, now that the bright presence of his sweetheart was missing, and he was saddened by the thought that the telegram he had hoped to send to Jimmy Spence, exultingly announcing his arrival, would never be sent. In a newspaper he bought at the station, he saw that the African traveller, Sidney Ormond, was to be received by the Mayor and Corporation of a Midland town, and presented with the freedom of the city. The traveller was to lecture on his exploits in the town so honouring him, that day week. Ormond put down the paper with a sigh, and turned his thoughts to the girl from whom he had so lately parted. A true sweetheart is a pleasanter subject for meditation than a false friend.

Mary also saw the announcement in the paper, and anger tightened her lips and brought additional colour to her cheeks. Seeing how averse her lover was to taking any action against his former friend, she had ceased to urge him, but she had quietly made

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up her own mind to be herself the goddess of the machine.

On the night the bogus African traveller was to lecture in the Midland town, Mary Radford was a unit in the very large audience that greeted him. When he came on the platform she was so amazed at his personal appearance that she cried out, but fortunately her exclamation was lost in the applause that greeted the lecturer. The man was the exact duplicate of her betrothed.

She listened to the lecture in a daze; it seemed to her that even the tones of the lecturer's voice were those of her lover. She paid little heed to the matter of his discourse, but allowed her mind to dwell more on the coming interview, wondering what excuses the fraudulent traveller would make for his perfidy. When the lecture was over, and the usual vote of thanks had been tendered and accepted, Mary Radford still sat there while the rest of the audience slowly filtered out of the large hall. She rose at last, nerving herself for the coming meeting, and went to the side door, where she told the man on duty that she wished to see the lecturer. The man said that it was impossible for Mr. Ormond to see anyone at that moment; there was to be a big supper; he was to meet the Mayor and Corporation; and so the lecturer had said that he could see no one.

"Will you take a note to him if I write it?" asked the girl.

"I will send it in to him; but it's no use, he won't see you. He refused to see even the reporters," said the door-keeper, as if that were final, and a man who would deny himself to the reporters would not admit Royalty itself.

Mary wrote on a slip of paper the words, "The affianced wife of the real Sidney Ormond would like to see you for a few moments," and this brief note was taken in to the lecturer.

The door-keeper's faith in the constancy of public men was rudely shaken a few minutes later, when the messenger returned with orders that the lady was to be admitted at once.

When Mary entered the green-room of the lecture hall she saw the double of her lover standing near the fire, her note in his hand and a look of incredulity on his face.



"THE MAN WAS THE EXACT DUPLICATE OF HER BETROTHED."

The girl barely entered the room, and, closing the door, stood with her back against it. He was the first to speak.

"I thought Sidney had told me everything; I never knew he was acquainted with a young lady, much less engaged to her."

"You admit, then, that you are not the true Sidney Ormond?"

"I admit it to you, of course, if you were to have been his wife."

"I am to be his wife, I hope."

"But Sidney, poor fellow, is dead; dead in the wilds of Africa."

"You will be shocked to learn that such is not the case, and that your imposture must come to an end. Perhaps you counted on his friendship for you, and thought that even if he did return he would not expose you. In that you were quite right, but you did not

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count on me. Sidney Ormond is at this moment in London, Mr. Spence."

Jimmy Spence, paying no attention to the accusations of the girl, gave a war-whoop which had formerly been so effective in the second act of "Pocahontas," in which Jimmy had enacted the noble savage, and then he



"HE DANCED A JIG."

danced a jig that had done service in "Colleen Bawn." While the amazed girl watched these antics, Jimmy suddenly swooped down upon her, caught her around the waist, and whirled her wildly around the room. Setting her down in a corner, Jimmy became himself again, and dabbed his heated brow with his handkerchief carefully, so as not to disturb the make-up.

"Sidney in England again? That's too good news to be true. Say it again, my girl, I can hardly believe it. Why didn't he come with you? Is he ill?"

"He has been very ill."

"Ah, that's it, poor fellow. I knew nothing else would have kept him. And then when he telegraphed to me at the old address, on landing, of course, there was no reply, because, you see, I had disappeared. But Sid wouldn't know anything about that, and so he must be wondering what has become of me. I'll have a great story to tell him when we meet; almost as good as his own African experiences. We'll go right up to London to-night, as soon as this confounded supper is over. And what is your name, my girl?"

"Mary Radford."

"And you're engaged to old Sid, eh? Well! well! well! well! This is great news. You mustn't mind my capers, Mary, my dear; you see, I'm the only friend Sid has, and I'm old enough to be your father. I look young now, but you wait till the paint comes off. Have you any money? I mean, to live on when you're married; because I know Sidney never had much."

"I haven't very much either," said Mary, with a sigh.

Jimmy jumped up and paced the room in great glee, laughing and slapping his thigh.

"That's first-rate," he cried. "Why, Mary, I've got over £20,000 in the bank saved up for you two. The book and lectures, you know. I don't believe Sid himself could have done as well, for he always was careless with money—he's often lent me the last penny he had, and never kept any account of it; and I never thought of paying it back, either, until he was gone, and then it worried me."

The messenger put his head into the room, and said the Mayor and the Corporation were waiting.

"Oh, hang the Mayor and the Corporation!" cried Jimmy; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he added, hastily, "No, don't do that. Just give them Jimmy—I mean Sidney—Ormond's compliments, and tell his Worship that I have just had some very important news from Africa, but will be with them directly."

When the messenger was gone Jimmy continued in high feather. "What a time we shall have in London. We'll all three go to the old familiar theatre, yes, and by Jove, we'll pay for our seats; *that* will be a novelty. Then we will have supper where Sid and I used to eat. Sidney shall talk, and you and I will listen; then I shall talk, and you and Sid will listen. You see, my dear, I've been to Africa too. When I got Sidney's letter saying he was dying I just moped about and was of no use to anybody. Then I made up my mind what to do. Sid had died for

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fame, and it wasn't just he shouldn't get what he paid so dearly for. I gathered together what money I could and went to Africa, steerage. I found I couldn't do anything there about searching for Sid, so I resolved to be his understudy and bring fame to him, if it were possible. I sank my own identity and made up as Sidney Ormond, took his boxes and sailed for Southampton. I have been his understudy ever since, for, after all, I always had a hope he would come back some day, and then everything would be ready for him to take the principal *rôle*, and let the old understudy go back to the boards again and resume competing with the reputation of Macready. If Sid hadn't come back in another year, I was going to take a lecturing trip in America, and when that was done, I intended to set out in great state for Africa, disappear into the forest as Sidney Ormond, wash the paint off and come out as Jimmy Spence. Then Sidney Ormond's fame would have been secure, for they would be always sending out relief expeditions after him and not finding him, while I would be growing old on the boards and bragging what a great man my friend, Sidney Ormond, was."

There were tears in the girl's eyes as she rose and took Jimmy's hand.

"No man has ever been so true a friend to his friend as you have been," she said.

"Oh, bless you, yes," cried Jimmy, jauntily. "Sid would have done the same for me. But he is luckier in having you than in having his friend, although I don't deny I've been a good friend to him. Yes, my dear, he is lucky in having a plucky girl like you. I missed that somehow when I was young, having my head full of Macready nonsense, and I missed being a Macready too. I've always been a sort of understudy, so you see the part comes easy to me. Now I must be off to that confounded Mayor and Corporation. I had almost forgotten them, but I must keep up the character for Sidney's sake. But this is the last act, my dear. To-morrow I'll turn over the part of explorer to the real actor . . . to the star."

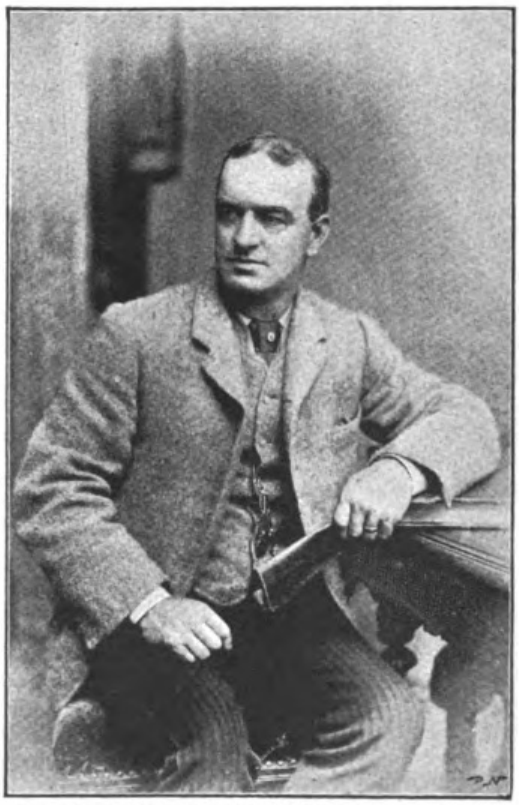
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Chimney Felling.

By Walter Wood.

A LOFTY chimney-stack which has taken several months to build can be made a heap of ruins in less than twenty hours. The special process of demolition by which this result is attained is simplicity itself. The greater part of the base is removed, and stout props are inserted to keep the shaft temporarily erect. The props are rapidly burned by a fire of intense heat, and as soon as they collapse the structure falls. Given space in which he may do his work, an expert steeple-jack will bring a chimney down without damaging either life or property. Many shafts are so built that they cannot be destroyed except from the top. There is not enough room in which to fell them, their immediate vicinity being too thickly crowded with buildings. In such cases scaffolding must be erected, and the work of destruction is naturally much slower and far more costly than that of razing a stack.

The work of felling chimneys has been carried by one expert to a state of much perfection. That expert is Mr. Joseph Smith, of Rochdale, known throughout the great chimney district in which he lives as the "Lancashire Steeple-jack." He is perhaps the only man in England who has made a speciality of felling chimneys, as felling is now understood. He has overthrown nearly fifty stacks in various parts of the country, and in carrying out his dangerous tasks has never had an accident either to himself or any member of his staff. No stack is too high or too heavy for him to grapple with—the bigger the game the better the sport. As I have said, however, not every tall chimney that has been condemned can be felled; many of them must be brought down brick by brick or stone by stone, so that there is some limit to the class of structure which can be razed with safety. The greatest shaft which Mr. Smith has felled rose nearly 240ft. above the ground, and contained about 500 tons of bricks. This, with the help of three men, he totally destroyed in eighteen hours.

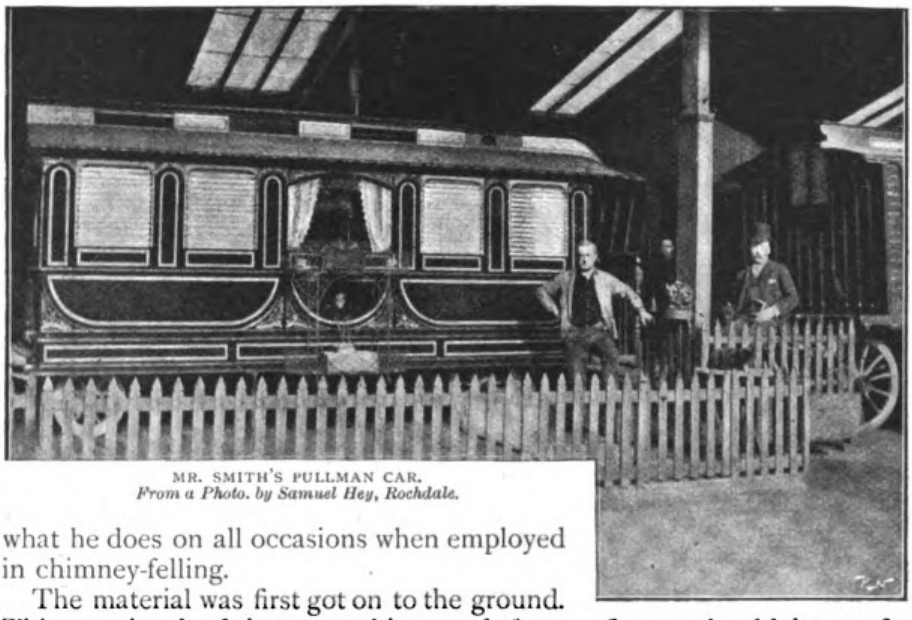


MR. JOSEPH SMITH, THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLE-JACK.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

Simple as the steeple-jack's mode of working is, uncommon nerve is needed in order that it may be carried out successfully. Mr. Smith does not know what fear is, but he is by no means callous. He is a man of kind and genial nature and many hobbies, one of which is the running of a very successful variety circus. It is not long since the "Lancashire Steeple-jack" lived in a luxuriously-furnished Pullman car, which was specially built for him, and of which a photograph is reproduced on the next page. For many years, when engaged on chimney work in different parts of the country, he took with him a smaller caravan, in which he dwelt until his return home. One of his chief reasons for taking, like the snail, his house with him, was to insure sleeping in a properly aired bed. He has, like all wise men, a horror of damp sheets.

When Mr. Smith is commissioned to fell a chimney, he first visits and thoroughly examines the structure. For his labours he likes best a stack which is near open ground, so that he can arrange for the *débris* to descend upon it. The last piece of work of this description done by him was, from his point of view, an ideal undertaking, inasmuch as the chimney stood in a field, and there was ample room on two sides for the reception of the ruins. The shaft to be destroyed was just outside Walsden Station, in Lancashire, and Mr. Smith had been instructed by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to fell it. As I was present at the operation, and as this particular "fall" showed the expert at his best, I will describe it. What he did then was exactly

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MR. SMITH'S PULLMAN CAR.
From a Photo. by Samuel Hey, Rochdale.

what he does on all occasions when employed in chimney-felling.

The material was first got on to the ground. This consisted of between thirty and forty stout props of timber, about 5ft. long, a ton of coal, a quantity of solid pitch, a barrel of tar, two barrels of paraffin, and some shavings. The quantity of inflammable stuff varies according to the size of the chimney to be brought down—sometimes it is more and sometimes less than that which has been given. Having conveyed the material, the base of the chimney was measured, and a careful calculation made as to the extent to which it was advisable to cut away for the insertion of the props. The base was 10ft. square, and, like the rest of the structure, which was round, was built of large blocks of good stone.

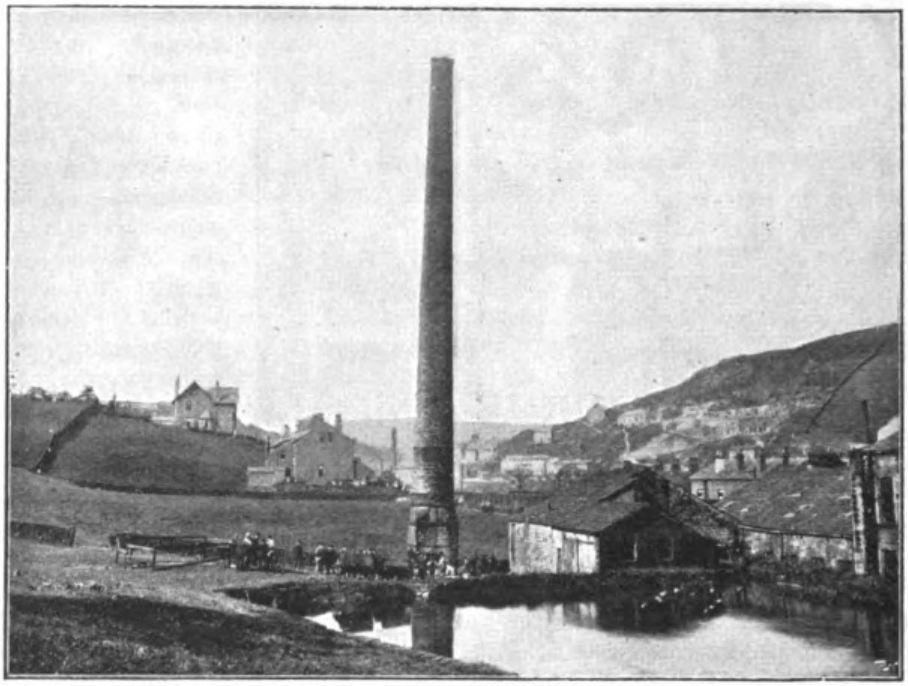
First of all, a portion of the base on the right side was cut out and a prop was at once inserted to replace the stones. A similar cut was made on the left side, and gradually and very carefully the entire front of the base was removed, as well as a considerable part of the right and left sides, the props being put in immediately after the stones had been removed. The props were arranged horizontally and vertically, the horizontal props being next the lowest course of stones. As the stones were taken out they were formed into a low wall at the foot of the chimney, in order to make a fireplace for the coal, tar, and paraffin. Some of the *débris* was made into a wall inside the chimney itself, so that the flames should be confined to the props and as little of the heat as possible allowed to escape up the stack.

When the propping of the chimney had been completed the fire was laid. Building the fire was a work of art, and Mr. Smith in this as in all things exercised the greatest personal care. He superintended every detail, and wherever there was an element of unusual danger, he took the matter into his own hands. He put an extra lump of pitch here and a lump there, an extra piece of coal at this spot and another at that. Each prop was thoroughly saturated with paraffin,



THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—INSERTING THE WOODEN PROPS.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

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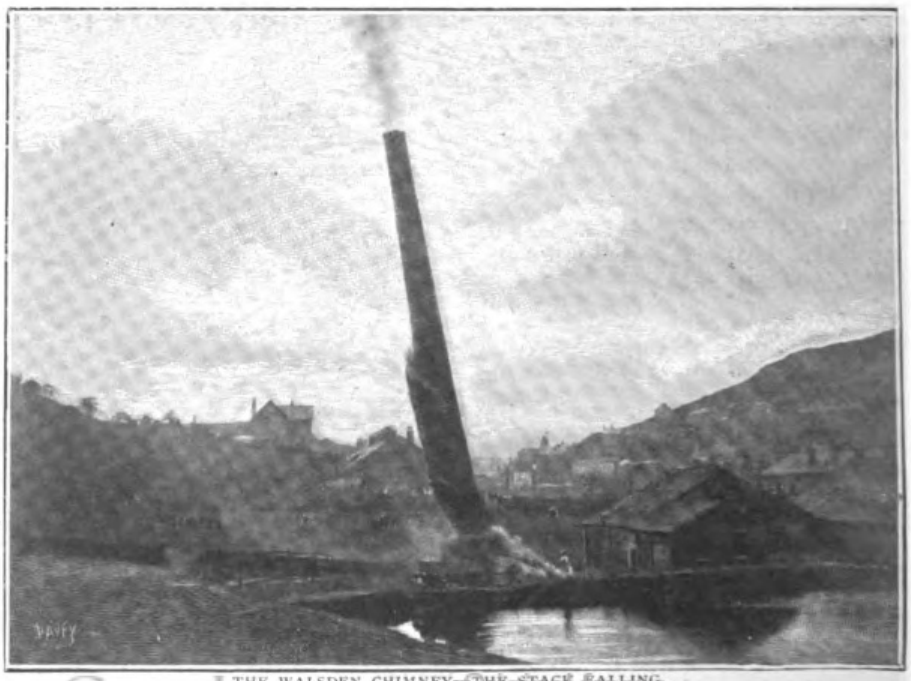


THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—THE STACK READY FOR FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

and pailful after pailful of the liquid was thrown upon the mass of combustibles. One very important detail was the boring of a couple of holes in nearly every prop. This device does not weaken the supporting power of the timber, and yet it causes the fire to burn through much more quickly than would be the case without the holes.

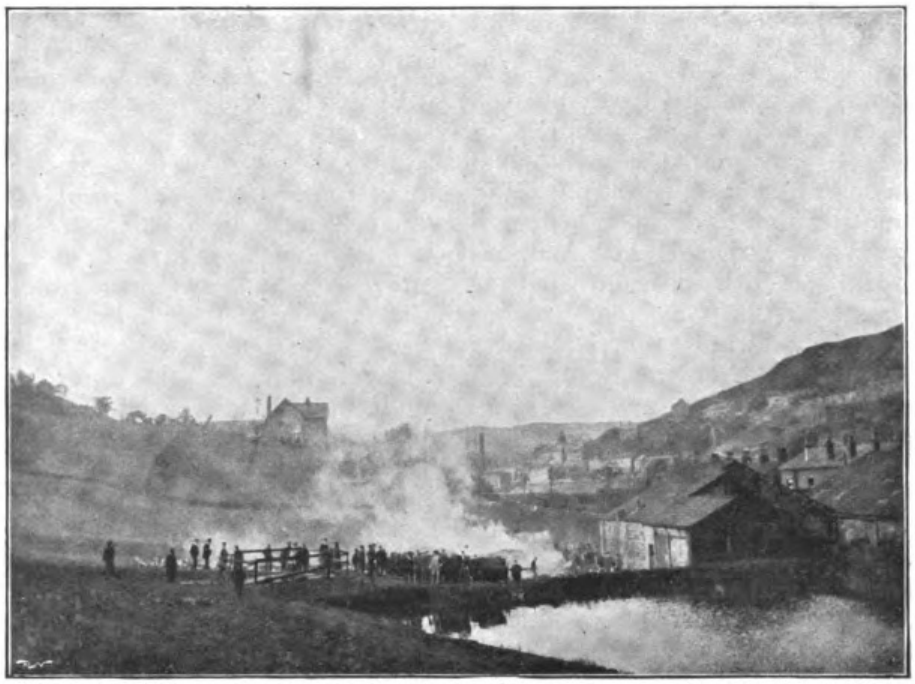
"When we've got all the props in," Mr. Smith explained to me, "the chimney 'gives' a bit; that is to say, it settles on to the props, and a slight crack appears behind, in the remaining solid part of the structure. When we see that crack we know for a certainty that the props have 'got it.' If, after having got the props fixed, I find that they haven't 'got it,' I take a little bit more of the base out, until I am certain that the props have the whole weight of the chimney upon them. To get the entire weight resting solely on the props is a most essential feature of the work, for as soon as the fire has burned the timber through, the chimney must be absolutely free to fall. There must be nothing whatever to give support enough to allow it to remain standing."

The weight of the chimney at Walsden was about 200 tons, and the height was 135ft. Everything was in readiness for lighting the fire in sixteen hours after the first stone had been taken out. At that time there was a strong gusty wind, and as I was talking with the steeple-jack at the base, I could not rid myself of the idea that the whole structure would come upon us. Mr. Smith readily admitted that the shaft was "rocking a bit," but he scouted the suggestion that it would descend before its time, and expressed his willingness to sleep under it if necessary. He invited me to examine the chimney through a pair of small but powerful field-glasses, and I walked some yards away with him and did so. The aspect was startling.



THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—THE STACK FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

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From a Photo. by] THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—AFTER THE FALL. *[Henderson & Co., Rochdale.*

There were numerous cracks in the side, and a total absence of mortar between the stones. The rain and wind of eighty years had effectually destroyed the cementing qualities of the material, and it was evident enough that it was time for the chimney to be laid to rest.

The critical moment having come for lighting the fire, the steeple-jack ordered everybody away to places of safety, keeping near him only a tried assistant, and even his services were soon dispensed with. A match was put to the shavings, and instantly the flames were roaring and leaping about the base of the chimney, and a dense cloud of smoke burst from the summit.

The work of the steeple-jack was by no means done when he had applied the match. The most critical part of his task had to be accomplished. This consisted of feeding the fire with paraffin and liquid tar, so that the props should burn equally and collapse together. Pailful after pailful of the liquid was thrown upon the blazing mass, the steeple-jack going in front of the chimney in a manner which caused the spectators to shudder lest the stack should fall upon him. Every time a pailful of oil or tar was dashed upon the fire there was an immense sheet of flame, accompanied by a black cloud of smoke and a roar as the fierce heat swept up the chimney, in spite of the protecting wall that had been built in the interior. Some of the smoke burst out of the old stack's side in long, snaky folds, and made a wonderfully fascinating picture.

The flames burned furiously for nearly twenty-five minutes. Then Mr. Smith flung on his last pailful of paraffin, and in obedience to the ominous crackling of the shaft, he retired from the immediate vicinity of the base, and waited at a few yards' distance for the fall.

The steeple-jack waved his hand as a signal that the end had come, and an instant later the base of the chimney burst out, and the stack came down in telescopic fashion, with a rumbling noise like distant thunder. About 30ft. from the ground there appeared a yawning fissure, and the chimney above that for some 30ft. was a mass of crumbling stonework. The top part, for a length of some 60ft. or more, remained intact almost until the ground was reached, but as it struck the earth it was dashed to pieces, and not two stones of the entire shaft held together when the "fall" had been completed.

The accompanying photographs by Messrs. Henderson and Co., of Rochdale, give an admirable idea of the operation. The first shows the chimney after it had been prepared for "felling"; the second is a picture of the base a few minutes before the fire was lighted, the third shows the shaft in the act of falling, and the fourth is a representation of the scene immediately after the work was done.

It is no part of the "feller's" duty to remove the *débris*. His sole task is to bring the chimney down. As a rule, the owner of the stack furnishes the material for the fire, and arranges for the taking away of the ruins. Considering the skill required and the danger run in felling a chimney, the price asked for the work seems absurdly small. The cost of the operation varies from £10 to £20, according to the size and location of the shaft.

The method of subverting all chimneys, whether square, round, or octagonal, is the same. In the case of an octagonal structure the whole of five "cants" are cut out—each

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side is called a "cant"—while with round stacks a corresponding proportion of the base is removed.

Felling such a stack as that which I have described, or, indeed, any shaft which can be laid upon a stretch of open ground, is a tolerably easy undertaking to the steeple-jack. He has much more difficult work to do when he wishes to raze a chimney that is surrounded by buildings and has to be brought down within a very limited area. Give the "Lancashire Steeple-jack" a radius of twenty feet, however, and he will collapse a chimney in an almost perpendicular fashion.

In such a case the system of propping is more elaborate than that for chimneys which are to be felled on open ground. The entire base is cut away, and the stack is supported only by the timber. It is necessary to lay the fire with the utmost care and nicety, and to feed the flames so that the whole of the props shall collapse at the same moment, and allow the chimney to settle down on the spot where the base has rested. As it falls, the chimney telescopes, and, as a rule, forms itself into a great heap of brick or stone over the foundations.

Asked if a chimney could not be brought down within an even less area than 20ft., Mr. Smith replied, "Some men might say 'yes,' but, for my own part, I should not like to try and, at the same time, guarantee safety. I always say that he isn't a good carter who has an accident every time—he is the best who brings his horse home safe, even if he is a bit longer over the journey. I can," he added, with a touch of pride, "bring down in seventeen hours a chimney that has taken three months to build."

It is essential that the man who is felling a chimney should remain at the base until the last moment, so that he may see that the fire is properly fed and that the stack falls upon the spot which has been mapped out for its reception. The place upon which the *débris* will alight can be told with great exactness. At Walsden Mr. Smith indicated to me a couple of imaginary lines within which the chimney would fall. When the stack had come down I found that the stones were confined within the precise space that the steeple-jack had shown. Another time he pointed out to some spectators a couple of trees between which he intended a stack to fall. There was only just room to receive it, but the shaft fell straight between the trunks, lopping off a few twigs of each tree in its descent.

"A chimney is bound to fall one way," said Mr. Smith, "and that is in the direction in which the cutting-out has been made. It will fall so, of course, if the fire is properly attended to and kept burning equally all round the props. The time occupied in burning through the props is from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Chimneys vary but little in this respect, as the principle I adopt is the same in all cases."

"Which is the easier to fell—a brick or a stone chimney?" I asked.

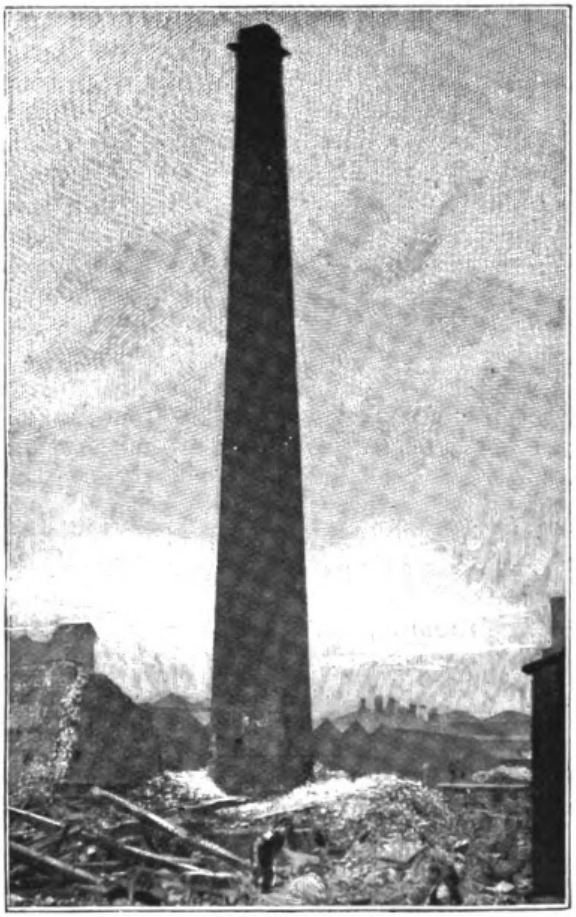
The steeple-jack answered, "I should say a brick, because they generally have an even 'bond,' that is, the crossing of the bricks. Look at a brick chimney, and you will see that the bricks are laid two ways, one with the long side and the other with the end facing you. The narrow ends show the bricks that make the 'bond,' as we call it. The bricks are simply laid at right angles. Stone chimneys, as a rule, are built with good stone outside and rubble inside. You are more sure of the brick than stone chimney, because in getting your props in, the rubble might collapse and bring the stack down upon you."



From a Photo. by] FIRING THE PROPS. [*J. C. Burrow, Bury.*

A chimney may be levelled in any direction, according to the wish of the operator. If it is necessary to fell a square structure cornerwise, the task can be accomplished as easily as overturning the stack on to one of its sides. Only a few months ago Mr. Smith brought down, end-wise, a square chimney for the Bury Corporation. This was

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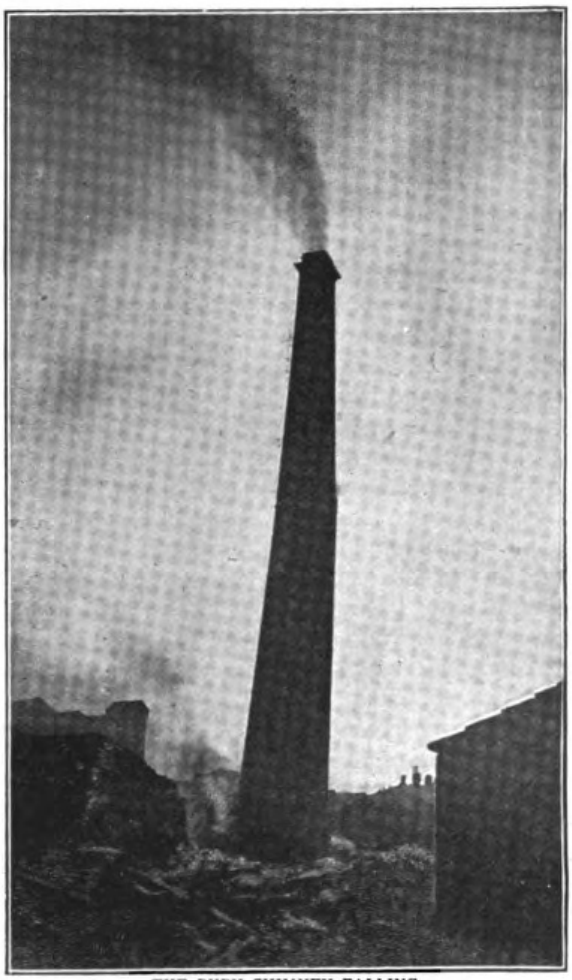
THE BURY CHIMNEY.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

an old brick shaft 120ft. high, with a base 10ft. square, and a width at the top of 5ft. 6in. The structure was very much worn and shaken, and in order to prevent bulging the operator placed an iron belt round the stack a few yards from the base, a precaution which he always takes when the condition of the chimney needs it. This chimney fell, a complete wreck, about twenty-five minutes after the fire had been lighted. It buckled in the centre, and almost measured its full length upon the ground which had been prepared to receive it. A series of photographs of this "fall" are given. It will be noticed that a lady had the pleasure of lighting the fatal match. Mr. Smith is very gallant, and once invited a girl of ten to perform the interesting ceremony. The little maiden, however, begged to be excused. The towering subverted structure had a gloomy terror for her.

Sometimes a stack will topple over nearly intact, and the *débris* will cover a space about equal in length to the height of the structure. More often the chimney as it falls will break into two or three parts, the lowest of which will crumble upon the base and the rest turn over. In that event, the ground occupied by the fallen material will be, roughly speaking, equal to about two-thirds of the height of the shaft.

When a chimney is about to collapse it gives what is technically called a "groan"; then the operator knows that the time has come for him to seek a place of refuge. He is content if he has a retreat covering an area of about 30ft., but the hair of most men would blanch at the idea of being so near the tottering mass. In the photograph which shows the collapse of the Walsden structure, Mr. Smith will be seen on the right, only just out of reach of the bursting base.

The "Lancashire Steeple-jack" has good cause to be thankful for a chimney's "groan." Once, when he was up a tall shaft at Chorley —which was greatly out of plumb—he heard the ominous sound. To hear it was almost to listen to the knell of death itself, and no man knew this better than Mr. Smith. He was then, as he is now, a man of wonderful activity, and like a cat he slipped down the life-line, and having reached the ground he fled from the falling mass. Long experience



THE BURY CHIMNEY FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

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had told him which way the stack would go, and even in that moment of supreme peril he did not lose his head. He had only got ten yards away when the chimney fell to the ground, on the side opposite to that by which he was escaping.

Incessant watchfulness is needed when a chimney is being prepared for a "fall," lest it should collapse before its time. With a tolerably sound structure little danger is to be apprehended, but with a worn and decayed pile the case is different. A year or two ago Mr. Smith was engaged to bring down a large shaft in Lancashire. It was a round structure, 180ft. high, with a base 13ft. in diameter, and weighed nearly 600 tons. The singular feature about it was that it was 4ft. out of the perpendicular. The expert knew that it would be almost impossible to keep the stack standing until the base had been removed and the props put in, but he did not shrink from making the attempt. This was an unusually dangerous and difficult operation, and his men were at work upon it for four days, preparing for the "fall."

On the fourth day he was employed at the base when he noticed sure signs that the end had come. He at once ordered everybody except two of his men to stand clear of the chimney, saying that it would be down in ten minutes. Like a good surgeon, he kept to his patient to the last. He and his men took out another cut from the base and then they made off to a post of safety. The shaft immediately fell in the desired direction. For once, at any rate, the help of the fire was not needed.

Generally speaking, if a small gap is made in the base a chimney will fall straight over, especially if the mortar is good and holds the bricks or stones well together; if a large gap is cut, the stack will tumble partly over and then collapse. How it will exactly come down, whether in one mass and measure pretty nearly its full length on the ground, or in two or three sections, not even the most experienced man can tell. As a rule, however, the stack will buckle or break in one or more places and reach the ground in sections, but following so closely upon each other as to be seen separately only by a sharp and observant eye. The best eye of all for such a purpose is that of the camera.

Felling a chimney has many advantages over the method of demolition from the top. In addition to being much cheaper and quicker, the material of the shaft suffers less than if the removal is brick by brick or stone by stone. In many cases, of course, the material is so much damaged by the heat from the boilers and by the weather as to be mere rubbish; but very often, especially with stone structures, it can be used again for building purposes.

By way of showing the devastation a falling shaft can cause, a photograph is here reproduced of the damage done by the fall of the chimney at Marsh Mills, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, on February the 24th, 1892, by which fourteen persons were killed. This shaft was being repaired when it came down. The chimney was 180ft. high, with a diameter at the base of 15ft. It was circular in form, was built of brick, and weighed about 500 tons. In this case the shaft crushed down for 60ft. or 70ft. before tumbling over on to the mill. This "crushing down," it will be remembered, is a special feature of the collapse of a chimney which has had the entire base removed and replaced by props that are to be burned through.



THE CLECKHEATON CHIMNEY DISASTER.
From a Photo. by R. J. Appleton & Co., Bradford.

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IN THE TULES

By Bret Harte.

HE had never seen a steamboat in his life. Born and reared in one of the Western Territories, far from a navigable river, he had only known the "dug-out" or canoe as a means of conveyance across the scant streams whose fordable waters made even those scarcely a necessity. The long, narrow, hooded waggon, drawn by swaying oxen, known familiarly as a "prairie schooner," in which he journeyed across the plains to California in '53, did not help his conception by that nautical figure. And when at last he dropped upon the land of promise through one of the Southern mountain passes, he halted all unconsciously upon the low banks of a great yellow river amidst a tangled brake of strange, reed-like grasses that were unknown to him. The river, broadening as it debouched through many channels into a lordly bay, seemed to him the *ultima thule* of his journeyings. Unyoking his oxen on the edge of the luxuriant meadows which blended with scarcely any line of demarcation into the great stream itself, he found the prospect "good" according to his lights and prairial experiences, and converting his halted waggon into a temporary cabin, he resolved to rest here and "settle."

There was little difficulty in so doing. The cultivated clearings he had passed were few and far between; the land would be his by discovery and occupation; his habits of loneliness and self-reliance made him independent of neighbours. He took his first meal in his new solitude under a spreading willow, but so near his natural boundary that the waters gurgled and oozed in the reeds but a few feet from him. The sun sank, deepening the gold of the river until it might have been the stream of Pactolus itself. But Martin Morse had no imagination; he was not even a gold-seeker; he had simply obeyed the roving instincts of the frontier-man in coming hither. The land was virgin and unoccupied; it was his; he was alone. These questions settled, he smoked his pipe with less concern over his three thousand miles' transference of habitation than the man of cities who had moved into a next street. When the sun sank he rolled himself in his blankets in the waggon bed and went quietly to sleep.

But he was presently awakened by something which at first he could not determine to be a noise or an intangible sensation. It was a deep throbbing through the silence of the night—a pulsation that seemed even to be communicated to the rude bed whereon he lay. As it came nearer it separated itself into a laboured, monotonous panting, continuous, but distinct from an equally monotonous but fainter beating of the waters, as if

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the whole track of the river were being coursed and trodden by a multitude of swiftly-trampling feet. A strange feeling took possession of him—half of fear, half of curious expectation. It was coming nearer. He rose, leaped hurriedly from the waggon, and ran to the bank. The night was dark; at first he saw nothing before him but the steel-black sky pierced with far-spaced, irregularly scattered stars. Then there seemed to be approaching him, from the left, another and more symmetrical constellation; a few red and blue stars high above the river, with three compact lines of larger planetary lights flashing towards him and apparently on his own level. It was almost upon him; he involuntarily drew back as the strange phenomenon swept abreast of where he stood, and resolved itself into a dark, yet airy, bulk, whose vagueness, topped by enormous towers, was yet illuminated by those open squares of light that he had taken for stars, but which he saw now were brilliantly-lit windows.

Their vivid rays shot through the reeds and sent broad bands across the meadow, the stationary waggon, and the slumbering oxen. But all this was nothing to the inner life they disclosed through lifted curtains and open blinds, which was the crowning revelation of this strange and wonderful spectacle. Elegantly-dressed men and women moved through brilliantly-lit and elaborately-gilt saloons; in one a banquet seemed to be spread, served by white-jacketed servants; in another were men playing cards around marble-topped tables; in another the light flashed back again from the mirrors and glistening glasses and decanters of a gorgeous refreshment saloon; in smaller openings there was the shy disclosure of dainty, white curtains and velvet lounges of more intimate apartments.

Martin Morse stood enthralled and mystified. It was as if some invisible Asmodeus had revealed to this simple frontier-man a world of which he had never dreamed. It was *the* world—a world of which he knew nothing in his simple, rustic habits and profound Western isolation—sweeping by him with the rush of an unknown planet. In another moment it was gone; a shower of sparks shot up from one of the towers and fell all around him, and then vanished, even as he remembered the set piece of "Fourth of July" fireworks had vanished in his own rural town, when he was a boy. The darkness fell with it too. But such was his utter absorption and breathless preoccupation that only a cold chill recalled him to himself, and he found he was standing mid-leg deep in the surge cast over the low banks by this passage of the first steamboat he had ever seen!

He waited for it the next night, when it appeared a little later from the opposite direction, on its return trip. He watched it the next night and the next. Hereafter he never missed it, coming or going—whatever the hard and weary preoccupations of his new and lonely life. He felt he could not have slept without seeing it go by. Oddly enough, his interest and desire did not go further. Even had he the time and money to spend in a passage on the boat, and thus actively realize the great world of which he



"HE WAS STANDING MID-LEG DEEP IN THE SURGE."

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had only these rare glimpses, a certain proud, rustic shyness kept him from it. It was not *his* world; he could not affront the snubs that his ignorance and inexperience would have provoked, and he was dimly conscious, as so many of us are in our ignorance, that in mingling with it he would simply lose the easy privileges of alien criticism. For there was much that he did not understand, and some things that grated upon his lonely independence.

One night, a lighter one than those previous, he lingered a little longer in the moonlight to watch the phosphorescent wake of the retreating boat. Suddenly it struck him that there was a certain irregular splashing in the water, quite different from the regular, diagonally crossing surges that the boat swept upon the bank. Looking at it more intently, he saw a black object turning in the water like a porpoise, and then the unmistakable uplifting of a black arm in an unskilful swimmer's overhand stroke. It was a struggling man. But it was quickly evident that the current was too strong and the turbulence of the shallow water too great for his efforts. Without a moment's hesitation, clad as he was in only his shirt and trousers, Morse strode into the reeds, and the next moment, with a call of warning, was swimming towards the now wildly-struggling figure. But from some unknown reason, as Morse approached him nearer, the man uttered some incoherent protest and desperately turned away, throwing off Morse's extended arm.

Attributing this only to the vague convulsions of a drowning man, Morse, a skilled swimmer, managed to clutch his shoulder and propelled him at arm's length, still struggling apparently with as much reluctance as incapacity, towards the bank. As their feet touched the reeds and slimy bottom, the man's resistance ceased and he lapsed quite listlessly in Morse's arms. Half lifting, half dragging his burden, he succeeded at last in gaining the strip of meadow, and deposited the unconscious man beneath the willow tree. Then he ran to his waggon for whisky.



"HALF LIFTING, HALF DRAGGING HIS BURDEN."

But to his surprise, on his return the man was already sitting up and wringing the water from his clothes. He then saw for the first time, by the clear moonlight, that the stranger was elegantly dressed and of striking appearance, and was clearly a part of that bright and fascinating world which Morse had been contemplating in his solitude. He eagerly took the proffered tin cup and drank the whisky. Then he rose to his feet, staggered a few steps forward, and glanced curiously around him at the still motionless waggon, the few felled trees and evidence of "clearing," and even at the rude cabin of logs and canvas just beginning to rise from the ground a few paces distant, and said, impatiently:

"Where the deuce am I?"

Morse hesitated. He was unable to name the locality of his dwelling-place. He answered, briefly:—

"On the right bank of the Sacramento."

The stranger turned upon him a look of suspicion not unmingled with resentment. "Oh!" he said, with ironical gravity, "and I suppose that this water you picked me out of was the Sacramento River. Thank you!"

Morse, with slow Western patience, explained that he had only settled there three weeks ago, and the place had no name.

"What's your nearest town, then?"

"Thar ain't any. Thar's a blacksmith's

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shop and grocery at the cross-roads, twenty miles further on, but it's got no name as I've heard on."

The stranger's look of suspicion passed. "Well," he said, in an imperative fashion, which however seemed as much the result of habit as the occasion, "I want a horse, and pretty quick too."

"H'aint got any."

"No horse? How did you get to this place?"

Morse pointed to his slumbering oxen.

The stranger again stared curiously at him. After a pause he said, with a half pitying, half humorous smile: "Pike—aren't you?"

Whether Morse did or did not know that this current California slang for a denizen of the bucolic West implied a certain contempt, he replied, simply:—

"I'm from Pike County, Mizzouri."

"Well," said the stranger, resuming his impatient manner, "you must beg or steal a horse from your neighbours."

"Thar ain't any neighbour nearer than fifteen miles."

"Then send fifteen miles! Stop." He opened his still clinging shirt and drew out a belt pouch, which he threw to Morse. "There! there's two hundred and fifty dollars in that. Now I want a horse. *Sabe?*"

"Thar ain't anyone to send," said Morse, quietly.

"Do you mean to say you are all alone here?"

"Yes."

"And you fished me out—all by yourself?"

"Yes."

The stranger again examined him curiously. Then he suddenly stretched out his hand and grasped his companion's.

"All right; if you can't send, I reckon I can manage to walk over there to-morrow."

"I was goin' on to say," said Morse, simply, "that if you'll lie by to-night, I'll start over at sun up, after puttin' out the cattle, and fetch you back a horse afore noon."

"That's enough." He, however, remained looking curiously at Morse. "Did you never hear," he said, with a singular smile, "that it was about the meanest kind of luck that could happen to you to save a drowning man?"

"No," said Morse, simply. "I reckon it orter be the meanest if you *didn't*."

"That depends upon the man you save," said the stranger, with the same ambiguous smile, "and whether the *saving* him is only putting things off. Look here," he added, with an abrupt return to his imperative style, "can't you give me some dry clothes?"

Morse brought him a pair of overalls and a "hickory shirt," well worn, but smelling strongly of a recent wash with coarse soap. The stranger put them on while his companion busied himself in collecting a pile of sticks and dry leaves.

"What's that for?" said the stranger, suddenly.

"A fire to dry your clothes."

The stranger calmly kicked the pile aside.

"Not any fire to-night if I know it," he said, brusquely. Before Morse could resent his quickly changing moods, he continued, in another tone, dropping to an easy reclining position beneath the tree, "Now, tell me all about yourself, and what you are doing here."

Thus commanded, Morse patiently repeated his story from the time he had left his backwoods cabin to his selection of the river bank for a "location." He pointed out the rich quality of this alluvial bottom and its adaptability for the raising of stock, which he hoped soon to acquire. The stranger smiled grimly, raised himself to a sitting position, and taking a penknife from his damp clothes began to clean his nails in the bright moonlight—an occupation which made the simple Morse wander vaguely in his narration.

"And you don't know that this hole will give you chills and fever, till you'll shake yourself out of your boots?"

Morse had lived before in aguish districts and had no fear.

"And you never heard that some night the whole river will rise up and walk over you and your cabin and your stock?"

"No. For I reckon to move my shanty farther back."

The man shut up his penknife with a click and rose.

"If you've got to get up at sunrise, we'd better be turning in. I suppose you can give me a pair of blankets?"

Morse pointed to the waggon. "Thar's a shake-down in the waggon bed; you kin lie there." Nevertheless he hesitated, and with the inconsequence and abruptness of a shy man continued the previous conversation.

"I shouldn't like to move far away, for them steamboats is pow'ful kempany o' nights. I never seed one afore I kem here," and then, with the inconsistency of a reserved man, and without a word of further preliminary, he launched into a confidential disclosure of his late experiences. The stranger listened with a singular interest, and a quietly searching eye.

"Then you were watching the boat very

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closely just now, when you saw me. What else did you see? Anything before that—before you saw me in the water?"

"No—the boat had got well off before I saw you at all."

"Ah," said the stranger. "Well, I'm going to turn in." He walked to the waggon, mounted it, and by the time that Morse had reached it with his wet clothes, he was already wrapped in the blankets. A moment later he seemed to be in a profound slumber.

It was only then, when his guest was lying helplessly at his mercy, that he began to realize his strange experiences. The domination of this man had been so complete, that Morse, although by nature independent and self-reliant, had not permitted himself to question his right or to resent his rudeness. He had accepted his guest's careless or premeditated silence regarding the particulars of his accident as a matter of course, and had never dreamed of questioning him. That it was a natural accident of that great world so apart from his own experiences he did not doubt, and thought no more about it. The advent of the man himself was greater to him than the causes which brought him there. He was as yet quite unconscious of the complete fascination this mysterious stranger held over him, but he found himself shyly pleased with even the slight interest he had displayed in his affairs, and his hand felt yet warm and tingling from his sudden soft, but expressive grasp, as if it had been a woman's. There is a simple intuition of friendship in some lonely, self-abstracted natures that is nearly akin to love at first sight. Even the audacities and insolence of this stranger affected Morse as he might have been touched and captivated by the coquetries or imperiousness of some bucolic virgin. And this reserved and shy frontier-man found himself that night sleepless, and hovering with an abashed timidity and consciousness around the waggon that sheltered his guest, as if he had been a very Corydon watching the moonlit couch of some slumbering Amaryllis.

He was off by daylight—after having placed a rude breakfast by the side of the still sleeping guest—and before mid-day he had returned with a horse. When he handed the stranger his pouch less the amount he had paid for the horse, the man said, curtly:—

"What's that for?"

"Your change. I paid only fifty dollars for the horse."

The stranger regarded him with his peculiar smile. Then, replacing the pouch in his belt, he shook Morse's hand again and mounted the horse.

"So your name's Martin Morse! Well—good-bye, Morsey!"

Morse hesitated. A blush rose to his dark cheek. "You didn't tell me *your* name," he said. "In case——"



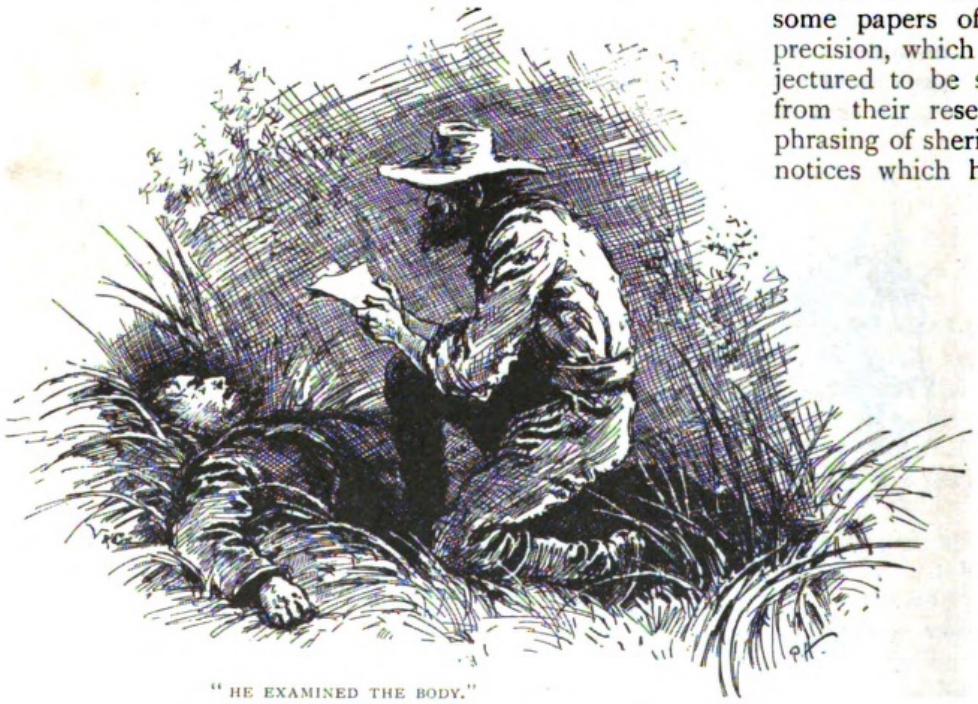
"WELL—GOOD-BYE, MORSEY."

"In case I'm *wanted*? Well, you can call me Captain Jack." He smiled and, nodding his head, put spurs to his mustang and cantered away.

Morse did not do much work that day, falling into abstracted moods and living over his experiences of the previous night, until he fancied he could almost see his strange guest again. The narrow strip of meadow was haunted by him. There was the tree under which he had first placed him, and that was where he had seen him sitting up in his

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dripping but well-fitting clothes. In the rough garments he had worn and returned lingered a new scent of some delicate soap, overpowering the strong alkali flavour of his own. He was early by the river side, having a vague hope, he knew not why, that he should again see him and recognise him among the passengers. He was wading out among the reeds in the faint light of the rising moon, recalling the exact spot where he had first seen the stranger, when he was suddenly startled by the rolling over in the water of some black object that had caught against the bank, but had been dislodged by his movements. To his horror it bore a faint resemblance to his first vision of the preceding night. But a second glance at the helplessly floating hair and bloated outline showed him that it was a *dead* man, and of a type and build far different from his former companion. There was a bruise upon his matted forehead and an enormous



"HE EXAMINED THE BODY."

wound in his throat already washed bloodless, white, and waxen. An inexplicable fear came upon him, not at the sight of the corpse, for he had been in Indian massacres and had rescued bodies mutilated beyond recognition; but from some moral dread that, strangely enough, quickened and deepened with the far-off pant of the advancing steamboat. Scarcely knowing why, he dragged the body hurriedly ashore, concealing it in the reeds, as if he were disposing of the evidence of his own crime. Then, to his preposterous terror, he noticed that the panting of the steamboat and the beat of its paddles were "slowing" as the vague bulk came in sight, until a huge wave from the suddenly-arrested wheels sent a surge like an enormous heart-beat pulsating through the sedge that half submerged him. The flashing of three or four lanterns on deck and the motionless line of lights abreast of him dazzled his eyes, but he knew that the low fringe of willows hid his house and waggon completely from view. A vague murmur of voices from the deck was suddenly over-ridden by a sharp order, and to his relief the slowly-revolving wheels again sent a pulsation through the water, and the great fabric moved solemnly away. A sense of relief came over him, he knew not why, and he was conscious that for the first time he had not cared to look at the boat.

When the moon arose he again examined the body, and took from its clothing a few articles of identification and some papers of formality and precision, which he vaguely conjectured to be some law papers from their resemblance to the phrasing of sheriffs' and electors' notices which he had seen in the papers. He then buried the corpse in a shallow trench which he dug by the light of the moon. He had no question of responsibility; his pioneer training had not included coroners' inquests in its experience; in giving the body a speedy and secure burial from predatory animals, he did what one frontier-man would do for another: what he hoped might be done for *him*. If his previous unaccountable feelings returned occasionally it was not from that, but rather from some uneasiness in regard to his late guest's possible feelings and a regret that he had not been here at the finding of the body. That it would in some way have explained his own accident, he did not doubt.

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The boat did not "slow up" the next night, but passed as usual; yet three or four days elapsed before he could look forward to its coming with his old extravagant and half-exalted curiosity—which was his nearest approach to imagination. He was then able to examine it more closely, for the appearance of the stranger whom he now began to call "his friend" in his verbal communings with himself—but whom he did not seem destined to again discover; until one day, to his astonishment, a couple of fine horses were brought to his clearing by a stock-drover. They had been "ordered" to be left there. In vain Morse expostulated and questioned.

"Your name's Martin Morse, ain't it?" said the drover, with business brusqueness; "and I reckon there ain't no other man o' that name around here?"

"No," said Morse.

"Well, then, they're *your's.*"

"But who sent them?" insisted Morse. "What was his name, and where does he live?"

"I didn't know ez I was called upon to give the pedigree o' buyers," said the drover, drily; "but the horses is 'Morgan,' you kin bet your life," he grinned, as he rode away.

That Captain Jack sent them, and that it was a natural prelude to his again visiting him, Morse did not doubt, and for a few days he lived in that dream. But Captain Jack did not come. The animals were of great service to him in "rounding up" the stock he now easily took in for pasturage, and saved him the necessity of having a partner or a hired man. The idea that this superior gentleman in fine clothes might ever appear to him in the former capacity had even flitted through his brain, but he had rejected it with a sigh. But the thought that, with luck and industry, he himself might, in course of time, approximate to Captain Jack's evident station, *did* occur to him, and was an incentive to energy. Yet it was quite distinct from the ordinary working-man's ambition of wealth and state. It was only that it might make him more worthy of his friend. The great world was still as it had appeared to him in the passing boat—a thing to wonder at—to be above—and to criticise.

For all that, he prospered in his occupation. But one day he awoke with listless limbs and feet that scarcely carried him through his daily labours. At night his listlessness changed to active pain and a feverishness that seemed to impel him towards the fateful river, as if his one aim in life was to drink up its waters and bathe in its yellow stream. But whenever he seemed to attempt it, strange dreams assailed him of dead bodies arising with swollen and distorted lips to touch his own as he strove to drink, or of his mysterious guest battling with him in its current, and driving him ashore. Again, when he essayed to bathe his parched and crackling limbs in its flood, he would be confronted with the dazzling lights of the motionless steamboat and the glare of stony eyes—until he fled in aimless terror. How long this lasted he knew not, until one morning he awoke in his new cabin with a strange man sitting by his bed, and a negress in the doorway.

"You've had a sharp attack of 'tule fever,'" said the stranger, dropping Morse's listless wrist, and answering his questioning eyes, "but you're all right now, and will pull through."

"Who are you?" stammered Morse, feebly.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

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"Dr. Deukesne, of Sacramento."

"How did you come here?"

"I was ordered to come to you and bring a nurse, as you were alone. There she is." He pointed to the smiling negress.

"*Who* ordered you?"

The doctor smiled with professional tolerance. "One of your friends, of course."

"But what was his name?"

"Really I don't remember. But don't distress yourself. He has settled for everything right royally. You have only to get strong now. My duty is ended, and I can safely leave you with the nurse. Only when you are strong again, I say—and *he* says—keep back farther from the river."

And that was all he knew. For even the nurse who attended him through the first days of his brief convalescence would tell him nothing more. He quickly got rid of her and resumed his work, for a new and strange phase of his simple, childish affection for his benefactor, partly superinduced by his illness, was affecting him. He was beginning to feel the pain of an unequal friendship; he was dimly conscious that his mysterious guest was only coldly returning his hospitality and benefits, while holding aloof from any association with him—and indicating the immeasurable distance that separated their future intercourse. He had withheld any kind message or sympathetic greeting; he had kept back even his *name*. The shy, proud, ignorant heart of the frontier-man swelled beneath the fancied slight, which left him helpless alike of reproach or resentment. He could not return the horses, although in a fit of childish indignation he had resolved not to use them; he could not reimburse him for the doctor's bill, although he had sent away the nurse.

He took a foolish satisfaction in not moving back from the river, with a faint hope that his ignoring of Captain Jack's advice might mysteriously be conveyed to him. He even thought of selling out his location and abandoning it, that he might escape the cold surveillance of his heartless friend. All this was undoubtedly childish—but there is an irrepressible simplicity of youth in all deep feeling, and the worldly inexperience of the frontier-man left him as innocent as a child. In this phase of his unrequited affection he even went so far as to seek some news of Captain Jack at Sacramento, and following out his foolish quest, to even take the steamboat from thence to Stockton.

What happened to him then was perhaps the common experience of such natures. Once upon the boat the illusion of the great world it contained for him utterly vanished. He found it noisy, formal, insincere, and had he ever understood or used the word in his limited vocabulary—*vulgar*. Rather, perhaps, it seemed to him that the prevailing sentiment and action of those who frequented it—and for whom it was built—were of a lower grade than his own. And, strangely enough, this gave him none of his former sense of critical superiority, but only of his own utter and complete isolation. He wandered in his rough frontier-man's clothes from deck to cabin, from airy galleries to long saloons, alone, unchallenged, unrecognised, as if he were again haunting it only in spirit, as he had so often done in his dreams.

His presence on the fringe of some voluble crowd caused no interruption; to him this speech was almost foreign in its allusions to things he did not understand, or, worse, seemed inconsistent with their eagerness and excitement. How different from all this was his recollection of the slowly oncoming teams, uplifted above the level horizon of the plains in his old wanderings; the few sauntering figures that met him as man to man, and exchanged the chronicle of the road; the record of Indian tracks; the finding of a spring; the discovery of pasturage, with the lazy, restful hospitality of the night. And how fierce here this continual struggle for dominance and existence, even in this lull of passage. For, above all and through all, he was conscious of the feverish haste of speed and exertion.

The boat trembled, vibrated, and shook with every stroke of the ponderous piston. The laughter of the crowd, the exchange of gossip and news, the banquet at the long table, the newspapers and books in the reading-room, even the luxurious couches in the state-rooms, were all dominated, thrilled, and pulsating with perpetual throb of the demon of hurry and unrest. And when at last a horrible fascination dragged him into the engine-room, and he saw the cruel, relentless machinery at work, he seemed to recognise and understand some intelligent but pitiless Moloch, who was dragging this feverish world at its heels.

Later he was seated in a corner of the hurricane deck, whence he could view the monotonous banks of the river; yet, perhaps by certain signs unobservable to others, he knew he was approaching his own locality. He knew that his cabin and clearing would be undiscernible behind the fringe of willows

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on the bank, but he already distinguished the points where a few cotton woods struggled into a promontory of lighter foliage beyond them. Here voices fell upon his ear, and he was suddenly aware that two men had lazily crossed over from the other side of the boat, and were standing before him looking upon the bank.

"It was about here, I reckon," said one, listlessly, as if continuing a previous lagging conversation, "that it must have happened. For it was after we were making for the bend we've just passed, that the deputy, goin' to the state-room just below us, found the door locked and the window open. But both men — Jack Despard and Seth Hall, the sheriff—weren't to be found. Not a trace of 'em. The boat was searched, but all for nothing. The idea is that the sheriff, arter getting his prisoner comf'ble in the state-room, took off Jack's handcuffs and locked the door; that Jack, who was mighty desp'rate, bolted through the window into the river, and the sheriff, who wasn't a slouch, arter him. Others allow—for the chairs and things was all tossed about in the state-room—that the two men clinched *thar*, and Jack choked Hall and chucked him out, and then slipped cl'ar into the water himself; for the state-room window was just ahead of the paddle-box, and the cap'n allows that no man or men would fall afore the paddles and live. Anyhow, that was all they ever knew of it."



"IT WAS ABOUT HERE, I RECKON."

"And there wasn't no trace of them found?" said the second man, after a long pause.

"No. Cap'n says them paddles would hev' just snatched 'em and slung 'em round and round and buried 'em 'way down in the ooze of the river bed with all the silt of the current atop of 'em, and they mightn't come up for ages, or else the wheels might have waltzed 'em 'way up to Sacramento, until there wasn't enough left of 'em to float, and dropped 'em when the boat stopped."

"It was a mighty fool risk for a man like Despard to take," resumed the second speaker, as he turned away with a slight yawn.

"Bet your life! but he was desp'rate, and the sheriff had got him safe. And they *do* say that he was superstitious like all them gamblers, and allowed that a man who was fixed to die by a rope or a pistol wasn't to be washed out of life by water."

The two figures drifted lazily away, but Morse sat rigid and motionless. Yet, strange to say, only one idea came to him clearly out of this awful revelation—the thought that his friend was still true to him—and that his strange absence and mysterious silence were fully accounted for and explained. And with it came the more thrilling fancy that this man was alive now to *him* alone. *He* was the sole custodian of his secret. The morality of the question, while it profoundly disturbed him, was rather in reference to its effect upon the chances of Captain Jack and the power it gave his enemies, than his own conscience. He would rather that his friend should have proven the prescribed outlaw who retained an unselfish interest in him, than the superior gentleman who was coldly wiping out his gratitude. He thought he understood now the reason of his strange and varying moods; even his bitter superstitious warning in regard to the probable curse entailed upon himself for saving a drowning man. Of this he recked little; enough that he fancied that Captain Jack's concern in his illness was heightened by that fear, and this assurance of his protecting friendship thrilled him with pleasure.

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There was no reason now why he should not at once go back to his farm, where, at least, Captain Jack would always find him; and he did so, returning on the same boat. He was now fully recovered from his illness, and calmer in mind; he redoubled his labours to put himself in a position to help the mysterious fugitive when the time should come. The remote farm should always be a haven of refuge for him, and in this hope he forbore to take any outside help, remaining solitary and alone that Captain Jack's retreat should be inviolate. And so the long, dry season passed, the hay was gathered, the pasturing herds sent home, and the first rains dimpling like shot the broadening surface of the river were all that broke his unending solitude. In this enforced attitude of waiting and expectancy he was exalted and strengthened by a new idea. He was not a religious man, but dimly remembering the exhortations of some camp meeting of his boyhood, he conceived the idea that he might have been selected to work out the regeneration of Captain Jack. What might not come of this meeting and communing together in this lonely spot? That anything was due to the memory of the murdered sheriff, whose bones were rotting in the trench he daily but unconcernedly passed, did not occur to him. Perhaps his mind was not large enough for the double consideration. Friendship and love—and, for the matter of that, religion—are eminently one-ideaed.

But one night he awakened with a start. His hand, which was hanging out of his bunk, was dabbling idly in water. He had barely time to spring to his middle in what seemed to be a slowly filling tank, before the door fell out as from that inward pressure, and his whole shanty collapsed like a pack of cards. But it fell outwards; the roof sliding from over his head like a withdrawn canopy, and he was swept from his feet against it and thence out into what might have been another world! For the rain had ceased and the full moon revealed only one vast, illimitable expanse of water. It was not an overflow, but the whole rushing river magnified and repeated a thousand times, which, even as he gasped for breath and clung to the roof, was bearing him away he knew not whither. But it was bearing him away upon its centre, for as he cast one swift glance towards his meadows he saw they were covered by the same sweeping torrent, dotted with his sailing hay-ricks and reaching to the wooded foot-hills. It was the great flood of '54. In its awe-inspiring completeness it might have seemed to him the primeval Deluge.

As his frail raft swept under a cotton wood he caught at one of the overhanging limbs, and working his way desperately along the bough, at last reached a secure position in the fork of the tree. Here he was for the moment safe. But the devastation viewed from this height was only the more appalling. Every sign of his clearing, all evidence of his past year's industry, had disappeared. He was now conscious, for the first time, of the lowing of the few cattle he had kept as, huddled together on a slight eminence, they one by one slipped over



"HE REACHED A SECURE POSITION IN THE FORK OF THE TREE."

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struggling into the flood. The shining bodies of his dead horses rolled by him as he gazed. The lower-lying limbs of the sycamore near him were bending with the burden of the lighter articles from his overturned waggon and cabin which they had caught and retained, and a rake was securely lodged in a bough. The habitual solitude of his locality was now strangely invaded by drifting sheds, agricultural implements, and fence rails from unknown and remote neighbours, and he could faintly hear the far-calling of some unhappy farmer adrift upon a spar of his wrecked and shattered house. When day broke he was cold and hungry.

Hours passed in hopeless monotony, with no slackening or diminution of the waters. Even the drifts became less, and a vacant sea at last spread before him on which nothing moved. An awful silence impressed him. In the afternoon, rain again began to fall on this grey, nebulous expanse, until the whole world seemed made of aqueous vapour. He had but one idea now—the coming of the evening boat, and he would reserve his strength to swim to it. He did not know until later that it could no longer follow the old channel of the river, and passed far beyond his sight and hearing. With his disappointment and exposure that night came a return of his old fever. His limbs were alternately racked with pain, or benumbed and lifeless. He could scarcely retain his position—at times he scarcely cared to—and speculated upon ending his sufferings by a quick plunge downwards. In other moments of lucid misery he was conscious of having wandered in his mind; of having seen the dead face of the murdered sheriff, washed out of the shallow grave by the flood, staring at him from the water; to this was added the hallucination of noises. He heard voices, his own name called by a voice he knew—Captain Jack's!

Suddenly he started, but in that fatal movement lost his balance and plunged downwards. But before the water closed above his head he had had a cruel glimpse of help near him; of a flashing light—of the black hull of a tug not many yards away—of moving figures—the sensation of a sudden plunge following his own, the grip of a strong hand upon his collar, and—unconsciousness!

When he came to he was being lifted in a boat from the tug and rowed through the deserted streets of a large city, until he was taken in through the second-story window of a half-submerged hotel and cared for. But all his questions yielded only the information that the tug—a privately procured one, not belonging to the Public Relief Association—had been dispatched for him with special directions, by a man who acted as one of the crew, and who was the one who had plunged in for him at the last moment. The man had left the boat at Stockton. There was nothing more? Yes!—he had left a letter. Morse seized it feverishly. It contained only a few lines:—

"We are quits now. You are all right. I have saved *you* from drowning, and shifted the curse to my own shoulders. Good-bye.

"CAPTAIN JACK."

The astounded man attempted to rise—to utter an exclamation—but fell back, unconscious.

Weeks passed before he was able to leave his bed—and then only as an impoverished and physically shattered man. He had no means to re-stock the farm left bare by the subsiding water. A kindly train-packer offered him a situation as muleteer in a pack-train going to the mountains—for he knew tracks and passes and could ride. The mountains gave him back a little of the vigour he had lost in the river valley, but none of its dreams and ambitions. One day, while tracking a lost mule, he stopped to slake his thirst in a water-hole—all that the summer had left of a lonely mountain torrent. Enlarging the hole to give drink to his beast also, he was obliged to dislodge and throw out with the red soil some bits of honey-comb rock, which were so queer-looking and so heavy as to attract his attention. Two of the largest he took back to camp with him. They were gold. From the locality he took out a fortune. Nobody wondered. To the Californian's superstition it was perfectly natural. It was "nigger luck"—the luck of the stupid, the ignorant, the inexperienced, the non-seeker—the irony of the gods!

But the simple, bucolic nature that had sustained itself against temptation with patient industry and lonely self-concentration, succumbed to rapidly acquired wealth. So it chanced that one day, with a crowd of excitement-loving spendthrifts and companions, he found himself on the outskirts of a lawless mountain town. An eager, frantic crowd had already assembled there—a desperado was to be lynched! Pushing his way through the crowd, for a nearer view of the exciting spectacle, the changed and reckless Morse was stopped by armed men only at the foot of a cart, which upheld a quiet, determined man, who, with a rope around his neck, was scornfully surveying the mob,

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that held the other end of the rope drawn across the limb of a tree above him. The eyes of the doomed man caught those of Morse—his expression changed—a kindly smile lit his face—he bowed his proud head for the first time, with an easy gesture of farewell.

And then, with a cry, Morse threw himself upon the nearest armed guard, and a fierce struggle began. He had overpowered his adversary and seized another in his hopeless fight towards the cart, when the half-

There was something so supreme and all-powerful in this hopeless act of devotion that the heart of the multitude thrilled and then recoiled aghast at its work, and a single word or a gesture from the doomed man himself would have set him free. But they say—and it is credibly recorded—that as Captain Jack Despard looked down upon the hopeless sacrifice at his feet, his eyes blazed, and he flung upon the crowd a curse so awful and sweeping, that, hardened as they were,



"MORSE STAGGERED FORWARD."

astonished crowd felt that something must be done. It was done: with a sharp report, the upward curl of smoke and the holding back of the guard as Morse staggered forward *free*—with a bullet in his heart. Yet even then he did not fall until he reached the cart, when he lapsed forward, dead, with his arms outstretched and his head at the doomed man's feet.

their blood ran cold, and then leaped furiously to their cheeks.

"And now," he said, coolly tightening the rope around his neck with a jerk of his head—"Go on, and be hanged to you! I'm ready."

They did not hesitate this time. And Martin Morse and Captain Jack Despard were buried in the same grave.

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Street Toys.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST C. FINCHAM.

THE number, the variety, and the ingenuity of the articles which are sold in the streets, mostly for a penny, must have struck every observer with astonishment. Toys form a large proportion of the stock-in-trade of the itinerant gutter-merchant, and it is of these alone that I propose to give a tolerably complete account. Classed *en masse* under the generic heading of "Toys," they may be roughly divided into three groups: 1. Novelties and curiosities. 2. Puzzles. 3. Toys (mechanical or otherwise).

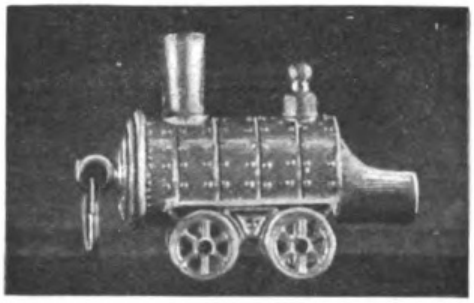
1. NOVELTIES AND CURIOSITIES.

MINIATURE "CHURCHWARDEN" PIPE AND POUCH.—This is a facsimile of the old-fashioned "churchwarden" clay pipe, inseparably associated with a quaint, old-world parlour of a little village hostelry. A tiny india-rubber pouch is sold with these pipes. They bear various legends: "Leave a bit," "Buy your own tobacco,"

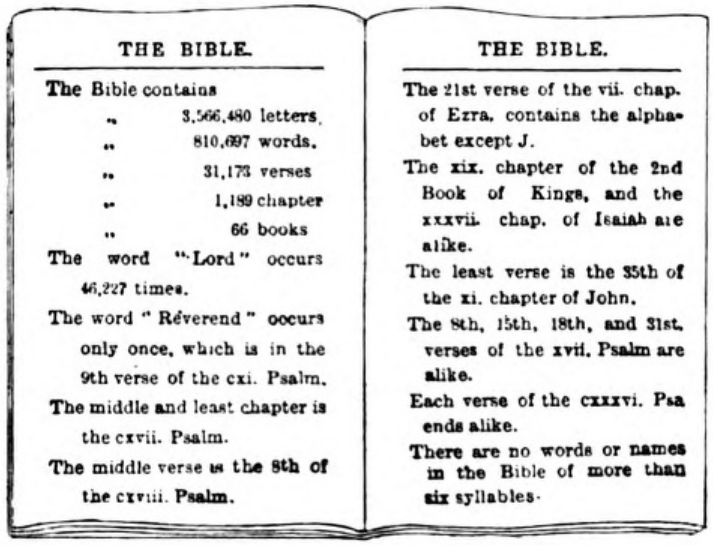


"Don't grab," "Pocket none," "Hands off," "Take a pipe," and other inscriptions, more expressive if less polite.

MODEL ENGINE WHISTLE.—A capital little representation of a locomotive in miniature. The body of the engine forms the barrel of the whistle, the footplate of the locomotive forming the mouthpiece. Some of the hawkers, who have a sense of the ludicrous, sell their "rolling-stock" with cotton-wool smoke pouring from the funnel.



MINIATURE BIBLE.—"The smallest Bible in the world, containing twenty steel-plate engravings; a penny." The leaves are gilt-edged and measure 1 5-8in. by 2 1-8in. It is illustrated by woodcuts, which are very quaint. The last few pages contain some very interesting notes as to the number of letters, words, verses, chapters, books, etc., in the Bible, and other information which is alone worth the expenditure.



THE BIBLE.

The Bible contains
- 3,566,480 letters.
- 810,697 words.
- 31,173 verses
- 1,189 chapter
- 66 books

The word "Lord" occurs 46,227 times.

The word "Réverend" occurs only once, which is in the 9th verse of the cxi. Psalm.

The middle and least chapter is the cxvii. Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th of the cxviii. Psalm.

THE BIBLE.

The 21st verse of the vii. chap. of Ezra, contains the alphabet except J.

The xix. chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings, and the xxxvii. chap. of Isaiah are alike.

The least verse is the 35th of the xi. chapter of John.

The 8th, 15th, 18th, and 31st, verses of the xvii. Psalm are alike.

Each verse of the cxxxvi. Psa ends alike.

There are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

CORK CONTAINING A CHINA DOLL.—At first sight this looks like an ordinary cork,



which would fit the neck of an average wine bottle. On closer inspection, however, a narrow strip is seen to be fitted accurately into the body of the cork. On sliding this out a liliputian china doll is discovered

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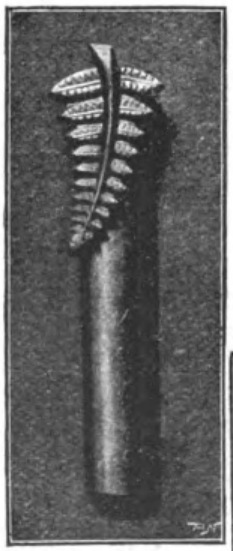
reposing on a couch of pink cotton-wool. Some of these corks contain three miniature dice, instead of a doll.

THERMOMETER BULB.—This is a very ingenious little novelty. The bulb contains a liquid with a very low boiling-point. As soon as the bulb is held in the fingers, the liquid begins to bubble up and down the tube in a most reckless manner.



BIRD IMITATOR. — A rough little piece of glazed pottery in the shape of a vase. A mouthpiece projects from one side. When the vase is *half* filled with water, by blowing gently through the mouthpiece the trilling of a canary or a lark can be readily reproduced.

THE ÆSTHETIC FLOWER-HOLDER. —A marvellous pennyworth! Made of metal, with a fern-leaf, in miniature, to retain the flower-holder in the button-hole: this is a veritable *vade mecum*.



CARAFE AND GLASS. —The accompanying photograph gives a very good idea of this dainty piece of glass-ware. A fit present for a doll's dinner-table.



WALNUT CONTAINING A THIMBLE. — In appearance an ordinary walnut, the shell of which has been

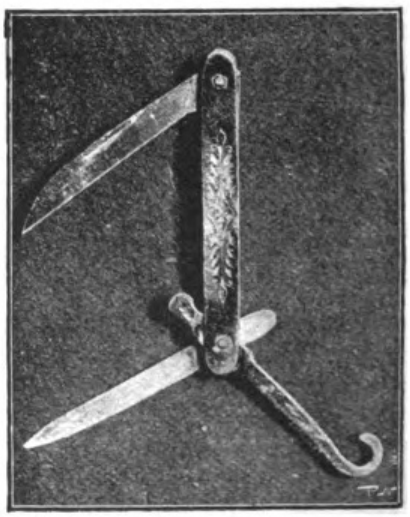


varnished. On examining it more narrowly, the walnut is found to open, on a strong spring hinge, and to contain a little thimble. Others, in place of a thimble, secrete miniature dice; others, again, a tiny china doll. The spring hinge is made of a piece of broad elastic, each end of which is firmly glued to the interior of the walnut-shell.

"THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE SPACE OF A THREEPENNY-BIT" drew one's attention to some little metal discs, on the obverse of which was stamped "The Lord's Prayer," and on the reverse "The Doxology." These discs are "struck" six at a time, and are subjected to a pressure of two and a half tons.



KNIFE, TOOTHPICK, AND BUTTON-HOOK COMBINED.—Not very well suited for cutting a piece of hard wood or buttoning a refractory

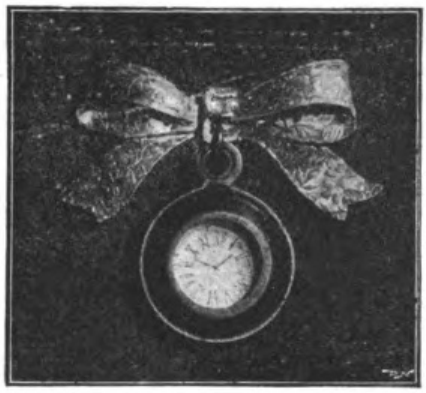


glove, but at the price asked for it, as a "little curiosity," it is not dear.

"THE LITTLE BROOCH-WATCH, A PENNY!"—A miniature watch, suspended from a metal bow, which forms a brooch. This is made in gilt, "silver," or oxydized silver, so that there is an ample range for the most fastidious taste. Occasionally a vendor of these little novelties fastens a score or so

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on his coat, and, at a short distance, looks like some much-decorated warrior.



SPADE GUINEA.—An excellent imitation of a spade



guinea, which at first sight deceives one. On the reverse the letters C-P-E-V-E-R-L-L-E-L-A-T-E-M-C-A-R-R-O-L-L-M-A-K-E-R run from left to right round the coin. On the obverse is the inscription "Georgius III., Dei Gratia."

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.—A narrow bottle about 2½in. high, with a convex base. It bears a label, "Champagne." The base is "leaded," so that the bottle always regains a vertical position, and will not lie down except by word of command; in other words, until a small rod of iron has been deftly inserted into the neck.



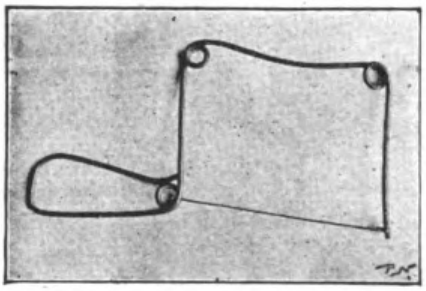
THE LILIPUTIAN CANDLESTICK.—A tiny model 1¼in. in height and 2in. in breadth. A miniature extinguisher is provided to put out the wax-match candle when necessary.



PADLOCK AND KEY.—"A penny buys the padlock!" Strong, though roughly made, it is a wonderful penny-worth—but "made in Germany." Its dimensions are 2½in. high and 1½in. broad. Though crude in finish, the lock acts perfectly.



FRET-SAW.—This consists of a wire framework, carrying a fine fret-saw. The frame is "made while you wait," of stout wire, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. A strong piece of board, to which are affixed five iron pegs, is the chief factor in the manufacture of the fret-saw. The wire, rapidly bent into shape round the skeleton outline formed by the pegs, is finished off by the aid of a pair of pincers, the saw inserted, and the whole process completed in less time than has been taken in penning this description.



MAGNIFYING GLASS.—The length of this little curiosity is 2in. Made of a white metal (the handle perforated for attachment to the watch-chain) and carrying a lens of fair magnifying power, it is a useful adjunct in reading small type or deciphering an inscription.



TORTOISE.—A glass box, 1¾in. in length and 1¼in. wide, contains the model of a tortoise 1in. long. The carapace is well modelled—the head and legs, made of black paper, are suspended from the body by very fine wires. At the slightest movement of the box, the head and legs are set in motion; the effect produced being most realistic.



THE JAPANESE TUMBLER consists of a small, oblong box 1½in. long, by 1in. wide. The ends are markedly convex. On being placed on a slightly-inclined plane, this toy turns head

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over heels till it reaches a level surface.

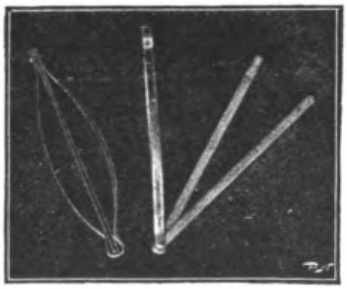
SAND-GLASS OR EGG-BOILER. — There is no need to describe the principle of the sand-glass. This one is made for attachment to a flat surface, *e.g.*, a wall, and works on a pivot, so that when the lower glass is full of sand the egg-boiler can be reversed.



SNAKE. — This gruesome reptile on a closer inspection

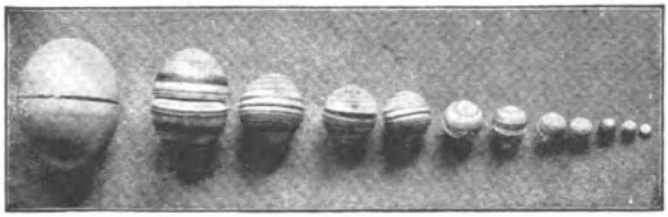


loses some of its terror-inspiring influence. It is found to consist of a spiral bone-shaving; a split-pea is fastened to one end, and a roughly carved head with bead eyes and a red flannel tongue is attached to the other extremity—and there's the snake! Packed in a wooden case, it is warranted to frighten any luckless child who, prompted by a spirit of inquiry, may take off the lid.



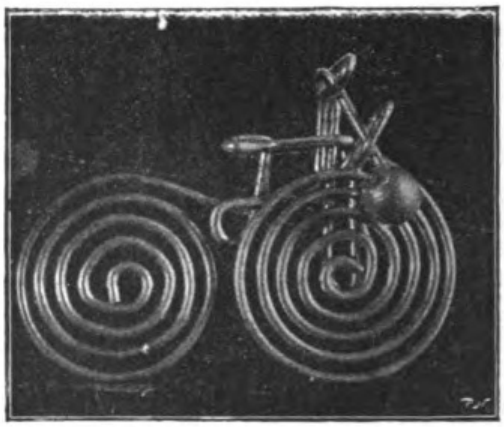
"HAIR-CURLERS, six a penny," raised my curiosity. When purchased, their mechanism was not apparent, but as my lady-readers are alone interested in hair-curlers, I will not attempt to describe an article which is so much in favour at the present day.

THE JAPANESE EGG. — Made of white wood and slightly larger than "the egg of commerce," it contains eleven other eggs, each fitting with mathematical precision one inside the other. They are decorated with concentric rings of green and red.



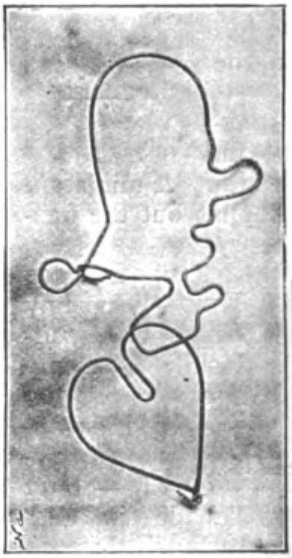
2.—PUZZLES.

BICYCLE PUZZLE.—The round knob attached to the handle represents the bicycle



lamp. The knotty point to solve is, how to take off this lamp. A very good puzzle.

"ALLY SLOPER" PUZZLE. — Here the features of "the Eminent" are roughly portrayed in wire. To disentangle the heart from the "Friend of Man's" head is the difficulty.



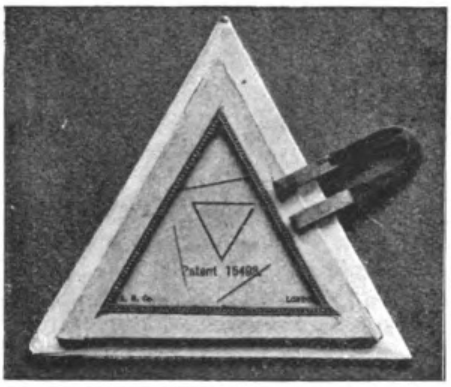
GRIDIRON PUZZLE. —To this is attached an initial letter "A." Before this puzzle is solved, mental agonies akin to the physical pain of martyrdom on a glowing gridiron will be experienced.



THE MAGNETIC PUZZLE.—This is an excellent puzzle, very simple, yet very difficult. The puzzle is to place the three needles, by the aid of a magnet, exactly upon the three lines of the printed triangle. To effect this,

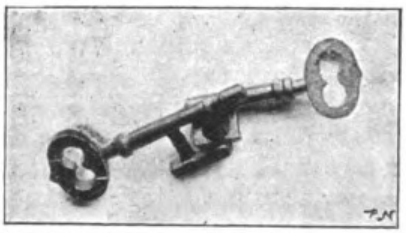
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separate the three needles by drawing them as far apart as possible. Then select any one of the needles, and with the aid of the magnet place it over a line of the triangle, then gently withdraw the magnet from the glass. It is comparatively easy to place the first needle in position, but the



second and third are a source of considerable trouble. In order to complete the triangle one must remember that the ends of the magnet are positive and negative respectively, therefore one must ascertain, when drawing the second needle forward, which end of the magnet is to be held towards the already placed needle in order not to disturb it, and the same applies to placing the third needle.

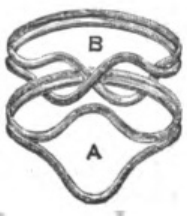
THE KEY PUZZLE.—Two keys are, apparently, inextricably interlocked. By dint of



much patience and some time they can be separated one from the other.

THE ORIENTAL RING. — The principle of this puzzle-ring is familiar to all who have journeyed as far as India. Place the two wires like sketch A, and then twist the other two wires to form a figure of 8, like sketch B, then draw the widest wire of figure A into the centre of B, then the other wire in a similar manner.





The remainder of this article will be devoted to :—

3.—TOYS (MECHANICAL OR OTHERWISE).

DANCING YANKEE.—This ingenious little toy is made of tin. By placing the thumb and second finger on his ears, and by press-

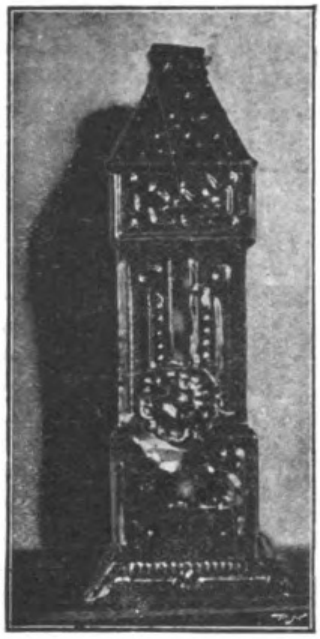


ing down the top of his hat with the index finger, he shoots out his tongue in scorn, rolls his eyes, and moves his arms and legs as though afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance.

BACK VIEW OF THE ABOVE (to show how the various movements, etc., are effected).—Two pieces of tin (a continuation of the hat) are attached to the arms, just *internal* to their central axis. By applying pressure in a downward direction, the tops of the arms are approximated, the hands and forearms, as a consequence, being jerked out. The leg-movements are produced in a somewhat similar manner. Here strips of tin are attached to the legs at a point just *external* to their central axis, the other end of the strip of tin being fastened to the arm. Hence it follows that, whenever the arms are drawn away from the middle line of the body, the legs follow their example. The mechanism by which these results are achieved is very ingenious and very simple.

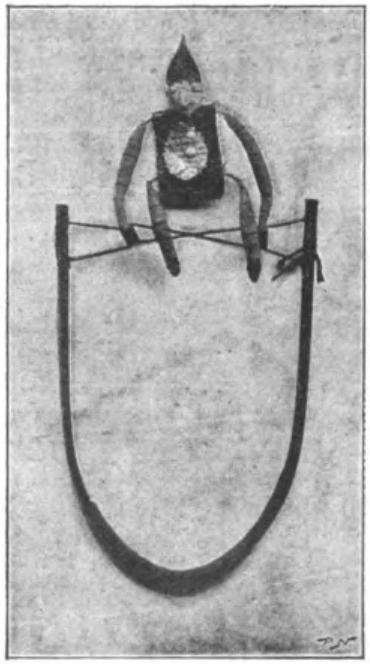


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AUTOMATIC SWEET BOX. — A dazzling combination of red, yellow, and green tin; in shape not unlike the Clock Tower at Westminster. Through the glazed aperture in the front of the box can be distinguished some sweets, of the size and shape of pills. By pressing a spring at the back, the rosette, which masks a small drawer, is pushed forward. As the drawer has no bottom the sweet drops into the little bracket below the rosette. This process is continued until all the sweets are expelled. They can then be replaced by sliding off the roof of the box and refilling the container.

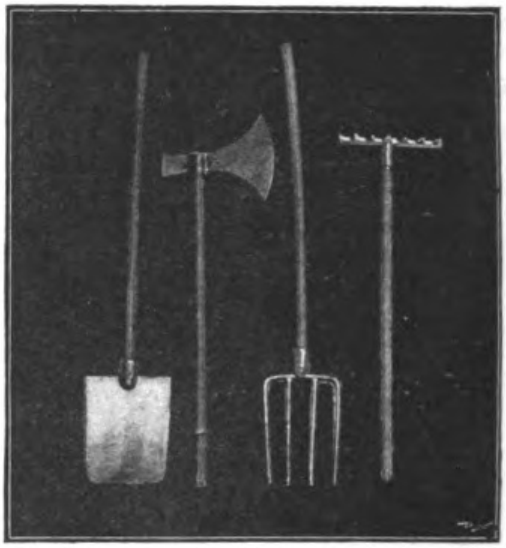
ACROBAT.—A quaint little figure, with feathers in his cap, performs various antics at our behest. By pressure on the sides of the U-shaped piece of cane, the tension on the wool forming his horizontal bar is released. Relax the pressure, the wool is tightened, and the little gymnast is jerked into a fresh attitude. He performs "the up-start" with an ease and confidence engendered by constant practice.



THE MONKEY AND THE NUT.—The principle of this toy is, roughly, the same as that of the climbing nigger. The ineffectual attempts of the monkey to reach the nut are very ludicrous.



GARDENING TOOLS.—A set of gardening tools, comprising spade, fork, rake, and hatchet. These are made of lead and fitted with cane handles. "This is an opportunity which rarely presents itself, and may never occur again," as an auctioneer would say. The price is one penny!



SQUEAKING FROG.—A life-sized frog, made of a wire framework covered with paper. When pressed it emits a shrill squeak. Judging from the gaudy colouring, its habitat is a tropical region.

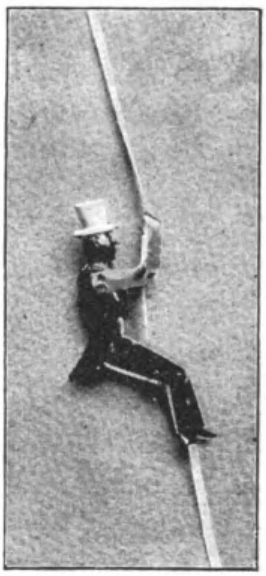


BAGPIPES.—From this toy, in the hands of the hawker who sells it, strains are produced which fill the heart of a patriotic Scotchman with pride.



THE CLIMBING NIGGER. — This tin figure and a piece of ordinary white tape furnish us

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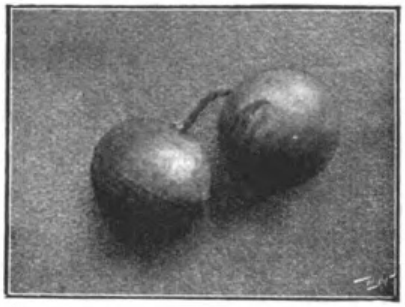


with a fund of amusement. By holding one end of the tape in the left hand and pulling the other end vigorously, the nigger, by a series of jerky movements, climbs to the summit. The mechanism of this toy is distinctly clever. The tape passes between two india-rubber rollers, which are on a level with the hands of the figure. Thence it passes under and over two tiny rods which connect the ankles. A strong spring in the nigger's pelvis flexes the thighs upon the trunk. We have here a lever of the first order. The power is the force applied on pulling the tape; the fulcrum, the hinge at the pelvis; the weight is represented by the friction of the tape between the two india-rubber rollers. By extending the thighs the figure is forced a few inches along the tape.

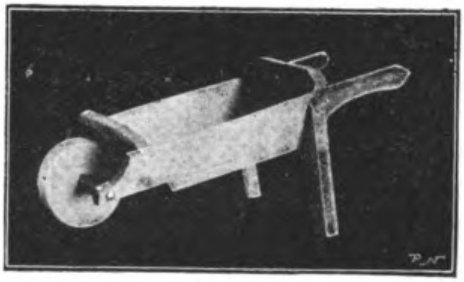
PUNCH AND BABY.—Here Punchinello is seen throwing a puppet from one hand to the other with the greatest ease, turning his head round at each fresh effort with a self-satisfied smile, as if to say, "Alone I did it." The figure is worked by pulling on a string, which is concealed underneath his flowing gown. The mechanism involved is a lever of the first order, the fulcrum being at the shoulder-joint, the weight being represented by the extended arm supporting the puppet. The puppet is fastened to an L-shaped wire. One end of this is fastened in the doll's back, the other to Punchinello's spine. One branch of the L rests on the extended arm of the figure—as this is raised the puppet is carried to the other side of the body. The head is connected to this wire by a string: this accounts for the movements of the head.



THE REVOLVING BALLS.—Two spheres of wood, an inch in diameter, connected by a piece of elastic, form this toy. The colours of the balls vary, but red, yellow, and green are predominant. Hold one ball in the right hand on some flat, smooth surface, *e.g.*, a table. Now with a rotatory movement make the other ball describe a series of circles. The connecting piece of elastic will thus become twisted in a spiral fashion. Release the balls, and they will revolve rapidly, winding and unwinding the elastic until they gradually slow down and finally stop.



GARDEN BARROW.—This will be found very useful in conjunction with the gardening tools already mentioned in this article, for keeping the garden of the doll's house neat and trim.



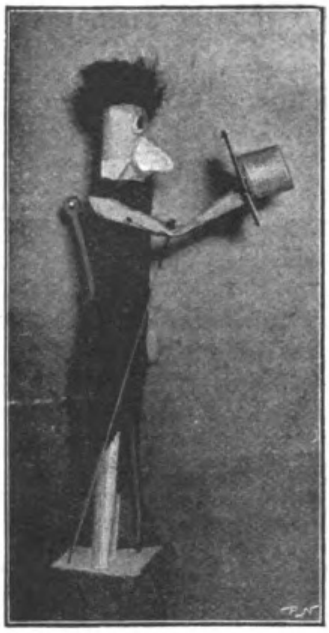
MOUSE AND MATCH-BOX.—Apparently an ordinary match-box; on opening it a tiny little mouse creeps out upon the lid. Here again is a very ingenious and simple piece of mechanism. A piece of elastic attached to the lid of the match-box passes through the lumbar regions of the mouse, and the extremity forms his tail. A small cylinder of wood fastened at each side of the box by



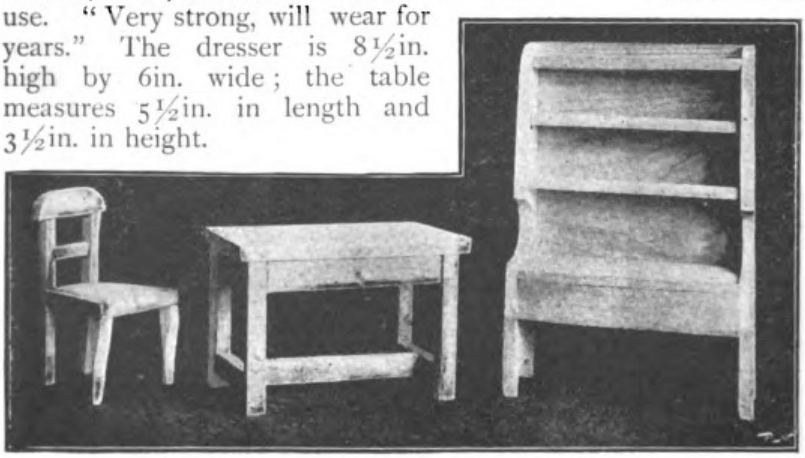
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two tin-tacks completes the mechanism. When the box is partially opened, the elastic is made tense, and the head of the mouse is prevented from appearing by the lid. Open the box still further, there is now no resistance to the head of the mouse, and he creeps out on the top of the box.

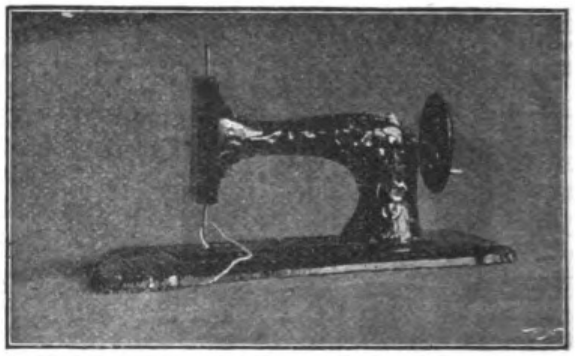
THE "ANCIENT MASHER."—This odd toy is composed of paper, cardboard, wire, and a piece of elastic. His coat and waistcoat are formed of a single, toga-like garment. The arms and legs are made of rolled paper. The figure is supported by a piece of wire, which runs from the cardboard base up the left arm and emerges at the shoulder-joint, passing then into the body. A second wire, **Z**-shaped, pierces the thorax from the left side, emerges on the right side and runs down the upper arm, terminating at the elbow-joint. To this point is fastened a piece of wool, which passes down through a hole in the cardboard base. By pulling this wool the "ancient masher" takes off his hat with an air of ridiculous gravity. This act stretches an elastic band which is attached at one end to his spinal column, at the other end to an arm of the **Z**-shaped wire before referred to. On releasing the wool, the elastic contracts and the hat is replaced on his head.



KITCHEN FURNITURE.—A well-made dresser, table, and chairs suitable for kitchen use. "Very strong, will wear for years." The dresser is 8½in. high by 6in. wide; the table measures 5½in. in length and 3½in. in height.



THE MINIATURE SEWING MACHINE is made of stamped tin and tastefully painted. It measures 3½in. in length and 1½in. in height. Furnished with a handle that really turns, and a needle that really moves up and down, no well-regulated doll's house should be without one.



DANCING MONKEY. — This grotesque simian is suspended by means of a piece of india-rubber. A thread of wool is attached to each of his ankles and wrists. On holding the figure up, the elastic stretches — the wool does not — consequently, the upper and lower extremities are set in motion.



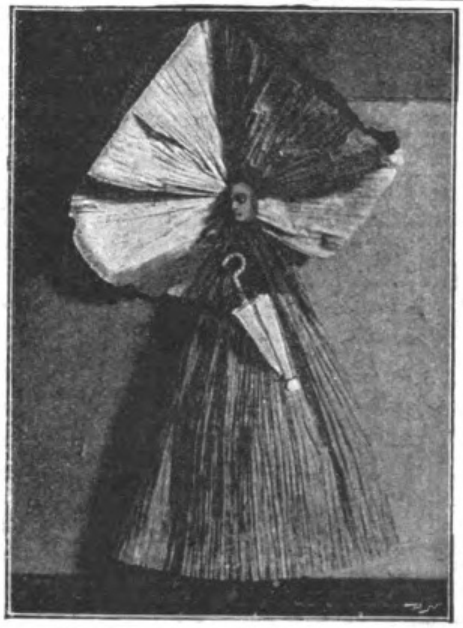
THE COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO TRUMPET.—A 5in. trumpet, on which stands a haughty chanticleer made of *real feathers*. The rooster measures 3in. from his spurs to the

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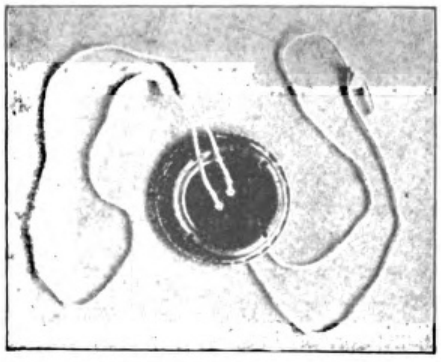
top of the tail, and with his red flannel comb, looks so regal as to well deserve the title of the "Bantam King." The trumpet when blown emits the well-known sounds always associated in one's mind with daybreak in Arcadia.



"THE LITTLE LADY."—This is the figure of a woman with poke-bonnet and dress made of crape-paper; the arms are formed of chenille; the face is painted on an india-rubber bag which, when distended with air, has a very comical effect.



THE SINGING TOY consists of two concave discs of tin placed in juxtaposition. Four or five square openings on each disc establish a communication between the outside air and the interior of the singing toy. A double loop of string passes through the centre of the discs. Hold each end of the loop in the right and left hands respectively, having first twisted the string several times; by alternately pulling on the loops and then relaxing the tension the disc revolves very rapidly, emitting the while a sound half-way between a whistle and a moan.



THE MIKADO is contained in a flat box made of cardboard. Two small tubes lead from the interior of this toy to the outside air. On blowing briskly through this mouth-piece a Japanese paper figure leaps out. The effect is somewhat startling and decidedly unique.



THE DANCING HOTTENTOT. — A curious little figure, whose limbs and feet are attached to the trunk by fine wire. The toy is suspended by a piece of elastic, which passes through the head. Every movement of the body sets the limbs in action.



DEATH'S HEAD IN COFFIN. — A model of a coffin in black cardboard. On pressing a spring at the back a small disc drops and discloses a grinning "death's head," symbolic of the fate that awaits us all.



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Abraham Fleeter's Weariness.

ABRAHAM FLEETER was pacing up and down the room with an air of weariness and disgust; now and then he would turn aside and take down a piece of old armour from the wall, a piece of old earthenware from a shelf, a Byzantine casket from the overmantel; then return it to its place with an impatient grunt.

Mrs. Fleeter, writing letters at a table, watched him from the tail of her eye, and sighed to herself.

Mr. Fleeter threw himself into a chair in front of the clean foolscap paper and pen and inkstand laid out in readiness: he took up the pen, and threw it down again in disgust.

"Can't you get on with your story, Abraham?" said Mrs. Fleeter. "You know the editor's waiting for it."

"He can wait!" said Mr. Fleeter. "I'm sick of writing stories—sick and tired; it's one horrible monotony of writing stories!"

"Then why not do a drawing? They have been waiting over a week now for the illustrations to that story they sent you."

"They can wait another week," said Abraham. "I'm sick of drawing; it's one horrible monotony of drawing!"

"Then take a rest," said Mrs. Fleeter, "and play with your armour and things."

"I'm sick of armour!" said Abraham. "There I see the same confounded pieces on the wall day after day, and week after week: it's so monotonous!"

"Why, you buy a new piece once a week, at least."

"Just so: and that's got dreadfully monotonous, too. I want a change."

"Sell your old stuff, then," said Mrs. Fleeter, "and buy ——"

"*Sell my old stuff?*" shouted Abraham. "What — all those things I'm so fond of—and—and—so confoundedly sick of?"

He walked to the window and stared out; his head gloomily lowered, and the corners of his mouth down.

"What a beastly garden!" he growled.

"It's your own taste—you planted it yourself," said his wife.

"Yes—but what the goodness do the same blessed trees want to stick in the same blessed place for, morning after morning? There's that horrible mountain ash, for example; there it stands every day when I look out after breakfast, always in exactly the same spot; and, what's more, every spring it bears the same dirty-white flowers; and every summer they turn to the same unoriginal red berries; and there they stick — until the same blackbird comes and pulls 'em all off. He *does* do that for me; he feels just like *I* do about 'em; *he* can't see what the deuce they want to come there year after year for, as if the idiots hadn't a new idea among 'em! There was a little relief this year—it certainly did freeze hard a morning or two at the end of May — but I don't like the weather, either."



"I'M SICK OF ARMOUR."

"Oh, Abraham!" said Mrs. Fleeter, with a tear in her eye; "don't be so discontented! It's really coming to such a pitch——"

"Keziah!" said Mr. Fleeter, very slowly and gravely. "It *is*. I can't stand it

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any longer, and I *won't.* I *will* have a change——"

"Ah, you had better change yourself!" said Keziah.

"I *will!*" said Abraham, in a low, determined voice; "I *will.* I will not be I any longer—it's too monotonous. I will not be a draughtsman—nor a writer—nor—— Why the deuce——?"

"Don't swear, Abraham!" pleaded Keziah: but it was too late. There was a low triple tap at the door, and John, the servant, entered as usual to clear away the breakfast-things. John was tall and gaunt, with a thin, sallow face, a slight, black moustache ending in two turned-up points, a tiny beard also ending in two points, and black eyebrows which sloped upwards from the top of his nose at a steep angle, and finished off in tufts at the highest point. Mrs. Fleeter left the breakfast-room to attend to her house, and John softly closed the door.

Mr. Fleeter was standing looking out of window, with his back to the room. He seemed to grow uncomfortable, and brought his hand round several times to the back of his head as though a fly were teasing him. He changed from foot to foot, and began to shiver slightly; then slowly turned round as if involuntarily, and looked at John. John was standing with his eyes fixed on his master; and his master gasped and his jaw fell.



"JOHN."

"Life *is* monotonous, sir, isn't it? Very monotonous! There's some mistake about it all. What's required is change—change—change! There's some excitement about change! Who wants to know what he'll see and do when he gets up in the morning? Who wants to have the same dull, hackneyed round of commonplace experiences to go through day after day and year after year? It's slow torture—not life at all!"

What Mr. Fleeter ought to have said, and expected to say, was, "John, I'll trouble you to leave off talking this sort of nonsense and go on with your duties."

But that's what he did not say. He stood with parted lips, glaring at John, and muttered, "Yes—yes! That's it, exactly! That's what *I* feel—that's——Hang it, if I could only be something else, suddenly, to-morrow morning!"

"What would you prefer to be, on waking to-morrow morning?" asked John, the servant, bringing out a small, black pocket-book in a strangely business-like manner, and waiting with the pencil on one of the leaves.

Abraham Fleeter gasped a little gasp, and, glaring in a bewildered way at John, rubbed his forehead.

"Better make it as complete a change as possible," said John. "You are an intellectual, talented man; you make your living by constant mental effort; your mind has kept your body thin; you are a nervous, sensitive man—fastidious and refined in your tastes. Now, suppose you were to wake up a sporting publican?"

Abraham conquered a passing sense of disgust, then said, "Yes, that *would* be a change; that would do capitally."

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," said John, softly, and went on clearing away.

All that day Abraham was in a wild whirl of confused thoughts. Uncomfortable misgivings verging upon fear; a vague and disturbing sense of having taken a regrettable step, and an occasional impulse to try to undo it, occupied his morning. After lunch his sensations were less unpleasant, and he gave way to a potent impulse to jeer at his garden, and his armour, and his pottery—and tell them vauntingly that they would see no more of him after that day.

"Yah!" he said to the Elizabethan suit in the corner; "you'll miss me to-morrow morning, but *I* sha'n't miss *you.* My tastes will have changed: I sha'n't care twopence for

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such as you, and I sha'n't miss you—do you hear, you monotonous idiot? And you," he continued, looking out of window at the mountain ash with the dirty-white flowers, "you won't be able to annoy me with your confounded sameness; so put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!"

That evening Keziah concluded that he must have gone mad; he chuckled by the half-hour together, and kept winking at her in a way that suggested the knowledge of a "good thing," too enjoyable to be expressed in words. She shook her head, and sighed, and murmured: "Poor Abraham! I must ask Dr. Pillington about him!"

And that night Abraham sank to sleep chuckling insanely: then, before five minutes had elapsed, started from his sleep in terror, and sat upright in bed, muttering about undoing some step or other, and then chuckled again, and nodded at the principal articles of furniture in the room, and said, "Ta-ta! By-by! Take care of yourselves!" and once more sank to sleep.

Mrs. Fleeter could not sleep for hours, but lay weeping, for she was sure Abraham had gone mad.

Abraham awoke early. He did not feel seedy. This surprised him very much; for, after the manner of the modern town-worker, he had always felt most seedy and limp on waking in the morning.

Then he remembered, and proceeded to rise. To rise required some exertion, and this came to him as a customary occurrence; but on going into things a little more he discovered that corporeal weight, and not want of muscular energy, had caused the difficulty in rising: he was of considerable bulk—a man of some fifteen stone, portly, and rosy, and the picture of health and content.

For five minutes he stood surveying his reflection in the glass of the wardrobe, and nodding approvingly at himself; then he turned toward the bed where Keziah still lay fast asleep and snoring; and instead of a little, thin, anxious-looking woman, he saw a large, plump, rosy matron with a little, turned-up nose.

"Kezzie!" he roared, in a great, round, fat voice. "Time to get up! Derby Day; and the cab'll be round at nine, sharp. Look alive, Kezzie!" He had never called his wife "Kezzie" before—always "Keziah"; but she was not surprised.

When they got down to the breakfast-table in the bar-parlour, they stood face to face with a breakfast which the day before would have made them feel faint with its vulgar abundance and substantiality: there were cold roast beef, and hot sausages, and bacon, and a large jug of stout-and-bitter, and some cold boiled pork, and half-a-dozen boiled eggs, in addition to the ordinary tea and coffee and toast: but Mr. and Mrs. Fleeter promptly sat down to it, and tucked their table-napkins under their double chins, and set to work heartily. With the change new habits had come upon Keziah: they were repulsive to her, for her mind had not altered; but they were part of her new physical personality.

"John!" shouted Abraham, with his mouth full of cold beef and beer.

John, the head barman, entered and stood with his arms a-kimbo: he was a tall, gaunt man, with a thin, sallow face, a slight black moustache ending in two turned-up points, a small double-pointed beard, and tufted eyebrows ascending at an angle.

"Just keep your eye open while I'm out, John," said Abraham, "and don't serve old Peters if he's the least bit fluffy. Inspector Jones's got his eye on the house; I've seen him hanging about at the corner. And look out for that smashing gang and their half-crowns—they were round at the 'Pineapple' yesterday. And if Rasper and Vittrell's traveller looks in again about that whisky he wants to shove on to us, tell him where to find the door sharp. And just keep your eye on George."

"Right y'are, guv'nor," replied John. "'Ope you'll 'ave a good time."

"Thankee, John," said Abraham, with a sudden uncomfortableness in his voice, and an eye which turned nervously toward the head barman, and a passing shiver.

All that day Abraham was boisterously contented, shouting with laughter, hobnobbing with the hansom-cabman who drove them down to Epsom, opening bottles of champagne and offering drinks to everybody about, always trying eagerly to get something on "Honeydew," or "Stewpan," or "Penny Whistle," chaffing the bookmakers, throwing at cocoanuts; and finally returning home, with dolls in his hat-band, in a state of mingled drowsiness and elation.

Keziah had taken her part, too; but underneath her joviality, and showing through it, there was a strange constraint.

"*This* is what I *call* a change, Kezzie!" he said, as they sat before an enormous supper after their return home. "This has broken the blessed old monotony, and don't you make any mistake!"

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"THIS IS WHAT I CALL A CHANGE, KEZZIE!"

"You've about hit it there, old 'un!" said Keziah, in a fat, rolling voice, impeded by gulps of tea; then she put down her cup, and sighed, and looked sadly at her husband, and continued in quite a low, changed voice: "It *is* a change, indeed, Abraham!"

For two whole months, Abraham Fleeter, the publican, enjoyed himself immensely amid his new surroundings; the unaccustomed excitements of the operations incidental to his new calling kept him interested and drove away ennui; and poor Mrs. Fleeter, seeing him contented for the first spell of time for many years, became almost reconciled to the new and unsuitable circumstances, and had really begun to believe that she should end by enjoying the life of a publican's wife, and wishing for nothing else.

"So long as it can keep him happy, poor dear!" she thought.

But one day, at the end of about ten weeks, Mr. Fleeter had been standing silently gazing out at the bar through the glass partition separating it from the parlour, when he suddenly said:—

"Keziah, I'm sick of seeing people come into the bar and take a drink, and pay, and go out! I wish they'd do something new—come in on their heads, or something!"

She looked at him. Through the outer husk of the fat and contented publican she seemed to see the shadow of the discontented writer of old days; Abraham looked appreciably thinner and less rosy—and a fortnight later the change had grown beyond doubt.

"Must have some more stout in?" said Abraham to John, the head barman. "Hang the stout—I'm sick of having in supplies of stout, and four ale, and gin, and things. How confoundedly——"

"Monotonous," said John. "Yes; isn't it? Who wants to be for ever ordering in supplies of stuff just to have a lot of confounded, saucy people coming in and reducing the supplies again?"

"Just so!" said Mr. Fleeter. "Hang me if I wouldn't give all I have to——"

"Yes," said John; "what would you prefer to wake up as in the morning?"

Mr. Fleeter pondered a moment, and then said, "What I want is a life of change and adventure—none of your prosy, humdrum, vegetable existences!"

"Pioneer of civilization?" suggested John, drawing out his black note-book. "How's that, guv'nor?"

"That'll do—yes!" said the publican.

"All right, guv'nor—thankee," said John, moving away to serve two threes of Scotch cold.

At that moment Mrs. Fleeter came in from marketing.

"Cheer up, old lady!" said Abraham, with a strange chuckle. "We're sick of this, but it'll be all as right as a trivet to-morrow: you keep your eye on that, Kezzie!"

The publican's plump wife sat down and sobbed. The old discontent had come back to him in its full force; and he was restless again.

It fell upon her like some tremendous weight, and crushed her. Still, he was again looking forward to happiness in the morning; so she dried her eyes and tried to smile.

Abraham went out, and returned in half an hour with a small parcel; out of it he produced a revolver and cartridges. He went into the bar, and practised at the

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ornamental bottles and the advertisements stuck on the mirrors. The customers became alarmed and cleared out rapidly; while John, the head barman, leaned placidly against the counter and looked on with an unpleasant smile of satisfaction. The noise of the shots and the breaking glass made Keziah's head ache, and nearly terrified her into a fit.

"Just as well to practise a bit beforehand," said Abraham, in explanation.

"Say, Kez, thisher kinder fits me right down!" said Abraham. "No durned monotony hyar, old woman!"

Keziah sat up in the cart and rubbed her eyes: she pushed aside the dirty rag which formed the tilt, and looked out. Abraham was engaged in helping John to kick a skeleton horse into his place between the shafts. Abraham was a big-boned giant in a tattered grey shirt, slouch hat, and greasy brown half-top boots—on his hips hung a pistol in a case.

John's dress was pretty similar; but, while John retained his original physical characteristics, Abraham's aspect was wholly changed. But she knew him well enough.

She was clothed in a dirty grey ragged gown, and an old straw hat lay at her side. At her side also, on the floor of the cart, was a small piece of broken hand-mirror.

She looked at herself: her face was grubby and bony; her tangled hair was hanging all over her shoulders. Her hands were coarse and large, with black edges to the bitten nails. She sank down in the cart and choked with sobs. Then she heard Abraham whistling merrily as he tied knots in the old rope-harness, and she peeped out at him, and sighed and murmured: "So long as it keeps him happy, poor dear!" and wiped her eyes; and then smiled and jumped gaily down and set about preparing breakfast. There were materials and utensils: a lump of rancid bacon, some coffee, a lump of bread, a lump of cheese, and an old meat-tin for a kettle.

Abraham was delighted, and whistled, chuckled, and swore incessantly; she learned from John that they had stolen the cart on the outskirts of a small township the day before; but all this seemed quite new to Abraham, who chuckled over it for a long time.

"We won't have to wait right hyar until they overhaul us, pard," said Abraham. "We'll just have to bustle along with thisher blamed ole thoroughbred and sell the whole durned inheritance at Casey's Bluffs—whaat?"

"Thur ain't none o' the liar about you, jest fur this minute, Abe!" replied John.

So they sat over the wheels and hammered on the horse's bones with sticks until the blood dripped.

Keziah shuddered and shut her eyes; but Abraham was so elated and blasphemous that she felt a throb of joy, and thought: "It makes him happy, poor dear!"

There was a small cloud of dust behind, far away over the plain. Abraham and John saw it, and redoubled the hammering on the bones; suddenly the lean horse fell, and a wheel flew off the cart, and the three fell out. Abraham picked himself up and kicked the dying horse all over; he did not look to see whether Keziah was hurt; she rose with difficulty, and when she tried to raise her hand to a bruise on her head, the arm would not go up; and with the other hand she felt two spikes in the middle of her collar-bone, projecting under the skin.

"Oh, that'll jest git fixed up all right when we git to Casey's," said Abraham; "you don't need to go howling around like a coyote about that trifle; yer ken jest let yer arm kinder hang loose like a bell-rope, and smile, and the gentlefolks about won't notice nothing amiss."

He roared with laughter at his own humour.

The small cloud of dust now plainly contained a horseman, a few hundred yards away.

"Reckon I ken drop the varmint commodious from hyar," said Abraham, taking up a kneeling position behind the capsized cart.

"Abraham! Abraham!" stammered Keziah. "You don't surely mean to murder ——!" Then she stopped and murmured to herself: "But it keeps him happy, poor dear!" and crouched on the ground, and shut her eyes, and pressed her fingers on her ears.

There were three reports—two from Abraham's pistol and one from that of the pursuing owner of the horse and cart.

"Reckon the sucker ken lay right there," said Abraham. "But the nag'll be useful—whaat?"

So Abraham good-naturedly loaded himself with the silver watch, Smith and Wesson, and knife of the farmer; mounted the farmer's horse, and off went the three towards Casey's Bluffs.

Keziah's collar-bone began to get painful and swell; and she had to keep her arm very

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still to prevent the spikes of bone wearing through the skin; but she trudged on, and when she saw Abraham grinning with happiness and heard him whistle, she smiled and walked along with her usable hand on his. It was the middle of the next day before they reached Casey's Bluffs.

Casey's Bluffs was (or were) most a timber vitriol-saloon; and Abraham and John promptly entered and called for drinks.

"Hold on!" said the landlord. "I'm thinking you're them same two innocents as is wanted for thieving and murder down to Kearneysville!"

In a flash Abraham's revolver was out, and



"IN A FLASH ABRAHAM'S REVOLVER WAS OUT."

the bullet passed through the landlord's brain.

Then Abraham jumped over the plank bar, and drank off three tumblers of vitriol with great promptness, while John looked on and smiled.

Abraham turned to leave; but two men were entering the doorway. One was the landlord's brother, and, taking in the situation at a glance, drew on Abraham: Abraham and John replied; and the two new-comers fell dead, and Abraham's arm was broken close to the elbow.

Then Abraham hurriedly knocked the head out of a cask of petroleum, lighted a handful of straw, and threw it in the oil covering the floor; and, with his boots ablaze, leapt on his horse. There was another horse tethered outside; and John mounted and pulled up Keziah behind him, and the three galloped away over the plain.

After hours they came to a cañon full of undergrowth, and dismounted for a rest. Abraham had brought away a small keg of whisky, and, knocking out the head, tipped it up to his mouth.

"There's hoofs!" yelled Abraham, breaking away from Keziah and rushing to the top of the gully followed by John. A dozen shots resounded; and Abraham and John returned and sat down.

"If any more of the dogs come crowding in after us, they'll find their pards there," said Abraham, in a muddled way. "And they ken hev 'em—whaat?"

Then he fell down asleep and lay there till dawn. Keziah still sat there, gazing at him in the grey light. "If it will only keep him happy, poor dear—if!" she said to herself.

Abraham woke, and clapped his hands to his head. He woke John with a kick—then turned deadly white at what he had done; but John only sat up and smiled his repulsive smile.

"Say, pard," groaned Abraham. "Guess I've got a head onto me that I'd give away cheap. There'll be a pack of their blamed pals around in haaf a shake, or I hain't a livin' fact. Guess I'm about solid sick

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o' thisher merriment; it's gettin' blamed monotonous; an' so's thisher arm o' mine, scorchin' like brimstone. Jest you take it as read that I'd trade away my skin to slide slick out o' this ken o' existence——"

and——" She sighed deeply, folded her hands, and murmured to herself: "It does not keep him happy, poor dear!" and a tear stole down her cheek.

"What form of existence would suit your



"IF IT WILL ONLY KEEP HIM HAPPY, POOR DEAR."

"What would you prefer to be at this moment?" asked John, bringing out the black pocket-book—very greasy—from his boot.

"Why—jest hold on—a bishop."

"I fear, my love, that absolute unsuitability of temperament unfits me for the Church!" murmured his lordship, gazing sadly out of the palace window at the silent cathedral close. "Heaven forbid that I should think of complaining; and yet, at times, I am unable to suppress a sense of monotony—a vague sense of yearning for some existence in which more change, more excitement——"

"Oh, Abraham!" said his wife—a grey-haired matron with sweet and thoughtful brow and an air of singular refinement—"it truly grieves me to hear this. For three days only you have filled your present office, lordship's pleasure?" asked John, the venerable butler with the double-pointed white beard and strange tufted eyebrows.

For two days only was Abraham a dervish—for one day a Greek brigand—for one morning a king—for three hours a prize-fighter—for one hour a burglar.

He stood in the dock, charged with burglary at a house and the murder of the owner and two policemen.

The counsel for the defence—John—was speaking eloquently.

The whirl of change had bewildered Keziah; she had ceased to realize who and what she was. She sank down on the floor of the court and pressed her hands to her aching head, and rocked herself, and moaned: "It doesn't keep him happy, poor dear!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.

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An Animal Actor.

(An Interviewette.)—By Harry How.

"COME in!"

This short but suggestive invitation was in response to my knock at the door of a dressing-room of one of London's great variety theatres some time ago. The door was of iron, and my knuckles were only of the ordinary kind. I was somewhat surprised that the gentle tapping produced by a very average pair of knuckles upon an exceptional specimen of the door known as strong should have reached the occupant within. I responded to the "Come in."



MR. CHARLES LAURI.
From a Photo. by E. Lacour, Marseilles.

The occupant of the arm-chair was Mr. Charles Lauri, a man upon whom may be justly conferred the title of the King of Animal Impersonators. He is decidedly muscular looking, though somewhat short, with a face full of character, and capable of unlimited expression. He invited me to enjoy a big cigar. During the moment that the afore-mentioned weed was passing from his case to my fingers, a rapid vision of cats and dogs, parrots and poodles, frogs and wolves, to say nothing of all sorts and conditions of monkeys—indeed, a positive little Zoo—seemed to have their being in the dressing-room.

Mr. Lauri has impersonated them all, and his realizations of many of the animals he may be said to have created are not likely to be forgotten. In that moment I saw him as the celebrated dog, "Tatters," at the last Lyceum pantomime, scampering after the two little children, romping with them, and having no end of fun with the bed-clothes when it was time for his tiny charges to drop into the arms of the soothing Morpheus. In an instant, one could distinguish him as a poodle, running round the crimson plush of the Drury Lane dress-circle; and the dressing-room, at any rate in my imagination, resounded with the shouts and laughter of the youngsters as they watched the irrepressible antics of the curly, white-coated dog; some of them wondering if it was real, and the more venturesome pleading with their fathers and mothers to buy the pet for them, and let them take it home. But the poodle was only Mr. Lauri after all!

However much I should have liked to have chatted with the famous artist regarding his poodles and parrots, his cockatoos and cats, the object of my visit to-night was to be a definite one. It was to be a little study of Mr. Lauri as a monkey.

One of the most picturesque and artistic ballets which he has produced, and one which is calculated to show his mimicry as a monkey to the greatest advantage, is entitled "The Sioux," and in a very short time he would have cast off his mufti and put on the monkey. Such was the programme for this evening.

"There you are," said Mr. Lauri, merrily, "there is the monkey, hanging on the wall; just take an inventory of him!"

I did.

Peg No. 1. Wig and whiskers.

Peg No. 2. A mask which covers the lower part of the face, in order that the protruding jaw of the animal may be faithfully realized. It is a capital mask and well worth its money, being made of substantial leather of a brownish colour, and liberally supplied with thin straps in order to securely fasten it on. The teeth, which glisten in two great rows along the still greater jaws, are warranted ivory, and the eyebrows may be lifted and lowered at pleasure by a small string, which is cleverly carried down into the hairy coat.

Peg No. 3. A remarkable-looking shaggy

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dress of long hair, which is combed out and brushed most carefully in order to obtain a more realistic appearance.

Peg. No. 4. Socks, a good-looking pair of dark brown socks, made with an entrance for every toe, on the same principle as a pair of gloves.

The various colours used in the making up of the face, a process, by-the-bye, which I described in the last Christmas Number of this Magazine—are all arranged in little tin pans on a table.

Mr. Lauri chats away very genially whilst donning the shaggy coat and transforming his face into as perfect a specimen of a monkey as one could possibly wish for.

He has been playing animals ever since he was eight years old. As a lad he studied their merry little ways, and every moment that he could afford after school lessons were done was given up to carefully attending to the needs of the members of a miniature menagerie in the back garden.

As he grew up his admiration for animals increased, and he soon found opportunities of turning this love to a very profitable account. He soon learnt to positively worship the Zoo and all that it contained; he swears by the Zoo, and no one regretted more than he when dear old "Sally" was forced to say "good-bye" to its keepers and its uncountable friends, and go the way of all monkeys.

Charles Lauri is never without his camera, and, when walking, is always on the look-out for a suitable subject. Nothing in the way of animal life in the streets escapes his eye, and he frankly confesses that he has been taught many an excellent lesson by those little imps of mischief which perch themselves on the common or garden barrel-organ, and go the whole length of a very short chain, and help themselves to the flowers which bloom in the gardens of highly respectable suburban villas.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Lauri, as he proceeded to paint his forehead, neck, nose, ears, hands, and arms, with a mixture of lard and burnt umber; "you are quite right, the monkey is my favourite study. There is always something fresh about him; to tell you the truth, they are positively inimitable, and experience has taught me that they do so many remarkable things, that, were I to endeavour to reproduce them all, I should be stigmatized as unnatural. A monkey, so to speak, is always thinking what he can do next. He is seldom still, he must be on the move. He may possibly sit down for a moment to have a quiet think, but the young rascal is only plotting mischief all the time, and his pulse is beating high in anticipation of doing something which he knows he ought not to do."

There was a tap at the door. It was the warning voice of the call-boy.

"Ten minutes, sir!"

"All right!" replied Mr. Lauri.

The monkey mimic now worked very rapidly. First of all a bit of colour out of this pan; then a bit out of another. The crows' feet and wrinkles are cleverly put on with a camel's hair brush; the mask is adjusted, and it is noticeable that the brown of the mask and the burnt umber on the face are a perfect match; even at close quarters it is difficult to see where the join comes in. Now the wig and whiskers are adjusted. A final glance in the glass. All well! and, hastening from the dressing-room, we hurry along a narrow passage, and in another moment are in the vicinity of the wings on the stage.

The last bars of the overture are being played; the stage manager has rung the warning bell which communicates with the



A MARVELLOUS CLIMBER.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, London, N. W.

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men in the flies to tell them to get ready to lift the curtain. Charles Lauri takes a rapid view of the stage to see that all is right. He tries the rope up which he will shortly climb —and what a marvellous climber he is! How quickly he runs up the hempen cord, using his toes with the greatest dexterity in order to get a firmer grip.

"Just a little idea borrowed from the Japanese," he says, referring to his method of conquering a rope.

Now the overture is finished.

"All right! Up she goes!" And the heavily-weighted canvas slowly ascends. It reveals a strikingly pretty scene. The situation is in North America. Here, in a spot where the giants of the forest stretch out their great leafy boughs, as though about to pounce down upon the palms which grow luxuriantly below, and root them out of the earth—here an old settler, with long-grown hair and beard, has pitched his tent. He has two daughters, one a fine grown girl, the other a little one, who may possibly have passed through four summers in this delightful corner of the earth. One feels that much of the interest is to be centred round this maid, whose days are passed in chasing butterflies and gathering flowers. Her life is so perfectly happy and free that she never seems to pause for a moment to remember that there are such wicked individuals within an easy walking distance as wild and wary American Indians, who would think nothing of cutting off every curly lock of her head, to say the least of it. Tomahawks! This jolly little four-year-old never troubles about such primitive weapons of warfare. But the audience do. They are on the tip-toe of expectation—they know exactly what is going to happen, and the people in front immediately fall in love with this tiny maid, and whispers of affection seem to sweep over the footlights.

Then to a bar of stirring music the settler's son returns. He is a fine, handsome, stalwart-looking middy. The old man and the two daughters receive him back with great rejoicing, I may say unspeakable rejoicing, for everything is done in dumb show. Indeed, so enthusiastic are they in their greetings that one wonders what they would really have said if the stage manager would only have allowed them to let loose their tongues.

But our friend who roamed the ocean o'er is not alone! Oh, dear, no! He has returned with a monkey!

A shout of approval goes up from the audience. They remain in their seats quite



From a Photo. by] A FAMILY GATHERING. *[Alfred Ellis.*

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CHADI'S PLAYMATE.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

comfortably, for they know that the body that breathes within that shaggy coat, and the eyes that twinkle behind that brown mask, belong to Charles Lauri. And what a monkey! In the words of a celebrated comic song, he is "All over the shop," climbing trees, perching on chairs and tables, turning the most marvellous somersaults, till finally the little four-year-old in the white pinafore begins to regard Chadi, for so this monkey was christened, as a very welcome playmate. And Chadi returns the compliment, for he plays at ball with the little four-year-old; and, again, one cannot help complaining that it seems a pity that the stage manager would not permit the youngster to scream with delight. He will only allow her to clap her hands. But she is bursting to shout, she is so happy!

Such is the opening of this very charming ballet.

The settler and his son determine to go in pursuit of some Sioux Indians, who, they have every reason to believe, are in the neighbourhood. Chadi, in dumb show, is given to understand that he is to be left in charge. He realizes his position, and by a wonderful piece of by-play and expression, looks at the little girl and turns to his master with a glance which unmistakably says, "Never you fear for her!"

So father and son depart, and Chadi and the child exchange confidences until bed-time comes, and the little one hurries away into the hut, and the soft music from the orchestra in front tells that she is fast asleep and dreaming the brightest of pictures.

Chadi, evidently with the idea in his mind that his master, the middy, shall not have it all his own way as representing the Navy, determines that Tommy Atkins shall have a chance as well as Jack. Hence he discovers a soldier's coat and cap, and shouldering a gun, keeps sentry beneath the window of the room where the little girl is sleeping.

Suddenly an Indian scout appears,



From a Photo. by] "ON GUARD." *[Alfred Ellis.*

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creeping along amongst the palms and the bushes. He is quickly followed by many of his dusky relations. They attack the hut, which Chadi most valiantly defends. But what is one among so many? Chadi may jump on the roof, he may rush to the window, and always with some substantial missile which he hurls at the heads of his friend the enemy. He hurls and, what is more, he hits. Indeed, such feats of valour does he perform that the cool and calculating Indians determine to make a bonfire of the house. A huge quantity of red fire in a pan, hidden away from the sight of the audience, is lit. It smells strongly, particularly where I am standing. But what matter? The effect, like the effect of all fires, is grand, but terrible. The audience hold their breath—I was forced to hold my nose, for the pungency of the theatrical concoction which realizes "fire" became keener. But why think of personal feelings at such a time as this? The hut is in flames—the child is sleeping in the front room! What of her?—what of the little one? They need not tremble about the child. Chadi is thinking of the little four-year-old; and as the stalls set up a huge shout, and the gallery boys, in their wild excitement, nearly tumble over into the depths of the pit below, Chadi appears bearing his little mistress in his arms. But, however the audience may have admired the bravery of this marvellous monkey, the Indians are still indignant, and their wrath still waxeth great. To have been cheated out of their designs by a monkey whose name was Chadi! That was the thought which annoyed them. Would any man, let alone an Indian, like to be done out of anything, and by a mysterious personage, whom some people endeavour to make us believe was really one of our progenitors? Perish the thought! It is certainly very rough on the monkey, but, nevertheless, just as father and son return, and the Indians are making their escape, one redskin, more daring than his fellows, plunges his long knife deep into the breast of poor Mr. Lauri—I mean poor Chadi!—who falls in a heap on the stage.

Chadi is dying. His last thoughts seem to be centred round the little girl. It is as much as he can do to drag himself along the ground, but he nerves himself for a final effort, and once more he takes the child in his arms with all the love and tenderness of a human being. Everybody on the stage, everybody in the audience, is silent as they watch this marvellous monkey breathing his last moments! And the faithful Chadi dies, and the curtain is slowly rung down on his life! The old settler and the middy begin to chat away, unconcerned, as though nothing had happened; the rescued little one seemed happier than she was before the piece began; and this marvellous monkey leaves the stage and comes up to my side with the pleasant and suggestive remark of, "What do you say to a bit of supper, eh?"



From a Photo. by] "SAVED." *[Alfred Ellis.*

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Artists of "The Strand Magazine."

WE are certain that our readers will be glad of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the artists who have done so much for their pleasure, and whose names have become so familiar to them. We are glad, also, to take this occasion to acknowledge



MR. SIDNEY PAGET.
From a Photo. by Fred Downer, Watford.

our indebtedness to these gentlemen, and to many others whose portraits we are not able to present here, whose work has had so great a share in building up the popularity of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

MR. SIDNEY EDWARD PAGET,

born October 4th, 1860, in London, fifth son of the late Robert Paget, vestry clerk of Clerkenwell, was educated at a City school, and early developed a taste for drawing. On leaving school he studied from the antique at the British Museum for two years, after which he went to Heatherley's School of Art, in Newman Street, London, to study painting. Being successful as an exhibitor (exhibiting two pictures at the Academy when eighteen years old, and constantly since that time), he took a studio and began painting portraits and small pictures, and also illustrating various books and illustrated papers, chiefly war subjects of Egypt and the Soudan. At twenty-one he entered the Royal Academy Schools for a term of six years, during which time he carried off several important prizes, only missing the gold medal for painting by a casting vote, having "tied" with the successful student. He married in 1893, and lives in a charming part of Hertfordshire, having also a studio in Holland Park Road, Kensington. Mr. Paget has been working chiefly at illustrations for the last three or four years, and his delineations of the famous "Sherlock Holmes" stories had their share in the popularity of that wonderful detective.

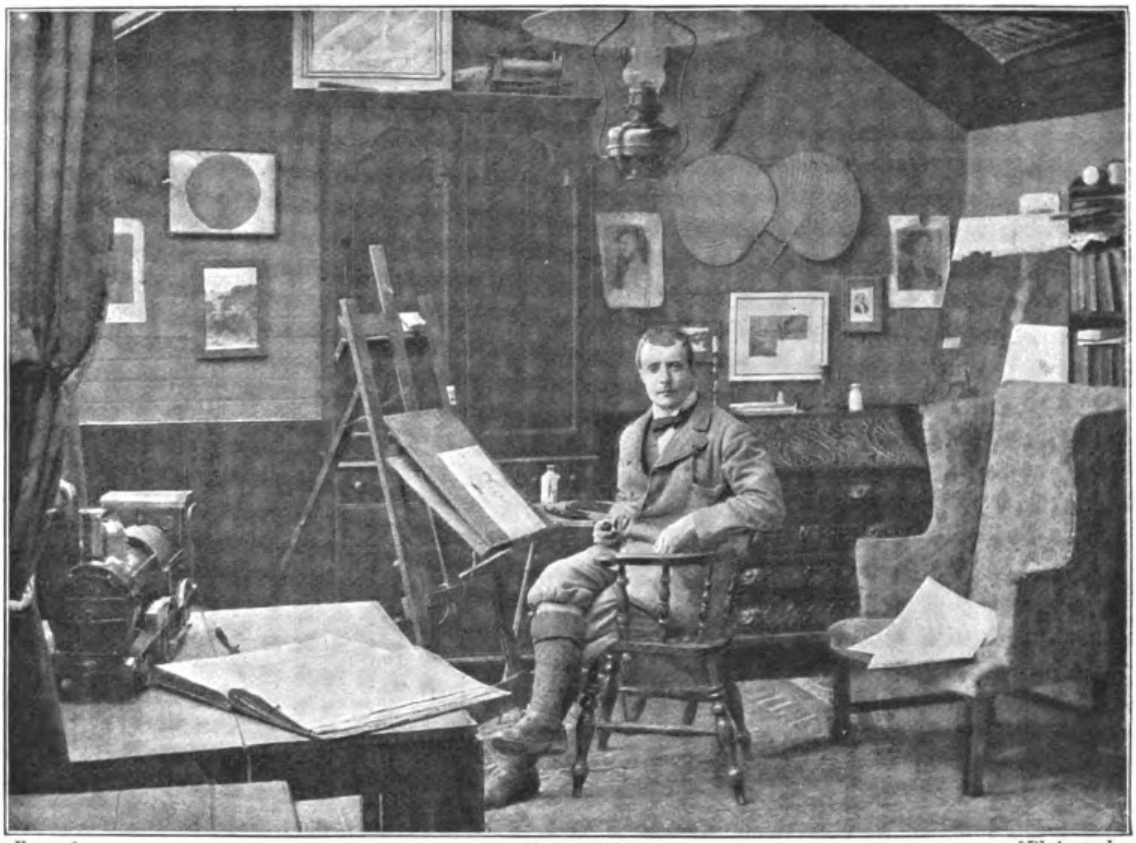
MR. PAUL HARDY

was born near Bath in 1862, his father being an artist—the late David Hardy. His grandfather, who was also an artist, came of an old Yorkshire family. Mr. Paul Hardy was educated in Clifton, and after various visits to London settled in Chelsea in 1886 and was married in 1888, when he moved into the country. He has worked for a great number of publishers. No artist of THE STRAND is better known to our readers, as his bold and striking work has appeared in almost every number since the Magazine was started.



From a] MR. PAUL HARDY. *[Photograph.*

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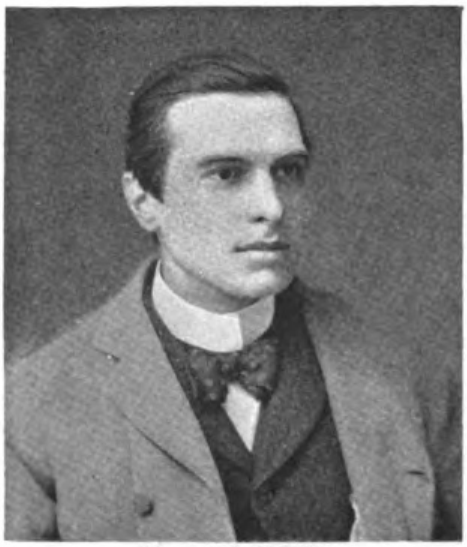
From a] MR. H. R. MILLAR. *[Photograph.*

MR. HAROLD ROBERT MILLAR,

who has no superior as an illustrator of fairy stories, was born at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1869, and began studying as a civil engineer, but gave up that profession for the more congenial pursuit of art. He studied at Wolverhampton Art School, and afterwards at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art. He came up to London at the invitation of the editor of the *Graphic*, and has since worked for all the foremost magazines and periodicals. Mr. Millar says: "I consider that my best work has been done for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and I have always thoroughly enjoyed illustrating the fairy tales."

MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

For the position which Mr. James Affleck Shepherd occupies in the art world, he may certainly be said to be a very young man. Born November 29, 1866, it was not many years after his first birthday that he betrayed a love for the pencil which, in years to come, would lead him to be recognised as one of the finest animal caricaturists past or present. His animal studies from a grotesque point of view are as delightfully clever as they are strikingly original. When he was seventeen years of age, he was articled to that very versatile artist, Mr. Alfred Bryan. He remained with Mr. Bryan for three years. Not very long after his apprenticeship, THE STRAND MAGAZINE had its birth. Mr. Shepherd very shortly afterwards helped to brighten its pages by the now famous sketches which accompanied the letterpress of "Zig-zags at the Zoo." It was not long before his reputation was firmly established. Offers of work came rolling in, until, in July, 1893, he was invited to draw for *Punch*. Mr. Shepherd's "Fables" provide a monthly series of particularly merry pages in this periodical. He is a marvellously rapid worker,



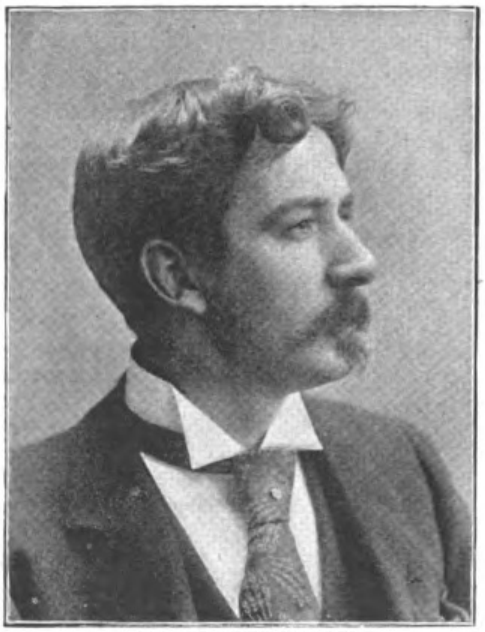
MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.
From a Photo. by Lenton Bros., Bromley.

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and at his charming little cottage at Bromley, Kent, has a perfect menagerie in miniature. In his kennels are to be found half-a-dozen bull-dogs, in the breeding of which he has been particularly successful. Mr. Shepherd is in fact attached to all field sports, and considers the outdoor life he leads preferable to all others. No reference to Mr. Shepherd, however slight, would be complete without a word regarding his raven, which has been christened "Elijah." Elijah can do absolutely anything, and bids fair to rival Charles Dickens's "Grip." Mr. Shepherd has said: "There are only two things I love in this world—my mother and my raven."

MR. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, R.B.A.,

is a Birmingham man, and received his art education at the Birmingham School of Art and Antwerp Academy, and is now a member of the Royal Society of British Artists and an Associate of the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham. Returning from a considerable sojourn in Russia at the end of 1884, his first black-and-white drawings, illustrating a story of



MR. J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.
From a Photo. by Hellis & Son.

Russian life, appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper* in 1885. Since then he has been engaged on the leading weekly and monthly publications. For THE STRAND MAGAZINE he has illustrated a great number of stories, and has worked for it almost from the commencement. The drawings illustrating the story entitled "The Understudy," in the present number, are excellent examples of his work.



MR. W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.
From a Photo. by T. White, Lewisham.

MR. W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.,

was born at Leipzig, October, 1857, of English parents, and was educated at University College School, where he took the first Goodall Scholarship of Art. He received his art education at the Slade School of Art under Mr. Poynter, R.A., and M. Legros, and whilst there took one of the two Slade Scholarships. He exhibited his first picture, called "Football," at the Royal Academy in 1879, and since then has had several others on the R.A. walls, the best being "Left to Fate," now in Lord Derby's collection, and "The 42nd Royal Highlanders at Bay, Quatre Bras." He was elected a member of the Royal Institute in 1888. His black-and-white career began on the staff of the *Pictorial World* in 1882. He has also done work for the *Illustrated London News*, besides various other publications. His illustrations in our pages include those of "Brigadier Gerard," a subject which exactly suits his military tastes.

MR. ALF. J. JOHNSON

was born at Brighton, 1850, and educated at St. Clement Danes Grammar School, after which he was articled as a draughtsman, at the age of fifteen, to Mr. W. L. Thomas, who had not yet started the *Graphic*. He has done a good deal of work, both for the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, and also for various magazines.

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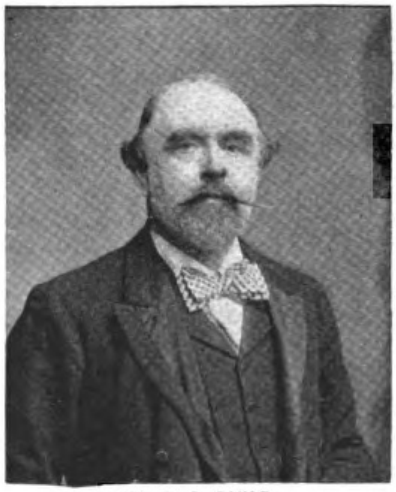


MR. A. J. JOHNSON.
From a Photo. by Timms & Son, Brecknock Road.

He has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Suffolk Street Gallery, and the old Dudley Gallery, but of late years has been almost entirely engaged with black-and-white work. Mr. Johnson took up the camera about six years back, and is a member of the council of the North Middlesex Photographic Society. He has been for some twelve years secretary of the Camden School of Art, and has given lectures to the students on "Book Illustration" and allied subjects.

MR. FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD

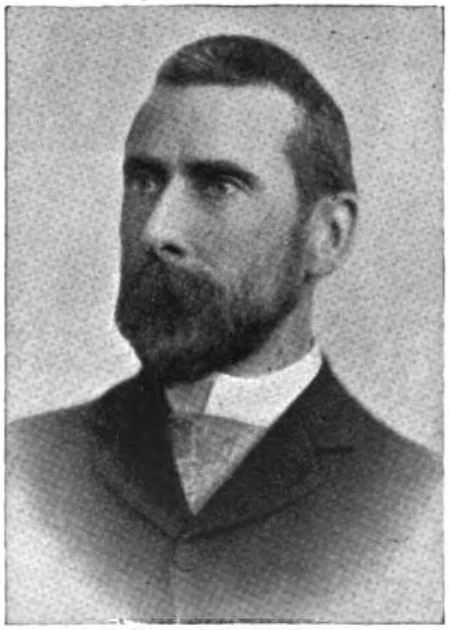
was born on the 2nd of December, 1844, at Barnstaple, North Devon, and, his father being an architect, there were always paper and pencils at hand. He learned drawing in the ordinary way, but the opportunities for art students in those days were not so great as they are nowadays. At the age of twenty he went into a stockbroker's office, and a few years after became a member of the Stock Exchange. In 1879 he began illustrating the Christmas number of *Truth*, and has continued it ever since. At the time of the Parnell Commission he did a good many sketches for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Star*, and for some time supplied a weekly cartoon to the *Pall Mall Budget*. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* passed into other hands, "F. C. G." withdrew and threw his fortunes in with the new venture, the *Westminster Gazette*, doing the Parliamentary sketches and other work, and for some time past he has supplied the descriptive letter-press as well. "F. C. G.'s" sketches for the articles entitled "Behind the Speaker's Chair," which have appeared in our pages, include many of his happiest inspirations.



MR. F. C. GOULD.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

MR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN

began to study art at South Kensington, where he drew from the antique. Afterwards he took a studio and worked enthusiastically and earnestly from the nude; so



MR. J. F. SULLIVAN.
From a Photo. by E. Passingham, Brighton.

that as a draughtsman he had the best of training. The knowledge thus acquired manifests itself in his work. He never thought of becoming what is called a comic-artist until one day, while still quite a youth, he received a request to contribute to the weekly serial, *Fun*. He has contributed both literary matter and drawings to a large number of periodicals, and as a satirist and humorist he occupies a place co-equal with that held by any one of the eminent humorists of the present day, as will be acknowledged by readers of "The Queer Side of Things" in our pages. "Abraham Fleeter's Weariness," in the present number, is a very characteristic specimen of Mr. Sullivan's style.

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MR. ALFRED PEARSE.



MR. ALFRED PEARSE.
From a Photo. by R. H. Macey, Hampstead.

Four generations of artists, such is the ancestry of Alfred Pearse, born 1856, son of J. S. Pearse, the celebrated decorative artist. Privately educated, he early developed hereditary taste for drawing, and from the age of fifteen to nineteen studied wood engraving; but foreseeing "process" work might supersede it, he turned his attention to drawing, studying at the West London School of Art for two years, when he was hon. sec. of that sketching club. He has gained twenty-five prizes for drawing, the last being the first prize medal for black-and-white illustration at the "Healtheries." The Battle of Isandhlana gave him an opportunity of introducing his work to an illustrated newspaper editor. Seeing the news of this disaster at 8 a.m., a drawing of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill saving the colours was finished and submitted by noon the same day to the editor of the *Pictorial World*, who bought it. From that time his success ceased to be a probability, and became a certainty, and his services were retained on the staff of that paper for nine years, during which he gained for himself the nickname of "Punctual Pearse." His energy and versatility can be demonstrated by the following incident. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales opened the new Agricultural Hall at Norwich, no tickets were issued for "special artists," and none could be obtained by payment. Mr. Pearse proving himself equal to the emergency, entered the hall early in the morning and secreted himself in a potato-sack amongst the exhibition of potatoes. When the Prince arrived the "special" artists of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* sought to obtain admission, but were refused by the door-keepers. Mr. Pearse then quietly emerged from his unique hiding-place, followed the Prince of Wales round, and sketched enough to fill two pages of the *Pictorial World*, that being the only paper that had any representations of the ceremony that week. The last and most pleasing ceremony he had the honour of sketching was the christening of the first-born of Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, in the White Drawing-room at Windsor Castle, by the gracious and special permission of Her Majesty. The rapidity with which he works can be realized when one learns that he has finished 250 drawings during the last four months. His drawings for THE STRAND MAGAZINE have been of many kinds, but we need only mention the fine series done for Mr. Mansford's "Gleams from the Dark Continent," one of which appears in the present number. He attributes his ability to carry out so much work to the athletic pursuits he has indulged in, having been hon. sec. of three cricket clubs, a good tennis-player and runner, his time for the 100yds. being 10sec. He has sub-edited an illustrated paper, and patented useful and ingenious inventions, besides having been a member of Sir Joseph Barnby's Royal Choral Society for eight years.

MR. GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.,

was born in 1858 at Banstead, in Surrey, and is the son of Hablot K. Browne, the celebrated "Phiz," whose name is so intimately associated with the works of Dickens. Mr. Gordon Browne studied at "Heatherley's School of Art," and began to illustrate books and magazines very early in life. His work is characterized by ease and grace of execution, and a wonderful facility of invention and composition. His chief work for this Magazine has been the drawings to illustrate the series of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."



MR. GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.
From a Photograph.

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THE Children's FAIRY

FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT-JUIRS

IT was a dull, heavy afternoon, and the long, dusty road looked quite deserted, not a horse or even a foot-passenger in sight. The birds were taking their afternoon siesta, and the leaves were hanging down languidly from the poor trees, which were dying with thirst. There were three solitary-looking, tumble-down cottages on one side of the road, and presently the door of one of them opened, and a woman's voice called out :—

"Come, Yvette, come, go out and play."

In answer to this summons a little girl of some three or four years old soon appeared, and with great difficulty on all fours began to descend the steep steps from the house to the footpath. It was quite a piece of work, that perilous descent, and it was accomplished slowly, carefully, and very awkwardly by what looked like nothing but a bundle of clothes.

The child had on a little bonnet made of two pieces of figured muslin sewn together, and from which a few tresses of fair hair which had escaped fell over her forehead and down the back of her neck. Her little frock had been lengthened many times, and, consequently, the waist was now up under the arms, like one sees in the Empire dresses. As to shoes and stockings—well, it was not very cold, and so they were put away for a future occasion.

When once she had reached the bottom of the steps, the child stood upright and looked round for a minute or two evidently deep in thought, with her little finger pressed against her face. Play! Yes, it was all very well, but what should she play at?



"DEEP IN THOUGHT."

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At the very time when the poor little mite was turning this question over in her mind, hundreds of other children, accompanied by their mother or by their nurse, would be all out in the gardens or parks, and they would have with them all kinds of games and toys, from the favourite spade and bucket to a real little steam-boat, which would sail along on the ponds. They would have cannons, skipping-ropes, reins (all covered with little bells), hoops, battledores and shuttlecocks, bowls, marbles, balls, balloons, dolls of every description, pistols, guns, swords, and, in fact, everything that the heart of a child can desire.

Then, too, those other children nearly always had little playmates, so that it was easy enough to organize a game.

But, Yvette—on that deserted road, what could she do? Her father, a poor road-mender, earned only just enough to make a bare living for his wife and child, and certainly not a halfpenny could be spared for toys.

Yvette sat down just near a great heap of stones, which her father had to break into small pieces in order to fill in the ruts. When she was comfortably installed, she began to fumble in her pocket, and there she certainly found all kinds of wonderful things: two cherry-stones, a piece of string, a small carrot, a shoe-button, a small penny knife, a little bit of blue braid, and some crumbs of bread. Now, these were all very nice in their way, and were indeed very valuable articles, but somehow they did not appeal to Yvette at all just then. She put them all very carefully back one by one in her pocket.

Then there was a profound silence. Yvette was not happy. The little face puckered itself up into a significant grimace—the little nose was all screwed up, and the mouth was just opening—tears were surely on the way! Just at that moment, fortunately, the Children's Fairy was passing by.

Now you, perhaps, do not know about this Fairy, for no one ever sees her, but it is the very one which makes children smile in their dreams, and gives them all kinds of pretty thoughts. There is no limit to the power of this Fairy, for, with a stroke of her magic wand, she can transform things just as she wishes. She is very good and kind-hearted, and the proof is that she bestows her favours more generally on the poor and unfortunate than on others.

Well, this good Fairy saw that Yvette was just going to cry. She stretched her golden wand out over the heap of stones and then flew away again, laughing, for she was just as light and as gay as a ray of sunshine.



"SHE STRETCHED HER GOLDEN WAND OVER THE HEAP OF STONES."

Now, directly the Fairy had gone, it seemed to the road-mender's little daughter that one of the big stones near her had a face, and that it was dressed just like a little baby. Oh, it was really just like a little baby! Yvette stretched out her hand, took the stone up, and immediately began to feel for it all the love which a mother feels for her child.

"Ah!" she said to it, cuddling it up in her arms; "do you wan't to be my little girl? You don't speak—oh! but that is

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because you are too young—but I see you would like to. Very well, then; I will be your mother, and I shall love you and never whip you. You must be good, though, and then I shall never scold you. Oh! but if you are not good—you know, I've got a birch rod. Now, come, I'm going to dress you better: you look dreadful in that frock." Hereupon Yvette rolled her child up in her pinafore, so that there was nothing to be seen of the stone but what was supposed to be the baby's head.

"Oh! how pretty she is, dear little thing.



"OH! HOW PRETTY SHE IS."

There, now, she shall have something to eat. —Ah! you are crying—but you must not cry, my pretty one—there, there." And the hard stone was rocked gently in the soft little arms of its fond mother.

"Bye-bye, baby — bye-bye-bye." Yvette sang with all her might, tapping her little daughter's back energetically, but evidently all to no purpose, for the stone refused to go to sleep. "Ah! naughty girl; you won't go to sleep? Oh, no, I won't tell you any more stories. I have told you Tom Thumb, and that's quite enough for to-night. Go to sleep — quick — quick, I say. Oh, dear! dear, naughty child—I've got a knife—what! you are crying again! If you only knew how ugly you are when you cry! There! now I'm going to slap you—take that, and that, and that, to make you quiet. Oh, dear, how dreadful it is to have such a child. I believe I'll change you, and have a boy. Now, just say you are sorry for being so naughty—— What! You won't? I'll give you another chance. Now—one—two—three. Oh, very well. I know what I shall do. I shall just go and take you back. I shall say: 'If you please, I've got a dreadful little girl, and I want to change her for a nice little boy, named Eugene.' And then they'll say: 'Yes, ma'am; will you have him with light hair or dark?' 'Oh,' I shall say, 'I don't mind, as long as he is good.' 'He'll be very dear, though, ma'am,' they'll say; "good little boys are very rare, and they cost a great deal.' 'How much?' I shall ask. 'Why, one penny, ma'am.' And then I shall think about it—— Now, then, are you going to be good, and say you are sorry? No? Oh! very well —it's too late now—I've changed you. I have no little girl now, but a very pretty little boy, named Zizi."

The stone immediately underwent a complete transformation. Just now, when it was a little girl, it had been very quiet and gentle, and had kept quite still on Yvette's lap. Now that it was a boy there was no more peace: it would jump about, and it would try to get away, for boys are always so restless.

"Zizi, will you be still, and will you stay on my lap instead of tumbling about in the road? There, let me lift you up! Oh, dear! how heavy boys are. There, now, don't you stir, but just eat your bread and milk. It will make you grow, and then when you are big you'll have beautiful grey whiskers, like father. You shall have a sword, too, and perhaps you shall be a policeman. It's very nice to be a policeman, you know, because they are never put in prison—they take other people there if the people make a noise in the street. Oh, Zizi, do keep still. If you don't, I'll call the wolf—you know, the big wolf that runs off with little children and takes them into the woods to eat them up. Wolf, wolf, where are you?"

Just at that moment a dog appeared—a large, well-fed, happy-looking dog, impudent too, and full of fun. He belonged to a carrier who was always moving about from place to place, and the dog, accustomed as he was to these constant journeys, had got rather familiar, like certain commercial

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travellers, who, no matter where they are, always make themselves quite at home.

Now, the dog had got tired of following his master's cart, and when he saw something in the distance which was moving about, he bounded off to discover what it was. This something was Yvette and her little boy.

"Look, look!" exclaimed the small mother, and there was a tremor in her voice. "You see, he is coming—the big wolf!"

He *was* coming, there was no doubt about that, for he was tearing along, and his tongue was hanging out and his ears were pricked up.

The little stone boy was not at all frightened, but Yvette began to regret having called the dreadful animal. Oh! if she could only get away now; but, alas! she did not dare to move or even to speak.

The impertinent dog came straight to them. Poor Yvette, half frightened to death, threw away the precious stone baby she had been fondling, and, picking herself up, began to run, calling out: "Mother! mother!"



"THE IMPERTINENT DOG CAME STRAIGHT TO THEM."

The dog was quite near her, jumping up at her, and then suddenly he turned to go and sniff at the little stone boy. He probably thought it was a bone or a piece of bread, but he was soon undeceived, and then he rushed to the hedge to bark and wake up all the birds.

As to Yvette, she was hurrying along as fast as her little legs could carry her, for she was in despair, as she thought the wolf was just behind her, and she imagined that she still felt his hot breath on her little hand. She stopped when she got to the steps of her home, for she was out of breath and all trembling with terror, and she felt sure that if she tried to scramble up the steps the wolf would bite her legs. Suddenly the inspiration, which the ostrich once had, came to her, and she rushed into the corner which was formed by the front of the house and the stone steps, and holding her face close to the wall, so that she could not see the dreadful animal, she was convinced that she too was out of his sight.

She stayed there some minutes in perfect anguish, thinking: "Oh! if I move, he'll eat me up!" She was quite surprised even that he did not find her, and that his great teeth did not bite her, for she always thought wolves were so quick to eat up little girls. Whatever could he be doing? And then, not hearing any sound of him, she thought she would risk one peep round. Very slowly she turned her head, and then, as nothing dreadful happened, she grew bolder and bolder.

The wolf was not in sight, and instead of the barking which had terrified her, she now heard a lot of little bells tinkling, and in the distance she saw a waggon with four horses coming along.

The sound of the bells was so fascinating that Yvette forgot her duty as a mother, and stood there watching the waggon as it approached.

The horses were all grey, and they were coming so fast. Suddenly the child uttered an awe-struck cry.

Her child, her little son, was under the

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heavy wheels! Crunch! crunch! and it had gone by, the horrible waggon. Yvette went on to the horse-road, and her little heart was



"HER CHILD, HER LITTLE SON, WAS UNDER THE HEAVY WHEELS!"

very full; for there, where poor Zizi had been lying, there was only some yellowish crunched stone. Zizi had been ground into powder by the huge wheels. The poor child was in despair, and, with tears in her eyes, she shook her little fists at the carrier, who was whipping up his horses.

"Cruel, wicked man!" she cried, and then her eyes happening to fall on the heap of stones which had supplied her with a family, she saw another stone smiling at her now. She ran quickly to it, picked it up and kissed it affectionately, and then, happy in her new treasure, she cried out defiantly to the carrier, whom she could still see in the distance: "Ah! I don't care! I've got another—there, then! and it's a girl this time. I won't have any more dreadful boys to be afraid of wolves, and to go and get themselves killed just to make their poor mother unhappy."

Oh! kind, good Fairy, you who watch over the children and who give them their happiness and console them in sorrow when they are playing at life—oh, good Fairy, do not forget your big children.

Older men tell me that I am young, but the younger ones do not think so; and I, myself, saw, only this morning, a silver thread in my hairs. Oh, kind Fairy, Fairy of the children, help me, too, to believe that the moon is made of green cheese; for, after all, our happiness here below consists in our faith and in our illusions.

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Fables

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd



1.—AN OLD MAN AND A LITTLE BOY WERE DRIVING AN ASS BEFORE THEM TO THE NEXT MARKET TO SELL.

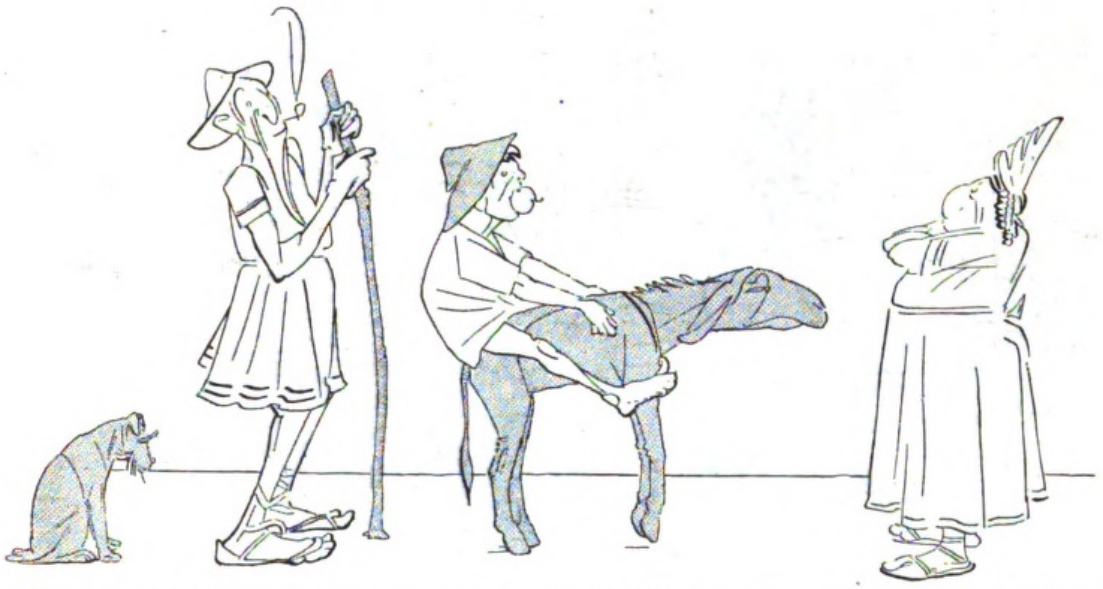


2.—"WHY HAVE YOU NO MORE WIT," SAYS A MAN UPON THE WAY, "THAN YOU AND YOUR SON TO TRUDGE IT AFOOT, AND LET THE ASS GO FREE?"

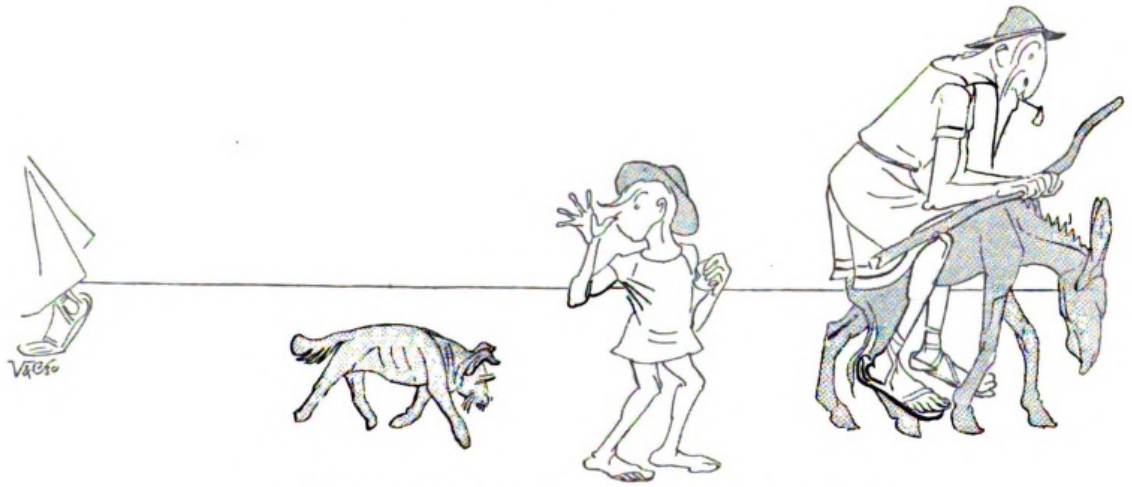
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3.—SO THE MAN SET THE BOY UPON THE ASS, AND FOOTED IT HIMSELF.

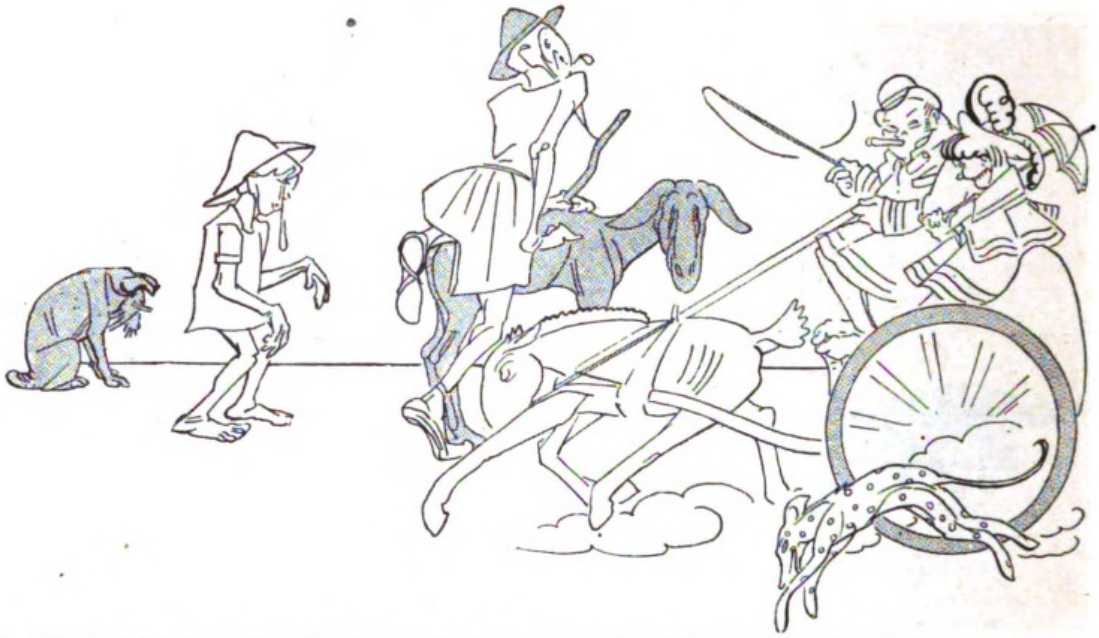


4.—"WHY, SIRRAH," SAYS ANOTHER, AFTER THIS, TO THE BOY, "YE LAZY ROGUE, YOU. MUST YOU RIDE, AND LET YOUR ANCIENT FATHER GO AFOOT?"



5.—THE MAN UPON THIS TOOK DOWN HIS BOY AND GOT UP HIMSELF.

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6.—"D'YE SEE," SAYS A THIRD, "HOW THE LAZY OLD KNAVE RIDES HIMSELF, AND THE POOR LITTLE CHILD HAS MUCH ADO TO CREEP AFTER HIM?"



7.—THE FATHER, UPON THIS, TOOK UP HIS SON BEHIND HIM.



8.—THE NEXT THEY MET ASKED THE OLD MAN WHETHER THE ASS WERE HIS OWN OR NO. HE SAID "YES." "TROTH THERE'S LITTLE SIGN ON'T," SAYS T'OTHER, "BY YOUR LOADING HIM THUS."

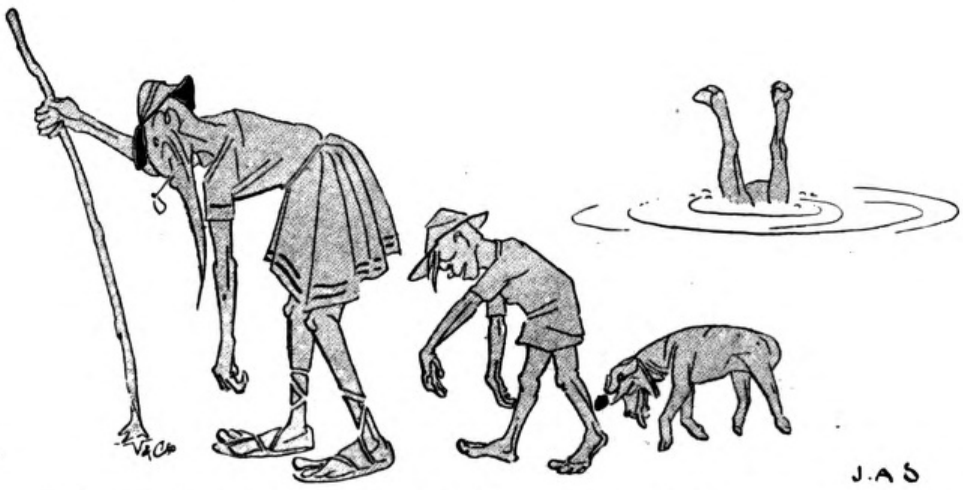
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9.—"WELL," SAYS THE FELLOW TO HIMSELF, "AND WHAT AM I TO DO NOW? FOR I'M LAUGHED AT IF EITHER THE ASS BE EMPTY, OR IF ONE OF US RIDES, OR BOTH."



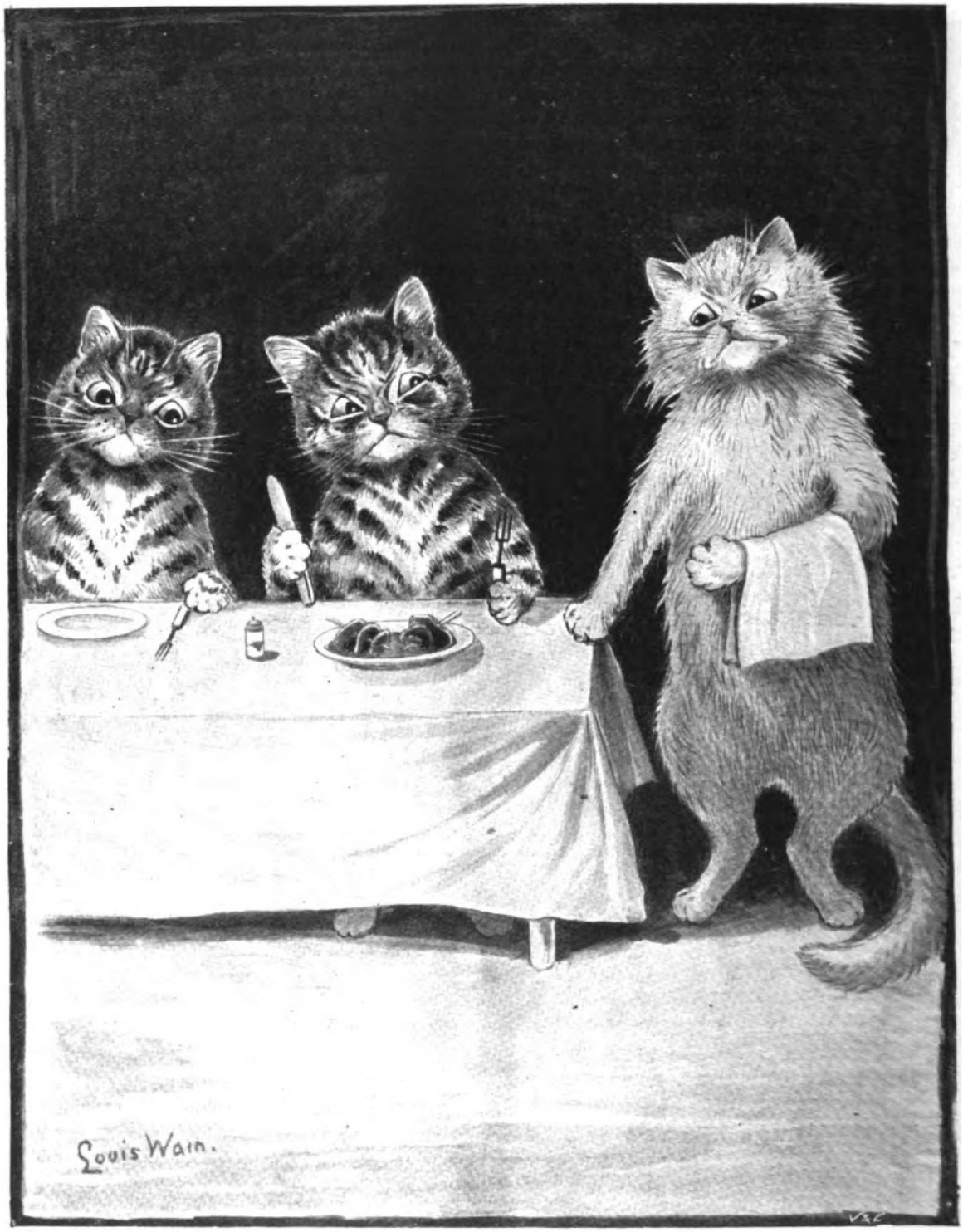
10.—AND SO IN CONCLUSION HE BOUND THE ASS'S LEGS TOGETHER WITH A CORD, AND THEY TRIED TO CARRY HIM TO MARKET WITH A POLE BETWIXT THEM. THIS WAS SPORT TO EVERYBODY THAT SAW IT—



11.—INSOMUCH THAT THE OLD FELLOW IN GREAT WRATH THREW DOWN THE ASS INTO THE RIVER AND SO WENT HIS WAY HOME AGAIN.

THE OLD MAN, IN FINE, WAS WILLING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY, BUT HAD THE ILL-FORTUNE TO PLEASE NOBODY, AND LOST HIS ASS INTO THE BARGAIN.

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"WAITER! THIS CAT'S MEAT IS TOUGH!"

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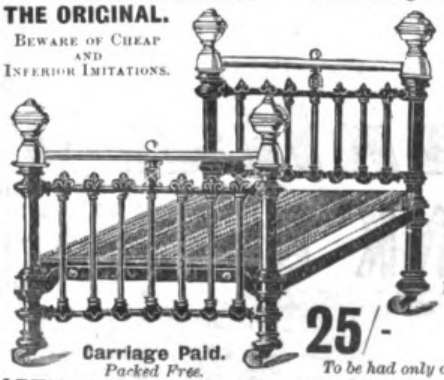
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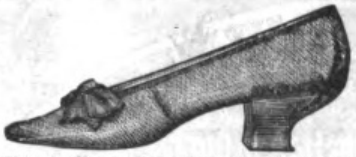
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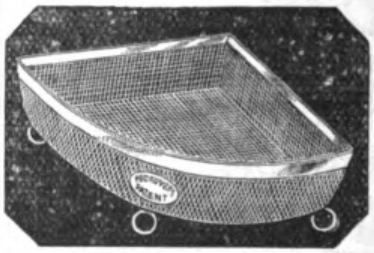
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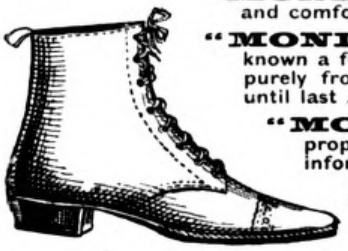
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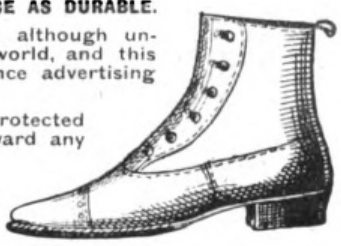
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MUCH PREFERABLE TO PILLS, POTIONS AND SYRUPS, &c., WHICH ONLY IRRITATE THE STOMACH WITHOUT REACHING THE SEAT OF THE DISEASE.

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Are admirable in voice affections, strengthening the larynx and preserving the voice. They should be used constantly by smokers, and by all whose vocal organs have any unusual strain to undergo. They are invaluable to those who are liable, owing to their occupation, to inhale irritating and noxious vapours or dust.

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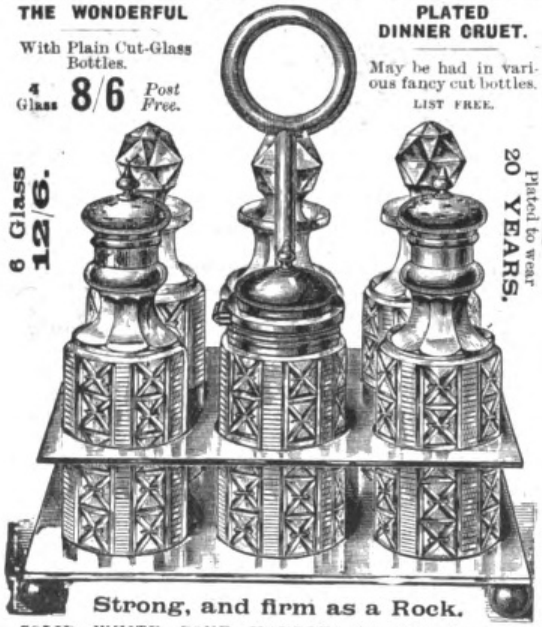
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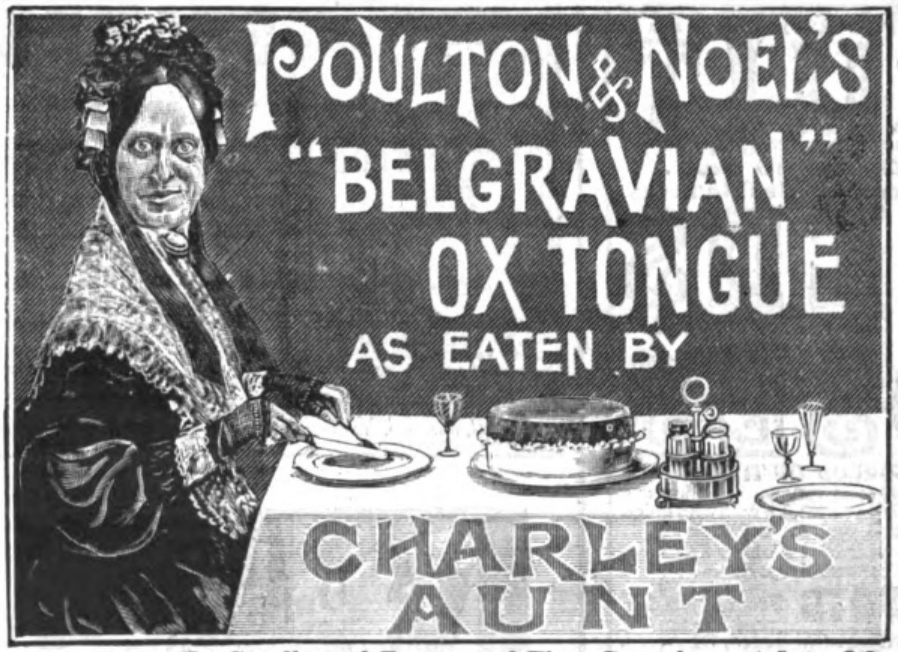
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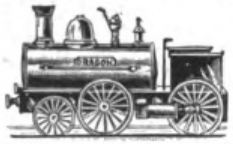
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☛ *John Noble, Ltd., are the Originators and Actual Manufacturers of the Half-Guinea Costumes for Ladies, and strongly caution the Public against the unscrupulous Imitations that have already been made of the present and other designs.*

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Are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered. Every frock is thoroughly well made in the **John Noble** Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long, full sleeves, and pocket, and allows plenty of freedom for the limbs. Please consider the following prices:— *From* **1/6** *each.*

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N.B.—When ordering, please be careful to state the Model Number of the Design required, also colour of material, and post all orders direct to JOHN NOBLE, LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

Model 374.—Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, an exceedingly smart mode, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, comprising stylish Godet costume skirt, with belt attached, and very neat bodice made with saddle back, full front, and broad box-pleat down centre, trimmed bold silk cord and three fashionable buttons. The collar and cuffs are also trimmed silk cord, whilst the sleeves are made fashionably full. The saddle and sleeves are lined. Price complete only **10/6**, packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. **10 6**

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The Sizes in Stock fit any figure up to **38***ins. Round the Bust under Arms; larger sizes,* **1/6** *extra.*

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PRESENTS THAT ARE USEFUL

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The "Brighton" Costume consists of round yoke, gathered front and back, with centre box pleat, ornamented with three large Jet Buttons, folded Belt with Bow at the back, Sleeves and Yoke well lined, and fashionable tailor-made Skirt with deep hem of own material and three rows of plain stitching. The "Brighton" Costume is far ahead of all other Costumes on the market; for style, make, and finish is unequalled. Thousands of testimonials have been received from all parts of the world for our noted Costumes. Every purchaser surprised and delighted: a perfect wonder at the price. Only

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Larger sizes than 29in. waist are charged 1s. 6d. extra.

Try our Girls' "Elsie Avondale" Cheviot Serge Frocks,

Trimmed Black or Cream Braid.

Sizes	22	25	28	31	34	37	40	43 inches.
Prices	1/9	2/3	2/9	3/3	3/9	4/3	4/9	5/3 each.

The measurements stated are from shoulder seam to bottom of dress.

Special Offer.—Ladies' Tailor-made Avondale Cheviot Serge Dress Skirts, fashionable shape, with deep hem of own material and five rows of plain stitching, price only **5/9** each *post free*. In ordering, please state waist measure and length of Skirt in front.

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THE GRAND XMAS "PIONEER" REDUCTION SALE

By Messrs. F. HODGSON & SON, the Well-known Carpet Manufacturers of the City of Leeds,

TO THE INFLUENTIAL READERS OF *The Strand Xmas Number*, AND MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

This is the first announcement of a Reduction in the price of our manufactures for ten long years, and is of great importance to parties furnishing.

OUR NEW VENTURE! YES, TWO DIFFERENT PATTERN HEARTHRUGS OR CARPETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! *(Copyright.)*

Whereas, in launching forth our New Production, **The "Prudential" Carpets and Hearthrugs,** we beg to state they will have a Rich Turkish and Persian Design on one side, and on the reverse the elegant and costly Designs of Wilton Make. The advantage thus gained is great, as they can be utilised in various rooms at one cost. This is a valuable step in economy.

THE PUBLIC are well aware that it is the desideratum of the day to lay out their money to the best advantage. This is acknowledged to be a matter of the highest importance, economy being the demand of the times. In order to do this you are invited to avail yourselves of the opportunity now offered of Buying at this Sale. The cheapness of the Stock is guaranteed to exceed your most sanguine expectations.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household

Sale Price 2/- HEARTHRUGS (Reg.) Sale Price 2/-

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

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Trade Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

		Sale Price.			Sale Price.	
6ft. by 9ft.		9/6		10½ft. by 12ft.		20/6
8ft. by 9ft.		11/6		12ft. by 12ft.		22/6
6ft. by 12ft.		12/6		9ft. by 15ft.		21/6
9ft. by 9ft.		13/6		12ft. by 13½ft.		25/6
9ft. by 10½ft.		15/6		12ft. by 15ft.		28/6
9ft. by 12ft.		17/6		12ft. by 18ft.		33/6
9ft. by 13½ft.		19/6		12ft. by 21ft.		38/6

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

Sale Price 6/6 HEARTHRUGS Sale Price 6/6

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6ft. by 3ft., which for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs, 19s.; Six for 37s.

Melville Castle, Glasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s., one ditto 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 14s. inclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ft. by 7ft., 11/-	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9ft. by 12ft., 38/-		
6ft. by 9ft., 18/-		11ft. by 12ft., 47/-		
7½ft. by 9ft., 23/-		12ft. by 13½ft., 59/-		
9ft. by 9ft., 28/-		12ft. by 16ft., 69/-		
9ft. by 10½ft., 33/-		12ft. by 18ft., 77/-		

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred

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Special Sale of Yorkshire Manufacturer's Stock of HEAVY WOOLLEN REVERSIBLE GREY BLANKETS, HORSE RUGS, or KNEE RUGS FOR SALE.

They are Extraordinarily Heavy, quite Exceptional in value, and must be sold. Reliable in wear, bound edges, and well finished.

Colour: Durable Brown. Average size: 54 *by* 74*in.*

SPECIAL OFFER.—For Bales of 6, **14/6**; or Bales of 12 for **28/-**

SALE PRICE. **2/6** *EACH.*

This is the **Greatest Bargain on Record** *in this class of Manufacture.*

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Marchioness of Breadalbane.
Marchioness of Hastings.
Marchioness of Drogheda.
Marchioness of Bute.
Countess Dowager Lady Thomas.
Countess Dowager of Morton.

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a carpet for the money. Be this so or not, we send out no Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft.—even for 3s. 6d.

TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (CHANCERY DIVISION). HODGSON *v.* WEBB BROTHERS.—On the 18th day of July, 1890, his lordship Mr. Justice Chitty granted an interim injunction, restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's Trade Mark "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (Leeds).

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.

100,000 'ECLIPSE' CARPETS (Regd.)

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains.

Sale Price 3/6 EACH. **Sale Price 3/6 EACH.**

This Gigantic Offer is a Special Contract, made with readers of *The Strand Xmas No.* only. We will forward direct from the looms to any address on receipt of amount, A GENUINE WOVEN, SEAMLESS, REVERSIBLE CARPET, the largest ever sold at the price. Suitable for Sitting-room or Bedroom, Bordered and Woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profits. Remember, these are Woven, not Printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost double above prices. An "Eclipse" Rug sent with Carpet, 1/- extra.

KILREA CASTLE, MAGENY, Co. KILDARE, *17th August.*

LADY EVA FITZGERALD writes: "The 'Eclipse' Carpets supplied by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son—her ladyship is much pleased with them."

SPECIAL OFFER.

Two Carpets and Two Rugs 8/-, or Four Carpets and Four Rugs 15/6.

Value unequalled in the annals of advertising. As a favor, kindly Examine and Compare these Carpets. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Do not miss this opportunity. It may not occur again.

PRODIGIOUS SALE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL"

REVERSIBLE CARPETS

(Registered.)

Reversible, woven throughout with handsome border to correspond; richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. Made in 10 sizes only. These carpets are the production of much care, labour, and forethought, and are made in handsome and elaborate patterns (which are protected by registration). They combine the rich blended colours of the Turkish and Persian with the elegant designs of the Wilton. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

6ft. by 9ft., 5/6 each.	REDUCED SALE PRICE.	10½ft. by 12ft., 13/6 each.		
7½ft. by 9ft., 7/6 "		12ft. by 12ft., 15/6 "		
9ft. by 9ft., 8/6 "		12ft. by 13½ft., 17/6 "		
9ft. by 10½ft., 9/6 "		12ft. by 15ft., 19/6 "		
9ft. by 12ft., 11/6 "		12ft. by 18ft., 24/- "		

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Blairquhan, Maybole, N.B., August 3rd, 1894.—Lady Hunter Blair writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son send her another 'Prudential' Carpet, same as before, crimson and gold, dimensions 9ft. by 10½ft.? Cheque inclosed."

A Reversible Prudential Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yds. long and 1yd. wide. Special Offer, Three Hearthrugs for 6s. 3d., or Six for 8s., or Twelve for 15s. 6d., sterling value.

"STRAND" XMAS NUMBER CARPET COUPON, 1/12/95.

On receipt of this Coupon and P.O. or Stamps for amount, we guarantee to send any goods as above to your address in any part of the United Kingdom. (Signed) F. HODGSON & SON.

Cash returned in full if not satisfied.

We rely upon spontaneous Repeat Orders from our Clients for the Maintenance of our Trade. Established nearly Quarter of a Century.

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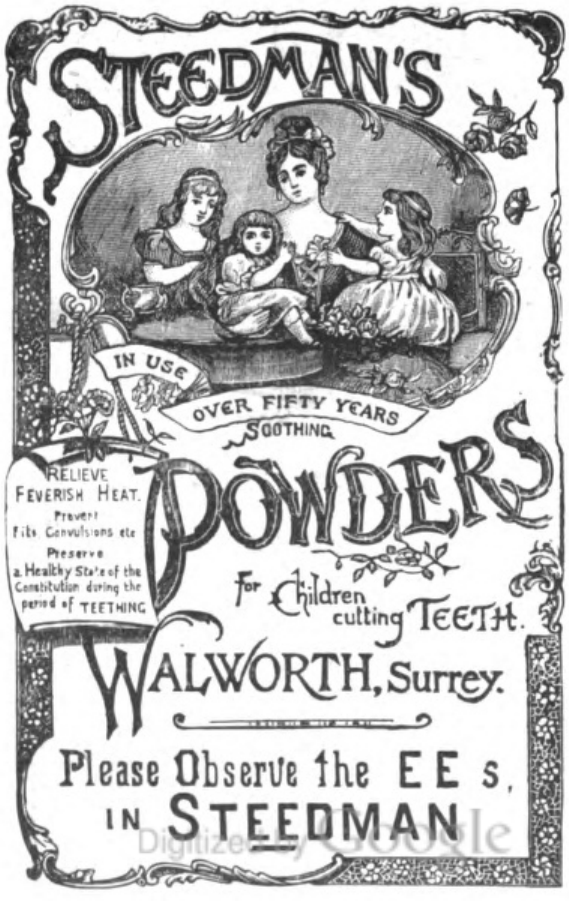


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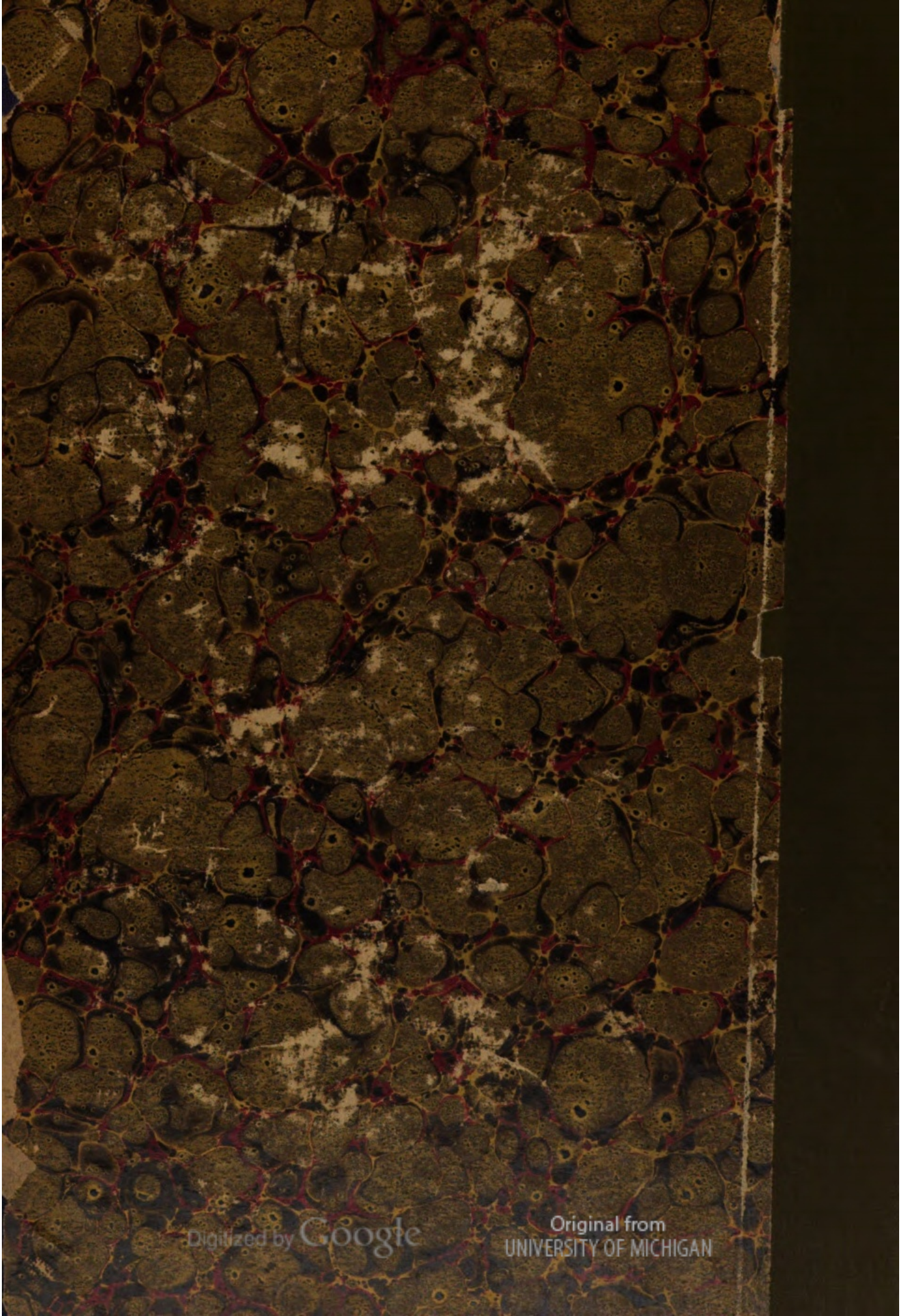
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